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New York, etc. : Harper & Brothers, 1850-

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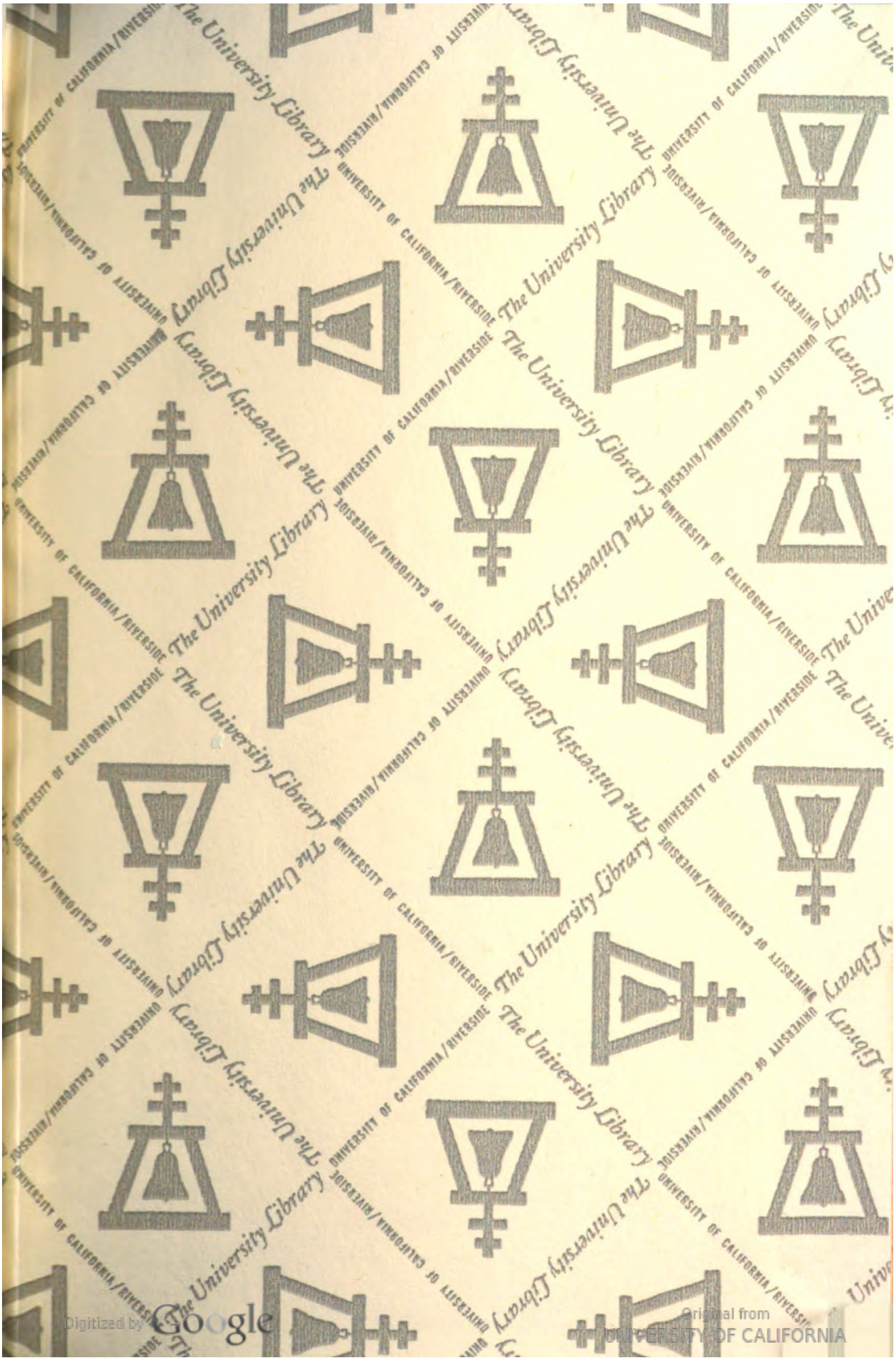

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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME LXIV.

DECEMBER, 1881, TO MAY, 1882.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
327 to 335 PEARL STREET,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1882

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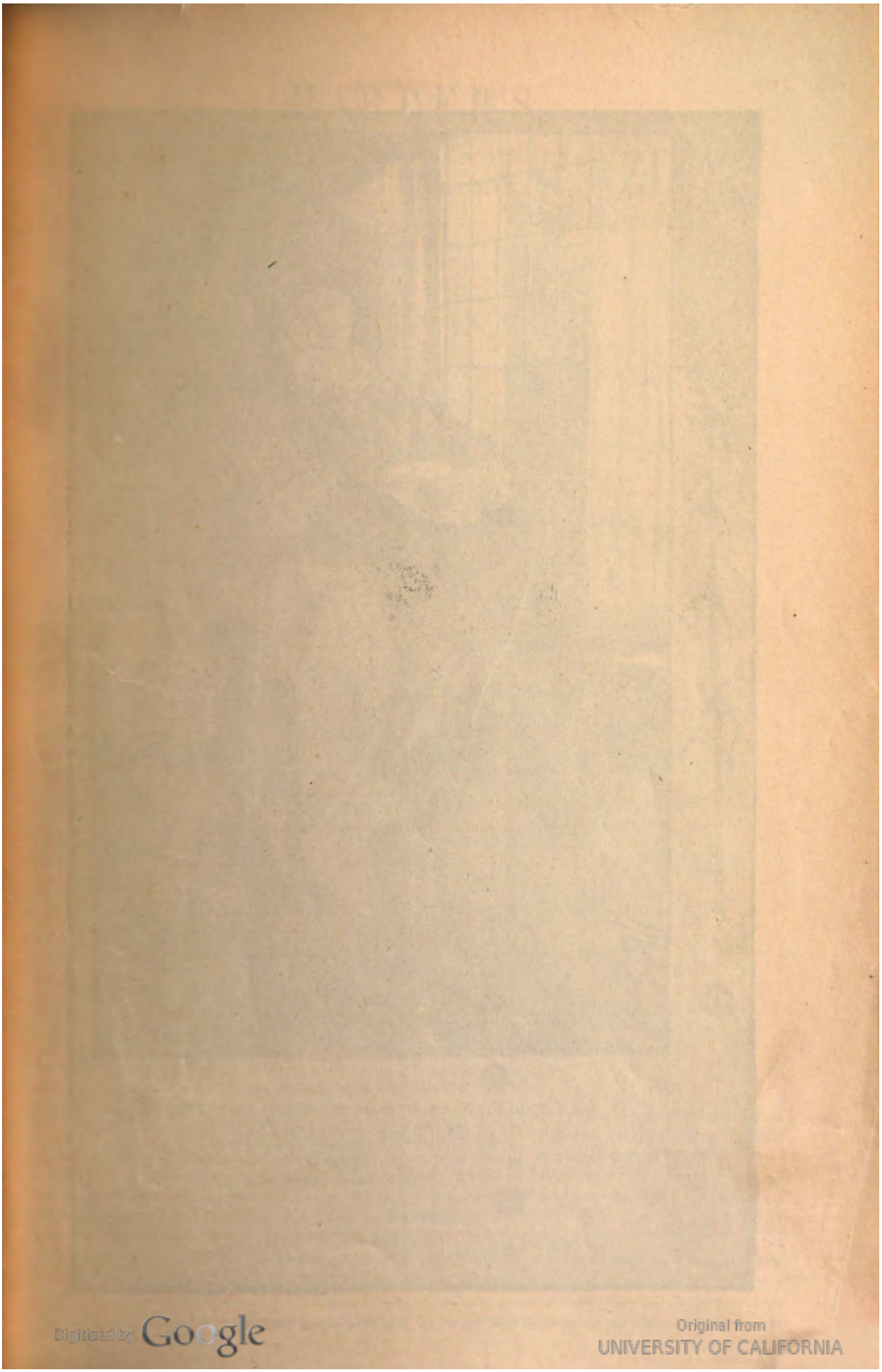

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXIX.—DECEMBER, 1881.—Vol. LXIV.

OSCAR II., KING OF SWEDEN.
[Photographed by Selma Jacobsson, Stockholm.]

THE BERNADOTTES.

IF the idea of all children, and of a few grown people, that to be a king is to be free, is to own a royal wand which brings all pleasant things, and to have nothing to do but to wave it, or even in extreme cases have it waved for you, and that *ergo* he who is a king need be nothing else—if this idea was shared by Prince Eugène de Beauharnais's little daughter Josephine in the nursery of the royal castle of Milan, or by the French soldier's child, afterward crowned Oscar I. of Sweden—never has it been more thoroughly confuted than by the Bernadottes, who have truly graced the Swedish throne since 1818.

Sailors who knew from boyhood every part of a ship, every principle of naviga-

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THE LATE DOWAGER QUEEN JOSEPHINE.

tion, every trick of wind and wave; soldiers acquainted with every grade of military service and command; artists whose paintings and modellings adorn public and private collections; singers competing even with the splendid native vocalism of the land of Nilsson, Arnoldson, and Lind; composers of rich love songs, grand religious anthems, and inspiring military measures; poets whose verse would be a laurel to any literature; novellists, essayists, and orators of excellent quality; protectors of art and friends of artists; statesmen of unusual poise, acumen, and courage; and gentlemen always —such have been the Bernadotte rulers of Sweden, of whom the present King Oscar II. is perhaps the most distinguished of all for æsthetic gifts and accomplishments.

In the little book entitled *Drottning Josephine*, written by a Swede in memory of the beloved late Queen-Dowager of Sweden, who died the 7th of June, 1876, a favorable if not flattering account of the French family from which the present royal line of Sweden sprang might be expected. What it says of the character of Prince Eugène de Beauharnais has, however, a close and for several reasons not insignificant corroboration in the testimony of Madame De Rémusat in the *Memoirs* recently given to an astonished world by her grandson. For Madame De Rémusat, whose journal of the private life—if it can be said to have had any—of the first Napoleon's court must overthrow, if credited, the almost universal and wholesome faith in the goodness, self-abnegation, and pathetic griefs of the beautiful Empress Josephine, without in any way mending matters for the great despot who put her away, portrays the character of Prince Eugène to incalculable advantage in the comparison, and with a convincing sincerity.

Eugène's imperial step-father, who loved him greatly, and with such good reason, having formally adopted him with the rank and title of Prince Eugène Napoleon of France, made him Arch-Chancellor of the Empire and Viceroy of Italy; and when in 1806 Prince Eugène took his bride, Princess Augusta Amalia, daughter of Maximilian of Bavaria, to Italy, they were received with enthusiasm; and in December of the same year Napoleon issued a decree making Eugène Prince of Venice and heir-presumptive of the Italian throne. Here in the royal castle of Milan,

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on the 14th of the following March, was born Eugène's and Augusta's first child, concerning whom came Napoleon's first message from the snow-fields of Russia, "Call your daughter Josephine."

In the apartments of this same Josephine (late Queen-Dowager of Sweden), in the Stockholm Palace, is a fine painting, by the German artist Joseph Stieler, representing Prince Eugène's family. In the centre appears little Prince Auguste, then the baby. Evidently perplexed by the presence of the artist and the process of posing, the little fellow settles the point in a charming manner by drawing his sisters close to him with his dimpled arms around their necks. Eugénie on his right looks about her with an arch smile, while Josephine (baptized also Maximilienne Eugénie Napoleon) appears to the left and foremost, rich locks shading her rosy face and flowing down over her neck and shoulders, an absorbed and tender expression in her earnest blue eyes.

PRINCE EUGÈNE DE BEAUHARNAIS, DUKE OF LEUCHTENBERG.

After nine years of prosperity for Italy and honor for Eugène, during which happy period the Princess Augusta personally superintended the education of their children, and sustained her husband in every department of his cares and activities by the most intelligent devotion and sympathy, and just when all things pointed toward the establishment of Italian unity, the Fontainebleau convention removed Prince Eugène from this scene of his usefulness, and left Italy to the allies and partition.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA, DUCHESS OF LEUCHTENBERG.

Eugène's kindness to forlorn political and military refugees and unfortunates from all lands never abated; they found in him an untiring, compassionate friend, and in the ducal palace of Leuchtenberg a home. This quick and large humanity has strongly characterized the career of his daughter Josephine, and of his granddaughter the Princess Eugénie, whose names are precious household words in Sweden.

After the loss of Finland and the consequent deposition of Gus-

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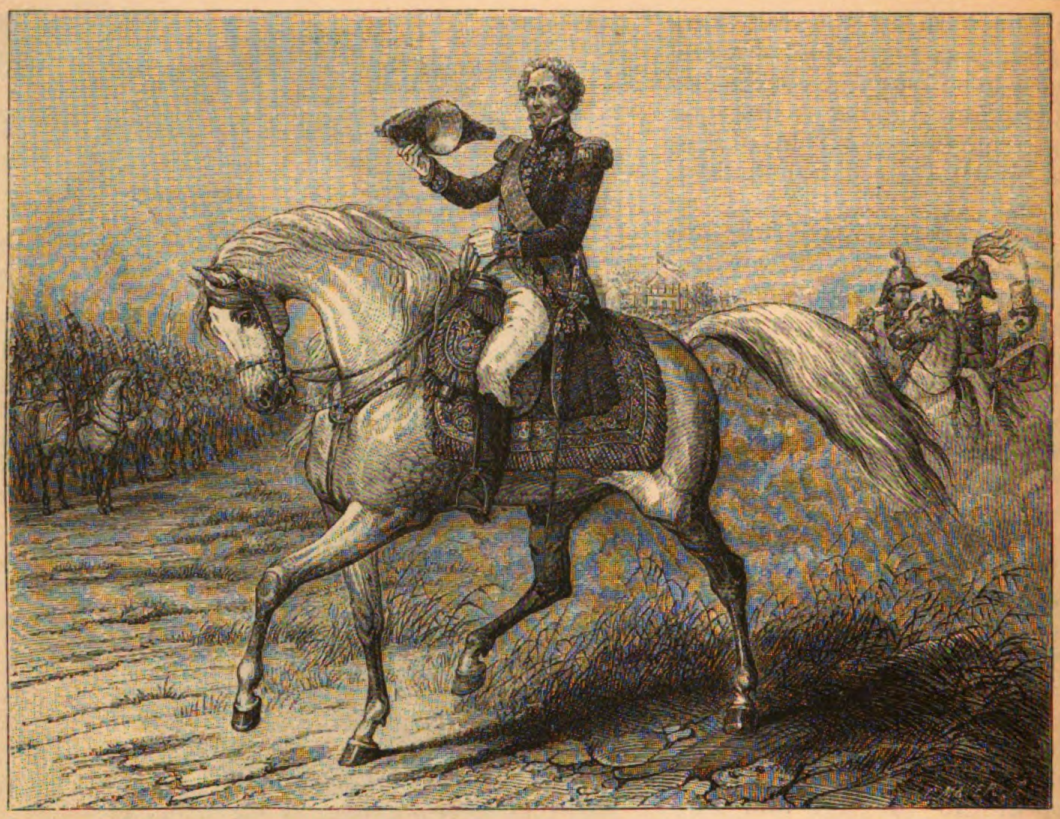

CARL (JOHAN) XIV.—BERNADOTTE.

tavus (Adolphus) IV., the old Prince Carl, under the title of Carl XIII., became regent; but his weak administration, the war with Russia, and the untimely death of the beloved Prince Carl August, heir-apparent of the Vasa line, combined to divide the Swedes in their opinions as to the next proper recipient of the Swedish crown. Some, supported secretly, it is said, by Napoleon himself, favored the King of Denmark; others desired Prince Frederic Christian Augustenberg, brother of the deceased heir-apparent, in which choice both King and State Council concurred, and a courier was sent to inform Napoleon. This courier, Lieutenant Baron von Mörner, wanted, like many other young Swedes, a French general to take the throne and re-energize Sweden. Turning his back, therefore, alike on old King Carl, his State Council, and his own mission to Bonaparte, young Von Mörner waited with all dispatch on Marshal Bernadotte, a soldier and gentleman of shining qualities, and coolly tendered him the Swedish crown. Finding Bernadotte willing, Von Mörner hurried back to Sweden to work in his cause. Offended at Von Mörner's action, the Swedish government continued to press the claims of the Prince of Augustenberg, but when the Riksdag for election convened at Orebro in the summer of 1810, Baron von Mörner proposed Bernadotte for the throne with such eloquence, in a plea of such consummate ability, that his proposition was instantly and warmly applauded by the representatives of the army; and as the rumor, though false, had been spread, that Napoleon approved this choice, the majority in favor of Bernadotte was so great the government yielded, and Bernadotte was unanimously elected, August 21, 1815. In the autumn of the same year he arrived in Sweden, and became at once the real leader of its destinies.

As heir-apparent he took the name of Carl Johan. In the full endowment of manhood, his powerful figure, the well-moulded aristocratic head, the eagle nose and sharp commanding eye, the fire and grace of his movements, all proclaimed him born to rule. In February, 1818, the old King, Carl XIII., died, and Bernadotte, as Carl (Johan) XIV., was crowned without opposition. His accession introduced a new etiquette. The cloak and sword and the *chapeau bas* vanished, as also the

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white gala plumes from the hats of high civil and military officials. The funereal black court dress was replaced by a handsome satin costume, and both little and great court uniforms were fashioned in easier and more suitable styles. Official dinners and the banquets of the marshals, cavaliers, and ladies were dispensed with. Pages were no more, and even the chamberlain's duty as carver at the royal board was abrogated, but plenty of good meats and plenty of guests remained. Musicians and artists were especially honored and forwarded in their careers.

Bernadotte's administration was conducted with great ability and energy and the firmest patriotism, but he was exceedingly sensitive to the least comment upon it, while his total ignorance of the Swedish tongue led to many and sometimes serious misapprehensions. His reforms were mostly interior, but he sturdily maintained Sweden's independence against the great powers; as, for example, when they meddled in the dispute over Norway's part in Denmark's state debt, and sent from their Congress at Aachen, in 1818, a summons to Bernadotte to satisfy Denmark's claims, the King decisively refused, and effected instead a compromise, with English mediation.

PRINCESS JOSEPHINE, AFTERWARD QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

The following story was told me as an instance of Carl (Johan) XIV.'s spirit: A Russian man-of-war was seen passing the fort of Waxholm *en route* for Stockholm without having given the customary salute. The orders of the fort commandant were distinct that in a case like this two warnings were to be given. The first, that of firing a ball in the rear of the vessel. If this were unheeded, another was to be sent in advance of its bow. In case both warnings were disregarded, a ball was to be sent into the most vulnerable part of the ship. In the present instance both warnings had been given without response, and the commandant, a young beardless lieutenant, though shaking in his boots, cried out to the cannonier, "Do you see the wheel-house?"

"Yes."

"Send a ball into it, in God's name!"

This had effect. With crushed wheel-house, the Russian stopped perforce. A moment later two boats were seen setting out for Stockholm; one with the frightened young commandant in it from Waxholm, and one from the disabled man-of-war, each rowing with utmost speed in hope of reaching the royal presence first. The Swede arrived just enough in advance to obtain the first audience. He gasped out his story.

"Well," said the King, "it seems she wouldn't salute, and you fired?"

"Yes."

"Where did you hit her?"

"Oh, your Majesty, be gracious!"

"Did you hit the wheel-house?"

"Ye—es."

"Good! You're a major."

The Russian was permitted to rebuild its wheel in Stockholm.

Toward the latter part of his reign he

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FRANZ GUSTAV OSCAR, DUKE OF UPLAND.

encountered a tremendous opposition. His court chancellor, Hartmansdorff, had incensed the public by attacks on the press, and had arrested a prominent editor for comments on the King. The excitement and insurrectionary feeling culminated in 1840, and necessitated the removal of the chancellor, and at the next Riksdag an effort was made to compel the King's abdication. This was averted by the resignation of the ministry, and its recomposition on a more liberal basis. The four succeeding years were peaceful, during which the King enjoyed many proofs of his people's love. He died in 1844, aged eighty, and his son Oscar I. was therefore forty-five years old when he came to the throne. As a boy of fifteen Oscar had taken the oath of allegiance to the aged Carl XIII., and had been carefully educated to justify his adoption by the last of the Vasas, and from the age of nineteen had taken capably a large share in the administrative and military affairs of the kingdom.

In May, 1822, Oscar, then twenty-three years old, went to Bavaria for his bride. He was met at Eichstädt by Prince Eugène, Duke of Leuchtenberg, and his son Auguste, and taken at once to the ducal palace, where the family were gathered to receive him. Among these as yet entire strangers to him was one whose features at least were not unfamiliar, the Princess Josephine, whose lovely face in the Stockholm Palace Stieler portrait had so often charmed him; and on the 15th of November, 1822, his betrothal to Josephine was celebrated with great magnificence at Eichstädt. Prince Eugène, had he not chosen to decline the honor, might have been himself in the place of Oscar's father on the Swedish throne, as it was offered to him in 1810 by Napoleon, and the Swedes themselves were at one time accustomed to think of him as their future sovereign; it was therefore curiously appropriate that it should await his daughter. Oscar's marriage with Josephine took place in the chapel of the Leuchtenberg Palace on the 22d of May, 1823; and just a month later, all Stockholm, with the Crown Prince himself at the head, had gone to the fortress of Waxholm to meet the gallant ship of the line *Carl XIII.* bringing to her new home the young Crown Princess. There were great festivities and bridal travels through the realm, and the love then born in the hearts of the Swedish people for this good and beautiful woman has endured like a new-kindled fire to this day. On the 3d of May, 1826, their first child was born, Carl Ludwig Eugène, Duke of Skåna. In her joy over her first-born, Josephine thought with new compassion of less fortunate little ones. She founded an institution entitled, "The Society for the Encouragement of Tender and Moral Motherly Care."

Their second child, Prince Franz Gustav Oscar, Duke of Upland, born June 18,

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1827, was one of the most lovable princes the world has ever known. His temperament, something like that of Thomas Hood, blended a deep interior seriousness with the most sparkling cheerfulness. His form, though full of grace, the beauty of his spiritual face mingling both delicacy and fire, indicated from childhood a certain fragility, which was further strained by his close studies at the Upsala University. His life seemed composed of two strands—one, an earnest, even fervid, enjoyment of life; the other, a calm, glad conviction of early death. He was almost ascetically severe with what he considered his own short-comings, but showed unmingled generosity toward others, and would accept just reproof from anybody with expressions of gratitude. His private journal, full of fine meditative passages, touches on personal experiences with the brevity of a child that is shy of itself. Of an illness he writes: "After two months passed in the sick-bed, I am again restored to health. God grant that I may use it rightly!" At another time: "Several of my friends were at the court with me this New-Year's Eve. When the clock struck twelve we wished each other a good new year, and sang the Psalm 452."* Prince Gustav's voice was a rich tenor, of great compass and admirably cultivated. Those who knew him tell me that when singing his favorite songs his face became transfigured with a look that could never be forgotten. He died September 24, 1852, when his sister and most intimate companion, the Princess Eugénie—Josephine's fourth child—was twenty-two years old. This sister, though still living, and though her whole life has been one of unflagging activity in good works, has never been well since this beloved brother died.

In his short life of twenty-five years Prince Gustav had become a writer of unusual power, and ranked among the foremost musical composers of Sweden. His song, "I rosens doft" (the music and words of which are given on pages 10 and 11), composed when he was in his nineteenth year, is the best known and most loved; but all his music is popular, and the "Christmas Carol," "Christmas Clocks," "New-Year's Hymn," and "New-Year's Night" are lyrics of much beauty.

Josephine's third child, Oscar Frederic, Prince of Oestergötland, is the present occupant of the Swedish throne, and her fifth child, Nicolaus August, Duke of Dalarue, born August 24, 1831, is dead.

The Princess Josephine was at first the warmth and life of social Stockholm. But she withdrew from society after a time because of her five little royal highnesses. She did everything in her power to please and content them. In the National Museum are carefully preserved some playthings, among them a sofa and some chairs which the Crown-Princess made with her own hands at the command of her imperious babes.

But this devoted mother was a devoted wife and citizen as well. In 1829 she placed herself at the head of a charitable society which did a really grand work for the capital during the years of famine and epidemic diseases which ravaged the country at about that time. The primal object of this society was the maintenance of invalid women, poor widows, and destitute children. With the energetic cooperation of the Crown Prince, she also started a society for the home cultivation of silk.

Experiments in France had shown that this labor was sufficiently easy to render it practicable for aged women and even feeble children to engage in it profitably. The experiment of the Crown Princess succeeded well, the white mulberry-trees stood the Swedish winters bravely even at Stockholm, and there are plantations at the royal castle Haga, at Djursborg, Gripsholm, Wisingsöe, on the isles of Oeland and Gottland, and many in Skåna. This society has received medals and diplomas for its productions at expositions in Paris and London, and in the Scandinavian expositions at Copenhagen.

Several of the late Queen-Dowager's rooms are ornamented with the silks of this society. But Josephine's health failed, and she was at last forced to stop and consider herself.

In 1835 she went to the lovely watering-place Medevi. Here she lived with extreme simplicity. No court etiquette, no gold broideries, nor star-glittering chamberlains, nor gentlemen-in-waiting, perplexed the royal couple. They rode about in a simple carriage. The Crown Princess spent her time among the sick,

* This psalm is in the collection known as *Haeffner's Hymn-Book*, which is used in churches throughout Sweden, and is a treasure-house of noble music.

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ROMANS.

COMPOSED IN HIS NINETEENTH YEAR BY PRINCE GUSTAV OF SWEDEN.

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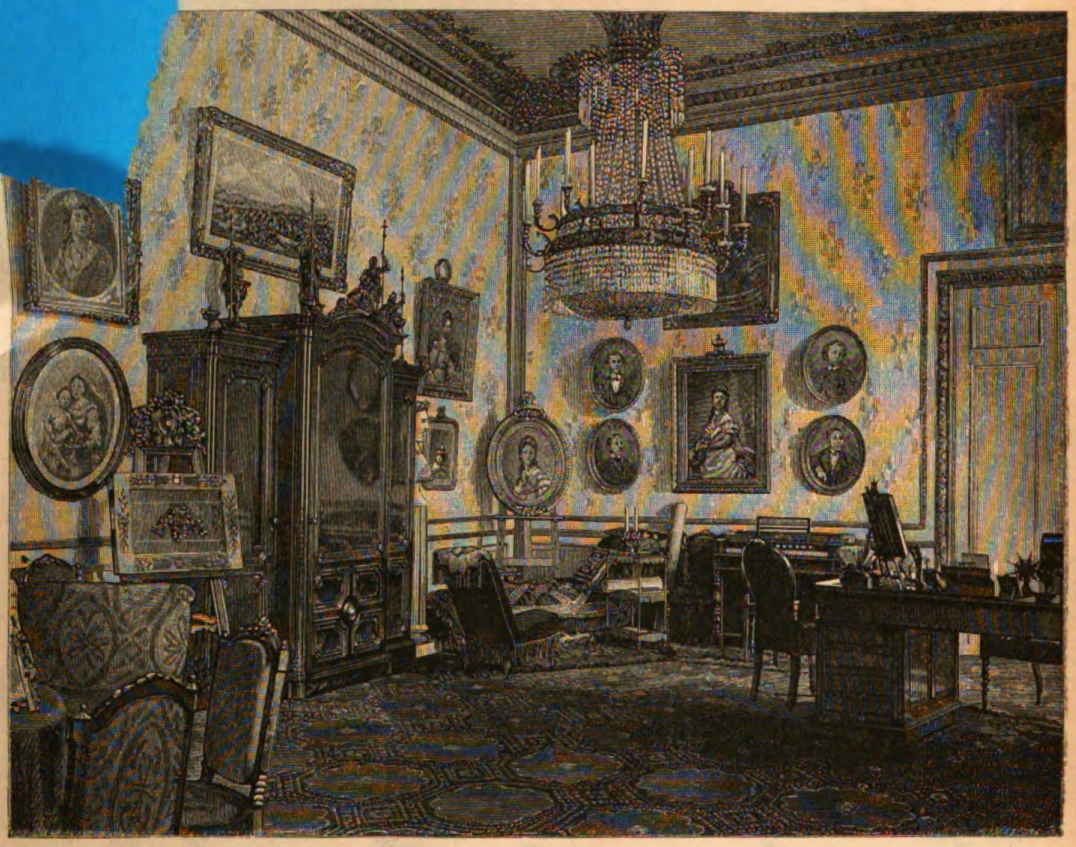

THE KING'S WRITING-ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE.
[Photographed by Johannes Jaeger, Stockholm.]

maimed, and poor, making it glad and hopeful for them continually. She purchased the work of the poor of every kind, for presents, for playthings for children, for her own, or for domestic use. Her children studied and played as other children, no other signs marking their rank than exquisite kindness and lovely manners. Their teachers were their only guardians, their cloth caps and simple suits of blue-striped linen their only adorning. Indeed, their life at the capital had been almost the same. Their father also took an active part in their education, bringing them himself to the cots of the poor, to the hospitals, and prisons. He gave special care to improvements in the prison system, and in the condition of the poor and sick. His share in the literary gifts of his family appeared in his able works on military science and political economy. He was also a fine painter. The "Frigate Eurydice in a Storm," and other of his paintings ornamenting the Queen-Dowager's private apartments, are highly estimated by connoisseurs. Among his musical compositions, "The Song of the Stars," "Chanson de Pirates," and "Songs of Ryno," written in 1831, and "Enken an Deutschland," in 1837, were, and are still, very popular. He wrote also, in 1843, a grand feast march for fête occasions, and two marches for his troops. For the Riksdag of 1840 Oscar prepared a work on punishment and penal institutions, in which he pleaded most eloquently, appealing to the moral sentiment of the community for the establishment of reformatory institutions in behalf of those who had entered upon a criminal career.

If the criminal is to be converted into a good citizen, he argued, instead of closing him in with other criminals, in which association mutual hardening, and degradation must go on, he should be kept apart, and kindly led to accept honorable labor, and to seek and hope for spiritual improvement. This plea resulted in an appropriation by the Riksdag of 1840–41 for private prisons, which have since increased in number; and it is universally conceded that the Swedish prison system is considered the most enlightened in the world.

Oscar was of middle height, but strong-

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ly developed. His features were fine, his hair rich black, and his dark eyes both brilliant and mild, and he was called the handsomest man in Sweden. He spoke fluently Norwegian, German, French, and English, and was well versed in Italian and Latin. He had so retentive a memory of persons he had once met that at the military camp of 1819, at Bonasp, he could present by name to his father seven hundred officers from different regiments.

Next to his wife, his most intimate friend was his only daughter, the Princess Eugénie.

After the death of his father, in 1844, both Norway and Sweden cordially welcomed Oscar I. and his beloved Queen Josephine to the throne. His faithful study of his people's characteristics and of his country's possibilities and needs, his ardent labors for the development of its institutions in a liberal spirit, his attention to the general progress of the age, had gained for him in advance the love and confidence of his people. In his inaugural speech he said: "I promise you, good gentlemen and Swedish men, to support justice and truth, to encourage the progress of enlightenment, to further the development of those noble and genuine qualities which distinguish the serious and powerful sons of the North. From you I expect, in return, sincere co-operation with me to this great end, and the confidence which pure intention and unremitting care for the weal of the country can count upon from a high-minded nation."

OSCAR I.*

One of his first acts was to annul the prohibition of 1812, which forbade communion with members of the former royal family, the Vasas. This act was the more generous, as the Prince of Vasa had just issued a manifesto declaring that though he should not oppose Oscar I.'s accession, he should nevertheless not relinquish his own and his family's claims to the Swedish throne. Oscar also at once proposed a new criminal code, the abolishment of slavery in the isle of Martinique, then a Swedish possession, and a large appropriation for a general system of popular education. He worked day and night, taking special thought about Norway. He strove to remove the occasions of discord between the brother nations, and to establish mutual confidence through bringing their interests into such close contact that powerful co-operation

* The portrait of Oscar I. here given is reproduced from the fine painting by Staaf, now in the "Salle des Contemporaines," in the castle of Drottningholm. The crowns of Norway and Sweden are on the table at his side, and behind him, hidden by his draperies, is the silver throne presented to Queen Christina by De la Garde.

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should be an absolute condition for the material and political welfare of both. He conceded to Norway her wish that in governmental affairs she should be mentioned before Sweden, and that the Norwegian arms and colors should be set before the Swedish.

The grateful Norwegians received him, his Queen and family, when they visited Christiania the next year, with the most cordial devotion.

His reforms were all humane as well as brave. He secured the citizenship of women after the age of twenty-five, and the injustice by which a daughter inherited less than a son was removed at his instance. He released the charcoal-makers from their previous slavery, which had compelled them to offer their coal to the nearest manufacturers at whatever price they might choose to give. With a new sea law, a new ground-rent law, a new church law, a new civil and a new war law, he turned the whole country into the broad tide of a high civilization. He travelled from one end of his realm to the other to find out for himself the actual condition of things; in a word, he fulfilled his inaugural pledges. When the Prussian troops, representing the German Bund, marched into Holstein to aid the insurrectionary population against Denmark, Oscar sent a declaration to the cabinet at Berlin, to wit, that in case the German troops entered other provinces of the Danish kingdom, he would be compelled to send an army corps thither for defensive purposes. Sweden and Norway sustained him in this, and a Swedish-Norwegian corps was collected in the south of Sweden, a part of them dispatched to the isle of Fyen, and their occupation of the southern port of Slesvig ended the German invasion. Another instance of Oscar's firmness occurred during the Crimean war of 1856, when the Western powers were about to declare war against Russia. A Russian ambassador arrived in Stockholm to inquire into Sweden's intention during the pending war.

"I intend to remain neutral," said Oscar.

"But what if my sovereign should not consent to your neutrality?"

"I declare myself against any power which attempts my neutrality," was Oscar's response.

"But suppose," insinuated the gracious ambassador, "suppose my sovereign should then send one hundred thousand men?"

"Be pleased to say to your sovereign that in such case he would do well to send one hundred and fifty thousand more, eight days after, to inquire into the fate of the first hundred thousand."

Oscar's neutrality was not attempted, and he was called, and justly, "Oscar the Peaceful." He died in the summer of 1859. The following paragraph from his will harmonizes perfectly and truthfully with the spirit of his noble inaugural:

"Lastly, when I am dead, may these pages preserve the expression of my gratitude for the tender and devoted love with which I have been hedged around by my beloved wife; for the happiness and the splendor which her rare virtues and high intelligence have spread over the life of palace and kingdom; for the obedience and confidence my precious children have shown me; for the patriotic ardor with which my sons have supported me in the midst of my government cares; for the devotion and unity that have bound them together; for the honor and faithfulness with which officials and servants have fulfilled their duties; for the love and indulgence with which my faithful people have embraced me. May the blessing and grace of the Highest rest over palace and kingdom perpetually! Such is my prayer at this moment; such will be my last sigh."

The reign of Oscar I. was little distinguished for the erection of magnificent buildings, but he has the prouder memorial *that in almost every county of Sweden there is now a prison cell from which the convicted ones step out better men than when they went in.*

Oscar's oldest son was crowned Carl XV. at Stockholm May 3, 1860, and at Trondhjem, in Norway, on the 5th of August. He had been already ten years married to Princess Louisa of the Netherlands. The accounts of the celebration of their wedding, which was unusually brilliant, show that the costumes of the ladies—"gold brocade, purple velvet, silver cloth, thickly embroidered superb trains, and heavy diadems"—almost rivalled in splendor the toilets of the White House receptions of to-day.

Carl XV. was a soldier, loved almost idolatrously by every wearer of a sword in Sweden, or indeed in Norway. As a boy he went riding over the country, following the troops one day, the laborer in the field the next, often springing from his horse and practically demonstrating how a furrow should be ploughed. He was a

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model of manly beauty, with a powerful figure and a flashing eye. His bearing was full of dignity, but so simple and cordial that he won every heart. Everybody might know him, and almost everybody did, he was so easy of approach, for

able as Carl XV.; and he spoke of Sweden with enthusiasm as having been the birth-place of such a man. M. De Keyser also spoke very highly of the artistic gifts of Carl XV., whose talents in this direction are so well known as hardly to need

CARL XV.
[Photographed by Johannes Jaeger, Stockholm.]

he permitted no artificial barriers between him and his people, and liked nothing better than to cast off the royal purples and be like anybody else. Yet no man could have been more difficult to insult. I have talked with many who knew him well, and not one can speak too warmly or too proudly of him. And while in Antwerp, the greatest living Flemish painter, Nicaise de Keyser, told me that he had rarely if ever met a man so brilliant and lov-

mention. He had an open ear, open heart, and open hand for every one of his people. If any wish was expressed to him which he could not grant, he suffered, and they saw that he did so. He was careless in his giving, bestowing by his own hearty inclination quite as much as in response to importunity. His perceptions were quick, and his judgment remarkably swift and clear. He had many gifts, and his genius was of that liberal order that accompa-

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"VIEW FROM VERMDON," PAINTED BY CARL XV.
[Photographed by Johannes Jaeger, Stockholm.]

nies a genial disdain for mere popularity. Straight to the point in word and deed himself, he hated long-winded orations and heavy paraphernalia and circumlocution of all kinds, and when it was possible, very adroitly escaped them.

On one occasion when a great concourse had gathered to welcome him on his return to Stockholm, he slyly exchanged places, caps, and mantles with the coachman of the first carriage, and thus disguised, and indicating by a motion of the whip that the King was to be looked for several coaches to the rear, he drove himself unmolested through the unheeding crowd. At another time when the King was expected to arrive in Lund, the burgomaster with a deputation prepared to receive him with a half-hour oration. Carl XV., dressed in a plain suit, alighted at the station, and seeing what was intended, answered the burgomaster, who begged him to point out the King, "Oh, he'll be along a little later, but I advise you, my good man, to begin your excellent oration now, so that when the King arrives there need be no delay." Then the merry King slipped quietly off.

His wit was as quick as his kindness. A certain clergyman was in the habit of preaching terrific sermons, in which the preponderating power of the devil as an agency in human affairs was the engrossing theme. He was at length made a bishop, and sought an interview with the King to thank him for this new honor. "No, no," said Carl XV., "you mustn't thank me, you must thank the *devil*, for that."

He was a strong and brilliant writer. *The Foster-Brothers*, appearing in 1848, *Weidi, the Daughter of Silfe*, in 1853, *A Viking Saga*, in 1855, *Poetic Moments*, in 1862, besides *Military Thoughts in Brief*, 1863, and *Notes on Sweden's Army Organization*, 1865, are among his most important works. A poetic vein ran through his whole being, and the old Northern music was especially dear to him. Like the rest of his family, he was also an active and generous protector of art and artists.

It was only to himself that Carl XV. was not kind. Early in July, 1872, he was forced to go to Aachen for his health. Here he remained till near the middle of September, but his strength continued to fail, and further urged by exceeding

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homesickness, he started to return to Stockholm. The steam-frigate *Vanadis* awaited him at Kiel, as he had desired to go by sea to Malmö, and having overstrained himself in boarding the frigate, he was much worse during the trip. Immense numbers had gathered in the harbor of Malmö to receive him, but his emaciated figure and haggard face stopped the spontaneous shout of welcome on their lips. They kept silence, on every face an expression of sincere grief. He, who was usually received with thundering huzzas, felt this silent homage. "Ah!" said he, feebly, "I see indeed that I am loved, and God be thanked that I am back in Sweden once more!" But he could go no further, and died at Malmö September 18, 1872. In Sweden they said he was the first Swede; in Norway, that no one could be a more perfect Norwegian.

Sweden's present King, Oscar II., was born to the sea as well as the throne. He was but eleven years old when, in 1840, he made his first sea-voyage in a Swedish man-of-war; two years later he went as cadet in the Norwegian corvette *Ornen*, and in 1844 with the frigate *Josephine* to Gibraltar. Making yearly expeditions and studying navigation, he passed examination as a naval officer in July, 1845, and was commissioned second lieutenant of the royal navy in the same month. At the age of twenty he was made commander of a ship, and cruised in the Baltic, where a large squadron had been prepared on account of the Danish war. The next year he was chief commander of a squadron, and in 1853 was flag-captain of the only combined squadron of Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian ships that ever manœuvred together. In 1854 he was flag-captain of the Anglo-Norwegian squadron which had been organized on account of the Crimean war. In 1856 he travelled through Europe, visiting most of its courts, his good taste and graceful manners winning for him admiration and friendship everywhere. It was during these travels that he first met the Princess Sophia Wilhelmina Marianne Henrietta,

QUEEN SOPHIA WILHELMINA.
[Photographed by Gosta Florman, Stockholm.]

born at Biebrich July 9, 1836, daughter of Duke Wilhelm of Nassau and Princess Pauline of Würtemberg. They were married at Biebrich the 6th of June, 1857. At the wedding Oscar appeared in admiral's uniform, and the princess in white silk with silver-lace, the waist and train of purple velvet with ermine border, and the bust outlined by a band of immense jewels. The winter of 1861–62 Oscar passed at Nice with his family, and travelled all over Northern Italy, and in 1863 visited Germany and Hungary. He was

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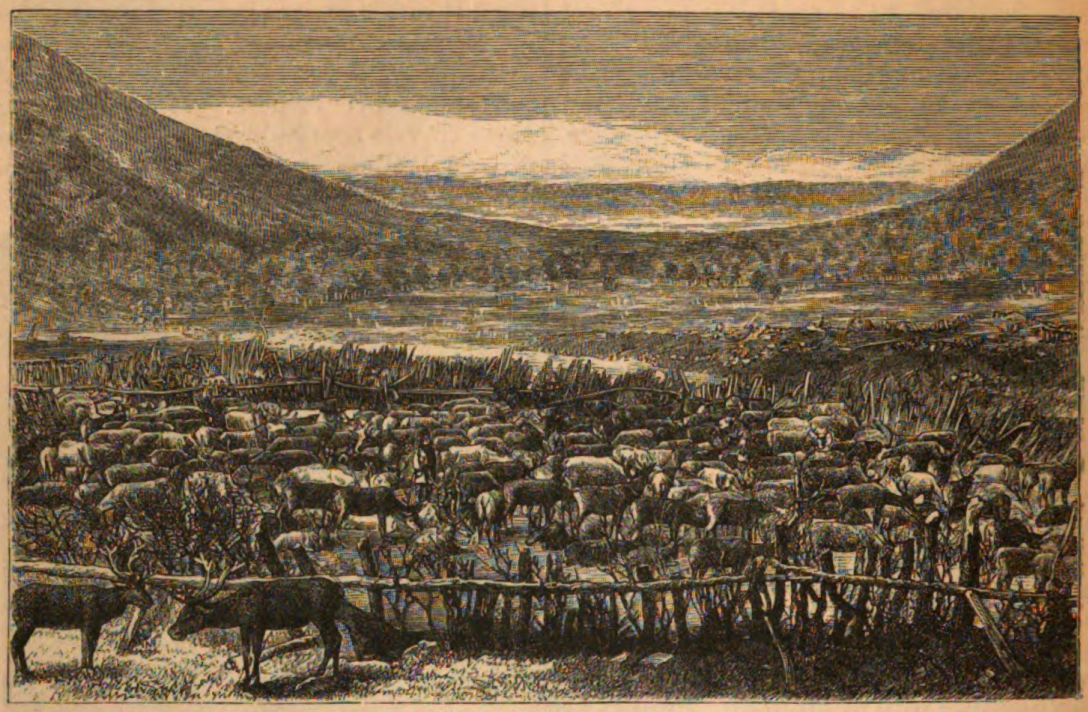

HERD OF REINDEER, TROMSÖE.

chief of a Norwegian-Swedish squadron in 1864, because of the German-Danish war, and in a few weeks' time had made this squadron one of the most effective the Swedes ever had on the sea. During all this time he was a devoted friend of Denmark. He remained at home during 1865 and 1866, but attended the World's Exposition at Paris in 1867, and in 1869 again travelled in Germany, making after his return a long trip through Norway. He travelled to the northernmost point of Sweden in 1870, and in 1871 visited England, where he made many and warm friends. In 1872 he represented his royal brother at the Thousand Years' Fest, at Haugesund, Norway In the year of his coronation, 1873 (May 12), he journeyed to the northernmost point of Norway. This was a triumphal march, in which the Norwegian people showed the King every possible demonstration of their love. The women, dressed in white, pelted him with roses, and everywhere during the tour they manifested the liveliest affection and veneration for his mother, the aged Queen Josephine, the fame of whose loving good works had reached the remotest and humblest of the realm. By the city committee of Tromsöe he was invited to the Tromsöe Valley to witness a scene which can be beheld nowhere else.

During the summer months some six or seven mountain Finn families migrate from Karasuando in Sweden to the beautiful Tromsöe Valley, bringing with them large herds of four or five thousand deer. These are gathered in inclosures of about two thousand. When the season is advanced, a deer festival is held, under the direction of a committee from Tromsöe, cannons are fired, the beautiful old Northern music played, and a sumptuous dinner served. The trained dogs of the Finns control the deer almost as perfectly as a school-master his flock of boys. One feature of the festival is to allow a deer to escape, that the manner of the dogs' recapture of it may be seen. These deer were driven in long files by the open tent of the King to their inclosures. On his desiring to see one of the deer in particular, the Finn deer-herder, loosening his lasso, let it fall unerringly among the two thousand upon the right pair of antlers, and drew the deer to hand for the royal inspection. Afterward the whole mass were let out to bound through the green valley, in charge of the dog shepherds, which never lose one.

Some portions of this romantic journey were accomplished on foot, and the King was the best walker of his whole company, whom he would have left quite behind

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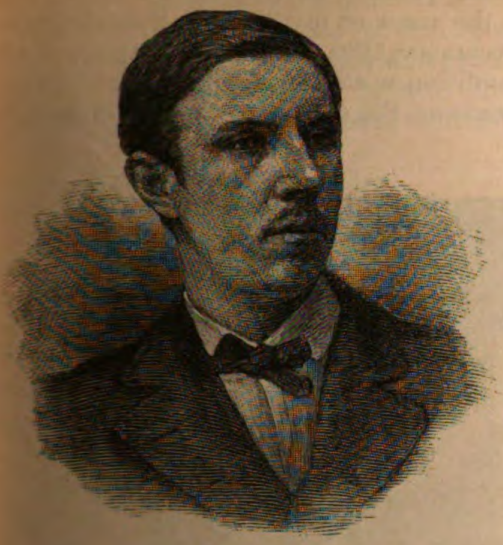
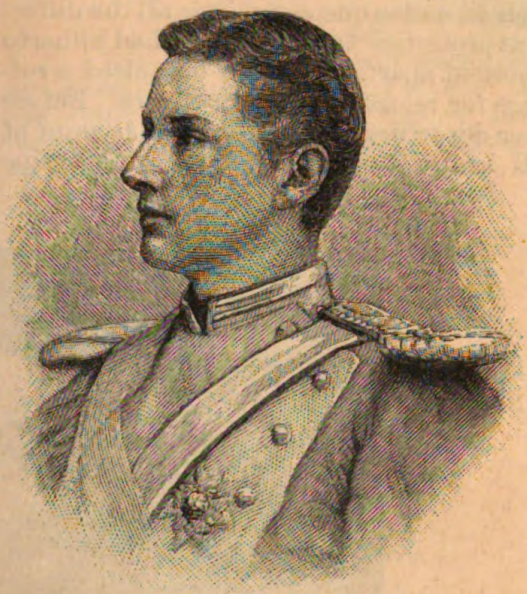


PRINCE OSCAR CARL AUGUST.
[Photographed by Gosta Florman, Stockholm.]



PRINCE OSCAR CARL WILHELM, DUKE OF WESTERGÖTLAND.
[Photographed by Gosta Florman, Stockholm.]

had he not restrained his natural pace. One old burgher of his party, stout and fat and profusely perspiring, trudged steadily on at the King's heels, now tumbling and rolling over, and now losing his wig, but always righting himself with undisturbed serenity, and pushing on again. He reached the bleak and stately cliff of Nordkap, which defines the Norwegian north boundary, on the 2d of July, 1873, and presided over the inauguration of its monument, delivering a stirring oration. The King is a remarkable public speaker, epigrammatic and logical, with an exceedingly eloquent delivery. His throne speeches are masterpieces of that class of oratory. His literary career has also been active and brilliant. His love of the navy has led to his publication of several works, among them the *Debarkation of the Archipelago Fleet*, in 1849, and another upon the proper manner of landing troops from the royal navy.

PRINCE EUGÈNE NAPOLEON NICOLAUS, DUKE OF NERIKE.
[Photographed by Gosta Florman, Stockholm.]

The same theme inspires some of his fiction and poetry. The Swedish Royal Academy of Art examines and awards prizes to only anonymous contributions. In 1857, Prince Oscar's poem "Svenska Flottans Minner" ("Memories of the Swedish Fleet") was thus submitted, and received the prize. "A fresh sea-breeze pervades this poem," said Professor B. E. Malmström, the president of the Royal Academy, when bestowing the prize; "the soul of the singer is so incorporated with the scenes he depicts that the true son of the sea is easily recognized in these lively and independent outlines." Besides original poetic works of much grace and beauty, King Oscar has made fine translations of the "Cid" after J. G. von Herder, and Goethe's five-act play of *Torquato Tasso*. It is reported that he is intimately connected with the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

Queen Sophia has the merit of having

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joined under one committee all the different protective societies which had hitherto worked apart. She also organized a refuge for released female prisoners. Before her departure from Sweden on account of ill health, the royal family were accustomed to dine together with the lords and ladies of honor, and the evenings were passed *en famille*, or in the company of a few intimate friends, with song, reading, and music, the royal family taking part. King Oscar has four children: Prince Oscar Gustav Adolf, Duke of Vermland, born June 16, 1858; Prince Oscar Carl August, Duke of Gottland, born November 15, 1859; Prince Oscar Carl Wilhelm, Duke of Westergötland, born February 27, 1861; and Prince Eugène Napoleon Nicolaus, Duke of Nerike, born August 1, 1865. This young prince was very ill of scarlet fever at the time of my visit to Stockholm in December, 1880, and the King spoke of his condition with deep feeling, as also of the Princess Eugénie, then also confined to her bed. Since then the latter is better, and the young Eugène has recovered; and in March of this year (1881), the Crown Prince Oscar Gustav, now twenty-three years old, has become engaged to the Princess Victoria of Baden, granddaughter of Emperor Wilhelm of Germany. Prince Oscar is tall and dark like the Bernadottes, yet with a likeness to his mother. His education has been acquired at the Swedish public schools and the Upsala University. He was admitted to the State

PRINCE OSCAR GUSTAV ADOLF, DUKE OF VERMLAND, AND CROWN PRINCE.
[Photographed by Selma Jacobsson, Stockholm.]

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Council at the age of eighteen, has served in the army, and made the tour of Europe. His *fiancée* was born on the 7th of August, 1862. At the time of Queen Josephine's death, in 1876, the second prince, Oscar Carl, as midshipman on board the Swedish frigate *Nordköping*, was travelling in America, and the death of his grandmother prevented his taking part in any festivities except those of the Fourth of July at Philadelphia. The following extracts are from a letter written by the charming and exceedingly intelligent daughter of our American minister to Sweden, Miss Grace Stevens, in answer to some queries I had occasion to make after my return from Stockholm:

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF BADEN, FIANCÉE OF CROWN PRINCE OSCAR.

"UNITED STATES LEGATION, STOCKHOLM,
March 6, 1881.

....."The cabinet meetings with his Majesty are generally in the mornings, I believe. In the winter he is always out walking after lunch, when it is too cold or too bad weather for skating. The King and the princes are all very fond of the Skating Club, and are as free and unrestrained there as the simplest of his subjects. When Christmas-time comes, his Majesty may be seen making the round of the shops, purchasing himself the presents he intends for his family and the servants, choosing dresses and toilet articles for the maids-of-honor to the Queen, etc. The Crown Prince is very fond of dancing, and is called the best waltzer in Stockholm.....There are no ladies' dinner parties now given at the palace, and at the other dinners the Mistress of the Court re-

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PRINCESS EUGÉNIE.
[Photographed by Gosta Florman, Stockholm.]

ceives the guests. Owing to ill health and absence, the Queen has, I think, been visible only on one public occasion during the last four years, and then she formed a prominent part of a very pretty scene. A year ago last May it was announced that on Ascension-day the King, Queen, and court would ride out as they do in fairy stories, and give the people a view of them in all the pomp of royal grandeur, according to an old Swedish custom, not observed for some years. All society, including the diplomatic corps, put on their best dresses, white bonnets, white cloaks, and with the best carriages that could be obtained drove in all possible state to the Djurgarden, where, and on the road leading to it, all Stockholm, literally, had gathered. The people from the country had also swarmed in, making such a crowd as is rarely seen, and never before by me. After waiting—as one always must for royalty—more than an hour, the police cleared the way, and amid immense cheering, the King, in full-dress uniform and floating feathers, rode through the lines of carriages, bowing right and left. He was attended by the Princes Oscar and Carl, also in uniform, and an escort of thirty or forty officers, making a very brilliant little band. Then followed half a dozen open barouches, each containing two chamberlains, very gorgeous, each carriage having four horses; then the carriage of the Countess Piper and the Queen's first lady-in-waiting, both looking lovely in snowy white draperies; two more carriages with ladies-in-waiting, similarly dressed; then came the Queen's carriage, drawn by six horses. At her side sat the youngest prince, Eugène. Her Majesty wore a white bonnet, and a long white mantle covered her dress. Before we saw her the amount of flowers that had been thrown into her carriage as she passed testified to the happiness of the people in seeing her again. She was smiling, and a great shout of welcome greeted her all along the line.....You know now we are quite without King, Queen, or princes, except the young Prince Eugène. The King is expected back from Norway to-morrow. As soon as he returns we are to have a grand fête at the Skating Club, having waited only for him, as he likes these informal festivities so much."

Soon after the King's return he was taken ill, and the Queen and princes came flocking home to Sweden as soon as the news reached them. The Queen, whose health is much improved, arrived on the 19th March, 1881, in Helsingborg, and stopped but for an hour or two before setting out for Stockholm, where she arrived late on the 20th, to find the King already recovering.

King Oscar grants a public audience weekly, generally between the hours of 12 M. and 2 P.M., at which guests are received in the order of their coming. The Crown Prince has also begun to give audiences.

The King impressed me very agreeably as being a kind-hearted, scholarly gentleman of the simplest grace of manner. He converses easily, speaking English so well that I quite forgot he was a Swede. He showed lively interest on all literary topics, as also upon matters of special American interest. He is tall, with the head set somewhat forward on the shoulders. His head is nobly shaped and large, his eyes are blue, dark lashes and brows making them appear a shade or two darker than they are. His smile lights up his whole face, and lends it also an element of humor wanting to it in repose. He is decidedly better-looking than any of his portraits. His hands are fine, with the firmness and mobility of outline which express so much to those who divine char-

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acter by this very subtle and expressive member. He sings admirably, and plays both the piano and organ with skill and feeling. His motto is, "The welfare of the brother countries."

King Oscar's only sister, the Princess Charlotte Eugénie Augusta Amalia Albertina, usually spoken of as the Princess Eugénie, was educated in the evangelical Lutheran faith. In character and disposition she is the true daughter of the noble Queen Josephine, and true sister of the lovable and gifted Prince Gustav. A lover of music, a musical proficient, and later a musical composer, she gathered around her even in youth eminent musicians, and drew from obscurity such poor young children as had musical talents. One of Sweden's prominent singers, Mlle. Amalia Réego, daughter of a poor acrobat, owes to Princess Eugénie her rescue from a wandering life, and the education which fitted her for her subsequent artistic success. Artists, and poor writers, and people pressed with poverty but endowed with gifts for becoming something to themselves and the world, have been helped and protected by Princess Eugénie with a kindness and earnestness which made the heart light rather than heavy with gratitude. A great part of the immense fortune she inherited from her grandmother on her father's side has been used in this kind and all kinds of help-giving, so that at sick-beds, in the homes of distress, and by defenseless children's lips, her name is spoken only with blessings. She even went so far as to sell her diamonds, and with the money they brought she built a hospital for the sick. She had first to gain the consent of her brother, the King, which he gave. Afterward, when the hospital was built and in working order, the princess one day visited it. As she drew near the bedside of one of the patients, he recognized her, and wept with pleasure at seeing her. As the grateful tears rolled over his wan cheeks, the princess said, gently, "Ah, now I see my diamonds again!" In early girlhood her health was good, but whether it was her rapid growth—for she is very tall—or her profound grief over the untimely death of her brother Gustav, which sowed the seeds of a "breast-sickness which slowly gnaws her life away," it is only by observing the greatest care as to weather changes, and by a most careful diet, that she can hold her sufferings somewhat in check. She passes the summer months on Gottland, an island famous for its mild and strengthening climate for the sick. The visible benefit to her health on her first visit, and the

FRIDHEM, OR HOME OF PEACE, NEAR WISBY.

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hearty kindness of the island people, induced her to make it her permanent summer home. For her dwelling she selected a charming spot covered with high fir and spruce trees along the Baltic border, two English miles from the town of Wisby, near a beautiful rock called Högklint. This rock rises perpendicularly from the sea. Here she laid out a park with winding paths, grottoes, and little inviting resting-places, and built a simple Swiss cottage, and called the place Fridhem, or Home of Peace. Near Fridhem she has founded asylums and educational institutions called Fridtorpen, or Cottages of Peace; one for orphans or extremely poor girls, and another for boys, each having sixteen or twenty children. Their lodgings, school-rooms, and school materials are exceeding well arranged. The teachers live in the same houses with the children, for whom they care tenderly, educating them not only in books, but in handiwork. All these places are surrounded by lovely parks and gardens. Nearer to Wisby stands a superb building of her erection, the Home of the Incurably Sick.

It was originally intended only to admit island patients, but she could not resist appeals coming from the Swedish mainland. She devotes herself to these institutions, arranging and directing the greater part of their affairs, leaving the rest to some prominent ladies of Wisby, who cordially assist her. But it is not only for the Fridtorpen children and the invalids of the Sick Home that she cares. The Wisby Ladies' Society for furnishing poor people with work, and generally assisting them in their struggle with poverty; the School of Domestic Economy, for the instruction of young girls in the practical art of service and housekeeping; and Queen Desideria's School, where girls are taught all kinds of feminine occupations—are institutions which richly enjoy Princess Eugénie's benevolence and attention. She visits these schools often, and talks with the young girls as they sit at the looms or spinning-wheels, or in the storerooms, or at household work at the stoves, kindly encouraging them, and even assisting them at their tasks. She is extremely hospitable. Ordinarily fifty persons eat at her table, almost all of them poor people, who have been invited to enjoy the calm beauty and fresh climate with her. On Sundays, when divine service is held at Fridhem, the number of visitors is very great. The rooms at Fridhem are not large, but very comfortable and homelike. The reception-rooms, which open on the sea, are simply but artistically decorated. The rooms and the walls are adorned with mementos and souvenirs of beloved ones who are dead. Among other things are two fauteuils, writing-table, and chair that belonged to Queen Josephine; a fine picture in oil of the whole royal family, from its founder Bernadotte down; an equally fine crucifix, which belonged to Prince Gustav; a little bouquet, painted and given by Queen Josephine to her sister, the Empress Amalia of Brazil, after whose death it was returned to the daughter of the giver. She has hung up photographs of all the children educated thus far in her schools.

In the summer-time she is surrounded by eminent women—artists, singers, and writers—with whom she maintains intimate relations. She loves children dearly, and as she wishes to have them around her, Fridhem's beautiful grottoes echo all summer long with children's happy voices. In September she leaves her Home of Peace with regret, and longs all winter for the coming of June, when she can sail again for Gottland. She is warmly loved by the royal pair and the princes, who, when she is in Stockholm, visit her daily in her apartments at the palace.

The old *Slott*,* called simply *Adelshuset*, or "House of the Nobility," founded by Berger Jarl in 1251, was a beautiful castle, far more picturesque and imposing than the present Stockholm palace. In 1330 it was burned down, was rebuilt, and in 1475 was partly burned again. In 1675 the tower, called "Tre Kronor" (three crowns), had been carried to the height of 254 feet, and the castle was defended by 400 heavy cannon. Some notion of its magnitude and strength may be gathered from the statement of an English ambassador, that in 1654 he saw, in one room only, complete armament for 10,000 infantry, and in another the same for 5000 cavalry, together with 800 standards taken from Sweden's enemies. Another fire raged in this castle in 1641, again in 1642, and again in 1646; and finally a fire-prophet appeared in the person of an eccentric discontent named Lars Ekerot. He had been a constable, and

* *Slott* signifies palace.

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STOCKHOLM PALACE.

a lieutenant in the navy, whence he had been dismissed, as he affirmed, without reasonable cause. He also further complained that the committee on liquidation had unjustly cancelled his claims against the crown, and a suit had been lost to him because he would not bribe the judges. Charles XI. granted Ekerot several personal interviews for preferring his complaints, but at last wearied of him, making him, however, a present of 250 daler. In 1695 Lars Ekerot began sending to the court-chaplain Wallin a series of writings, in which he bemoaned the country's misfortunes and sufferings, the oppression of the poor, the injustice of the court, and the pride of the great. On Christmas-eve of 1696 he began to write and speak in oracles of the terrible manner in which the splendid impregnable royal castle would be destroyed, pretending to be a continual witness of its doom in dreams. The priests drew the attention of the court to this, and the servants throughout the castle were especially charged to tend the fires with exceeding care. So passed the winter into the spring of 1697, when one night, not to be outdone by Ekerot, the King had a vision of different and more extended augury, the following remarkable description of which, it is stated, still exists in his own handwriting, and signed by himself and the officials who witnessed it with him:

"I, Charles the Eleventh, had on this night of the 2d of April, 1697, a vision. I was more than usually sad, and at midnight, turning in my bed, I saw the windows of the Riksalen shedding a clear light as of candles, and I said to Chancellor Bjelke, 'What shines in the Riksal?'

"'That is the moon, your Majesty.'

"I was silent, but I was not eased, and seeing again the same light, I said, 'Nay, that can not be the moon.'

"Bjelke persisted, and at this moment another entered to ask after my comfort.

"'Is there not a fire in the Riksal?' I asked.

"And he also, but after a silence, said, 'It is the moon.'

"This contented me, but only for a moment. I rose and went to the window, and could see the Sal not only bright, but as if filled with moving people.

"'Here must be something wrong,' I exclaimed. 'In the fear of God will I go and seek the meaning of it.'

"Having sent for the Riksal keys, we went thither by a secret passage; but when I bade the guard to open the door, he could not for fear. I passed the order to State Councillor Oxenstjerna, who answered, 'I have pledged

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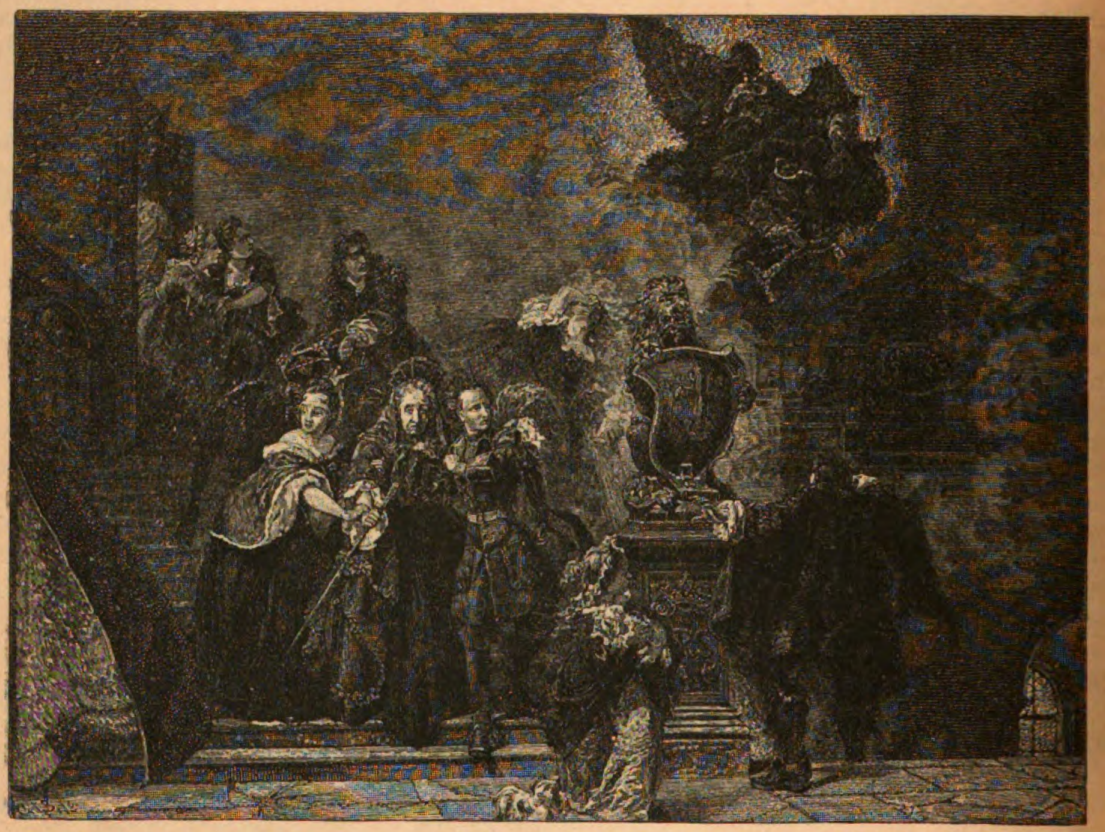

BURNING OF STOCKHOLM CASTLE, MAY 7, 1697.
[Photographed by Johannes Jaeger from painting by J. F. Höckert.]

my life to your Majesty, but not to open this door.'

"Then I opened it myself; and as we entered the antechamber we saw it was draped even to the floor in black. Crossing in silent amazement to the Sal, its door also had I to open for myself, none daring to do it for me. I asked my companions if they would enter with me, and they agreed, trembling. As we passed in, we all saw, seated around a table, fifteen honorable-looking men, all with great books before them, and in their midst a young king, seventeen or eighteen years old, wearing a crown and holding a sceptre. . . . It was strange that when the young king shook his head, the men who sat with him struck hard on their books; and then we saw beyond them a group of miserable ones, and several blocks, with a headsman at each block with bared arms, and these cut off the heads of the miserable ones one after another, so that the blood flowed in streams over the floor. God is my witness, I was affrighted. I looked at my sandals, but could find no stain on them. Those beheaded were mostly young men. Looking further, we saw behind a table in the corner a throne that was almost overturned, and beside it a man who looked as a regent, about forty years old. I trembled, and receding to the door I asked, 'What is the word of the Lord, that I may hear it? O God, when shall this happen?'

"I received no answer; only the young king shook his head, and the men struck their books, and I cried out, 'Shall this happen in my time?'

"Then said the young king, 'No, it shall not happen in thy time, but during the sixth regency after thee.' . . . .

"All vanished, and we stood there with only our own candles. Returning much moved to my chamber, I wrote this down, calling upon my companions for corroboration, and I take solemn oath of the truth of what I have here written."

A few days later the King died, and at the close of April the court-chaplain Wallin received another letter from Ekerot, stating that the castle would be destroyed by fire within eight days. Such letters he sent through the entire week, and he came personally to Wallin, who finally would neither receive Ekerot nor his letters. The persistent prophet then thrust his notes under the closed ports, but Wallin never looked at them. Thorough restoration and fine embellishments of the castle were at this date in good progress. On

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the 7th of May, at 11 A.M., Ekerot sent in his last note of warning. The King's body was lying in state in his chamber; two hours later the fire broke out, and swept with such fury and swiftness that nothing could be saved.

The Queen-Dowager and princesses were rescued with the greatest difficulty,* and at the risk of his life a faithful body-servant bore the body of the dead King from the flames to a stable, where it lay for two hours before more royal arrangements could be made. Just after, the immense tower, armored with thirty heavy guns, toppled and plunged into the burning ruins with a tremendous crash. The invaluable library and legal and military archives were lost. Ekerot was searched for vainly, but came forward himself. The closest investigation could bring no proofs whatever against him. And how such a fire could begin at mid-day in a palace, with its unbroken cordon of officials and guards in every room and passage, remains an unsolved mystery.

The new or present Slott, Italian in its style, was planned by Nicodemus Tessin, and begun in 1697, but progressed slowly, and it was not until the 7th of December, 1754, that the royal family took possession, the so-called "great squares" being then ready. The handsome "Lejonbacken" terrace was not finished till 1830. The cost of the building and furniture was estimated at about 10,500,000 kronor. The number 7 has played an interesting part in its history. On the 7th of May, 1690, Charles XI. ordered the erection of the northern façade. On exactly the same date, seven years later, this façade, with the entire old castle, burned down, and fifty-seven years and seven months later, on the 7th of December, 1754, the royal family entered the new Slott.

Europe has many great castles more beautiful than Stockholm's royal house, but none of more simple grandeur, and none more splendidly situated or of more imposing access. In selecting its site old

NICODEMUS TESSIN, ARCHITECT OF THE STOCKHOLM PALACE.

Berger Jarl thought of it not only as a palace, but as a fortress and warder of the inland sea. The building is really lofty, but its great area detracts from this effect at a distance; it is only when standing under its walls that one feels its real height. About sixty high church towers placed side by side would no more than fill the square of its main building, omitting the wings. It is built of brick, with an outer wall of sandstone, and a flat copper-plated roof. The main building forms an almost even square. The northern and southern façades are nearly 419 feet long; the eastern and western are 390 feet. The width of the northern section is 56½ feet, the southern 73½ feet; the eastern and western are each 65 feet. From each corner of the main building project minor buildings; of these the northwestern and northeastern and southeastern are 165 feet each in length, and 51 feet wide; but the southwestern is only 44 feet in length, and 68 feet in width, the length of the entire castle being 700 feet. Four immense arcades lead into the castle yard, and that is 301½ feet long by 261½ feet wide. The façades are adorned with huge bronze lions (erected in 1714)—hence the name "Lejonbacken"—statues, hewn granite balustrades, Swedish arms of three crowns borne by the goddesses of fame, in bronze. The cupolas are supported by superb colonnades, and the bass-reliefs of remarkable incidents of Swedish history are in gypsum. A magnifi-

* The celebrated artist Höckert was a witness of the scene of the escape of the royal family from the burning castle, and made a noble painting of it from memory, of which the accompanying engraving is a good copy. The portraits of Charles XII. and his aged mother in the centre of the piece are excellent likenesses. The dark smoke-hidden group to the right and top of the picture are the bearers of the corpse of the dead King. The cinders can be plainly seen sifting down in the open space of the foreground.

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cent stairway, adorned with columns of shining agate and different marbles, leads to the royal apartments. In its niches are precious porphyry urns, landscape paintings, and medallions of older Swedish kings. Bronze genii hold the gas lamps which light this stairway, and in the portico is a colossal marble statue of Charles XI. A beautiful pillared stairway in the eastern façade also leads to the royal apartments. The present King and Queen occupy apartments together, being the first royal couple, or even Crown Prince and Princess, of Stockholm's Slott who have shared the same apartments, those of the King having been hitherto above those of the Queen.

The castle consists properly of ten stories,* comprising 583 rooms, of which 415 are warmed, 100 are without fire, thirty-two are devoted to the cuisine, and thirty-six to the guards. The cellar story is the largest of all, containing not only 104 immense cellars, but 130 vaults, which are partly entries, partly water conduits, and partly partitions and supports; the whole forming a net-work of meeting and crossing vaults, with iron doors to right and left, into which it would be dangerous to venture far, but for the clew-lines arranged along the walls, which enable the servant or explorer to return. Some of these cellars belong, it is believed, to the old Berger Jarl castle, and are notable for their fine proportions. One of them, having a pillar in the middle, is supposed to have been the dungeon of the brave and heroic Christina Gyllenstjerna and her fellow-prisoners in the time of Christian the Tyrant. The ground story formerly held the great royal library of 100,000 volumes and 5000 MSS., but these are now in the fine Kongl. Bibliotheque in the Stora Humlegård, opposite the residence of Mr. John L. Stevens, the present American Minister. The King's and Queen's gala rooms are on the north side of the first great story, while the King's private apartments, the court chapel, and the Riksal occupy the east, and the rooms of the late Queen-Dowager Josephine the south.

The Victoria Salon is a renovation, but that the original style is preserved to the minutest details is owing to the high artistic appreciation and care of Oscar II. Its ceiling is a bass-relief of gold coronets on white ground; the four corners have medallions of Queen Lovisa Ulrica's royal monogram. The decorations are white and gold, but the walls are tapestried with deep crimson silk velvet in sections, separated by elegant pilasters formed of mirror panels overwrought with gold arabesque. These tapestry sections are embroidered in gold, finished at the base with crowns and medallions, while at the tops thick wreaths of gold throwing to each other interlacing sprays compose a border for the entire room. Eight very large mirrors are set in borders of gold arabesque; the largest of these, of immense expanse, was made in Belgium and presented to Oscar I. Crimson upholstery with gold trimmings, three massive chandeliers of mountain crystal, and a moss-like carpet of large white floral medallions set in a crimson ground, complete the color dream of this truly regal salon.

The Pillar Salon, a large square room in one corner of the castle—where the conspirators for the dethronement of Gustav (Adolf) IV. met on the 13th of March, 1809—was entirely renovated by Carl XV. The room and its sixteen graceful pillars are decorated in white and gold, the furniture of gilded woods is covered with yellow silk and damask, with which the windows are also draped; four huge mirrors, each a single piece of glass, repeat the beauties of the salon and its gala scenes, for here the King's small balls and parties are given, and here also those who call on him are first received, writing their names in the order of their arrival, and in that order being passed by the aides-de-camp into the Victoria Salon, and thence by the chamberlain in to the King, who sometimes awaits them in a reception-room, and sometimes for special audiences receives more informally in his *Skrifrüm*, or study. This is a quiet room, elegant without splendor. On the lounge to the left the King is used to lie down in the evenings, and either reads or is read to by his chamberlain or a friend. On the table to the right* are laid all the papers and documents which have come up during the day, and which the King signs every night—unless there are causes for reconsideration—no matter how tired he

* These are called, respectively, cellar, archive, under, ground, ground entresol, half, first great, first great entresol, upper great, and upper great entresol stories.

* Where in the foreground of the picture a chair back is seen.

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THE QUEEN'S GALLERY IN THE ROYAL PALACE.
[Photographed by Johannes Jaeger, Stockholm.]

may be, that nothing may be left over for the morrow.

The Queen's Gallery, where the royal pair receive, and which was formerly Carl XV.'s picture-gallery, has undergone the greatest change of all. The King, wishing it for daily use, has decorated it with family paintings and precious china-ware, and divided it by a heavy curtain. The first room contains fifty-four oil-paintings, marine and landscape, among them five by Carl XV., and portraits. The walls of the central section of the gallery, called the Porcelain Salon, are covered with large and small pieces of exceedingly costly Sèvres china, presents for over a century from the Bonapartes to the Kings and Queens of Sweden. The third section of the gallery is adorned chiefly with royal family portraits, life size, among others those of Eugène de Beauharnais when he was Viceroy of Italy, his wife, his sister Hortense, Oscar I., and the late Queen Josephine. The room is in Saxon style even to the mantelpiece.

The Queen's Toilet is draped in fine woollens of a light red, edged with white lace, and arranged in groups of stretched folds at certain distances from each other; her bedroom is in dark blue, and her other rooms, simply furnished, with light French wall-papers, are very comfortable, without being luxurious.

The Hvita Hafvet, or White Sea, is 118 feet long by 38 feet wide. The ceiling is one superb mythological Olympian painting, which was admirably restored in 1847 by the great master N. M. Mandelgren. The walls of this salon are almost entirely mirror. The richly sculptured and gilded music dais is supported by consoles representing beautiful female forms. The whole is lighted by fourteen huge chandeliers and ten high candalebra; and when the grand ball, which occurs during the Diet, brings into this room its two thousand guests, the white marble, the gleaming pillars, the gay colors and sparklings given back by the mirror walls, compose a scene of magical beauty.

Upon the castle roof is a balustrade inclosing a delightful aerial promenade of about 900 paces, and affording a view rivalling an Arabian Night's dream. When the flag usually to be seen floating from the castle battlements is gone, so is the King.

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PRESCIENCE.

THE new moon hung in the sky, the sun was low in the west,
And my betrothed and I in the church-yard paused to rest—
Happy maiden and lover, dreaming the old dream over;
The light winds wandered by, and robins chirped from the nest.

And lo! in the meadow-sweet was the grave of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet and the ivy running wild—
Tangled ivy and clover folding it over and over:
Close to my sweetheart's feet was the little mound up-piled.

Stricken with nameless fears, she shrank and clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears for a sorrow I did not see:
Lightly the winds were blowing, softly her tears were flowing—
Tears for the unknown years and a sorrow that was to be!

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JOURNALISTIC LONDON.

Third Paper.

ONE summer day, some twenty years ago, a young author and his wife were enjoying a fishing excursion on the river Dart. A friend had sent them a copy of *The Athenæum* containing a review of the husband's first translation from the Indian classics. Turning over the pages of the critical journal, the author's eye fell upon an advertisement which announced that a leader-writer was required for a new daily newspaper. The character of the journalistic enterprise was hinted at, and the political principles of the services of the gentleman who was wanted were clearly defined. "That is the very position I should like," said the young Anglo-Indian to his wife; "the idea is new, the cheap press is a splendid and important experiment, the object one with which I heartily sympathize. I think I will write about it." And so the young couple sauntered home amidst scenes of sunshine utterly in contrast with the surroundings of the Fleet Street printing-office.

He was no inexperienced scholar, no mere seeker after employment, the young author who had accidentally stumbled upon his destiny on that summer day by the sea. Educated at the King's School, Rochester, and at King's College, London, he had won a scholarship at University College, Oxford. In 1852 he obtained the Newdigate prize for his English poem on "The Feast of Belshazzar," and in the year following he was selected to address the late Earl of Derby on his installation as Chancellor of the University. He graduated in honors in 1854. On quitting college he was elected second master of King Edward the Sixth's School, a famous midland counties educational institution at Birmingham. He resigned this position for the appointment of Principal of the Sanskrit College at Poona, in the Bombay Presidency, with a fellowship of the University of Bombay, which offices he still held when the words "Editor Wanted" attracted his attention in *The Athenæum*. He was taking a vacation in his native country. In 1861 the young Sanskrit Principal bade farewell to Poona. He had accepted the appointment on the editorial staff which he and his wife had discussed in a vague kind of way that very year off Dartmouth. The paper in question was *The Daily Telegraph;* the volunteer for journalistic work was Mr. Edwin Arnold, perhaps the most unselfish enthusiast that ever attached himself to politics and the press.

Although in many respects Oriental in his tastes, Edwin Arnold may be regarded as a typical Englishman. He has never allowed his literary labors to overcome his love of out-door life. A master of field-sports, he has a thorough knowledge of horses, dogs, and guns, and is particularly fond of yachting. Few men living have a more thorough acquaintance with Indian affairs. The first editorial he ever wrote in *The Telegraph* was on the British Empire in the East. Since that time he has written upward of six thousand leading articles. During the two years and a half of the Eastern Question which is stained with the blood of the great war between Russia and Turkey, Mr. Arnold wrote between four and five hundred consecutive articles—leaders that were looked for with interest and anxiety by all classes of the people, the more so that *The Telegraph* found itself at variance on foreign politics with the party it had hitherto supported decisively, and in favor of the maintenance of British prestige and power in the East. Edwin Arnold did this great work at white heat, the editorials being usually written at the last moment, on the very latest points of the controversy. It is not too much to say for the influence of *The Daily Telegraph* at this time that it was an important agency in sustaining the Beaconsfield government in office. Mr. Edward Levy Lawson, who had a proprietor's control of the policy of the paper, entered heart and soul into its action in regard to the national policy of the time, and is entitled to the highest consideration for his patriotic self-denial. Holding large proprietary rights in *The Telegraph*, he ran great financial risks in taking up arms against the Gladstonian succession, which his paper had hitherto supported. But, like Mr. Joseph Cowen, of the Newcastle *Daily Chronicle*, like Mr. Long, of the Sheffield *Daily Telegraph*, his policy was first English, and then political; first for the empire, and then for the party. And so this great journal, strongly radical in home and domestic politics, became conservative in re-

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gard to the duty of holding the empire, which is a legacy from England's heroic travellers, statesmen, and soldiers. There must be a good deal that is worthy in a cause which attracts to it from the very centre of the radical faith such journalists as Cowen, Long, and Arnold. It is pleasant to hear the great leader-writer of *The Telegraph* speak of his proprietor and colleague Lawson, whose political tact and wisdom have proved of incalculable benefit in the guidance and administration of the establishment, both in regard to its editorial and its mechanical and commercial management. It has been said out-of-doors that there is a bitter personal feud between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Arnold. There is not. The Premier amicably discussed with him and Mr. Lawson the Eastern policy of Beaconsfield in a long interview at the office. They differed in the friendliest manner. After a long interview they parted, the Liberal chief to follow one political path, the journalist the other. Each expressed honest regret at the divergence of views, but there was no rancor in their political leave-taking. Friendly then, they are friendly now, though separated in a matter of public policy by a wide and deep gulf, and Mr. Gladstone's portrait and bust adorn the editorial sanctum in Fleet Street, while Mr. Arnold only speaks of the brilliant Premier with respect and honor, while regretting his imperfect knowledge of the East.

When Mr. Arnold gave up India he accepted the tradition of the anonymous, which is the weakness and the strength of English journalism—a bad thing for the writer, a good thing for the newspaper. He effaced himself, as it were, and not for considerations of money, but out of a real love for the work, and an earnest desire to be practically useful in his generation—to advance the interest of a great cause, to exercise an influence in the work of popular education, to instruct the people, to make the world better than he found it, and, if possible, to inculcate gentler manners, higher beliefs, happier ideas of life. This was the sort of inspiration that no doubt stirred him on that long-past summer day's vacation, and I have never met in our grand profession of journalism one who has a more earnest or exalted conception of the duties, privileges, responsibilities, and power which belong to the conduct and administration of a great daily newspaper. Coupled with this is a singular modesty. Mr. Arnold, like George Eliot, has never been photographed, and his biography has never been written. A few facts and dates, landmarks in his career, appear in *Men of the Time*. The present necessarily brief sketch of him is the only important tribute to his genius in current literature, outside the reviews of his books and the splendid acknowledgment of his learned muse by America. In 1868, I remember, when I wanted a characteristic contribution for *The Gentleman's Magazine* upon the victorious trophies, *spolia opima*, of his late Majesty King Theodore of Abyssinia, I obtained it from Mr. Edwin Arnold, not that his name was familiar in serial literature, but that my ideas of magazine editorship are a little different from those of the general "blind guides" that govern monthly publications. How the eloquent writer began his paper I am reminded today when I have the pleasure of talking with him about the work of journalism. "*Annulus ille, Cannarum vindex!*" was his text. How brilliantly and impressively he moralized upon it, gazing upon the Kensington show-case, is not to be forgotten. "Theodore the King" is one of the literary gems in some twelve volumes of the popularized *Gentleman's*, upon which I look with the pride of one who successfully adapts to a new order of things the best parts of an old and decaying institution.

"I should like to mention one thing," said Mr. Arnold to me the other day, during an interview I had with him in his cozy but unpretentious room at *The Daily Telegraph* office—"the importance of a classical as well as a general training for editorial work. I have found immense advantage arising from my academical studies. Greek and Latin have been of infinite service to me in the commonest work of a cheap press. I think it impossible for a newspaper man to be too widely read and trained."

"How many dead and living languages do you speak or read?" I asked.

"Ten," he said; and then going back to the theme he had started, he added: "No knowledge is wasted on journalism; sooner or later everything you know or have seen, every experience of life, every bit of practical knowledge, is valuable. You spoke just now of Mr. Edward Lawson. He is one of the most naturally ca-

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FAC-SIMILE OF DIPLOMA APPOINTING MR. EDWIN ARNOLD AN OFFICER OF THE ORDER OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

pable and quick-thoughted men I know. It is probably from his father that he inherits that instinctive sense of public sentiment and opinion, of national feeling, which is a rare quality, and important as rare, in the conduct of a newspaper. Just now you were speaking of the relationship of a newspaper staff, the one to the other; I may tell you that in this office we live together more like close friends than mere comrades; we always meet on a familiar and hearty footing; it is impossible to imagine more comfortable relations."

This had struck me before, and it is apparent in every department of the establishment. The personal features of "Journalistic London" crowd too much upon one's attention to leave room for technical essays. It must be sufficient in

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this respect to say that the mechanical appointments of the office are of the completest kind. The paper is printed on ten Hoe's machines, which turn out an average of 120,000 copies per hour, this number having been increased by a new patent roller composition that does away with frequent "cleaning up," does not lose its "face," and is not influenced by heat or cold. Similar to *The Times*, and indeed all the other papers, are the arrangements for setting the type, casting it into semicircular forms, and machining it. Though the stereotyping foundry is a far less imposing apartment than the composing and machine rooms, it offers interesting features for pictorial illustration.

The Telegraph has offices on both sides of Fleet Street, and its advertising sign-posts point to that locality from nearly every street and turnpike in the United Kingdom.

The record of Mr. Arnold's literary labors is an eminently distinguished one. He is the author of *Griselda, a Drama; Poems, Lyrical and Narrative; The Euterpe of Herodotus* (a translation from the Greek text, with notes); "The Hitopades'a" (with vocabulary in Sanskrit, English, and Mahratti), and a metrical translation of the classical Sanskrit, under the title of *The Book of Good Counsels; The Poets of Greece;* the "Indian Song of Songs"; and "The Light of Asia." In addition to these and other poetical works, he has written a work on *The Education of India*, and *The History of the Administration of India under the late Marquis Dalhousie* (1862–64), in two volumes. In regard to the latter work, it has been said that the author had a quarrel or misunderstanding with Lord Lawrence. This is not so. On the contrary, he had the co-operation of his lordship in the entire work. Many of the notes are, indeed, Lord Lawrence's own, and he helped the author with much valuable information, and to the last was on most friendly terms with him.

One day Mr. Lawson said to Edwin Arnold, "What shall we do—something new?" "How much will you spend?" asked Arnold. "Anything you like." "Very well," said Arnold; "send out and discover the beginnings of the Bible." This was the origin of Mr. Smith's expedition to Assyria, which Mr. Arnold arranged, and for the results of which he was publicly thanked by the trustees of the British Museum. A similar characteristic inquiry, "What again shall we do?" led to the Stanley expedition, in conjunction with the New York *Herald*, to Africa in search of Livingstone, and for the completion of his work. These and other equally notable services might well help to earn for Mr. Arnold the distinction of "Companion of the Star of India," which he was named on the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India, January 1, 1877. In 1879 he was elected a resident member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. His other distinctions include a second class of the imperial order of the Medjidie, honorary member of the Société de Géographie, Marseilles, and recently the order of the White Elephant of Siam, which remains for further mention. "The Light of Asia," published in 1878, met with a reception of general praise from the English critics, but in America it enjoyed an immediate popularity which no modern poem has obtained in England, and few in the United States. A noble poetic interpretation of a lovely life and a great philosophic reformer, "The Light of Asia" is a work which will keep for its author a high place in the foremost rank of modern English poets. It rapidly went into six editions in the United States, and has sold 70,000 copies. To the American edition of his "Indian Song of Songs" the publishers append the following extract from a letter written to them by Mr. Arnold February 16, 1880, in which he says: "Nothing could have given me profounder pleasure than the favor shown me thus by the transatlantic English, and I hope some day to make suitable acknowledgment of the immense distinction conferred on me by your public." Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose reputation stands as high with the English as with the Americans, has written as follows of "The Light of Asia" in *The International Review:* "It is a work of great beauty. It tells a story of intense interest, which never flags for a moment. Its descriptions are drawn by the hand of a master, with the eye of a poet, and the familiarity of an expert with the objects described. Its tone is so lofty that there is nothing with which to compare it but the New Testament. It is full of variety, now picturesque, now pathetic, now rising to the noblest realms of thought and aspiration. It finds language penetrating,

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fluent, elevated, impassioned, musical always, to clothe its varied thoughts and sentiments." Perhaps, however, the highest compliment Mr. Arnold has received is from the King of Siam, who may be styled "the Defender of the Faith" of Buddhism. His Majesty has read the book through with critical care and delight. It is the first long English poem he has read, though he has a fair knowledge of our prose literature, many examples of which he has translated into Siamese. He has sent Mr. Arnold, in recognition of his splendid interpretation of the gentle, humane, and noble spirit of Buddhism, the first class of the exalted order of the White Elephant, with an autograph letter in English, of which the following is a copy:

"GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK, *December* 5, 1879.

"SIR,—My father devoted much time to the study and defense of his religion, and although I, being called to the throne while young, had no time to become a scholar like him, I too have interested myself in the study of the sacred books, and take a great interest in defending our religion, and having it properly understood. It seems to me that if Europeans believe the missionary preaching that ours is a foolish and bad religion, they must also believe that we are a foolish and bad people. I therefore feel much gratitude to those who, like yourself, teach Europeans to hold our religion in respect. I thank you for the copy of your poem 'The Light of Asia,' presented to me through my Minister in London. I am not a sufficiently good scholar to judge English poetry, but as your book is based upon the similar source of our own information, I can read it through with very much pleasure, and I can say that your poem 'The Light of Asia' is the most eloquent defense of Buddhism that has yet appeared, and is full of beautiful poetry; but I like Book II. very much, and am very much interested in the final sermon. I have no doubt that our learned men would argue with you for hours or for years, as even I can see that some of your ideas are not quite the same as ours; but I think that in showing 'love' to have been the eminent characteristic of the Lord of Buddha and Karma, in Siamese Kam, the result of the inevitable law of Dharma, the principles of existence, you have taught Buddhism, and I may thank you for having made a European Buddhist speak beautifully in the most wide-spread language in the world. To mark my opinion of your good feeling toward Eastern peoples, and my appreciation of your high ability and the service you have done to all Buddhists by this defense of their religion, I have much satisfaction in appointing you an officer of our most exalted order of the White Elephant, of which you will soon hear further from Mr. D. K. Mason, my Consul-General in London.

"I am yours faithfully,

"(Manu Regiâ) CHULALOUKORU, King.

"*To Edwin Arnold, Esq., C.S.G., etc.*"

The diploma is engrossed on parchment in black, red, and gold, and the following is a translation of this curious and interesting document:

"Somdelch Phra Paramindr Maha Chulaloukoru, Phra Chula Chom Klao, King of Siam, fifth sovereign of the present dynasty, which founded and established its rule at Katana Kosindr Mahindr Ayuddhya, Bangkok, the capital city of Siam, both northern and southern and its dependencies, suzerain of the Laos and Malays and Koreans, etc., etc.—To all and singular to whom these presents shall come. Know ye, we deem it right and fitting that Edwin Arnold, Esquire, author of 'The Light of Asia,' should be appointed an officer of the most exalted order of the White Elephant, to his honor henceforth. May the Power which is most highest in the universe keep and guard him, and grant him happiness and prosperity! Given at our palace Parama Raja Sthit Maholarm, on Tuesday, the 11th waning of the lunar month Migusira, the first month from the cold season of the year Toh Ekasok, 1241 of the Siamese era, corresponding to the European date 9th of December, 1879, of the Christian era, being the 4046th day or 12th year of our reign.

"(Manu Regiâ) CHULALOUKORU, R. S."

The International Review for January, 1881, contains the first-fruits of a stupendous work, the inspiration of which possesses Mr. Arnold at the present time, and which has occupied his thoughts for years. Like Mr. Gladstone in this respect, what would be a great labor to most men is to him a great relaxation. He has discovered under peculiar circumstances the Mahá-Bhárata, which is the Iliad of India, in which are enshrined "the stories, songs, and ballads; the histories and genealogies; the nursery tales and religious discourses; the art, the learning, the philosophy; the creeds, the moralities, the modes of thought; the very phrases, sayings, forms of expression, and daily ideas—of the Hindoo people." What the Old Testament is to the Jewish race, the New Testament to the civilization of Christendom, the Koran to Islam, so are the two Sanskrit poems to that unchangeable and teeming population which her Majesty Queen Victoria rules as Empress of India. Their children and their wives are named out of them; so are their cities, temples, streets,

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and cattle. They have constituted the library, the newspaper, and the Bible, generation after generation, to the countless millions of the Indian people; and it replaces patriotism within that race, and stands instead of nationality, to possess these two precious and inexhaustible books, and to drink from them as from mighty and overflowing rivers. The value ascribed in Hindostan to these two little-known epics has transcended all lit-

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.
[Photographed by Elliott and Fry, 55 Baker Street, London.]

erary standards established in the West. They are personified, worshipped, and cited from as something divine. Mr. Arnold has given an example of the Mahá-Bhárata in stirring blank verse, which, as in "The Light of Asia," demonstrates alike the power of the poet and the learning of the scholar.

It is an Oriental education to converse with Edwin Arnold on Eastern subjects; and as he comes out of his Eastern world of romance to talk of Fleet Street, there is a wonderful expression of admiration and regret in his voice and manner as he calls to mind, for the information of the present writer, the brilliant men whom the press has absorbed without the world knowing a word about them. Notably he gives as instances Prouse and Purvis, both of whom were counted among the most brilliant of *Telegraph* writers. In spite of Edwin Arnold's serious and responsible labors, this distinguished scholar, journalist, and poet looks some years younger than his age. He was born in 1832. Of medium height and medium figure, he suggests activity both of mind and body. Studious, thoughtful, grayish eyes, his face has an expression of kindly geniality, though it is easy to see that his nature is as sensitive and enthusiastic as it is gentle and self-denying. He is a man who makes you at home at once. There is no affectation of superior wisdom, no self-consciousness, to hold you in check. He has the pleasant repose of a travelled man, and an easy familiarity of conversation which one meets with more frequently in the United States than in England. At home and in his editorial room he usually wears an ordinary gray suit and cap, such as might be donned for a boating excursion, or for a holiday scamper into the country. Mr. Arnold has been twice married, his present wife being a niece of Dr. Channing, of Boston, United States.

The Telegraph was started by Colonel Sleigh in 1855, under the title of *The Daily Telegraph and Courier*. It had a miserable existence for some time, an infancy cradled in debt and difficulty. One of its principal creditors was Mr. Joseph Moses Levy, a theatrical bill printer in Shoe Lane, and also proprietor of *The Sunday Times*, which is at the present day a thriving and prosperous journal. For some years it was edited by Mr. Henry N. Barnett, preacher at Finsbury Chapel. In this latter capacity he succeeded Fox, while Mr. Moncure D. Conway has succeeded Barnett. Colonel Sleigh ran up a printing bill at Mr. Levy's office, and borrowed money as well. Finally, as a bad debt, Mr. Levy took over the paper, which at that time the shrewdest newspaper people considered about the worst payment he could receive. Mr. George Augustus Sala joined the paper about this time. Soon afterward Mr. Thornton Hunt was appointed editor. Mr. Edwin Arnold accepted a post as leader-writer. The present Mr. Edward L. Lawson (he took the name of Lawson with a considerable fortune under his uncle's will) was then completing his apprenticeship in his father's office. The entire Levy family bent their backs to the hard work of dragging *The Telegraph* out of the slough of despond in which Colonel Sleigh had left it, and success crowned their perseverance and

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energy. They were apt as they were industrious, showing a surprising capacity for journalistic work, and a certain administrative prescience, which is spoken of among those who thoroughly know the history of *The Telegraph* with great admiration. Mr. George Augustus Sala has done much toward popularizing *The Telegraph*. His graphic and industrious pen has covered for it miles of manuscript upon every conceivable subject under the sun. He has written for it in almost all lands, and about almost all countries. With "the wages of an ambassador and the treatment of a gentleman," he has travelled for *The Telegraph* to and from the uttermost parts of the earth, describing battles, festivals, royal marriages, state funerals, always with point and brilliancy. In addition to his correspondence, he has held a foremost place among the leader-writers of the paper, and his social articles have helped to give *The Telegraph* that individuality which has greatly contributed to its success. Mr. Sala is so well known, not only as a journalist, but as a writer of books and a public speaker, that it is not necessary in this place to do more than mention his connection with *The Telegraph*. A friend and contemporary of Dickens and Thackeray, he is still as busy a man as ever he was, and his work possesses the old vitality and verve which belong to *Twice Round the Clock*, *The Seven Sons of Mammon*, and to his early letters to *The Telegraph* from the Continent and from America. If Mr. Sala had not given himself up so much as he has done to journalism, he would have enriched the permanent literature of his country. His *Life of Hogarth*, written for Thackeray in *The Cornhill*, is unsurpassed in modern art biography. But his journalistic life has been of national value. He has hit a good many shams on the head, and he has contributed to general knowledge a fund of curious and interesting information, which future historians will find as valuable in facts as in suggestions.

Among the other leader-writers on *The Telegraph* are Mr. George Hooper, a most competent critic of military affairs, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Phil Robinson, author of *Our Indian Garden*. Mr. Robert Williams, who for many years wrote its semi-legal articles, has lately joined the staff of *The Standard*. The foreign correspondents include Mr. Edward Dicey (editor of *The Observer*), Mr. Drew Gay, Mr. W. B. Kingston (a wonderful linguist and musician, as well as a brilliant writer), and Mr. Le Sage. The last-mentioned gentleman is the news editor of the paper, and private secretary to Mr. Lawson. He joined the staff twenty years ago as assistant sub-editor, but was told off to the department of foreign correspondence. He worked with Dr. Hosmer, of the New York *Herald*, at the Geneva arbitration.

Le Sage tells the following story of news competition, which will give to the general reader an idea of the administrative skill invoked by the difficulties of dispatching news. It is easier to write an account of a battle than to get it dispatched. Mr. Sala rarely telegraphed his correspondence. His letters were always something more than news. "Immediately after the siege of Paris," says the editor of the news department, "I went in, and was there during the Commune. The great thing I wanted to play for was the entry of the Germans. *The Times*, I learned, had got a special to Boulogne, intending to cross in a special steamer, and then take a special up to London. I could not do that, as we go to press earlier than *The Times*. I got a special to Lille. *The Times* had to send off at three in the afternoon, and the grand thing was to get off news an hour later. The all-important thing was to know if disturbance took place, as it was feared that some foolish person might fire upon the Germans, when there would no doubt have been something very serious. I got off at twelve o'clock in the day the news of all the preparations of the Germans for being reviewed. Everything was arranged for the entry of the Germans, and for the review outside Paris. All this we published at twelve o'clock at night. I got a special at four o'clock from Paris, which reached Lille at 10.30. I was thus enabled to telegraph through news an hour later, when the Germans had come down the Champs Élysées, and were bivouacking in the Place de la Concord."

The African expedition cost *The Telegraph* £16,000.

Upon the local correspondence staff Mr. Godfrey Turner is well known as a graceful writer and poet. Many of the literary reviews are from his pen. Mr. Joseph Bennett, editor of *The Musical Standard*, is the musical critic, and enjoys a distinguished reputation in this de-

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partment of journalistic literature. Mr. Clement Scott, editor of *The Theatre*, is the dramatic critic, and may also be mentioned as one of the general staff of writers

CLEMENT SCOTT.
[Photographed by the London Stereoscopic Company.]

on miscellaneous subjects. He wrote that remarkable sketch "A Ruined Home," which created a sensation throughout England two years ago. It was the true story of a criminal trial of great dramatic interest. A false friend, a ruined girl, a father's vengeance, a happy home destroyed, a brave man wrongfully suffering—these were the incidents. Mr. Scott held the attention of Great Britain for a whole week on this theme, which he treated with eloquent force and dramatic grip. The Hon. Frank Lawley, once private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, is not the least important of *The Telegraph* staff as a writer upon miscellaneous subjects, more particularly upon sports and pastimes. Mr. E. J. Goodman is the principal sub-editor. He writes the daily summary of news. Dr. W. H. Russell left *The Times* and joined *The Telegraph* on the outbreak of the Zulu war. "The Coming Man," by Mr. Charles Reade, appeared in *The Telegraph* almost conjointly with its publication in *Harper's Weekly*. The daily circulation of *The Telegraph*, recently certified by public accountants, averages over 260,000. The weight of paper used each morning is twenty-one tons, which, laid out in one long line, would reach two hundred and sixty miles.

The Standard occupies a unique position in London journalism. The oldest of the cheap dailies, it is perhaps the most independent of genuine party papers. Though *The Telegraph* goes with the Conservatives in foreign politics and reflects the Orientalism of its chief and Lord Beaconsfield, it claims to be Liberal in regard to domestic legislation. It is a radical newspaper, with Tory predilections for the jealous preservation of British imperial power. *The Standard* has always been Conservative. Some years ago its political lines were so simple and distinct that it was hardly necessary to read its editorial comments on the Parliamentary debates or public speeches of the time. You could always tell beforehand what *The Standard* would say. Whatever they did or said, the Liberals would be all wrong, the Conservatives all right. Nothing that was good could come from one party, nothing that was bad from the other. There was a port-wine flavor in the solid rhetoric of the editorial page, and a sort of tie-wig and buckles aspect about the paper's general appearance. It idealized the frank stupidity of county gentlemen, and represented the cultured opinions of peers of the realm. It was national to the backbone. Seeking its headquarters, you might have expected to find the royal banner flying over a castellated bureau, and a dragoon officiating as hall porter. Do not let it be presumed that I put these suggestions forward as points for ridicule. It was just that bulldog element indicated in the character of the old *Standard* that made England feared and respected of her enemies, and it is that substratum of Tory tradition which to-day gives backbone to her constitution. *The Standard*, still national, still loyal to the throne, is in these days animated with the broader views and increased toleration of a new era, which owes much of its education to cheap newspapers. *The Standard*, though still maintaining its strong sympathetic relations with the Conservatives, recognizes an allegiance that is above party, namely, its responsibility to the public. No longer the mouth-piece of a minister nor the mere organ of a government, it is the exponent of Conservative principles, which cover a far wider range of polity than is usually allotted to them. Generally imbued with the conviction that the political platform of Lord Beaconsfield represents the best

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lines on which to administer English affairs, *The Standard* is against the Liberals, but it has cast the old shell of Tory intolerance which once retarded its prosperity and neutralized its influence.

The improvement in the tone and character of *The Standard* dates chiefly from the day when the present editor, Mr. Mudford, entered upon autocratic charge of the journal, under the somewhat remarkable will of Mr. Johnstone. The bound which it has taken in public estimation and influence is ample indorsement of the wisdom of Mr. Mudford's policy. Coupled with the infusion of liberal ideas into the editorial method of discussing public affairs, the administration of the various departments has been "widened out," and increased enterprise has been shown in the collection of news. Upon the solid foundation of Tory concrete Mr. Mudford is building up an institution that reflects the spirit of the age. There is no European capital where *The Standard* is not represented by its own correspondent. No expense is spared in the transcript of news or opinions. Mr. Mudford paid £800 for one cable dispatch during the Afghan war. His news from the Transvaal has been telegraphed regardless of the eight shillings a word paid for it, as if it had been an inland telegram at the lowest rates. One of the recent extensions of his news department is that of a daily American service of cables. Hitherto *The Times* was the only journal which had a regular cable correspondent in the United States, and *The Times* dispatches are singularly meagre. It is one of the complaints of Americans in England that while the London newspapers publish daily reports from all the great capitals of the Old World, they almost ignore the doings of the New. Washington keeps clear of European politics, and is, happily for America, not a factor in the burning questions that agitate England in the East. For these reasons American news has not been hitherto regarded as especially interesting to English readers. But Mr. Mudford considers the time has arrived when the vast commercial interests that unite the people of Great Britain and the United States demand a daily exhibition in a London morning paper. He has therefore added a new wire to his telegraphic bureau, and *The Standard* will henceforward be in direct communication with New York, and through New York with all the cities of the republic. Nothing is more calculated to develop the international enterprise and resources of the two great English-speaking peoples than having the "bull's-eye" of the press constantly turned upon their current history.

Mr. Mudford is a remarkable man. His story is singular and somewhat romantic. He comes from a literary and cultured

W. H. MUDFORD.
[Photographed by Ad. Braun and Co., Paris.]

stock. His father was for some years in early life private secretary to the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. The secretary's love of letters induced him to terminate a connection that had in it great probabilities, and devote himself to literary work. He contributed much light and agreeable matter to *Blackwood's Magazine* in its best days. In the zenith of its popularity he edited *The Courier*, and he succeeded Theodore Hook on *John Bull*. Preferring a journalistic career to any other, young Mudford made his way to a good position on *The Standard*. Independent as he was industrious, he could always be relied on for any work he undertook. His "copy" was prompt to time, and worthy of the occasion, but he never did more than was necessary. Conscientious to a fault, he was business-like in respect to fulfilling his strict duty and earning his salary. Said one of his colleagues to me: "I believe that if Mudford had gone into the City on some spe-

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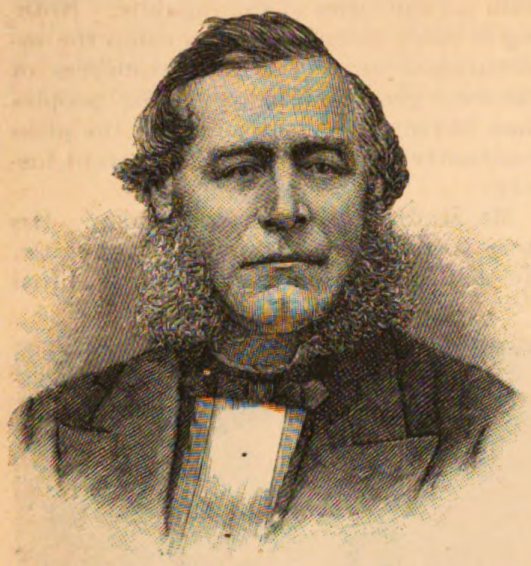

MR. JOHNSTONE, THE FOUNDER OF "THE STANDARD."
[Photographed by W. Bradnee, Torquay.]

cific work, and had seen St. Paul's on fire as he returned to the office, he would not have mentioned it: the circumstance would not have been within the pale of the business upon which he was engaged, and he made it a rule not to meddle with the affairs of other people." He never sought to thrust himself upon the special notice of his chiefs or the public. An easy and genial independence of character made his individuality felt in whatever he did. Though he was never on what might be called intimate terms with Mr. Johnstone, the first proprietor of the paper when it became a morning journal, that gentleman had evidently formed the very highest estimate of his ability, his honesty, and his power. When Mr. Johnstone was laid up with an illness that eventually caused his death, he sent for Mr. Mudford, and, to the young journalist's surprise, offered him the editorship, which he accepted. He resigned the position almost as soon as he had taken up its duties; and on these grounds: An article had appeared in *The Standard* discussing an action at law of great public interest. The defendant in the suit regarded the editorial observations as libellous, and demanded a public apology. Mr. Mudford contended that the article was not libellous, and even if it were, the paper ought to contest the question. Mr. Johnstone, under the advice of his solicitor, wished to apologize, and sent to his editor a sketch of what he thought *The Standard* should say in the way of reparation. At the same time he submitted it to the editorial revision of Mr. Mudford, who, very properly acknowledging the right of supreme control in a proprietor upon such a question, gave way; but at the same time he felt that as editor he was accountable to the public for the proprietor's acts, and as he disagreed with the course Mr. Johnstone desired the paper to take, he resigned. He first, however, published the apology, and on its appearance gave up his place. Appealed to by Mr. Johnstone, who was of a nervous disposition, and easily alarmed by threats of libel suits, he refused during several days' correspondence to withdraw his resignation, but ultimately did so. Soon afterward Mr. Johnstone died, and by a codicil to his will he appointed Mr. Mudford editor for life, or for as long a period as he was disposed to hold the appointment, subject to no conditions whatever as to the policy of the paper, its management, or administration; and he also made him chief trustee and executor of the will (sworn under £500,000) which conferred upon him this great responsibility and power.

It is evidence of Johnstone's discernment, as well as a tribute to the editor's high character and journalistic capacity, that Mr. Mudford's advancement has given complete satisfaction to the staff, and that the immense improvement in the paper from every point of view is generally acknowledged amongst journalists, by Conservatives as well as Liberals, and by the public at large, while the statesmen who no longer count upon its servile support respect its honest and outspoken opinions. Mr. Mudford is a young man. Of medium height, he is broad-chested, sturdy in build, and suggests in his manner and conversation the "calm grip" of English thought and character. His hair is black, and he does not shave. Dark intelligent eyes, and a mouth and jaw indicating strength of will, he impresses you at first sight as a man of points. To a genial manner he adds the suavity of a travelled Englishman, and he is destined to leave his mark strong and clear in the history of the London press.

The offices of *The Standard* are in Shoe Lane, Fleet Street. They are admirably appointed. The paper is printed on eight machines, seven of which run at the rate of 14,000 per hour. There are also six

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machines in reserve, in another building, and a separate font of type, so that if any accident happened to the offices in St. Bride's Street, the whole paper could be set up and printed in Shoe Lane at the rate of 12,000 copies, net, per hour. The eighth machine prints and cuts the sheet, places the two halves together, and folds the sheet, which is delivered in shoots ready for the wrapper for the post, running at the rate of 12,500 per hour, netting 10,500 to 11,000 copies. The number of hands employed on the morning edition is sixty-three; on the evening edition, twenty-six—a total of eighty-nine. The forms for the morning edition come down to the foundry at intervals, commencing from 12 o'clock, midnight, the last form, with the latest Parliamentary or other important intelligence, being received in the foundry at 2.30 to 3 o'clock. The eight plates are all produced and handed to the machine-room in thirty-three minutes. *The Evening Standard* is published in four separate editions, the number of plates that are required varying according to the news received. The whole *Morning Standard* is printed in one hour and fifty minutes, and the *Evening Standard* second edition in fifteen minutes, the third edition in thirty minutes, fourth edition in twenty minutes, and the special edition in forty-five minutes.

The proprietors have always found it advisable to have a duplicate plant of machinery in a separate building for use in case of accident by fire or otherwise, and this is being replaced at the present time by machinery made and patented by Mr. Joseph Foster, of Preston, Lancashire. The new machine is called the "Standard Web Printing Machine," and is only twelve feet six inches long, occupying half as much space as the other web machines. Its height is five feet six inches, and the width being the same as the other machines, plates cast for the Hoe machines will fit on the new machines as well. The collecting motion of these new machines is arranged by a "tape race" without either guides or switches, and flies six sheets at one time and seven at another, which repeated is a London quire, viz., twenty-six, and then the fly-board moves in such a manner as to separate each quire. These machines are so constructed as to print 14,500 per hour, netting 12,500 copies, and do not require so much steam-power for working as the other web machines, the friction of the machinery being less. The paper used on either plant of machinery is prepared on wetting machines invented and patented by the firm, two machines being placed in each building. The steam-power used is a pair of 45-horse-power engines in each building, and likewise two 60-horse-power boilers of the multitubular type for auxiliary machinery in the bill-room, foundry, and for working the lifts and machinery in the engineer's shop, where all repairs are carried out. The amount of paper used during the year 1880 for *The Morning Standard* was 3412 tons, equal to a length of 36,609 miles, and for *The Evening Standard* 865 tons, equal to a length of 13,377 miles, the two quantities making a total of 4277 tons, or 49,986 miles of paper, an average of over thirteen tons, or 160 miles, per day.

The staff of *The Standard* covers a broad field of intellectuality and skill. Its leader-writers include Colonel Brackenbury, who has had a brilliant career in the regular army, and was *The Times* correspondent in the field during several important campaigns; Mr. Sutherland Edwards; Mr. T. H. Escott, author of *England: its People, Polity, and Pursuits;* Mr. Alfred Austin, the well-known poet and critic; Mr. D. Boulger; Mr. T. E. Kebble; Mr. Percy Greg; Mr. Saville Clarke; Dr. Hyndman; and Miss Cobbe. The best-known war correspondents regularly associated with the paper are Mr. A. Cameron, Mr. Malcolm McPherson, Mr. J. O. Shea, Mr. Frederick Boyle, and Mr. G. A. Hentz. Mr. Boyle is the author of several entertaining works of travel. Mr. Hentz has represented the paper in all the great wars of our time. His latest experience was in Ashantee. Of the foreign correspondents the most notable is Dr. Abel, who formerly represented *The Times* in Berlin. The other gentlemen on this section of the staff are Dr. Waldeck, Mr. Hely Bowe, Mr. J. Badderley, Mr. Cameron (who did distinguished service in the Transvaal), Mr. T. J. Scudamore (Commander of the Bath), and Mr. Laffan. Though Mr. Mudford is, by the terms of Mr. Johnstone's will, manager as well as editor, he practically leaves the work of management to his able lieutenant, Mr. Walter Wood, who has been connected with the paper for eighteen years, and who enjoyed the absolute confidence of Mr. Johnstone, as he does of his friend the present director. The department of dra-

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matic and musical criticism is well and impartially served by Mr. A. E. T. Watson, editor of *The Sporting and Dramatic News*, and author of a popular volume of hunting sketches. Altogether *The Standard* has in its service five hundred employés, and pays £1500 a week in salaries alone.

The history of the paper may be briefly told. It is the offspring of *The Morning Herald*, which was started in 1780. The Rev. Henry Bate was its originator. He had edited *The Morning Post*, and when he left that journal he started the *Herald* in opposition to it. Mr. Bate fought his way politically to a baronetcy, dying, in 1824, at Cheltenham, Sir Henry Bate Dudley. He was succeeded on the *Herald* by Mr. Alexander Chalmers. In 1786, Mr. Pitt, while he was Prime Minister, sued the *Herald* for libel. The paper had charged him with gambling in the funds. He asked for £10,000 damages. The jury before whom the case was tried awarded him £150. One of the most attractive features of the *Herald* in the old days was the excellence of its police reports, the humors of the courts being more particularly developed. A selection of the most amusing cases was reprinted in a volume under the title of *Mornings at Bow Street*, and illustrated by George Cruikshank. The *Herald* was always conducted with considerable vigor, and it fought many libel suits in the public interest. In 1843, Mr. Baldwin, proprietor of *The Evening Standard*, purchased the paper, and soon afterward advanced the honorarium of £3 3*s*. for a leading article of a column to £5 5*s*., and largely extended his literary engagements in other directions. He purchased a steamer to meet the Indian mails. But the period of inflation known as "the railway mania" coming to an end, the large revenues of the *Herald* decreased, and eventually Mr. Baldwin had to meet his creditors and dispose of his property. Mr. Johnstone bought it. Soon afterward *The Telegraph* appeared, its price twopence, its ambition enormous, its prospects for a time exceedingly gloomy. By-and-by it reduced its price to a penny, and with the abolition of the stamp duty Mr. Johnstone followed suit.

With courage and forethought he sacrificed the *Herald*, and brought out *The Standard* at a penny, morning and evening. This was in 1869. Mr. Johnstone was a Conservative by conviction, and he conducted *The Standard* in the interest of the party with a thorough devotion to the cause. It was recorded of him in *The Standard*, when he died, that "so stanch was he to his principles that—with what those who did not know him will perhaps regard as Quixotic chivalry—he absolutely opposed the reduction of the paper duty, though no one understood more thoroughly than he how entirely the success of this liberal measure would aid his special interests. The bill, however, passed, and the establishment of *The Standard* (*The Morning Herald* being ultimately merged into the new venture) was the consequence. Through good and evil report, with many peculiarly harassing difficulties to overcome, and with the scantiest assistance from many quarters to which he might fairly have looked for support, Mr. Johnstone carried out the work he had set himself to accomplish, and happily lived to see *The Standard* in the full tide of that success which it had been the aim of his life to secure for it. Mr. Johnstone's private character can hardly be spoken of impartially by his friends in a journal which remains in possession of his family, but affectionate remembrances of him will long be kept green in the memories of the many who have the best cause to know how just were his dealings and how generous his impulses. It was a manly, strenuous, energetic, and influential life that came to its close yesterday at Hooley House." To this earnest eulogium one might fairly add that, though since Mr. Johnstone's death *The Standard* has taken another great stride forward, "the chief credit" (to quote Mr. Mudford's own words to me on the subject), "nevertheless, attaches to the late proprietor, who laid broad and deep the foundation of a property the full development of which he was not permitted to see or to enjoy. If his life had been extended another ten or fifteen years, he would have reaped what he sowed to the fullest extent, socially, politically, and financially."

The Morning Post, *The Morning Advertiser*, and *The Daily Chronicle* are the three other daily papers. The first-mentioned is the oldest of all. In presence of its new departure from an exclusive fashionable journal to a popular penny paper I propose to consider it in my next and final sketch, which will give an additional exposition of the new policy. The

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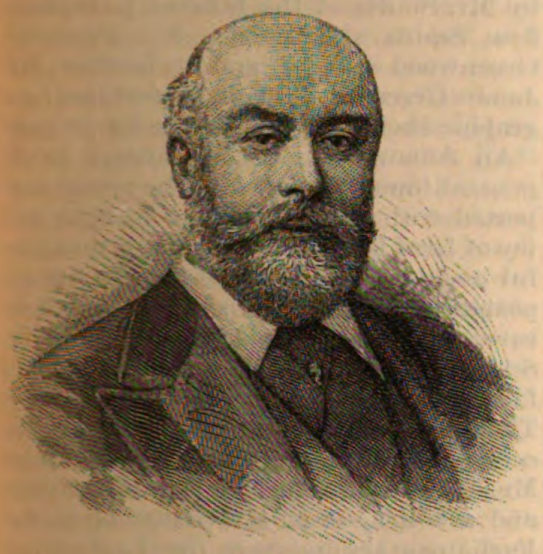
career of its chief, Sir Algernon Borthwick, is a remarkable one. An outline of it as a companion picture to that of Mr. Edward Lloyd, the father of the cheap press, will supply the reader some interesting journalistic contrasts. *The Morning Advertiser* is the property and organ



SIR ALGERNON BORTHWICK.
[Photographed by Arthur J. Melhuish, 12 York Place, Portman Square, London.]

of the Licensed Victuallers' Association. This powerful society started it in 1794, and its success was insured from the first, each member being pledged to support it by subscriptions and advertisements. Its platform does not allow an editor much margin for enterprise or journalistic skill, but the paper is thoughtfully and well conducted by Captain Hamber, who was for many years the editor of *The Standard*. During his direction of this last-mentioned journal he introduced the "Manhattan" letters, which created a great deal of attention at the time of the American war. "Manhattan" was a rabid Southerner, a bitter and trenchant writer, and his contributions often sent up the circulation as much as 20,000 a day. The best-known editor of *The Advertiser* was Mr. James Grant, whose policy was a lugubrious combination of beer and religion. He was in some respects a capable and in all respects an honest man; withal, industrious and persistent in his work. He wrote and adapted several books, and was succeeded on his retirement by Colonel Richards, whose chief ambition was to be known as the originator of the volunteer army. He wrote several fine poems. One of them was bound in white moiré antique, and bore a Greek inscription. For a novel, *So Very Human*, alleged to contain a libel, he was himself bound in legal penalties not to circulate it. There was a good deal of merit in his tragedy of *Cromwell*, which was produced at the Queen's Theatre. Colonel Richards was what is called an accomplished man, and was popular with his staff and with his Victuallers. Captain Hamber is a gentleman of stronger character than his three predecessors on *The Advertiser*. When he left *The Standard* he accepted the direction of Mr. Morier Evans's unfortunate speculation, *The Hour*, which, like the adventurous *Day*, was full of promise, but did not possess the "staying powers" that only capital can insure.

Opposite *The Daily Telegraph* offices in Fleet Street has lately sprung up a handsome range of buildings, bearing the sign of *The Daily Chronicle*. This represents a new venture in the costly field of daily journalism, backed by the sagacity and enterprise of Mr. Lloyd, the originator of the first cheap weekly newspaper. *The Clerkenwell News and Daily Chronicle* was a local city paper devoted to the cause of the working population. It was crowded with advertisements of all kinds, representing the toiling life and cheap speculation of the masses in the East End. With a limited circulation compared with the London dailies, it had nevertheless an established commercial reputation. Mr. Lloyd gave £30,000 for it, with a view of converting it into a regular London daily Liberal journal. A special feature was to be its early and reliable news. He calculated that before it became a thorough success at least £170,000 beyond the £30,000 would have to be spent upon it, and that he must not look back for five years. Pending the mechanical and other arrangements necessary for laying in the foundation of a sufficient establishment for his purpose, he continued to bring out the journal for six months on its original plan. Immediately on the conclusion of his purchase, Mr. Lloyd cabled to Messrs. Hoe, of New York, to make him eight thousand pounds' worth of machines, each machine to print from a continuous roll of several miles in length, to fold the sheets, and count them into quires of twenty-six copies, ready for the news agent.

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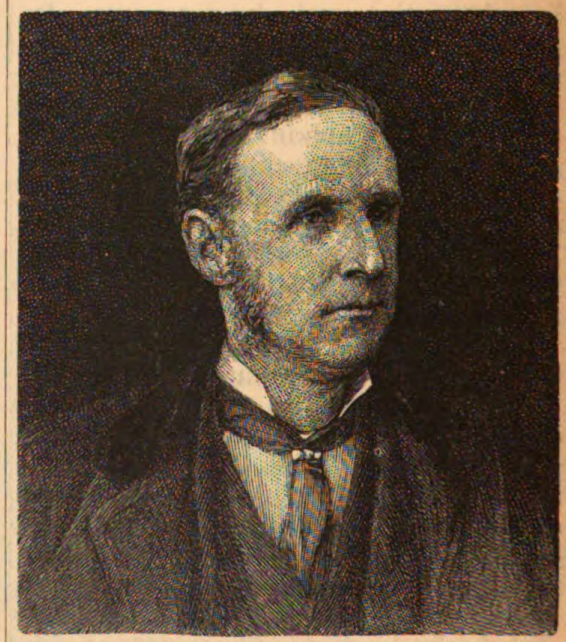
FREDERICK GREENWOOD.
[Photographed by S. Prout Newcomb.]

He also suggested that the machines should be made to cut as well as fold the paper, so that it could be delivered to the readers ready for use. In due course all this was accomplished, and the *Daily Chronicle* was the first to be produced with these advantages. It came out in its new form and under its new title on May 28, 1877. Within a year of that time its circulation increased fivefold. It was soon apparent that extended machinery would be required, and again the Messrs. Hoe were cabled. Mr. Lloyd (who had introduced to London the first Hoe machine years previously) asked his New York friends to make a double machine that should print two complete *Chronicles* at once, cutting, folding, counting as before, but using up a web of paper double the previous width and weight, and capable of printing 25,000 per hour. It took Messrs. Hoe more than a year to accomplish this feat, and a good deal of time had to be expended over its erection on this side. It has turned out, however, to be a complete success, and is certainly a most wonderful machine, and the *Daily Chronicle* promises to give Mr. Lloyd an ample return for his outlay. His new offices in Fleet Street cost him £40,000, and he has just completed new printing-works in Whitefriars, where the Hoe machines are fixed. I shall have occasion to mention these new works in my closing article, which will deal with *Lloyd's Newspaper*.

The evening newspapers, besides the *Globe*, referred to in the first of this series of papers, included the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and its opponent the *St. James's Gazette*. Between these more stately craft there steams in and out of the press fleet the *Echo*, like one of the *Herald's* messenger tugs bouncing about in New York Harbor. The *Pall Mall* was started by Mr. Smith, of the famous publishing firm Smith and Elder. Mr. Frederick Greenwood edited it, and his brother, Mr. James Greenwood, made its fortune by a graphic sketch of work-house life, signed "An Amateur Casual." Liberal in its general tone, the *Pall Mall*, however, supported with enthusiasm the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield. Many thoughtful essays upon the Eastern question appeared in its columns from the pen of its earnest editor. About a year ago Mr. Smith retired from the proprietorship in favor of his son-in-law, Mr. Henry Yates Thompson, private secretary to Earl Spencer, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland under Mr. Gladstone's former administration, and a colleague of Mr. Gladstone in the Parliamentary contest for Lancashire. Mr. Thompson desired so radical a change to be made in the policy of the paper that Mr. Greenwood resigned his place; and on his announcing that he would continue his *Pall Mall* policy in a new journal, to be called the *St. James's Gazette*, nearly the entire staff of the *Pall Mall* followed



JOHN MORLEY.
[Photographed by Arthur J. Melhuish, 12 York Place, Portman Square, London.]

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his resignation with their own—a proof of the *esprit de corps* which exists among some of the men who work together on the great papers. The *Pall Mall* has since this secession become an out and out supporter of Mr. Gladstone, under the editorial direction of Mr. John Morley, who has a capable second in command in Mr. Louis Sergeant, author of *New Greece*. Mr. Leslie Stephen has also joined the staff, and many of its occasional sketches and essays are from the pen of Mr. Anthony Trollope. The *St. James's Gazette* is modelled on the typographical lines of the *Pall Mall*. The two journals remind one of the habit they have in some districts of America of building opposing churches near each other. In architecture they are a good deal alike. It is only when you go inside on Sundays that you understand how great the difference is between them. So it is with these two journals; so much alike to look at, so wonderfully opposite in tone and opinion, in purpose and intention. Nobody denies the talent and scholarly strength of the *St. James's Gazette*. Mr. Greenwood himself is as "thorough" as Mr. Edwin Arnold of the *Telegraph* in his belief in maintaining intact the British Empire at home and abroad.

The uncompromising spirit of this national sentiment is nicknamed "Jingoism." The chief "Jingo" journals of England at the present time are the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard*, the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Advertiser*, and the Sheffield *Daily Telegraph*. There are many other stanch supporters of the Beaconsfield idea, but these are the most distinguished for the warmth and constancy with which they stand by the faith that is in them. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, who writes with an almost inspired pen about music, went over from the *Pall Mall* to the *St. James's*, and is Mr. Greenwood's principal dramatic and musical critic. The political and literary staff includes Mr. H. D. Trail, Mr. Frederick Pollock, Mr. Gilgud, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Lathbury (editor of the *Economist*), and Mr. Syme. How closely the staff is allied with Mr. Greenwood's pro-Turkish views is illustrated by the satirical remark which Mr. Edwards made in his lecture the other day on "The Opera," when he said that in the course of her career a prima donna visits "all parts of the civilized world—*and* Russia." The *Echo* was started by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, and was the first halfpenny paper of these modern days. The *Echo* astonished the public, and the cost of it more than surprised its proprietors, who conducted it, nevertheless, with great spirit, and eventually with something like financial success. Mr. Arthur Arnold (who now sits in the House of Commons) was its editor, and Miss Martineau now and then wrote one of its characteristic front-page leaders. Mr. Willert Beale (Walter Maynard) was for a time its musical critic, Mr. Manville Fenn writing its dramatic notices.

Mr. Albert Grant, moved with the idea that he would like to have a journal, seeing that Mr. McDougall, his sworn foe, had one, opened negotiations for the *Echo*. Without even seeing the office, the machinery, the books, or aught else, he bought it. He made no use of it either for personal or public purposes. He did not even "go for" McDougall. He changed its shape, I think, and bought magnificent offices for it at Ludgate Circus. The echoes which the paper struck on the tympanum of public opinion were never very strong. Mr. Grant changed them from Liberal to Conservative. Mr. Arnold travelled and wrote a book, and left the *Echo* to its fate. The new proprietor soon grew tired of it, and I think the pendulum of Mr. McDougall's *Hour* swung its last soon after Mr. Grant disposed of his *Echo* to Mr. Passmore Edwards, who took the little paper back to Southampton Street, and changed its key to even a more radical fundamental note than that which it had sounded in the days of Mr. Arnold. When the editor was fighting for a seat in Parliament at the last general election, Mr. Gladstone paid him a public compliment in connection with his earnest conduct of the *Echo*, and now Mr. Edwards is a member of the British House of Commons, one of a remarkable force of press men who sit on both sides of the House. Mr. Howard Evans is said to be the responsible editor of the *Echo*, which under its new management has reached a far higher circulation than the enterprise of Cassell or Grant could secure for it. The *Echo* has no halfpenny contemporaries in London, but it has a host in the provinces, several of them well-established and profitable undertakings.

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"JULY WALKED IN FRONT, WITH HIS GUN OVER HIS SHOULDER."—[SEE PAGE 52.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE three nurses travelled southward by railway, steamboat, and wagon. On the evening of the third day they came to the first hospital, having been met at the river by an escort, and safely guided across a country fair with summer and peaceful to the eye, but harassed by constant skirmishing—the guerrilla warfare that desolated that border during the entire war. The houses they passed looked

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home-like and quiet; if the horses had been stolen and the barns pillaged, at least nothing of it appeared in the warm sunshine of the still August day. At the door of the hospital they were welcomed cordially, and within the hour they were at work, Anne timidly, the others energetically. Mary Crane had the worst cases; then followed Mrs. Barstow. To Anne was given what was called the light work; none of her patients were in danger. The men here had all been stricken down by fever; there were no wounded. During the next day and evening, however, stories began to come to the little post, brought by the country people, that a battle had been fought farther up the valley toward the mountains, and that Hospital Number Two was filled with wounded men, many of them lying on the hard floor because there were not beds enough, unattended and suffering because there were no nurses. Anne, who had worked ardently all day, chafing and rebelling in spirit at the sight of suffering which could have been soothed by a few of the common luxuries abundant in almost every house in Weston, felt herself first awed, then chilled, by this picture of far worse agony beyond, whose details were pitilessly painted in the plain rough words of the country people. She went to the door and looked up the valley. The river wound slowly along, broad, yellow, and shining; it came from the mountains, but from where she stood she could see only round-topped hills. While she was still wistfully gazing, a soldier on horseback rode up to the door and dismounted; it was a messenger from Number Two, urgently asking for help.

"Under the circumstances, I do not see how I can refuse," said the surgeon of Number One, with some annoyance in his tone, "because none of my men are wounded. People never stop to think that fever is equally dangerous. I was just congratulating myself upon a little satisfactory work. However, I shall have to yield, I suppose. I can not send you all; but I ought to spare two, at least for some days. Mary Crane of course can do the most good; and as Miss Douglas can not be left here alone, perhaps it would be best that she should go with Mary."

"You retain Mrs. Barstow here?" asked Anne.

"Yes; I have, indeed, no choice. *You* are too young to be retained alone. I suppose you are willing? (Women always are wild for a change!) Make ready, then; I shall send you forward to-night." The surgeon of Number One was a cynic.

At nine o'clock they started. The crescent of a young moon showed itself through the light clouds, which, low as mist, hung over the valley. Nothing stirred; each leaf hung motionless from its branchlet as they passed. Even the penetrating sing-song chant of the summer insects was hushed, and the smooth river as they followed its windings made no murmur. They were in a light wagon, with an escort of two mounted men.

"If you go beyond Number Two, you'll have to take to horseback, I reckon," said their driver, a countryman, who, without partisan feeling as to the two sides of the contest, held on with a tight grip to his horses, and impartially "did teaming" for both.

"Is there still another hospital beyond?" inquired Anne.

"Yes, there's Peterson's, a sorter hospital; it's up in the mountains. And heaps of sick fellers there too, the last time I was up."

"It does not belong to this department," said Mary Crane.

"I reckon they suffer pooty much the same, no matter where they belong," replied the driver, flicking the wheel reflectively with his whip-lash. "There was a feller up at Number Two the other day as hadn't any face left to speak of; yet he was alive, and quite peart."

Anne shuddered.

"There now, hold up, won't you?" said Mary Crane. "This young lady ain't a real nurse, as I am, and such stories make her feel faint."

"If she ain't a real nurse, what made her come?" said the man, glancing at Anne with dull curiosity.

"'Twas just goodness, and the real downright article of patriotism, I guess," said the hearty nurse, smiling.

"Oh no," said Anne; "I was lonely and sad, and glad to come."

"It *doos* kinder rouse one up to see a lot of men hit in all sorts of ways, legs and arms and everything flying around," remarked the driver, as if approving Anne's selection of remedies for loneliness.

They reached Number Two at dawn, and found the wounded in rows upon the floor of the barn dignified by the name of

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"SHE TRIED TO RISE, BUT HE HELD HER ARM WITH BOTH HANDS."—[SEE PAGE 58.]

hospital. There had been no attempt to classify them after the few beds were filled. One poor torn fragment of humanity breathed his last as the nurses entered, another an hour later. Mary Crane set herself to work with ready skill; Anne, after going outside two or three times to let her tears flow unseen over the sorrowful sights, was able to assist in taking care of two kinds of cases—those who were the least hurt and those who were beyond hope, the slightly wounded and the dying. One man, upon whose face was the gray shadow of death, asked her in a whis-

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per to write a letter for him. She found paper and pen, and sat down beside the bed to receive his farewell message to his wife and children. "And tell little Jim he must grow up and be a comfort to his mother," he murmured; and then turning his quiet gaze slowly upon the nurse: "His mother is only twenty-two years old now, miss. I expect she'll feel bad, Mary will, when she hears." Poor young wife! The simple country phraseology covered as much sorrow as the finest language of the schools. During the night the man died.

The new nurses remained at Number Two six days. Anne's work consisted principally in relieving Mary Crane at dawn, and keeping the watch through the early morning hours while she slept; for the head surgeon and Mary would not allow her to watch at night. The surgeon had two assistants; with one of these silent old men (they were both gray-haired) she kept watch while the sun rose slowly over the hill-tops, while the birds twittered, and the yellow butterflies came dancing through the open doors and windows, over the heads of the poor human sleepers. But Number Two had greater ease now. The hopelessly wounded were all at rest, their sufferings in this life over forever. Those who were left, in time would see health again.

On the seventh day a note came to the surgeon in charge from the temporary hospital at Peterson's Mill, asking for medicines. "If you can possibly spare us one or two nurses for a few days, pray do so. In all my experience I have never been so hard pushed as now," wrote the other surgeon. "The men here are all down with the fever, and I and my assistant are almost crazed with incessant night-work. If we could be relieved for one night even, it would be God's charity."

The surgeon of Number Two read this note aloud to Anne as they stood by a table eating their hasty breakfast. "It is like the note you sent to us at Number One," she said.

"Oh no; that was different. I *never* send and take away other people's nurses," said Dr. Janes, laughingly.

"I should like to go," she said, after a moment.

"You should like to go? I thought you were so much interested here."

"So I am; but after what I have seen, I am haunted by the thought that there may be worse suffering beyond. That is the reason I came here. But the men here are more comfortable now, and those who were suffering hopelessly have been relieved forever from earthly pain. If we are not needed, some of us ought to go."

"But if we pass you on in this way from post to post, we shall get you entirely over the mountains, and into the Department of the Potomac, Miss Douglas. What you say is true enough, but at present I refuse. I simply can not spare you two. If they should send us a nurse from Rivertown as they promised, we might get along without you for a while; but not now. Charity, you know, begins at home."

Anne sighed, but acquiesced. The surgeon knew best. But during that day, not only did the promised nurse from the Rivertown Aid Society arrive, but with her a volunteer assistant, a young girl, her face flushed with exaltation and excitement over the opportunity afforded her to help and comfort "our poor dear wounded heroes." The wounded heroes were not poetical in appearance; they were simply a row of ordinary sick men, bandaged in various ways, often irritable, sometimes profane; their grammar was defective, and they cared more for tobacco than for texts, or even poetical quotations. The young nurse would soon have her romance rudely dispelled. But as there was good stuff in her, she would do useful work yet, although shorn of many illusions. The other woman was a professional nurse, whose services were paid for like those of Mary Crane.

"*Now* may we go?" said Anne, when the new nurse had been installed.

Dr. Janes, loath to consent, yet ashamed, as he said himself, of his own greediness, made no long opposition, and the countryman with the non-partisan horses was engaged to take them to Peterson's Mill. For this part of the road no escort was required. They travelled in the wagon for ten miles. Here the man stopped, took the harness from the horses, replaced it with two side-saddles which he had brought with him, drew the wagon into a ravine safely out of sight, effaced the trace of the wheels, and then wiping his forehead after his exertions, announced that he was ready. Anne had never been on horseback in her life. Mary Crane, who would have mounted a camel imperturba-

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bly if it came into the line of her business, climbed up sturdily by the aid of a stump, and announced that she felt herself "quite solid." The horse seemed to agree with her. Anne followed her example, and being without physical nervousness, she soon became accustomed to the motion, and even began to imagine how exhilarating it would be to ride rapidly over a broad plain, feeling the wind on her face as she flew along. But the two old brown horses had no idea of flying. They toiled patiently every day, and sometimes at night as well, now for one army, now for the other; but nothing could make them quicken their pace. In the present case they were not asked to do it, since the road was but a bridle-path through the ravines and over the hills which formed the flank of the mountains they were approaching, and the driver was following them on foot. The ascents grew steeper, the ravines deeper and wilder.

"I no longer see the mountains," said Anne.

"That's because you're in 'em," answered the driver.

At night-fall they reached their destination. It was a small mountain mill, in a little green valley which nestled confidingly among the wild peaks as though it was not afraid of their roughness. Within were the fever patients, and the tired surgeon and his still more tired assistant could hardly believe their good fortune when the two nurses appeared. The assistant, a tall young medical student who had not yet finished growing, made his own bed of hay and a coverlet so hungrily in a dusky corner that Anne could not help smiling; the poor fellow was fairly gaunt from loss of sleep, and had been obliged to walk up and down during the whole of the previous night to keep himself awake. The surgeon, who was older and more hardened, explained to Mary Crane the condition of the men, and gave her careful directions for the night; then he too disappeared. Anne and Mary moved about softly, and when everything was ready, sat down on opposite sides of the room to keep the vigil. If the men were restless, Mary was to attend to them; Anne was the subordinate, merely obeying Mary's orders. The place was dimly lighted by two candles set in bottles; the timbers above were festooned with cobwebs whitened with meal, and the floor was covered with its fine yellow dust. A large spider came slowly out from behind a beam near by, and looked at Anne; at least she thought he did. He was mealy too, and she fell to wondering whether he missed the noise of the wheel, and whether he asked himself what all these men meant by coming in and lying down in rows upon his floor to disturb his peacefulness. At sunrise the surgeon came in, but he was obliged to shake the student roughly before he could awaken him from his heavy slumber. It was not until the third day that the poor youth lost the half-mad expression which had shone in his haggard face when they arrived, and began to look as though he was composed of something besides big jaws, gaunt cheeks, and sunken eyes, which had seemed to be all there was of him besides bones when they first came.

The fever patients at Peterson's Mill were not Western men, like the inmates of Number One and Number Two; they belonged to two New York regiments. Mary Crane did excellent work among them, her best; her systematic watchfulness, untiring vigilance, and strict rules shook the hold of the fever, and in many cases routed the dismal spectre, and brought the victims triumphantly back to hope of health again.

One morning Anne, having written a letter for one of the men, was fanning him as he lay in his corner; the doors were open, but the air was sultry. The man was middle-aged and gaunt, his skin was yellow and lifeless, his eyes sunken. Yet the surgeon pronounced him out of danger; it was now merely a question of care, patience, and nourishment. The poor mill-hospital had so little for its sick! But boxes from the North were at last beginning to penetrate even these defiles; one had arrived during the previous night, having been dragged on a rude sledge over places where wheels could not go, by the non-partisan horses, which were now on their patient way with a load of provisions to a detachment of Confederates camped, or rather mired, in the southern part of the county. The contents of that box had made the mill-hospital glad all day; the yellow-faced skeleton whom Anne was fanning had tasted lemons at last, and almost thought he was in heaven. Revived and more hopeful, he had been talking to his nurse. "I should feel easier, miss, if I knew just

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where our captain was. You see, there was a sort of a scrimmage, and some of us got hurt. He wasn't hurt, but he was took down with the fever, and so bad that we had to leave him behind at a farm-house. And I've heard nothing since."

"Where was he left—far from here?"

"No; sing'lerly enough, 'twas the very next valley to this one. *We* went in half a dozen directions after that, and tramped miles in the mud, but he was left there. We put him in charge of a woman, who *said* she'd take care of him, but I misdoubt her. She was a meaching-looking creature."

"Probably, then, as you have heard nothing, he has recovered, and is with his regiment again," said Anne, with the cheerful optimism which is part of a nurse's duty.

"Yes, miss. And yet perhaps he ain't, you know. I thought mebbe you'd ask the surgeon for me. I'm only a straggler here, anyway; the others don't belong to my regiment. Heathcote was the name; Captain Ward Heathcote. A city feller he was, but wuth a heap, for all that."

What was the matter with the nurse that she turned so pale? And now she was gone! And without leaving the fan too. However, he could hardly have held it. He found his little shred of lemon, lifted it to his dry lips, and closed his eyes patiently, hardly remembering even what he had said.

Meanwhile Anne, still very pale, had drawn the surgeon outside the door, and was questioning him. Yes, he knew that an officer had been left at a farm-house over in the next valley; he had been asked to ride over and see him. But how could he! As nothing had been heard from him since, however, he was probably well by this time, and back with his regiment again.

"Probably"—the very word she had herself used when answering the soldier. How inactive and cowardly it seemed now! "I must go across to the next valley," she said.

"My dear Miss Douglas!" said Dr. Flower, a grave, portly man, whose ideas moved as slowly as his small fat-encircled eyes.

"I know a Captain Heathcote; this may be the same person. The Captain Heathcote I know is engaged to a friend of mine, a lady to whom I am much indebted. I must learn whether this officer in the next valley is he."

"But even if it is the same man, no doubt he is doing well over there. Otherwise we should have heard from them before this time," said the surgeon, sensibly.

But Anne did not stop at sense. "It is probable, but not certain. There must be no room for doubt. If *you* will ride over, I will stay. Otherwise I must go."

"I can not leave; it is impossible."

"Where can I procure a horse, then?"

"I do not think I ought to allow it, Miss Douglas. It is nearly twenty miles to the next valley; of course you can not go alone, and I can not spare Mary Crane to go with you." The surgeon spoke decidedly; he had daughters of his own at home, and felt himself responsible for this young nurse.

Anne looked at him. "Oh, do help me!" she cried, with an outburst of sudden emotion. "I must go; even if I go alone, and walk every step of the way, I must, must go!"

Dr. Caleb Flower was a slow man; but anything he had once learned he remembered. He now recognized the presence of what he called "one of those intense impulses which make even timid women for the time being inflexible as adamant."

"You will have to pay largely for horses and a guide," he said, in order to gain time, inwardly regretting meanwhile that he had not the power to tie this nurse to her chair.

"I have a little money with me."

"But even if horses are found, you can not go alone; and, as I said before, I can not spare Mary."

"Why would not Diana do?" said Anne.

"Diana!" exclaimed Dr. Flower, his lips puckering as if to form a long whistle.

Diana was a middle-aged negro woman, who, with her husband, July, lived in a cabin near the mill, acting as laundress for the hospital. She was a silent, austere woman; in her there was little of the light-heartedness and plenitude of person which generally belong to her race. A devout Baptist, quoting more texts to the sick soldiers than they liked when she was employed in the hospital, chanting hymns in a low voice while hanging out the clothes, Diana had need of her austerity, industry, and leanness to balance July, who was the most light-hearted, lazy, and rotund negro in the mountains.

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"But you know that Mary Crane has orders not to leave you?" said Dr. Flower.

"I did not know it."

"Yes; so she tells me. The ladies of the Aid Society who sent her arranged it. And I wish with all my heart that our other young nurses were as well taken care of!" added the surgeon, a comical expression coming into his small eyes.

"On ordinary occasions I would not, of course, interfere with these orders," said Anne, "but on this I must. You must trust me with Diana, doctor—Diana and July. They will take good care of me."

"I suppose I shall *have* to yield, Miss Douglas. But I regret, regret exceedingly, that I have not full authority over you. I feel it necessary to say formally that your going is against my wishes and my advice. And now, since you *will* have your own way in any case, I must do what I can for you."

An hour later, two mules were ascending the mountain-side, following an old trail; Anne was on one, the tall grave Diana on the other. July walked in front, with his gun over his shoulder.

"No danjah hyah," he assured them volubly; "soldiers doan' come up dis yer way at all. Dey go draggin' 'long in de mud below always; seem to like 'em."

But Anne was not thinking of danger. "Could we not go faster by the road?" she asked.

"'Spec's we could, miss. But wudn't darst to, ef I was you."

"No, no, miss," said Diana. "Best keep along in dese yere woods; dey's safe."

The hours were endless. At last it seemed to Anne as if they were not moving at all, but merely sitting still in their saddles, while a continuous procession of low trees and high bushes filed slowly past them, now pointing upward, now slanting downward, according to the nature of the ground. In reality they were moving forward, crossing a spur of the mountain, but so dense was the foliage of the thicket, and so winding the path, that they could not see three feet in any direction, and all sense of advance was therefore lost. Anne fell into a mental lethargy, which was troubled every now and then by that strange sense of having seen particular objects before which occasionally haunts the brain. Now it was a tree, now a bird; or was it that she had known July in some far-off anterior existence, and that he had kicked a stone from his path in precisely that same way?

It was late twilight when, after a long descent still shrouded in the interminable thicket, the path came out suddenly upon a road, and Anne's eyes seemed to herself to expand as the view expanded. She saw a valley, the gray smoothness of water, and here and there roofs. July had stopped the mules in the shadow.

"Can you tell me which house it mought be, miss?" he asked, in a low, cautious tone.

"No," replied Anne. "But the person I am trying to find is named Heathcote—Captain Heathcote. We must make inquiries."

"Now do be keerful, miss," urged July, keeping Anne's mule back. "I'll jes' go and peer roun' a bit. But you stay hyar with Di."

"Yes, miss," said Diana. "We'll go back in de woods a piece, and wait. July 'll fin' out all about 'em."

Whether willingly or unwillingly, Anne was obliged to yield; the two women rode back into the woods, and July stole away cautiously upon his errand.

It was ten o'clock before he returned; Anne had dismounted, and was walking impatiently to and fro in the warm darkness.

"Found 'em, miss," said July. "But it's cl'ar 'cross de valley. Howsomever, valley's safe, dey say, and you can ride right along ober."

"Was it Captain Heathcote?" said Anne, as the mules trotted down a cross-road and over a bridge, July keeping up with a long loping run.

"Yes, miss; Heathcote's de name, and cap'en too. I saw him, and moughty sick he looked."

"What did he say?"

"Fever's in him head, miss, and didn't say nothing. Senses clean done gone."

Anne had not thought of this; it changed her task at once. He would not know her; she could do all that was necessary in safety, and then go unrecognized away. "What will he say?" she had asked herself a thousand times. Now, he would say nothing, and all would be simple and easy.

"Dis yere's de place," said July, pausing.

It was a low farm-house with a slanting roof; there was a light in the window, and the door stood open. Anne, springing from her saddle, and followed by Di-

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ana, hastened up the little garden path. At first there seemed to be no one in the room into which the house door opened; then a slight sound behind a curtain in one corner attracted her attention, and going across, she drew aside the drapery. The head moving restlessly to and fro on the pillow, with closed eyes and drawn mouth, was that of Ward Heathcote.

She spoke his name; the eyes opened and rested upon her, but there was no recognition in the glance.

"Bless you! his senses has been gone for days," said the farmer's wife, coming up behind her and looking at her patient impartially. "He don't know nobody no more'n a day-old baby!"

CHAPTER XXV.

"Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or tends with the remover to remove:
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom."
—SHAKSPEARE.

"WHY did you not send across to the hospital at the mill?" said Anne. "Dr. Flower, receiving no second message, supposed that Captain Heathcote had recovered."

"Well, you see, I reckon I know as much about this yer fever as the doctors do as never had it," replied Mrs. Redd. "The captain couldn't be moved; that was plain as day. And we hadn't a horse, nuther. Our horse and mules have all been run off and stole."

Mrs. Redd was a clay-colored woman, with a figure which, cavernous in front, was yet so rounded out behind that if she could have turned her head around she would have been very well shaped. Her knowledge of the fever was plainly derived from personal experience; she explained that she had it "by spells," and that "Redd he has it too," and their daughter Nancy as well. "Redd he isn't to home now, nor Nancy nuther. But Redd he'll be back by to-morrow night, I reckon. If you want to stay, I can accommodate you. You can have the loft, and the niggers can sleep in the barn. But they'll have to cook for themselves. I shall be mighty glad to have some help in tending on the captain; I'm about wore out."

Mrs. Redd did not mention that she had confiscated the sick man's money, and hidden it safely away in an old tea-pot, and that all her knowledge of arithmetic was at work keeping a daily account of expenses which should in the end exactly balance the sum. She had no intention of stealing the money—certainly not. But of course her "just account" must be paid. She could still work at this problem, she thought, and earn something as well from the new-comers, who would also relieve her from all care of the sick man: it was clearly a providence. In the glow of this expected gain she even prepared supper. Fortunately in summer her kitchen was in the open air, and the room where Heathcote lay was left undisturbed.

Anne had brought the hospital medicines with her, and careful instructions from Mary Crane. If she had come upon Heathcote before her late experiences, she would have felt little hope, but men whose strength had been far more reduced than his had recovered under her eyes. Diana was a careful nurse; July filled the place of valet, sleeping on straw on the floor. She ordered down the bed-curtains and opened all the windows; martial law regarding air, quiet, and medicines was proclaimed. The sick man lay quietly, save for the continued restless motion of his head.

"If we could only stop his slipping his head across and back in that everlasting way, I believe he'd be better right off," said Mrs. Redd.

"It done him good, 'pears to me," said July, who already felt a strong affection in his capacious vagabondizing heart for the stranger committed to his care. "Yo' see, it kinder rests his mind like."

"Much mind *he's* got to rest with!" said Mrs. Redd, contemptuously.

With her two assistants, it was not necessary that Anne should remain in the room at night, and she did not, at least in personal presence; but every half-hour she was at the top of the stairway, silently watching to see if Diana fulfilled her duties. On the third day the new medicines and the vigilance conquered. On the fifth day the sick man fell into his first natural slumber. The house was very still. Bees droned serenely. There was no breeze. Anne was sitting on the door-steps. "Ought I to go now before he wakens?" she was thinking. "But I *can* not until the danger is surely over.

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He may not recognize me even now." She said to herself that she would stay a short time longer, but without entering the room where he was; Diana could come to her for orders, and the others must not allude to her presence. Then, as soon as she was satisfied that his recovery was certain, she could slip away unseen. She went around to the back of the house to warn the others; it was all to go on as though she was not there.

Heathcote wakened at last, weak but conscious. He had accepted without speech the presence of Diana and July, and had soon fallen asleep again, "like a chile." He ate some breakfast the next morning, and the day passed without fever. Mrs. Redd pronounced him convalescent, and declared decisively that all he needed was to "eat hearty." The best medicine now would be "a plenty of vittals." In accordance with this opinion she prepared a meal of might, carried it in with her own hands, and in two minutes, forgetting all about the instructions she had received, betrayed Anne's secret. Diana, who was present, looked at her reproachfully: the black skin covered more faithfulness than the white.

"Well, I do declare to Jerusalem I forgot!" said the hostess, laughing. "However, now you know it, Miss Douglas might as well come in, and make you eat if she can. For eat you must, captain. Why, man alive, if you could see yourself! You're just skin and rattling bones."

And thus it all happened. Anne, afraid to lay so much as a finger's weight of excitement of any kind upon him in his weak state, hearing his voice faintly calling her name, and understanding at once that her presence had been disclosed, came quietly in with a calm face, as though her being there was quite commonplace and natural, and taking the plate from Diana, sat down by the bedside and began to feed him with the bits of chicken, which was all the meal of might that he would touch. She paid no attention to the expression which grew gradually in his feeble eyes as they rested upon her and followed her motions, at first vaguely, then with more and more of insistence and recollection.

"Anne?" he murmured, after a while, as if questioning with himself. "It *is* Anne?"

She lifted her hand authoritatively. "Yes," she said; "but you must not talk. Eat."

He obeyed; but he still gazed at her, and then slowly he smiled. "You will not run away again?" he whispered.

"Not immediately."

"Promise that you will not go to-night or to-morrow."

"I promise."

And then, as if satisfied, he fell asleep.

He slept all night peacefully. But Anne did not once lose consciousness. At dawn she left her sleepless couch, and dressed herself, moving about the room cautiously, so as not to awaken the sleeper below. When she was ready to go down, she paused a moment, thinking. Raising her eyes, she found herself standing by chance opposite the small mirror, and her gaze rested half unconsciously upon her own reflected image. She drew nearer, and leaning with folded arms upon the chest of drawers, looked at herself, as if striving to see something hitherto hidden.

We think we know our own faces, yet they are in reality less known to us than the countenances of our acquaintances, of our servants, even of our dogs. If any one will stand alone close to a mirror, and look intently at his own reflection for several minutes or longer, the impression produced on his mind will be extraordinary. At first it is nothing but his own well-known, perhaps well-worn, face that confronts him. Whatever there may be of novelty in the faces of others, there is certainly nothing of it here. So at least he believes. But after a while it grows strange. What do those eyes mean, meeting his so mysteriously and silently? Whose mouth is that? Whose brow? What vague suggestions of something stronger than he is, some dormant force which laughs him to scorn, are lurking behind that mask? In the outline of the features, the curve of the jaw and chin, perhaps he notes a suggested likeness to this or that animal of the lower class—a sign of some trait which he was not conscious he possessed. And then—those strange eyes! They are his own; nothing new; yet in their depths all sorts of mocking meanings seem to rise. The world, with all its associations, even his own history also, drops from him like a garment, and he is left alone, facing the problem of his own existence. It is the old riddle of the Sphinx.

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Something of this passed through Anne's mind at that moment. She was too young to accept misery, to generalize on sorrow, to place herself among the large percentage of women to whom, in the great balance of population, a happy love is denied. She felt her own wretchedness acutely, unceasingly, while the man she loved was so near. She knew that she would leave him, that he would go back to Helen; that she would return to her hospital work and to Weston, and that that would be the end. There was not in her mind a temptation or a thought of anything else. Yet this certainty did not prevent the two large slow tears that rose and welled over as she watched the eyes in the glass, watched them as though they were the eyes of some one else.

Diana's head now appeared, giving the morning bulletin: the captain had slept "like a cherrb," and was already "'mos' well." Anne went down by the outside stairway, and ate her breakfast under the trees not far from Mrs. Redd's out-door hearth. She told July that she should return to the hospital during the coming night, or, if the mountain path could not be traversed in the darkness, they must start at dawn.

"I don't think it's quite fair of you to quit so soon," objected Mrs. Redd, loath to lose her profit.

"If you can find any one to escort me, I will leave you Diana and July," answered Anne. "For myself, I can not stay longer."

July went in with the sick man's breakfast, but came forth again immediately. "He wants *yo'* to come, miss."

"I can not come now. If he eats his breakfast obediently, I will come in and see him later," said the nurse.

"Isn't much trouble 'bout *eating*," said July, grinning. "Cap'n he eats like he 'mos' starved."

Anne remained sitting under the trees, while the two black servants attended to her patient. At ten o'clock he was reported as "sittin' up in bed, and powerful smart." This bulletin was soon followed by another, "Him all tired out now, and gone to sleep."

Leaving directions for the next hour, she strolled into the woods behind the house. She had intended to go but a short distance, but, led on by her own restlessness and the dull pain in her heart, she wandered farther than she knew.

Jacob Redd's little farm was on the northern edge of the valley; its fields and wood-lot ascended the side of the mountain. Anne, reaching the end of the wood-lot, opened the gate, and went on up the hill. She followed a little trail. The trees were larger than those through which she had travelled on the opposite side of the valley; it was a wood, not a thicket; the sunshine was hot, the green silent shade pleasant. She went on, although now the trail was climbing upward steeply, and rocks appeared. She had been ascending for half an hour, when she came suddenly upon a narrow, deep ravine, crossing from left to right; the trail turned and followed its edge; but as its depths looked cool and inviting, and as she thought she heard the sound of a brook below, she left the little path, and went downward into the glen. When she reached the bottom she found herself beside a brook, flowing along over white pebbles; it was not more than a foot wide, but full of life and merriment, going no one knew whither, and in a great hurry about it. A little brook is a fascinating object to persons unaccustomed to its coaxing, vagrant witcheries. There were no brooks on the island, only springs that trickled down from the cliffs into the lake in tiny silver water-falls. Anne followed the brook. Absorbed in her own thoughts, and naturally fearless, it did not occur to her that there might be danger even in this quiet forest. She went around a curve, then around another, when—what was that? She paused. Could he have seen her? Was he asleep? Or—dead?

It was a common sight enough, a dead soldier in the uniform of the United States infantry. He was young, and his face, turned toward her, was as peaceful as if he was sleeping; there was almost a smile on his cold lips. With beating heart she looked around. There were twisted broken branches above on the steep side of the ravine; he had either fallen over, or else had dragged himself down to be out of danger, or perhaps to get water from the brook. The death-wound was in his breast; she could see traces of blood. But he could not have been long dead. It had been said that there was no danger in that neighborhood at present; then what was this? Only one of the chances of war, and a common one in that region: an isolated soldier

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taken off by a bullet from behind a tree. She stood looking sorrowfully down upon the prostrate form; then a thought came to her. She stooped to see if she could discover the identity of the slain man from anything his pockets contained. There was no money, but various little possessions, a soldier's wealth—a puzzle carved in wood and neatly fitted together, a pocket-knife, a ball of twine, a pipe, and a ragged song-book. At last she came upon what she had hoped to find—a letter. It was from the soldier's mother, full of love and little items of neighborhood news, and ending, "May God bless you, my dear and only son!" The postmark was that of a small village in Michigan, and the mother's name was signed in full.

One page of the letter was blank; with the poor soldier's own pencil Anne drew upon this half sheet a sketch of his figure, lying there peacefully beside the little brook. Then she severed a lock of his hair, and went sadly away. July should come up and bury him; but the mother, far away in Michigan, should have something more than the silence and heart-breaking suspense of that terrible word "missing." The lock of hair, the picture, and the poor little articles taken from his pockets would be her greatest earthly treasures. For the girl forgets her lover, and the wife forgets her husband; but the mother never forgets her dear and only son.

When Anne reached the farm-house it was nearly four o'clock. July's black anxious face met hers as she glanced through the open door of the main room; he was sitting near the bed waving a long plume of feathers backward and forward to keep the flies from the sleeping face below. The negro came out on tiptoe, his enormous patched old shoes looking like caricatures, yet making no more sound, as he stole along, than the small slippers of a woman. "Cap'en he orful disappointed 'cause you worn't yere at dinner-time," he whispered. "An' Mars' Redd, Mis' Redd's husband, you know, him jess come home, and they's bote gone 'cross de valley to see some pusson they know that's sick; but they'll be back 'fore long. And Di she's gone to look fer *you*, 'cause she was moughty oneasy 'bout yer. An' she's been gone so long that *I'm* moughty oneasy 'bout Di. P'r'aps you seen her, miss?"

No, Anne had not seen her. July looked toward the mountain-side anxiously. "Cap'en he's had 'em broth, and taken 'em medicine, and has jess settled down to a good long sleep; reckon he won't wake up till sunset. If you'll allow, miss, I'll run up and look for Di."

Anne saw that he intended to go, whether she wished it or not: the lazy fellow was fond of his wife. She gave her consent, therefore, on the condition that he would return speedily, and telling him of the dead soldier, suggested that when Farmer Redd returned the two men should go up the mountain together and bury him. Was there a burial-ground or church-yard in the neighborhood?

No; July knew of none; each family buried its dead on its own ground, "in a corner of a meddar." He went away, and Anne sat down to keep the watch.

She moved the long plume to and fro, refraining from even looking at the sleeper, lest by some occult influence he might feel the gaze and waken. Mrs. Redd's clock in another room struck five. The atmosphere grew breathless; the flies became tenacious, almost adhesive; the heat was intense. She knew that a thunder-storm must be near, but from where she sat she could not see the sky, and she was afraid to stop the motion of the waving fan. Each moment she hoped to hear the sound of July's returning footsteps, or those of the Redds, but none came. Then at last with a gust and a whirl of hot sand the stillness was broken, and the storm was upon them. She ran to close the doors, but happily the sleeper was not awakened. The flies retreated to the ceiling, and she stood looking at the black rushing rain. The thunder was not loud, but the lightning was almost incessant. She now hoped that in the cooler air his sleep would be even deeper than before.

But when the storm had sobered down into steady soft gray rain, so that she could open the doors again, she heard a voice speaking her name:

"Anne."

She turned. Heathcote was awake, and gazing at her, almost as he had gazed in health.

Summoning all her self-possession, yet feeling drearily, unshakenly sure, even during the short instant of crossing the floor, that no matter what he might say (and perhaps he would say nothing), she

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should not swerve, and that this little moment, with all its pain and all its sweetness, would, for all its pain and all its sweetness, soon be gone, she sat down by the bedside, and taking up the fan, said, quietly:

"I am glad you are so much better. As the fever has not returned, in a week or two you may hope to be quite strong again. Do not try to talk, please. I will fan you to sleep."

"Very well," replied Heathcote, but reaching out as he spoke, and taking hold of the edge of her sleeve, which was near him.

"Why do you do that?" said his nurse, smiling, like one who humors the fancies of a child.

"To keep you from going away. You said you would be here at dinner, and you were not."

"I was detained. I intended to be here, but—"

She stopped, for Heathcote had closed his eyes, and she thought he was falling asleep. But no.

"It is raining," he said presently, still with closed eyes.

"Yes; a summer shower."

"Do you remember that thunder-storm when we were in the little cave? You are changed since then."

She made no answer.

"Your face has grown grave. No one would take you for a child now, but that day in the cave you were hardly more than one."

"You too are changed," she answered, turning the conversation from herself; "you are thin and pale. You must sleep and eat. Surrender yourself to that duty for the time being." She spoke with matter-of-fact cheerfulness, but her ears were strained to catch the sound of footsteps. None came, and the rain fell steadily. She began to dread rain.

Heathcote in his turn did not reply, but she was conscious that his eyes were open, and that he was looking at her. At last he said, gently,

"*I* should have placed it there, Anne."

She turned; his gaze was fixed upon her left hand, and the gold ring given by the school-girls.

"He is kind to you? And you—are happy?" he continued, still gazing at the circlet.

She did not speak; she was startled and confused. He supposed, then, that she was married. Would it not be best to leave the error uncorrected? But—could she succeed in this?

"You do not answer," said Heathcote, lifting his eyes to her face. "Are you not happy, then?"

"Yes, I am happy," she answered, trying to smile. "But please do not talk; you are not strong enough for talking."

"I hope he is not here, or expected. Do not let him come in *here*, Anne: promise me."

"He is not coming."

"He is in the army, I suppose, somewhere in the neighborhood; and you are here to be near him?"

"No."

"Then how is it that you are here?"

"I have been in the hospitals for a short time as nurse. But if you persist in talking, I shall certainly leave you. Why not try to sleep?"

"He must be a pretty sort of fellow to let you go into the hospitals," said Heathcote, paying no heed to her threat. "I have your fatal marriage notice, Anne; I have always kept it."

"You have my marriage notice?" she repeated, startled out of her caution.

"Yes. Put your hand under my pillow and you will find my wallet; the woman of the house has skillfully abstracted the money, but fortunately she has not considered a newspaper slip as of any value." He took the case from her hand, opened it, and gave her a folded square paper, cut from the columns of a New York journal. Anne opened it, and read the notice of the marriage of "Erastus Pronando, son of the late John Pronando, Esquire, of Philadelphia, and Angélique, daughter of the late William Douglas, surgeon, United States Army."

The slip dropped from her hand. "Père Michaux must have sent it," she thought.

"It was in all the New York and Philadelphia papers for several days," said Heathcote. "There seemed to be a kind of insistence about it."

And there was. Père Michaux had hoped that the Eastern Pronandos would see the name, and, moved by some awakening of memory or affection, would make inquiry for this son of the lost brother, and assist him on his journey through the crowded world.

"I did not know that 'Anne' was a shortening of 'Angélique'; I thought yours was the plain old English name.

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But Helen knew; I showed the notice to her."

Anne's face altered; she could not control the tremor that seized her, and he noticed it.

"Are you *not* married then, after all? Tell me, Anne, tell me. You can not deceive; you never could, poor child; I remember that well."

She tried to rise, but he held her arm with both hands, and she could not bring herself to use force against that feeble hold.

"Why should you not tell me what all the world is free to know?" he continued. "What difference does it make?"

"You are right; it makes no difference," she answered, seating herself, and taking up the fan again. "It is of no especial consequence. No, I am not married, Mr. Heathcote. Angélique is the name of my little sister Tita, of whom you have heard me speak; we first called her Petite, then Tita. Mr. Pronando and Tita are married."

"The same Pronando to whom you were engaged?"

"Yes. He is—"

"Oh, I do not care to hear anything about *him*. Give me your hand, Anne. Take off that ring."

"No; it was a present from my pupils," she said, drawing back with a smile, but at the same time an inward sigh of relief that the disclosure was over. "They—"

"If you knew what I suffered when I read that notice!" pursued Heathcote, without heeding her. "The world seemed all wrong then forever. For there was something about you, Anne, which brought out what small good there was in my worthless self, and young as you were, you yet in one way ruled me. I might have borne the separation itself well enough, but the thought that any other man should call you wife was intolerable to me. I had—I still have it—a peculiar feeling about you. In some mysterious way you had come to be the one real faith of my life. I was bitterly hurt and angry when you ran away from me; but angry as I was, I still searched for you, and would have searched again if Helen had not— But never mind that now. If I have loved you, Anne, you have loved me just as dearly. And now you are here, and I am here, let us ask no more questions, but just—be happy."

"But," said the girl, breathlessly, "Helen—?" Then she stopped.

Heathcote was watching her. She tried to be calm, but her lips trembled. A little skill in deception now, poor Anne, would have been of saving help. Heathcote still watched her in silence—watched her until at last she turned toward him.

"Did you not know," he said, slowly meeting her eyes—"did you not know that Helen was—married?"

"Married? And not to you?"

There was a perceptible pause. Then he answered. "Not to me."

A silence followed. A whirl of conflicting feelings filled Anne's heart; she turned her face away, blushing deeply, and conscious of it. "I hope she is happy," she murmured at last, striving to speak naturally.

"I think she is." Then he stretched out his hands and took hers. "Turn this way, so that I can see you," he said, beseechingly.

She turned, and it seemed to him that eyes never beheld so exquisite a face.

"There is nothing between us any more, my darling. Do you love me? Tell me so. If I was not a poor sick fellow, I should take you in my arms and draw your sweet face down upon my shoulder. But, as it is—" He moved nearer, and tried to lift himself upon his elbow.

There was a feebleness in the effort which went to Anne's heart. She loved him so deeply! They were both free now, and he was weak and ill. With a sudden impulse she drew nearer, so that his head could rest on her shoulder. He silently put out his hand; she took it in hers; then he closed his eyes as if content.

As for Anne, she felt an outburst of happiness almost too great to bear; her breath came and went so quickly that Heathcote perceived it, and raising her hand he pressed it to his lips. Still he did not open his eyes, or speak one word further to the blushing, beautiful woman whose arm was supporting him, and whose eyes, timid yet loving, were resting upon his face. If he had been strong, she would never have yielded so far. But nothing appeals so powerfully to a woman's heart as the sudden feebleness of a strong man—the man she loves. It is so new and perilously sweet that he should be dependent upon her, that her arm should be needed to support him, that his weak voice should call her name with childish loneliness and impatience if she

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is not there. And so Anne at last no longer turned her eyes away, but looked down upon the face lying upon her shoulder—a face worn by illness and bronzed by exposure, but the same face still, the face of the summer idler at Caryl's, the face she had seen during those long hours in the sunset arbor, in the garden that morning, the face of the man who had followed her westward, and who now, after long hopeless loneliness and pain, was with her again, and her own forever. A rush of tenderest pity came over her as she noted the hollows at the temples, and the shadows under the closed eyes. She bent her head, and touched his closely cut hair with her lips.

"Do not," said Heathcote.

She had not thought that he would perceive the girlish little caress; she drew back quickly. Then he opened his eyes. It seemed almost as if he had been trying to keep them shut.

"It is of no use," he murmured, looking at her. "Kiss me, Anne. Kiss me once. Oh, my darling! my darling!" And with more strength than she supposed him to possess, he threw his arms around her, drew her lovely face down to his, and kissed her fondly, not once, but many times.

And she, at first resisting love's sweet violence, at last yielded to it, for she loved him.

The rain still fell; it was growing toward twilight. Footsteps were approaching.

"It is Diana," said Anne.

But Heathcote still held her.

"Please let me go," she said, smiling happily.

"Then tell me you love me."

"You know I do, Ward," she answered, blushing deeply, yet with all the old honesty in her sincere eyes.

"Will you come and say good-night to me if I let you go now?"

"Yes."

Her beautiful lips were near his; he could not help kissing her once more. Then he released her.

The room was dim. Opening the door, she saw Diana and July coming through the shed toward her, their clothes wet and streaked with red clay. Diana explained their absence gravely. July had not been able to restrain his curiosity about the dead soldier, and when he finally found his wife, where she was searching for "miss," they were both so far up the mountain that he announced his intention of going to "find the pore fellow anyway," and that she might go with him or return homeward as she pleased.

"Sence he would go, it was better fo' me to go too, miss," said the black wife, glancing at her husband with some severity. "An' while we was about it, we jess buried him."

The sternly honest principles of Diana countenanced no rifling of pockets, no thefts of clothing; she would not trust July alone with the dead man. Who knew what temptation there might be in the shape of a pocket-knife? Without putting her fears into words, however—for she always carefully guarded her husband's dignity—she accompanied him, stood by while he made his examination, and then waited alone in the ravine while he went to a farm-house a mile or two distant and returned with two other blacks, who assisted in digging the grave. The rain pattered down upon the leaves overhead, and at last reached her and the dead, whose face she had reverently covered with her clean white apron. When all was ready, they carefully lowered the body to its last resting-place, first lining the hollow with fresh green leaves, according to the rude unconscious poetry which the negroes, left to themselves, often display. Diana had then kneeled down and "offered a powerfu' prayer," so July said. Then, having made a "firs'-rate moun' ober him," they had come away, leaving him to his long repose.

Half an hour later the Redds returned also. By contrast with the preceding stillness, the little house seemed full to overflowing. Anne busied herself in household tasks, and let the others wait upon the patient. But she did not deny herself the pleasure of looking at him from the other side of the room now and then, and she smiled brightly whenever his eyes met hers and gave back her mute salutation.

Heathcote was so much better that only July was to watch that night; Diana was to enjoy an unbroken night's rest, with a pillow and blanket upon the hay in the barn. July went out to arrange this bed for his wife, and then, as the patient was for the moment left alone, Anne stole down from her loft to keep her promise. "Good-night," she murmured, bending over him. "Do not keep me; good-night."

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He drew her toward him, but, laughing lightly and happily, she slipped from his grasp and was gone.

When July returned, there was no one there but his patient, who did not have so quiet a night as they had anticipated, being restless, tormented apparently by troubled dreams.

THE HAT.

RECITED BY M. COQUELIN, OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

IN Paris, monologues are the fashion. Some are in verse; some are in prose. At every matinée, dinner party, or soirée the mistress of the entertainment makes it her duty to provide some little scenic recitation, to be gone through by Saint-Germain or Coquelin. The one which enjoyed the greatest success last winter was *The Hat*, which we here offer in an English version:

Mise en Scène: A gentleman holding his hat.

Well, yes! On Tuesday last the knot was tied—
Tied hard and fast; that can not be denied.
I'm caught, I'm caged, from the law's point of view,
Before two witnesses, good men and true.
I'm licensed, stamped: undo the deed who can;
Three hundred francs made me a married man.

Who would have thought it! Married! How? What for?
I who was ranked a strict old bachelor;
I who through halls with married people crammed
Infused a kind of odor of the damned;
I who declined—and gave lame reasons why—
Five, six, good comfortable matches; I
Who every morning when I came to dress
Found I had one day more, and some hairs less;
I whom all mothers slander and despise,
Because girls find no favor in my eyes—
Married! A married man! Be-yond—a—doubt!

How, do you ask, came such a thing about?
What prompted *me* to dare connubial bliss?
What worked the wondrous metamorphosis?
What made so great a change—a change like that?
Imagine. Guess. You give it up?
A hat!
A hat, in short, like all the hats you see—
A plain silk stove-pipe hat. *This* did for me.
A plain black hat, just like the one that's here.

A hat?
Why, yes.
But how?
Well, lend an ear.

One day this winter I went out to dine.
All was first-rate—the style, the food, the wine.
A concert afterward—*en règle*—just so.
The hour arrived. I entered, bowing low,
My heels together. Then I placed my hat
On something near, and joined the general chat.
At half past eight we dined. All went off well.
Trust me for being competent to tell!
I sat between two ladies—mute as fishes—
With nothing else to do but count the dishes.
I learned each item in each course by heart.
I hate tobacco, but as smoke might part
Me from those ladies, with a sober face
I took a strong cigar, and kept my place.
The concert was announced for half past ten,
And at that hour I joined a crowd of men.
The ladies, arm to arm, sweet, white, we found,
Like rows of sugared almonds, seated round.
I leaned against the door—there was no chair.
A stout, fierce gentleman, got up with care
(A cuirassier I set him down to be),
Leaned on the other door-post, hard by me,
Whilst far off in the distance some poor girl
Sang, with her love-lorn ringlets out of curl,
Some trashy stuff of love and love's distress.
I could see nothing, and could hear still less.
Still, I applauded, for politeness' sake.

Next a dress-coat of fashionable make
Came forward and began. It clad a poet.
That's the last mode in Paris. Did you know it?
Your host or hostess, after dinner, chooses
To serve you up some effort of the Muses,
Recited with *vim*, gestures, and by-play
By some one borrowed from the great Français.

I blush to write it—poems, you must know,
All make me sleepy; and it was so now.
For as I listened to the distant drone
Of the smooth lines, I felt my lids droop down,
And a strange torpor I could not ignore
Came creeping o'er me.
"Heavens! suppose I snore!
Let me get out," I cried, "or else—"
With that
I cast my eyes around to find my hat.

The *console* where I laid it down, alas!
Was now surrounded (not a mouse could pass)
By triple rows of ladies gayly dressed,
Who fanned and listened calmly, undistressed.
No man through that fair crowd could work his way.
Rank behind rank rose heads in bright array.
Diamonds were there, and flowers, and, lower still,
Such lovely shoulders! Not the smallest thrill
They raised in me. My thoughts were of my hat.
It lay beyond where all those ladies sat,
Under a candelabrum, shiny, bright,
Smooth as when last I brushed it, full in sight,
Whilst I, far off, with yearning glances tried
Whether I could not lure it to my side.

"Why may my hand not put thee on my head,
And quit this stifling room?" I fondly said.

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"Respond, dear hat, to a magnetic throb.
Come, little darling; cleave this female mob.
Fly over heads; creep under. Come, oh, come!
Escape. We'll find no poetry at home."

And all the while did that dull poem creep
Drearily on, till, sick at last with sleep,
My eyes fixed straight before me with a stare,
I groaned within me:
"Come, my hat—fresh air!
My darling, let us both get out together.
Here all is hot and close; outside, the weather
Is simply perfect, and the pavement's dry.
Come, come, my hat—one effort! Do but try.
Sweet thoughts the silence and soft moon will stir
Beneath thy shelter."
Here a voice cried:
"Sir,
Have you done staring at my daughter yet?
By Jove! sir."
My astonished glance here met
The angry red face of my cuirassier.
I did not quail before his look severe,
But said, politely,
"Pardon, sir, but I
Do not so much as know her."
"What, sir! Why,
My daughter's yonder, sir, beside that table.
Pink ribbons, sir. Don't tell me you're unable
To understand."
"But, sir—"
"I don't suppose
You mean to tell me—"
"Really—"
"Who but knows
Your way of dealing with young ladies, sir?
I'll have no trifling, if you please, with her."
"Trifling?"
"Yes, sir. You know you've jilted five.
Every one knows it—every man alive."
"Allow me—"
"No, sir. Every father knows
Your reputation, damaging to those
Who—"
"Sir, indeed—"
"How dare you in this place
Stare half an hour in my daughter's face?"
"*Sapristi, monsieur!* I protest—I swear—
I never looked at her."
"Indeed! What were
You looking at, then?"
"Sir, I'll tell you *that*—
My hat, sir."
"*Morbleu!* looking at your hat!"
"Yes, sir, it *was* my hat."
My color rose:
He angered me, this man who would suppose
I thought of nothing but his girl.
Meantime
The black coat maundered on in dreary rhyme.
Papa and I, getting more angry ever,
Exchanged fierce glances, speaking both together,
While no one round us knew what we were at.
"It was my daughter, sir."
"No, sir—my hat."
"Speak lower, gentlemen," said some one near.
"You'll give account for this, sir. Do you hear?"
"Of course, sir."
"Then before the world's astir
You'll get my card, sir."
"I'll be ready, sir."

A pretty quarrel! Don't you think it so?
A moment after, all exclaimed, "Bravo!"
Black coat had finished. All the audience made
A general move toward ice and lemonade.
The coast was clear; my way was open now;
My hat was mine. I made my foe a bow,
And hastened, fast as lover could have moved,
Through trailing trains, toward the dear thing I loved.
I tried to reach it.
"Here's the hat, I think,
You are in search of."
Shapely, soft, and pink,
A lovely arm, a perfect arm, held out
My precious hat. Impelled by sudden doubt,
I raised my eyes. Pink ribbons trimmed her dress.
"Here, monsieur, take it. 'Twas not hard to guess
What made you look this way. You longed to go.
You were so sleepy, nodding—see!—just so.
Ah, how I wished to help you, if I could!
I might have passed it possibly. I would
Have tried by ladies' chain, from hand to hand,
To send it to you, but, you understand,
I felt a little timid—don't you see?—
For fear they might suppose— Ah! pardon me;
I am too prone to talk. I'm keeping you.
Take it. Good-night."
Sweet angel, pure and true!
My looks to their real cause *she* could refer,
And never thought one glance was meant for her.

Oh, simple trust, pure from debasing wiles!
I took my hat from her fair hand with smiles,
And hurrying back, sought out my whilom foe,
Exclaiming:
"Hear me, sir. Before I go,
Let me explain. You, sir, were in the right.
'Twas not my hat attracted me to-night.
Forgive me, pardon me, I entreat, dear sir.
I love your daughter, and I gazed at her."
"You, sir?"
He turned his big round eyes on me,
Then held his hand out.
"Well, well, we will see."

Next day we talked. That's how it came about.
And the result you see. My secret's out.
It was last Tuesday, as I said, and even
Add, she's an angel, and my home is—heaven.
Her father, mild in spite of mien severe,
Holds a high office—is no cuirassier.

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Besides—a boon few bridegrooms can command—
He is a widower—so—you understand.

Now all this happiness, beyond a doubt,
By this silk hat I hold was brought about,
Or by its brother. Poor old English tile!
Many have sneered at thy ungainly style;
Many, with ridicule and gibe—why not?—
Have dubbed thee "stove-pipe," called thee "chimney-pot."
They, as æsthetes, are not far wrong, maybe;
But I, for all that thou hast done for me,
Raise thee, in spite of nonsense sung or said,
With deep respect, and place thee on my head.

A DAY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IT is not our purpose in this paper to treat of any event which has taken place in the "New Palace" at Westminster, erected in 1840, but to what transpired in the old building on a certain day a little more than a century ago. The day to which we refer was Wednesday, the 30th of May, 1781, and the debate of which we are to speak had reference to American affairs.

The war of the Revolution had been "dragging its slow length" along for more than six years. In spite of the numerous reverses which the British arms had experienced, the government saw, or thought it saw, signs of hope that the summer campaigns of 1781 would put an end to the struggle. The most vigorous efforts had been made to add to the efficiency of the army, and both the naval and the land forces were in a better condition than ever to do the work assigned to them. Favorable news, moreover, was coming from the seat of war to the effect that even at that early period of the year success was following the military movements of Lord Cornwallis. It was announced through the London papers that he had had a decisive engagement with General Greene, in which the entire American army had been taken and destroyed. "This last and fortunate stroke of Lord Cornwallis," said the editor of the London *Chronicle*, "will probably put a final period to the rebellion."

It was when these hopes of final success, and the confident expectation of soon bringing to a close the long war of which people were becoming so weary, were bracing up the government, that the House of Commons met on the day to which we have referred, May 30, 1781. Some of the most eminent men that ever sat on that floor were present. Those least familiar with English history will readily recognize the names of Lords North and Germaine, and those of Fox, Pitt, and Burke. These were among the most distinguished speakers in the House. The last three, as is well known, stood prominent among the leaders of the opposition, who for years had been fighting the government and pleading the cause of America. It seemed just now to be a forlorn hope in which the friends of liberty were indulging, that the United States would ever be able to achieve their independence, and make good their determination forever to dissolve their connection with England. Never to the eye of sense did the prospect of success seem darker. The plans of George III. and his ministry had prospered to the measure of their most sanguine expectations. The "rebels" must soon come to terms, and the States once more return to their colonial relations to the mother country. Keeping all these circumstances in mind, let us enter the House of Commons, and recall by such aids as are at our command what is about to take place on this May day of which we are speaking.

On the government side of the House we can not help noticing the feeling of encouragement which shows itself in the faces of the members. Their recognized majority over the members who sit in the opposition is large and influential. We may keep within the bounds of probability if we suppose that before being called to order they are freely talking over the latest news from America. In yesterday's London *Chronicle* they had read that in a recent bloody battle Lord Cornwallis had been left in complete possession of the field, that General Lafayette had been killed, and that Arnold (Benedict, the traitor) had completed a junction with Lord Cornwallis. No doubt Lord North met his associate, Lord Germaine, with a happy, cheerful countenance on this auspicious day. The government felt itself more than usually strong, and prepared, with a bold front, to meet the attacks of the opposition. Some preliminary business is attended to immediately after the opening of the session, and then discussion on American affairs is the order of the day. There is a movement on the opposition side of the House, and Colonel Hartley, the earnest

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advocate for the independence of the United States, presents a motion for leave to bring in a bill empowering the King to treat with persons who may be authorized to agree on terms of peace with America. After adducing a number of reasons for his motion, he takes his seat, and the motion is seconded by Sir Philip Jennings Clarke. Without further discussion it is about to follow the fate of other and similar motions previously made, *i. e.*, be negatived by a division of the House, when its passage is stopped for the present by what proves to be a hot and most exciting discussion.

Sir George Saville rises and severely rebukes the ministry for attempting to choke off debate on a subject of such importance. Every idea of pacification with America which does not recognize the independence of the United States he declares to be utterly futile. He maintains that the crown has no authority by itself to enter upon negotiations looking toward peace. It receives the power to act by a formal vote of the House of Commons. If the motion of Colonel Hartley is negatived, he asserts his belief that in the future, though government may flatter itself that all things are moving on prosperously, there is nothing but disaster and ruin.

When Sir George has resumed his seat, Lord North, as in duty bound, comes to the rescue of the government. We are inclined to think that Americans generally have the impression that Lord North was an imperious, haughty, uncivil sort of a person, a second Lord Jeffreys, full of hate and malice and all wicked passions. But candor forces us to take a different view of him, and to recognize in him a man of amiable instincts and of marked courtesy, as a member of Parliament, in his treatment of his opponents. In his reply to Sir George he deprecates the idea that it is the wish of the side of the House which he represents to cut off debate. He declares it to be his understanding that when a question has been repeatedly debated, as this has been in the House before, there is no necessity of entering again into a discussion of its merits, or any want of candor in giving it a silent negative. He says that he is obliged to differ with the gentleman in his view of the rightful prerogative of the crown, believing as he does that the King is already invested with authority to negotiate terms of peace with America without the passage of any such motion as had been presented by the opposition.

Immediately on Lord North's taking his seat, Charles James Fox is on his feet, and, as we are told, makes a long and animated speech in reply to the Prime Minister. Nearly all the positions taken by his lordship he denies. He vehemently insists that under no condition can the King of his own prerogative, and without the consent of Parliament, make peace with America. The war, he maintains, was founded on acts of Parliament, and therefore can not be a war of prerogative. He proceeds to point out the great difference between the war with America and that which had been carried on against France, Spain, and Holland. The latter, he admits, originated solely from the prerogative of the crown, and a royal command can at any time end it. Not so the American war; that was undertaken by Parliament, as was claimed, for the express purpose of chastising rebellion. It was by an act of Parliament that all trade and commercial relations between the countries have been suspended. Until that act is revoked by Parliament the crown can not restore trade without transcending its authority. Parliament has declared all trade with America contraband; and will any man have the presumption, asked the speaker, to say that it is in the royal prerogative to render licit a trade declared by an act of Parliament contraband?

Having by a variety of most cogent arguments enforced his assertion that the crown has no authority to negotiate a peace with America, Mr. Fox takes up another line of argument. "If," says he, "it be admitted that the King on his sole authority has the *power* to make peace, it is very clear that the ministers have not the *will*." He maintains that they must go forward in this nefarious business, or resign their places, and lose the political influence which for so many years they have held in the country. He takes occasion, moreover, to pour out the vials of his wrath upon the Tory refugees who had fled from America to England, and were now busy in stirring up strife and keeping alive the excitement with which the country had so long been cursed. The whole speech of the great Commoner is marked with those characteristics which have made for him the

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reputation of having been one of the most remarkable speakers of his day on the floor of the House of Commons.

On the government side Mr. Fox is followed first by Sir Harry Houghton, who repudiates all idea of peace with America if a condition of that peace be a recognition of her independence. Lord Germaine then follows, and the record of the discussion tells us he "answered Mr. Fox with infinite ability." He re-affirms in the most unqualified terms the position so warmly maintained by his colleague in office, Lord North, that the power does inhere in the crown to make peace, and in support of his position quotes one of the Parliament's own acts, to wit, "That his Majesty might, by his royal authority, declare any province, town, or district returning to its allegiance to be within his peace and protection, and that from henceforth all restrictions, prohibitions, and penalties imposed thereon should cease." He declares it to be as certain as anything can be that England will never consent to peace which recognizes the independence of the United States. "And yet," says the noble lord, "Congress has already solemnly declared that nothing short of independence will satisfy them. If," continued he, "Parliament is resolved not to acknowledge this independence, will it not be useless to hold out terms short of this independence? Will it not be throwing the dignity of Parliament at the feet of the Congress, and sporting with its consequence, without any chance of peace?" After continuing for some time in this strain, the speaker takes occasion to allude to the attack which the gentleman in the opposition made on the refugees. He recites particularly the case of Mr. Galloway, who, he maintains, was a fair representative of many others who had fled from over the water to England. "The fact is," said Lord Germaine, "Mr. Galloway withstood taxation by a British Parliament because he thought it unconstitutional; but the moment that it was proposed in Congress to break all connection with the mother country, his regard for the constitution made him oppose the measure; and when he knew that his zeal for England had endangered his life, he then resorted to the British standard." Such was the "head and front" of the offense of Mr. Galloway and his refugee friends. The noble speaker closed with these words, so memorable and worthy of note in view of what transpired a few months later: "Ardently desirous as I am of peace with America, yet if it can not be obtained without an admission of her independency, I, for one, will forego the blessings of peace rather than give my vote for so degrading a concession."

Lord Germaine takes his seat. He has spoken earnestly, decidedly, and, no doubt, in view of what was believed at that moment to be taking place in America, with an air of triumph, which, if it wore somewhat the appearance of arrogance, might reasonably have been pardoned. Burke rises, and in one of his remarkable speeches, abounding in wit and sarcasm, some of which is not of the most refined and delicate character, he supports the motion of Colonel Hartley. After remarks from some other members, two gentlemen, Lord North and Hon. Mr. Courtney, rise together, and upon the question being about to be debated which of them is entitled to the floor, both waive their right to speak, and a division of the House is called for, with this result: ayes, 72; noes, 106. The ministry has a majority of 34.

Much of the strength of the government, as has already been intimated, was unquestionably due to the encouraging news which every few days was reaching England of the undoubted success of Lord Cornwallis in the southern campaign. With reference to what happened not quite five months from the day when the great debate of which we have spoken took place in the House of Commons, the London *Chronicle* of Tuesday, November 27, 1781, makes the following announcement, which, all things considered, must have been startling and overwhelming intelligence to the government and to the people of England:

"According to the most authentic accounts, on the 19th of October his lordship [Cornwallis] made a desperate and vigorous sally on the nearest part of the American army, where he carried all before him; but unfortunately a powerful re-enforcement arriving to the assistance of the Americans, the British troops were repulsed, and driven back to their lines with great loss. In this action the left wing of the British army suffered most considerably. Next day his lordship, encompassed with innumerable difficulties, and the enemy being in possession of every advantage, found himself under the unavoidable necessity of surrendering his whole army."

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THE MORNING GOSSAMER.

AMONG OUR FOOT-PRINTS.

TO one naturally possessed of a keen and searching vision, perpetually educated by that continual practice inspired by a love of nature-study,

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there is sure to be an emphasized significance, if not an added sentiment of hearty indorsement, in Thoreau's judgment of the "walkers" of his period, or at least of his acquaintance: "I have met with but one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art of walking, that is, of taking walks." It is, moreover, by no means a distinction without a difference that prompts the final modifying phrase, for, as a matter of fact, if the truth were known, I believe it would be found that the best "walkers" were, as a rule, the least accomplished in the art of "taking walks."

The estimate of Thoreau was certainly rather discouraging; and while I am convinced that had "the course of his life" been happily extended to the present day he would find a much more hopeful prospect, it is nevertheless true that there is still a perceptible lack of that deep and sincere appreciation of nature which is the great secret and the chief source of pleasure and profit in the "art of taking walks."

Not but that there are, at the present day, a large number of people who love nature, and are imbued with a certain enthusiasm in her presence; but how often is this enthusiasm identical with that of a child—of an infant, if you will—over some gayly colored toy?

It is, for instance, but a negative sort of rapture at best which is only to be awakened from its lethargy by the glare of a gaudy leaf or the sun-glitter of a glistening wing, as by the bauble or the trinket. The eye is not only abnormal that should ignore such glaring instances, such a retina is not merely unsympathetic and unresponsive, it is blind. Who could help seeing a brilliant, flaming copse of sumac; and who would not experience a sense of pleasure at having seen it? The fiery spike of cardinal-flower gleaming before us in the field kindles a sympathetic flame in the dullest vision. Our eyes are riveted upon it, not from any impulse of will or choice of their own, but because that loud tone has called out to them from afar; while at the same time perhaps our hands begin to tingle with the sting of some revengeful nettle, seeking recognition through another sense, too often the most keen.

These hints abound in nature. They are her forcible appeals to the apathy of every dormant sense. To many this nettle would be without a name were it not thus to inoculate itself in the memory; and yet, even in spite of its impetuous method, you will sometimes meet a person who has been stung a dozen times with a nettle and is even yet unable to know the rascal when he sees it.

I remember a certain short conversation, of which I was a party, last summer. My respondent was a dapper young man, who had but just returned, aglow and exultant, from a mountain climb at Conway. He had "done it in two hours," and he was consequently the "lion" of the occasion, on free exhibition to an admiring circle of hotel guests and friends. Anticipating the pleasure of the same trip myself, it was but natural to question him concerning its features of the picturesque.

"Is there a fine view on the further side of the mountain?" I asked.

"Oh yes."

"What are its especial features?"

"Well, I don't remember just what—er—er—mountains, and so forth."

"What sort of a path?" queried I further.

"Oh, nice and shady nearly all the way."

"Mostly hard-wood trees, I presume?"

"Yes—er—er—principally white birch, and—er—some spruce."

After each reply he would come to a dead pause, and gaze fondly at his pedometer. In point of fact, as I afterward discovered, the "white birch" growth consisted of a single tree near the summit, almost the only solitary birch in sight of the path, which was embowered for a mile with beautiful maples and great smooth beeches, besides numerous aspens, poplars, mountain ash, and spruces. The "birch-tree" in question was a huge gnarled veteran, in color as glaring as a white-washed sign-board, and in further simulation scarred with sculptured names and hieroglyphs, among which the newly engraved initials of our friend were conspicuous.

In all his tramp, it seemed, he had not seen a single flower, and, with the exception of the "beastly midgets," not an insect. He could remember some huckleberries and raspberries, while the only bird he was enabled to recall was "a bright scarlet fellow"—a tanager, of course, bright and fiery enough to have burned a hole in the memory of an imbecile. The whortleberries and raspberries had ap-

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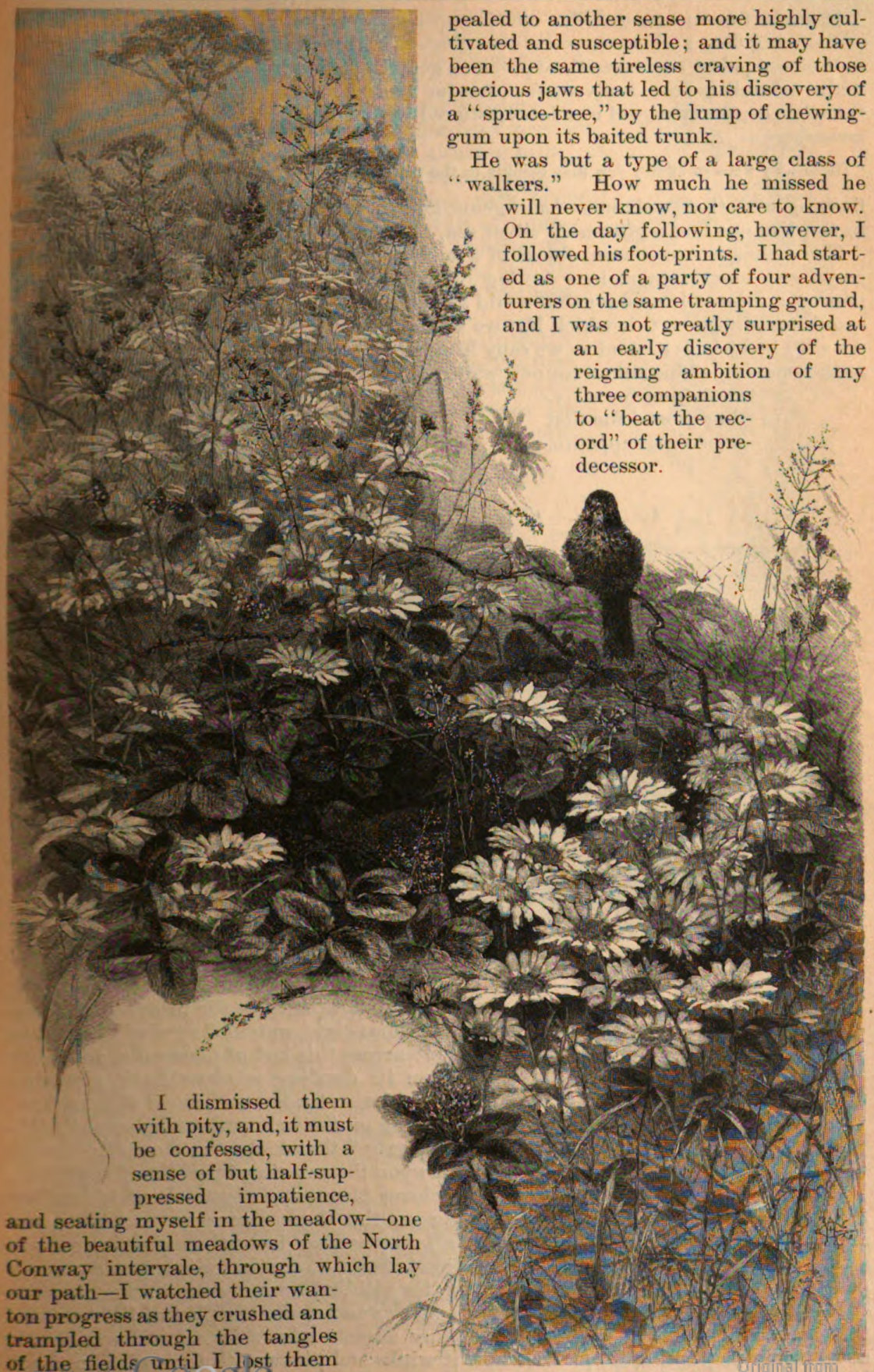

pealed to another sense more highly cultivated and susceptible; and it may have been the same tireless craving of those precious jaws that led to his discovery of a "spruce-tree," by the lump of chewing-gum upon its baited trunk.

He was but a type of a large class of "walkers." How much he missed he will never know, nor care to know. On the day following, however, I followed his foot-prints. I had started as one of a party of four adventurers on the same tramping ground, and I was not greatly surprised at an early discovery of the reigning ambition of my three companions to "beat the record" of their predecessor.

I dismissed them with pity, and, it must be confessed, with a sense of but half-suppressed impatience, and seating myself in the meadow—one of the beautiful meadows of the North Conway intervale, through which lay our path—I watched their wanton progress as they crushed and trampled through the tangles of the fields until I lost them among the distant trees.

THE SONG-SPARROW'S NEST.

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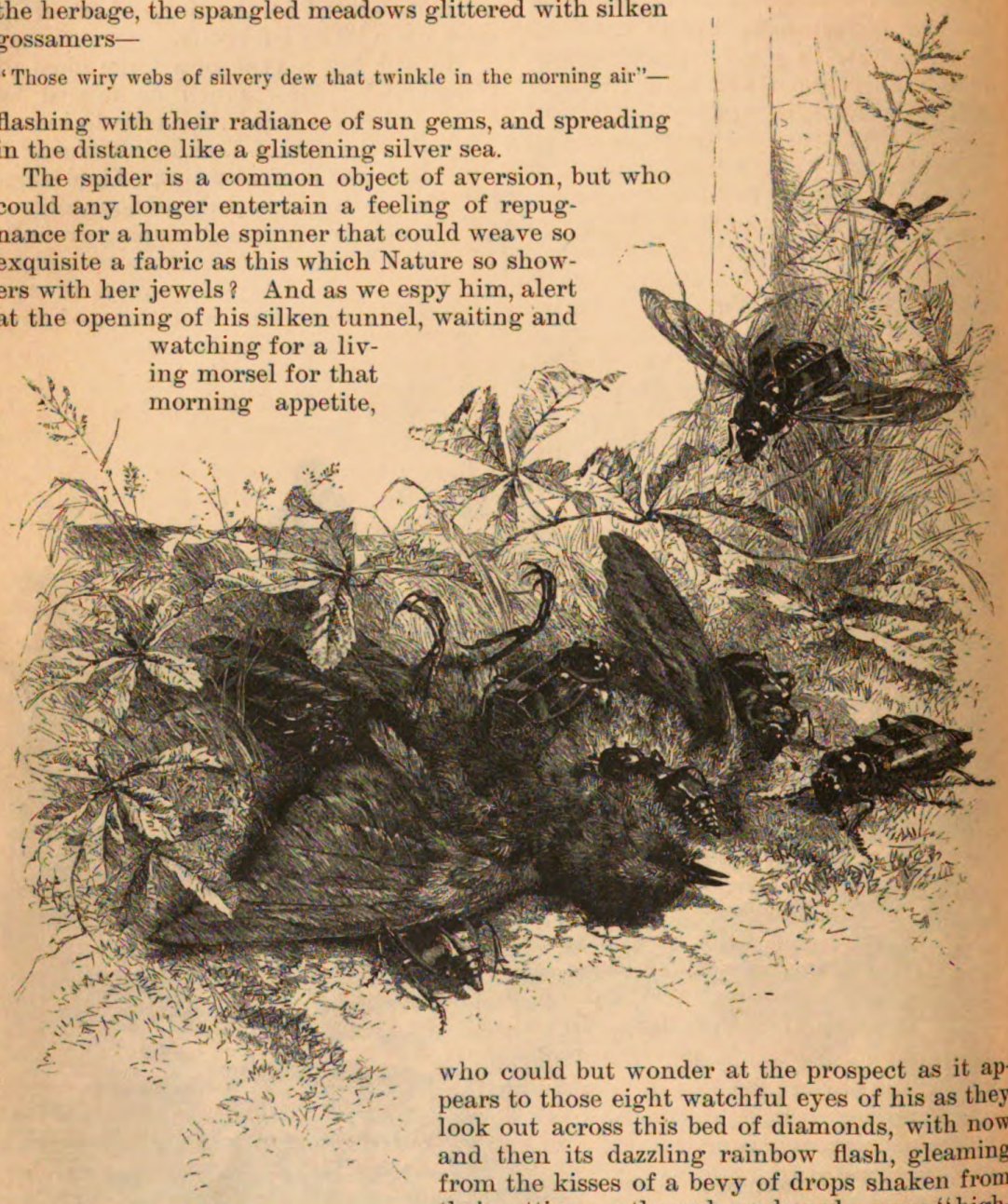
It was a fine morning. The meadow-grasses were yet glistening with their beads of morning dew, and the rowen clover clusters still held up carefully to view in their half-closed palms their wealth of precious gems gathered in the shadows of the night; while extending from my very feet, far, far away above the herbage, the spangled meadows glittered with silken gossamers—

"Those wiry webs of silvery dew that twinkle in the morning air"—

flashing with their radiance of sun gems, and spreading in the distance like a glistening silver sea.

The spider is a common object of aversion, but who could any longer entertain a feeling of repugnance for a humble spinner that could weave so exquisite a fabric as this which Nature so showers with her jewels? And as we espy him, alert at the opening of his silken tunnel, waiting and watching for a living morsel for that morning appetite,



A BURIAL.

who could but wonder at the prospect as it appears to those eight watchful eyes of his as they look out across this bed of diamonds, with now and then its dazzling rainbow flash, gleaming from the kisses of a bevy of drops shaken from their setting on the web, perhaps by some "high-elbowed grig," that kicks the clover leaves, or alights upon the swaying tip of timothy-grass.

And now a bee settles above upon the clover blossom, a crystal bead is tumbled from its nestling-place, and falls flashing on the sloping canopy. Another and another are overtaken in its course, and all go glancing down the quivering web in a tiny avalanche of sunbeams, and each sends forth its parting rainbow gleam as it penetrates the meshes and vanishes among the yielding leaves beneath.

It is a privilege to get down upon one's elbows and study the play of light among this spread of jewels. Now a faint filmy aureola glows in an iridescent halo about some palpitating drop. See how it winks and plays with the twinkling sunbeam, now tinging the air with a melting gleam like the hovering spirit of an eme-

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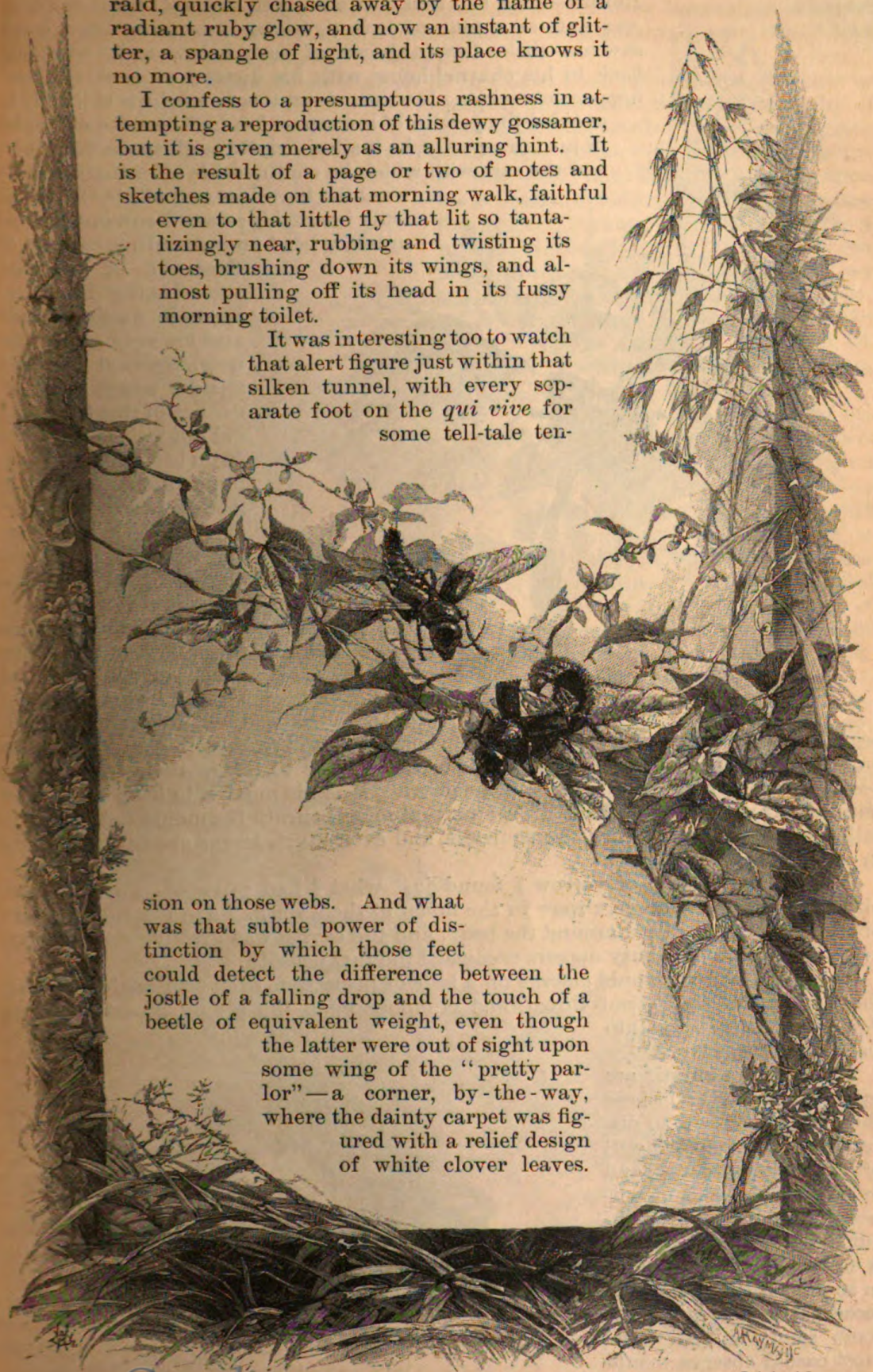
rald, quickly chased away by the flame of a radiant ruby glow, and now an instant of glitter, a spangle of light, and its place knows it no more.

I confess to a presumptuous rashness in attempting a reproduction of this dewy gossamer, but it is given merely as an alluring hint. It is the result of a page or two of notes and sketches made on that morning walk, faithful even to that little fly that lit so tantalizingly near, rubbing and twisting its toes, brushing down its wings, and almost pulling off its head in its fussy morning toilet.

It was interesting too to watch that alert figure just within that silken tunnel, with every separate foot on the *qui vive* for some tell-tale tension on those webs. And what was that subtle power of distinction by which those feet could detect the difference between the jostle of a falling drop and the touch of a beetle of equivalent weight, even though the latter were out of sight upon some wing of the "pretty parlor"—a corner, by-the-way, where the dainty carpet was figured with a relief design of white clover leaves.



ON THE SCENT.

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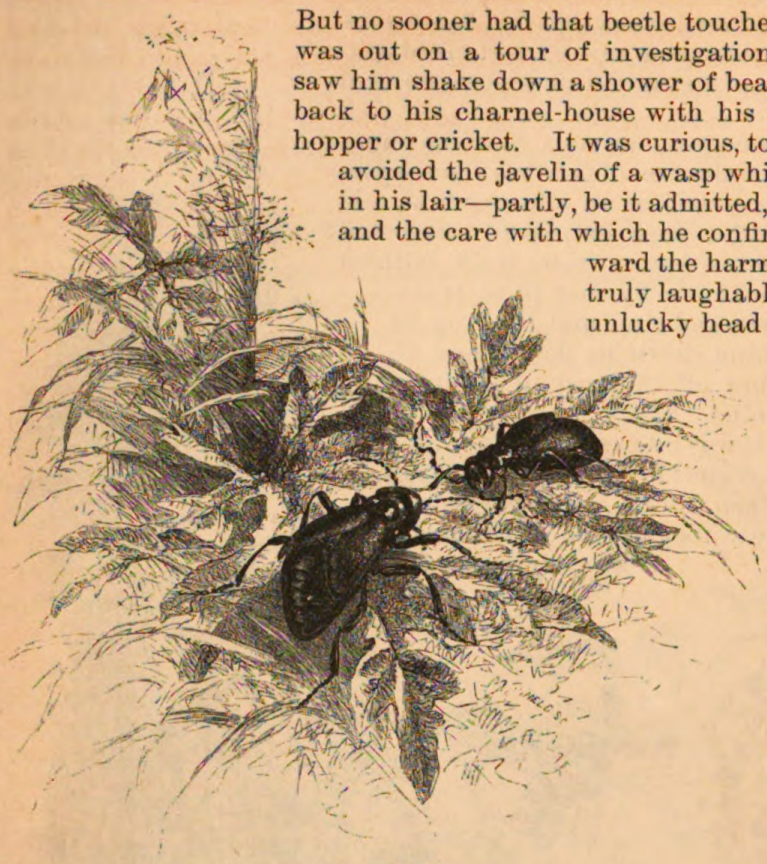


OIL-BEETLES.

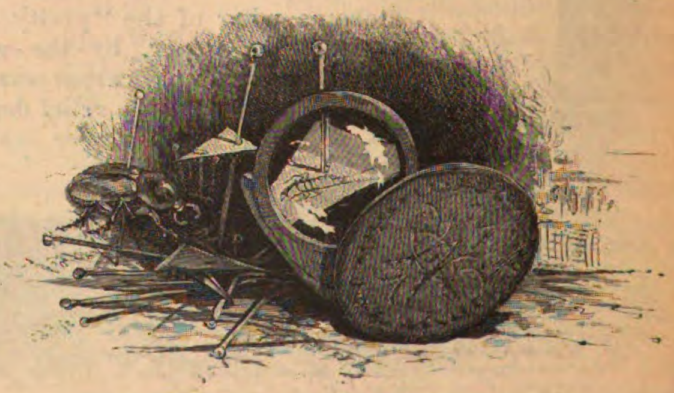
But no sooner had that beetle touched the web than our spider was out on a tour of investigation, and more than once I saw him shake down a shower of beads below, as he scampered back to his charnel-house with his quarry of luckless grasshopper or cricket. It was curious, too, to see how skillfully he avoided the javelin of a wasp which had become entangled in his lair—partly, be it admitted, through my connivance; and the care with which he confined his attentions well toward the harmless end of his victim was truly laughable; now throwing over his unlucky head an entangling cataract of floss silk, or now and then taking him unawares by a quick assault and an ugly nip in the neighborhood of that slender waist. The sequence of this tragedy I did not wait to see, for a large beetle came humming along over the grass, and almost tipped my ear with his buzzing wings, and finally alighted near a clump of yarrow close by.

How often do we hear the query, "What becomes of all the dead birds?" The secret of their mysterious disappearance was but just now half told by the buzz of those brown wings, and the other half is welcome to any one who will take the trouble to follow their lead. This beetle is one of man's incalculable benefactors. It is his mission to keep fresh and pure the air we breathe. He is the sexton that takes beneath the mould not only the fallen sparrow, but the mice, the squirrels, and even much larger creatures that die in our woods and fields.

Beneath that clump of yarrow I found just what I had expected—a small dead bird—and the grave-diggers were in the midst of their work. Already the rampart of fresh earth was raised around the body, and the cavity was growing deeper with every moment, as the busy diggers excavated the turf beneath.

Now and then one would emerge on a tour of inspection, even rummaging among the feathers of that silent throat, and climbing upon the plumy breast to press down the little body into the deepening grave.

These nature burials are by no means rare, and where the listless eye fails to discover them the nostril will often indicate the way, and to any one desirous of witnessing the operation, without the trouble of search, it is only necessary to place in some convenient spot of loose earth the carcass of some small animal. The most casual observer could not fail soon to be attracted



UNDER THE GLASS.

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by the orange-spotted beetles. Entomologists assert that these insects are attracted by the odor of decay; but from my own humble investigations I have never been able to fully reconcile myself to this theory.

If it were the question of odor alone in this dead bird, for instance, it would be difficult to explain the bee-line flight of these humming beetles, two of which came swiftly toward me even from the direction of the wind, and dropped quickly upon these feathers hidden from sight among the grass. Perhaps in such an instance we might imagine that they had been there before, and knew the way; that they had noted this clump of yarrow, maybe; but I have observed the fact before when there was every reason to believe that no such previous visit had been made.

I am always glad of the opportunity to watch the progress of these meadow burials. And had you accompanied me on that morning walk, you would have looked with interest at those little undertakers — seen that feathery body toss and heave with strange mockery of life as the busy sextons worked beneath it, digging with their spiked thighs, shovelling out the loose earth with their broad heads, and pulling down the body into the deepened cavity. You would have been startled too, perhaps, at that bee-like buzzing rover the

THE INSECT TIGER.

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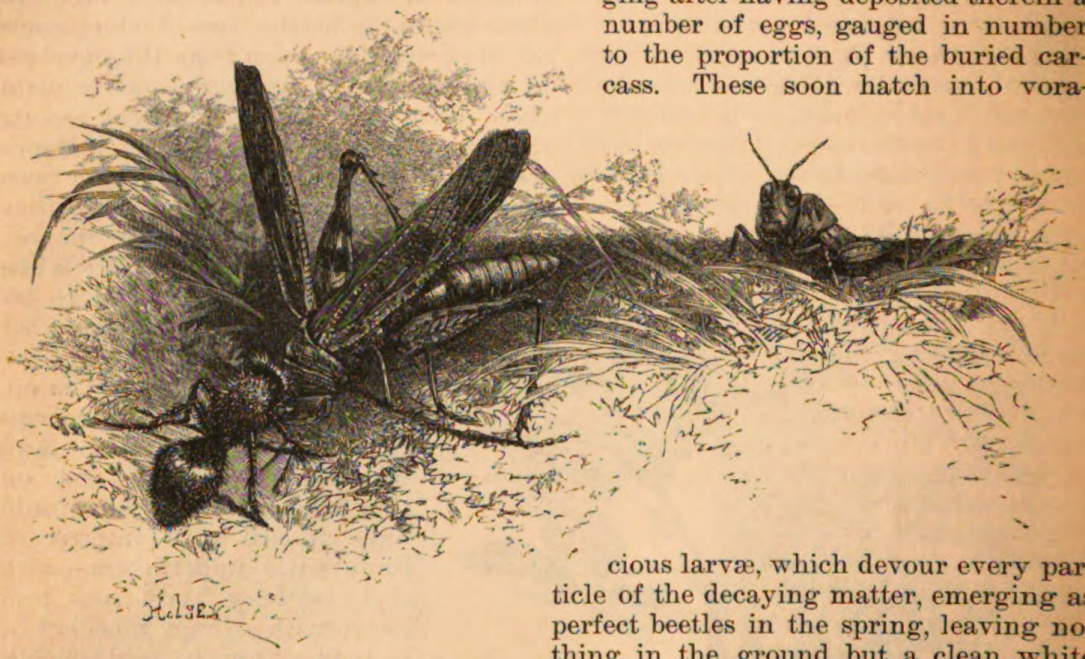
"devil's-coach-horse" that alighted near, with its lively wriggling tail in mid-air, and you would have smiled, as I did, to see the comical alacrity with which he



AN UNGAINLY VICTIM.

tilted forward the tip of that tail, and therewith tucked his filmy wings beneath their diminutive covers, sniffing the while for that same hidden prey among the grass.

The use of the tails of animals has been a subject of much conjecture among naturalists; but any one who will take the pains to watch the wriggling extremity of the staphylimus, as that insect alights from flight, will conclude that in this case at least it serves a distinct purpose and a most important function; for without its aid those extended wings could never regain their original shelter. You will have to look quickly too, for although requiring several distinct processes of folding, the act is performed so dexterously as almost to elude detection.

Both these insects feed on and deposit their eggs in carrion; and while the "devil's-coach-horse" is not known to assist in the digging of the grave, he is generally nosing around, I notice—perhaps to enliven the dismal proceeding by an air of frisky cheerfulness and comicality.

The process of burial is swift or slow, depending on the size of the dead body, the number of beetles, and the character of the soil. Ordinarily a small bird or mouse is sunk several inches in the ground and covered with earth during the space of twenty-four hours. The female beetle often conceals herself within the carcass, with which she is inhumed, finally emerging after having deposited therein a number of eggs, gauged in number to the proportion of the buried carcass. These soon hatch into voracious larvæ, which devour every particle of the decaying matter, emerging as perfect beetles in the spring, leaving nothing in the ground but a clean white skeleton, whose grave is soon marked in the meadow by a tuft of fresh green grass.

There is still another beetle which is commonly met with in our rambles. It is of all others "the poor beetle that we tread upon," for while many ground beetles are nimble of wing and limb, and easily escape before us, this floundering individual, known as the meloe, is not only wingless, but is as fat and helpless as a baby.

In their proper season it is rarely that I do not discern several of these wingless, helpless beetles during the course of my walks. And here among the buttercups and beaten grasses of these foot-prints I found a pair of them, one of which lay crushed by a careless step, while the other, with a sort of pathetic helplessness, moved about its dead mate, caressing it with its antennæ, and endeavoring by many tender efforts to coax it back to life. I picked up the uninjured specimen and dropped him into my insect bottle to carry home.

In color the meloe is of a deep indigo blue, rotund in form—indeed, facetiously suggesting a small bluing-bag. When touched, it exudes from every joint a yellowish liquid, from which habit it is commonly known as the "oil-beetle," and by which it will be readily recognized.

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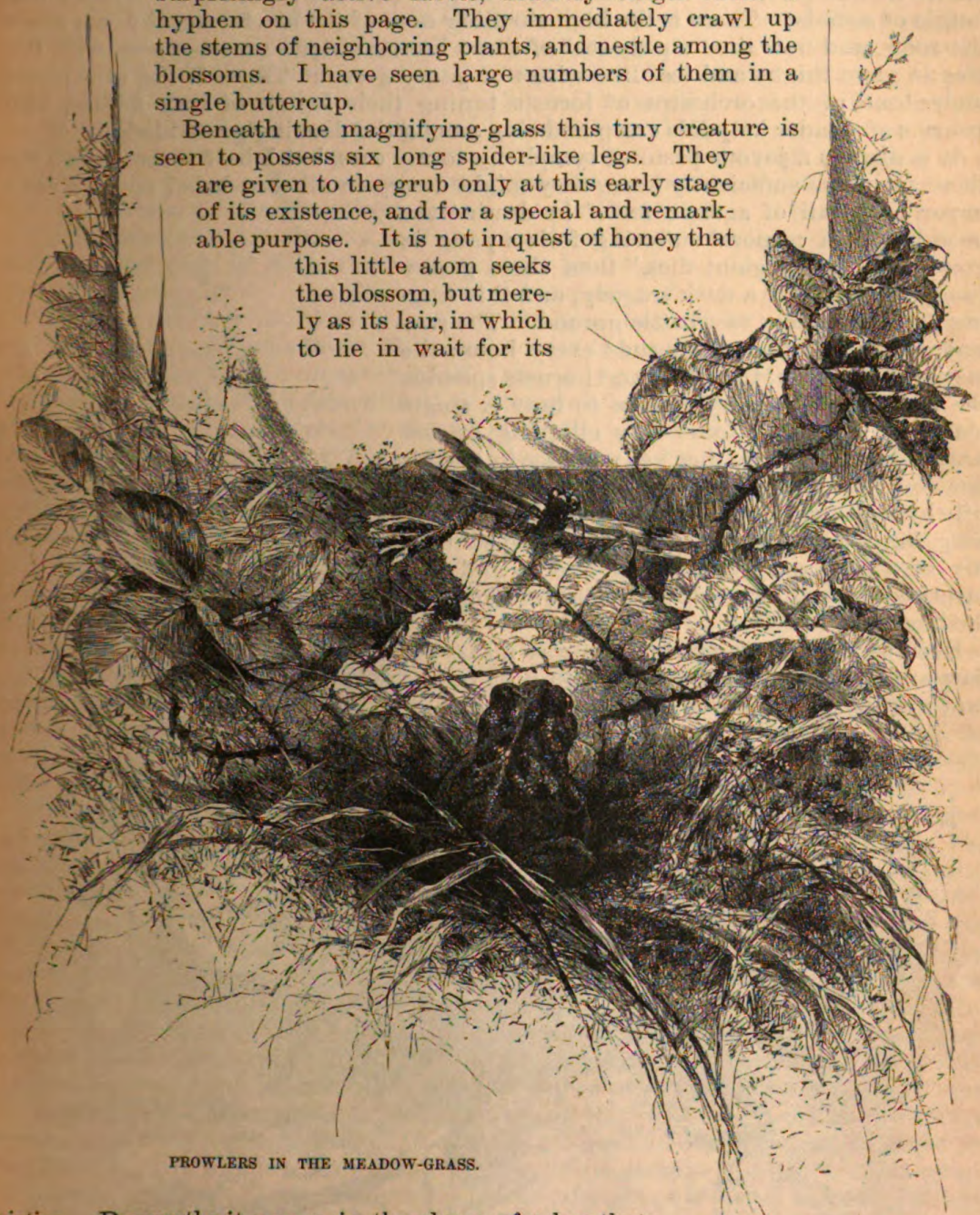
Clumsy and unattractive as this beetle is, it is nevertheless much more interesting than one would imagine, and when on my return home I took the insect out of the bottle, and was enabled to relate its curious life history, it was gratifying at least to hear one appreciative listener admit that "that bug's young uns were putty smart."

And he was not mistaken. Briefly told, the history of this common blue beetle is as follows: It feeds upon the leaves of buttercups, on the ground beneath which the female deposits her eggs, several hundred in number. These hatch into minute but surprisingly active larvæ, scarcely larger than a hyphen on this page. They immediately crawl up the stems of neighboring plants, and nestle among the blossoms. I have seen large numbers of them in a single buttercup.

Beneath the magnifying-glass this tiny creature is seen to possess six long spider-like legs. They are given to the grub only at this early stage of its existence, and for a special and remarkable purpose. It is not in quest of honey that this little atom seeks the blossom, but merely as its lair, in which to lie in wait for its



PROWLERS IN THE MEADOW-GRASS.

victim. Presently it comes, in the shape of a bee that alights upon the flower. In an instant the agile meloe jumps upon the body of the intruder, to which it clutches tightly with those six clasping legs. Thus clinging it is carried into the hive, and when the bee reaches its cell, the meloe releases its hold, and creeps into its new home, where it finds the plump white bee grub a ready breakfast. By the time the young bee is devoured, the meloe casts its skin, and assumes the form com-

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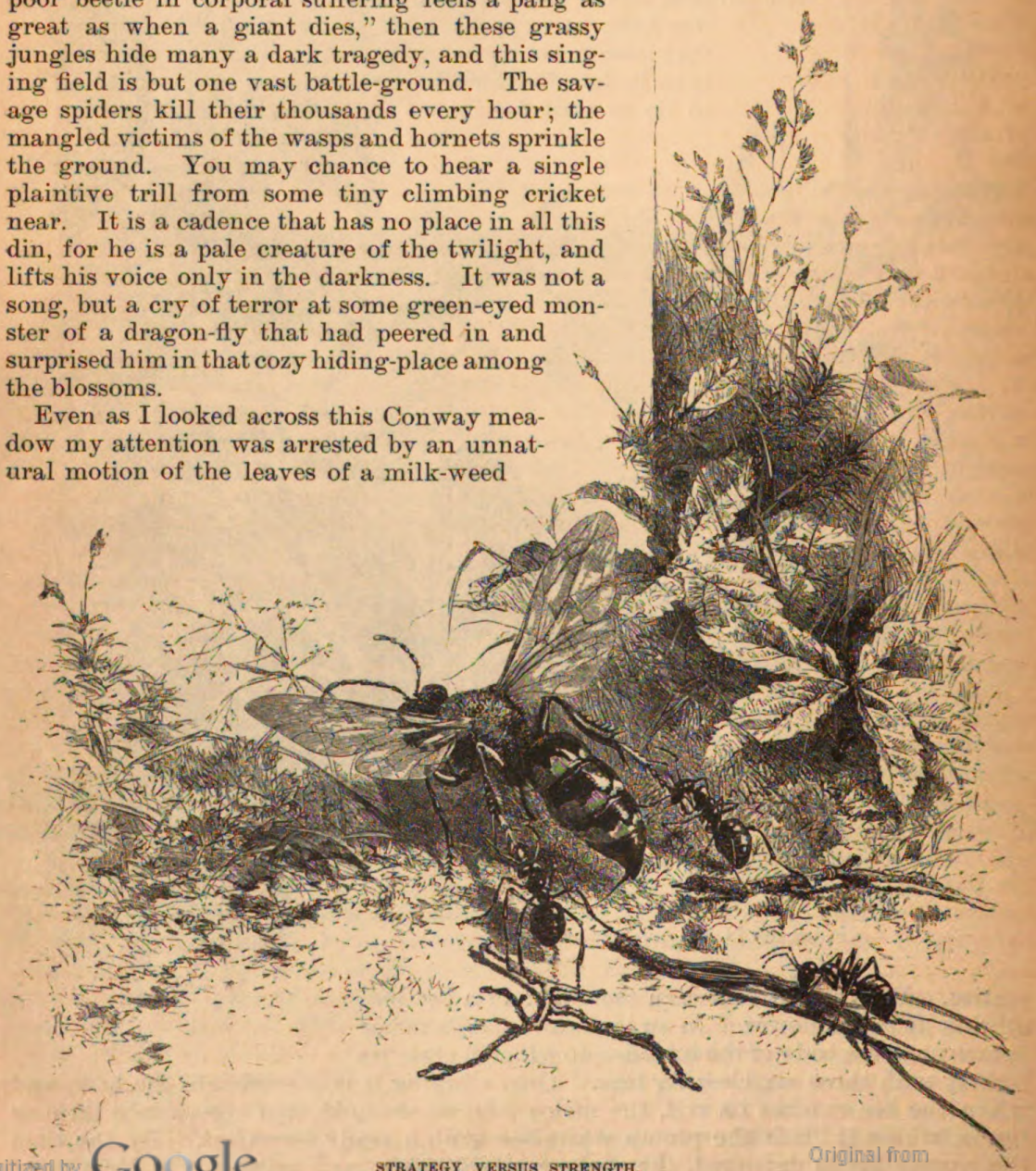
mon to the larvæ of many beetles, in which those long legs are no longer seen. Thenceforth the insect feeds upon the bee-bread stored by its duped foster-mother, until, when fully grown, it passes into the pupa stage, and soon appears again as that guileless innocent tumbling in our foot-path.

There has always been to me a strange fascination in that great wing chorus that goes up from those myriads of sounding timbrels among our grassy fields and sedgy marshes—that endless palpitating chord of teeming life which seems to set the very air in tremulous waves as it rises quivering above the grass-tips. What a dizzy tangle of sounds! There is the high shrilling note of the black cricket down among the roots, and now the "zip-zip-zee" of those brown striped grasshoppers, with their fragile glass thighs and leaf-like wings of gauzy green. There is the ever-present under-tone of the orchestra of locusts tuning their legion of tiny fiddles, while swarms of slender katydids creep and sing among the dancing grass blades.

It is always a joyous pastoral symphony to my ears, but I half suspect that, were those members sufficiently keen, they might descry in all that babel many a cry of terror and wail of agony; for if in death "the poor beetle in corporal suffering feels a pang as great as when a giant dies," then these grassy jungles hide many a dark tragedy, and this singing field is but one vast battle-ground. The savage spiders kill their thousands every hour; the mangled victims of the wasps and hornets sprinkle the ground. You may chance to hear a single plaintive trill from some tiny climbing cricket near. It is a cadence that has no place in all this din, for he is a pale creature of the twilight, and lifts his voice only in the darkness. It was not a song, but a cry of terror at some green-eyed monster of a dragon-fly that had peered in and surprised him in that cozy hiding-place among the blossoms.

Even as I looked across this Conway meadow my attention was arrested by an unnatural motion of the leaves of a milk-weed



STRATEGY VERSUS STRENGTH.

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near, and on closer scrutiny I saw a large black beetle creeping slyly up the stem, and out upon a leaf, where an *Archippus* caterpillar was feeding. In another instant the caterpillar was writhing on the ground with a mortal wound, while its murderer dropped pell-mell from leaf to leaf in eagerness to finish its deadly work. This was the fierce carnivorous beetle, the tiger of the insect world, a glossy black creature, with gilt spots like golden nails in his coat of armor.

I witnessed another long but unequal battle on that morning between a large Mutilla ant and an ungainly grasshopper. The conflict lasted fully five minutes, until the grasshopper felt the fangs of the Mutilla at the nape of his neck, when he readily succumbed.

With such savage murderers forever prowling among the shadows, with the nets of the spider spread on every hand, and hungry toads and snakes with their prying eyes seeking out every nook and cranny, it would seem that life among our singing meadows was anything but a round of pleasure. But the same warfare is broadcast in the breeze above as well. Not even the fluttering butterfly is safe, but is pounced upon in mid-air by the great sand-hornet, its wings torn off in mockery, and thus shorn of its glory, is lugged off to some dark hole in the ground; and the bee returning to its hive is waylaid on the wing, its body torn open, for the sake of that morsel of a honey-bag within.

This sand-hornet already alluded to is the greatest villain that flies on insect wings, and he is built for a professional murderer. He carries two keen cimeters besides a deadly poisoned poniard, and is armed throughout with an invulnerable coat of mail. He has things all his own way; he lives a life of tyranny and feeds on blood. There are few birds—none that I know of—that care to swallow such a red-hot morsel. It is said that not even the butcher-bird hankers after him. The toad will not touch him, seeming to know by instinct what sort of chain-lightning he contains. Among insects this hornet is the harpy eagle, and nearly all of them are at his mercy. Even the cicada, or drumming harvest-fly, an insect often larger and heavier than himself, is his very common victim. Considering these characteristics, it was of especial interest to witness such an incident as I have here pictured, where one of these huge tyrants was actually captured and overpowered by the strategy of three black ants.

I had left the meadow, and was ascending a spur of the mountain by the edge of a pine wood, when suddenly I espied the hornet in question almost at my feet. He immediately took to wing, and as he flew on ahead of me I observed a long pendent object dangling from his body. The incumbrance proved too great an obstacle for continuous flight, and he soon dropped again upon the path, a rod or so in advance of me. I overtook him, and on a close inspection discovered a plucky black ant clutching tightly with its teeth upon the hind-foot of its captive, while with its two hind-legs it clung desperately to a long cluster of pine needles which it carried as a dead-weight. No sooner did the hornet touch the ground than the ant began to tug and yell for help. There were certainly evidences to warrant such a belief, for a second ant immediately appeared upon the scene, emerging hurriedly from a neighboring thicket of pine-tree moss. He was too late, however, for the hornet again sought escape in flight. But this attempt was even more futile than the former, for that plucky little assailant had now laid hold of another impediment, and this time not only the long pine needles, but a small branched stick also, went swinging through the air. Only a yard or so was covered in this flight, and as the ant still yelled for re-enforcements, its companion again appeared, and rushed upon the common foe with such furious zeal that I felt like patting him on the back. The whole significance of the scene he had taken in at a glance, and in an instant he had taken a vise-like grip upon the other hind-leg. Now came the final tug of war. The hornet tried to rise, but this second passenger was too much for him, he could only buzz along the ground, dragging his load after him, while his new assailant clutched desperately at everything within its reach, now a dried leaf, now a tiny stone, and even overturning an acorn cup in its grasp. Finally, a small rough stick the size of a match was secured, and this proved the "last straw." In vain were the struggles of escape. The hornet could do no more than lift his body from the ground. He rolled and kicked and tumbled, but to no purpose, except to make it very lively for his captors; and the thrusts of that lively dagger were

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BIRD-NEST FUNGUS.

wasted on the desert air, for whether or not those ants knew its searching propensities, they certainly managed to keep clear of this busy extremity.

How long this pell-mell battle would have lasted I know not, for a third ant now appeared, and it was astonishing to see him; with every movement of the hornet, he in turn would lay hold of a third stick, and at the same time clutch upon those pine needles to add their impediment to the burden of his own body.

Practically the ants had won the victory, but what they intended to do with the floundering elephant in their hands seemed a problem. But it was to them only a question of patience. They had now pinned their victim securely, and held him to await assistance. It came. The entire neighborhood had been apprised of the battle, and in less than five minutes the ground swarmed with an army of re-enforcements. They came from all directions; they pitched upon that hornet with terrible ferocity, and his complete destruction was now only a question of moments. I experienced a sort of fiendish delight at such a fitting expiation for a life of rapine and murder. But while quite willing to leave him to his fate, there was a problem of engineering skill connected with his capture which I wished to solve, and I concluded to come to his rescue, and even spare his life if need be, in an interesting experiment. I therefore dislodged all the ants excepting the two original assailants. The overwhelming attack upon the hornet had made him furious, but these pugnacious little fellows were even yet more than his match, and still held him as before. No sooner, however, did I remove these extra weights of ants, sticks, and pine needles than the insect took wing, and was soon out of sight. But he still carried his doom in his flight, and my conviction is firm that those two ants were even yet his executioners.

If there is any one class of natural objects which is more than any other especially ignored by nearly all "walkers" and nature students generally, it is the wonderful tribe of cryptogamous plants known as fungi—the great family of toadstools, mushrooms, moulds, and mildews—forms of vegetation which present some of the most inexplicable and mysterious phenomena to be found in the whole vegetable kingdom.

A gentleman well known to scientists as an authority on the subject of American fungi, and whom I count it an honor to call my friend, recently almost took my breath away as he told me, in addition to several other friends eagerly assembled about his microscope, that the myriads of beautiful spores which we observed in that bright field of his objective did not actually cover a space much larger than the

FAIRY PARASOLS.

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diameter of a needle. "And yet," continued he, "each individual of them is capable, under favorable conditions, of reproducing a cluster of these puff-balls which I hold in my hand. It is a lucky thing for us that it is so fastidious that it will only vegetate upon dead wood, for otherwise there are enough of those spores contained in this one plant, were each to germinate and mature, to crowd the whole surface of the United States, and this cluster could easily cover the entire globe." Whether considered as figurative or not, the reproductive possibilities of these plants are something almost beyond computation. There is further light thrown upon this subject by Fries, the eminent fungologist, who says of a plant closely allied to the above specimen: "The sporules are infinite, for in a single individual of *Reticularia maxima* I have reckoned 10,000,000, so subtile as to resemble thin smoke, as light as if raised by evaporation, and dispersed in so many ways that it is diffi-

DICENTRA.

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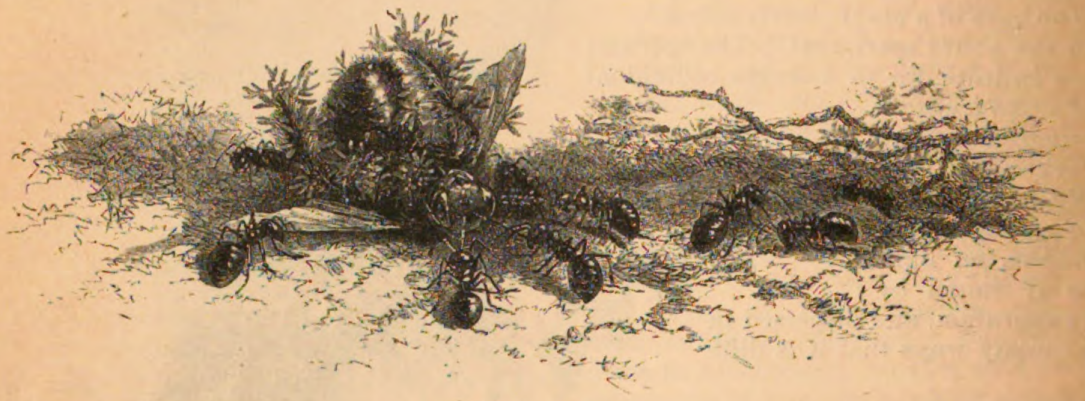
cult to conceive the spots from which they could be excluded."

When it is known that a single one of these plants will cover an area of seven square inches, and, moreover, that a single spore will often reproduce a whole cluster of the same, it becomes a simple matter to compute the enormous resultant area. It is a genuine treat to walk the woods and fields with a companion versed in the science of fungology. A new page of nature's wondrous history is turned with every step, and an infinity seems to open up from every heap of rubbish and every unsightly clod. The damp woods are especially rich in forms of fungous growth. They offer a limitless museum of their strange and beautiful curiosities of vegetable life. Here are tiny bird-nests filled with eggs clustering upon a lump of leaf mould, or crowding upon this dried stick that snaps beneath your heel. Fragile fairy parasols lift their slender forms above the dried leaf. You have crushed hundreds of them in your path. Sometimes as many as twenty will be seen growing upon a single leaf, long since too far gone to need their shelter. Perhaps you will chance upon a beautiful drooping hydnum, with its crowded creamy fringe hanging from the prostrate beech trunk; but you would not leave this tender growth to decay in the woods if you knew it for the dainty morsel it actually is. The whole tribe of mushrooms yields few such delicacies. The little barometer the "earth-star" will send forth its cloud of dust as you pass, or, if the day should happen to be warm and dry, will clasp its pointed fingers protectingly about its little puff-ball. Near by a heavy stone is lifting up among the matted carpet of pine needles, while from beneath its edge a great red-faced mushroom protrudes its head to tell of its struggle through the mould.

As you sit upon the mossy log a bright orange bit of color at your side arrests your attention. It proves to be a small toadstool, and as you pull it from its bed you lift upon its root—a lump of leaf mould? No; a large brown chrysalis,



A VICTIM OF GREED.

through whose shell those fibrous roots have penetrated, drawing their sustenance from the imprisoned moth still seen within. Neither is this a chance freak of nature, but rather an illustration of one of the eccentricities of this class of plants. This is a distinct variety of fungus, whose spores will germinate only upon a chrysalis or caterpillar, and it is even believed, moreover, that it is confined to a single species of insect.

These are not rare or isolated instances, but such as any one may discover who would reap "the harvest of a quiet eye."

I have selected these at random from my own experience, and they are only a few of many which I have memorized by careful colored drawings from the original specimens.

I might almost say that every species of plant has a fungus peculiarly its own. The lilac, alder, ash, etc., are known to be thus affected. Here is an old dried chestnut burr picked up at a venture. Search it a moment, and you will find its spines covered with small white mushrooms. And they are known to the dead chestnut burr alone, and will never grow on any other substance.

There is often an almost inexhaustible field for botanic investigation even on a single fallen tree. My scientific friend

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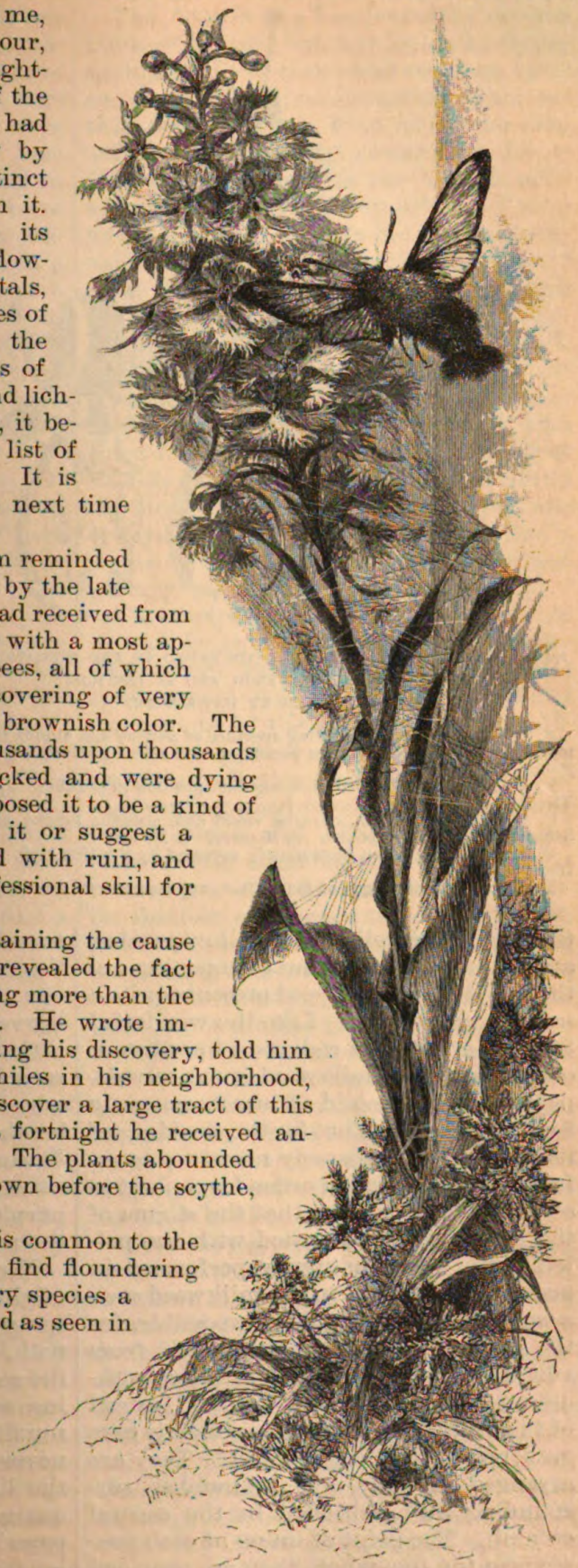
already alluded to recently informed me, on his return from an exploring tour, that he had spent two days most delightfully and profitably in the study of the yield of a single dead tree, and he had surprised himself by a discovery by actual count of over a hundred distinct species of plants congregated upon it. Plumy dicentra clustered along its length, graceful sprays of the frost-flower, with its little spire of snow crystals, rose up here and there, scarlet berries of the Indian turnip glowed among the leaves, and with the crowding beds of lycopodiums and mosses, its ferns and lichens and host of fungous growths, it became an easy matter to extend the list of species into the second hundred. It is something worth remembering the next time we go into the woods.

While on the subject of fungi I am reminded of a singular incident related to me by the late Professor Wood, the botanist. He had received from a bee-keeper in California, together with a most appealing letter, a small box of dead bees, all of which were heavily laden with a thick covering of very small paddle-shaped substances of a brownish color. The accompanying letter stated that thousands upon thousands of the writer's bees had been attacked and were dying from this strange disease. He supposed it to be a kind of fungus, but nobody could explain it or suggest a cure. His business was threatened with ruin, and in his extremity he appealed to professional skill for a remedy.

Mr. Wood was not long in ascertaining the cause of the trouble. A small magnifier revealed the fact that the so-called fungus was nothing more than the sticky pollen of a certain milkweed. He wrote immediately to his correspondent stating his discovery, told him to search the country for several miles in his neighborhood, and he would somewhere surely discover a large tract of this mischievous asclepias. In about a fortnight he received another letter, confirming his theory. The plants abounded in the locality, and had been cut down before the scythe, after which the trouble had ceased.

This peculiarity of the milkweed is common to the genus, and it is not a rare thing to find floundering among the blossoms of our ordinary species a honey-bee or bumble-bee encumbered as seen in the illustration on the preceding page, "A Victim of Greed," which in its embarrassed condition has become an easy prey to a swarm of ants. This figure was drawn from a specimen now in my possession. The insect was one of several recently found upon a plant of our common asclepias.

The pollen of most plants is in



THE ORCHID AND ITS FRIEND.

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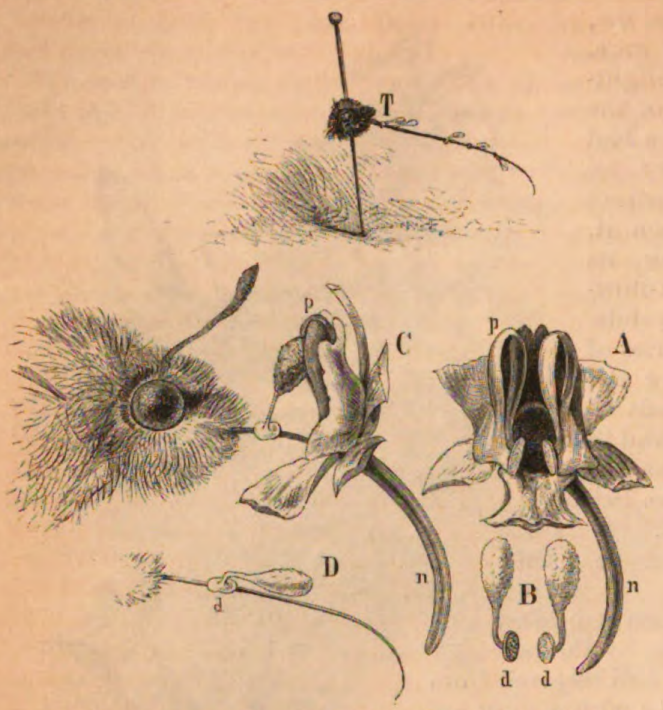

MAGNIFIED VIEWS OF THE PARTS CONCERNED IN THE OPERATION OF EXTRACTING NECTARY FROM AND IN FERTILIZING ORCHID FLOWER BY HAWK-MOTH.

A. Opening of flower, showing aperture of nectary and stigma immediately above, with a pollen pouch on each side. n. Nectary. p. Pouch.

B. Pollen masses removed, showing their position in pouches. d,d. Viscid disks.

C. Head of hawk-moth, showing viscid disk clasping tongue, and being withdrawn from pouch. n. Nectary. p. Pouch.

D. Horizontal position immediately assumed by the tiny club. d. Disk.

T. Appearance of tongue of moth after exploring several flowers.

the form of the well-known yellow powder, and is dusted freely from the opening anthers. But the milkweed presents quite a novel arrangement. Like the wonderful tribe of orchids, as well as a long list of other plants, the milkweed is entirely dependent upon the aid of insects not only for its fertilization, but for the shedding of its pollen. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the fact that in order for a plant to set seed it is necessary that the stigma of the flower shall be dusted with the pollen. We see it naturally performed in many blossoms, but in the milkweed such a spontaneous process is impossible, for the pollen is concealed in a pouch, from which it never would escape unless withdrawn by some external force. Instead of the ordinary powder, the pollen is here gathered into oblong clusters. They are arranged in pairs, five in number, surrounding and imbedded in the central column. The point of union of each couple is at the top, where they are provided with two glutinous disks, which there lie in wait for their deliverer. No sooner does the foot, or leg, or body, or even a hair, of this bee we are watching come in contact with these little disks than they clasp upon it, and are pulled from their hiding-places. They thus accumulate, and are dragged about by the insect, and carried from flower to flower, each of which becomes cross-fertilized by thus having their stigmas at the upper part of the blossoms brought into contact with the pollen. We may thank the bees and hornets for those silky pods that glisten on our September road-sides.

The great tribe of orchids, among the most beautiful plants on the face of the earth, were only quite recently revealed to us in all their true significance. Their endless forms and colors have afforded sufficient stimulus to most botanists, but any one who will go through an orchid conservatory in company with Darwin will acquire a vastly increased interest in these flowers, of which their strange shapes are but an alluring hint.

It is not necessary, however, to seek the aid of the florist in order to study the mystery of the orchid. We can go into our woods and fields and find abundant harvest for investigation. There is the little spiranthes, or ladies'-tresses, to be seen in almost any summer ramble. All who love the hemlock woods will remember the common cypripedium, or moccasin flower, also called lady's-slipper; and the sweet-scented arethusa, with its lovely purple blossom, will be associated with the memory of many a marshy meadow.

Were you to retrace your steps, you might still reclaim a delicate wilting spray which lies broken in your foot-path, where it bloomed unheeded among the sedges. If you had known its charming secret, or had seen its murmuring nursling kissing its every flower, you never could have trodden upon it. It is the little fringed orchid, *O. psycodes*, of our moist meadows. The illustration on page 79 will recall it, if the imagination lend its aid in imparting to its fringed petals a tint of delicate lavender purple.

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The life history of this flower, as it has been revealed to me through recent observations of my own, is of such absorbing interest that I am tempted into a narrative of my investigations. They were the outcome of an intent perusal of Darwin's wonderful discoveries chronicled in his *Fertilization of Orchids*. This book led me with feverish impulse into the conservatory and field, and has resulted in a large number of drawings, among which are those relating to the little orchid in question. Like many flowers, this one is constructed on a principle of reciprocation. The insects serve the plant, and it yields them food in return. Let us examine the structure of this little orchid. It will be readily understood by reference to the diagrams on page 80. In this instance the bait consists of the usual sweet secretion, here deposited at the end of a curved tubular nectary nearly an inch in length. The opening to this nectary is seen directly in the heart of the flower. But observe how that entrance is guarded, defended with two clubs, if I may so speak, the pollen masses bearing some such resemblance. These are hidden in two pockets, one on each side of the opening. The lower extremity of each is provided with a flat sticky disk turned inward. This is all very simple. The trap is set. Now let us see how it works. A small brown hawk-moth hovers near, he poises like a humming-bird in front of the blossom, uncoils his slender tongue, and thrusts it into the opening of the nectary. So transparent is this tiny tube that you can readily see not only the tongue within, but the gradual absorption of the nectar. As the moth thus sips he brings his tongue in contact with one or both of the sticky disks. They clasp it firmly, and as the member is withdrawn they are pulled out of their pockets, and stand erect upon the insect's tongue. This alone is surprising, but what follows is stranger still. In a very few seconds the little club begins to sink forward, gradually lowering, until it has brought itself nearly level with the tongue. Wilted, you will imagine. Not so; it is still firm in its new position. And what will be your surprise if you watch closely as the humming rover sips from the next flower, on seeing the tips of that club so tilted strike directly against the stigma, or fertilizing surface, just above the opening of the nectary? The flower is thus fertilized, and will mature its seeds.

The flowers are frequented by several kinds of insects, but this little day-flying sphinx is one of their most common visitors, and the very conformation of the orchid would indicate, from its slender tube and the distance of the nectar from the orifice, an adaptation to the long slender tongues of moths and butterflies. I have never happened to see a bee upon this orchid, and I doubt whether the insect could reach the nectar, unless perhaps through the external puncture of some bumble-bee, which insect has a well-known trick of cutting matters short, and saving itself trouble, by biting through the honey tube from the outside. Only a few days since I watched a bumble-bee in a bed of toad-flax thus cheating nature and rifling the blossoms, and in a whole bouquet afterward gathered it was difficult to find a single flower, or even mature bud, whose nectary was not punctured near its tip.

These experiments with the orchid may be tried by any one. The drawings herewith given were made from an actual specimen of the insect, which suffered martyrdom in the cause. You may observe the appearance of its tongue after searching a few nectaries. While making the drawing, a common house-fly lit among the blossoms, and although it appeared to know the neighborhood of the bait, it seemed powerless to reach it. With a little forcible encouragement on my part, however, the insect succeeded in getting one of its eyes decorated with a pollen club.

It was interesting, also, to notice the sagacity of a diminutive spider that knew the attraction of those honey tubes, and had spread its web among the blossoms. Its meshes were sprinkled with minute insects, among which I discovered one rash atom with a club-shaped appendage as large as its body, firmly attached to the top of its head.

There are several other of our native orchids commonly met with equally if not more interesting, and in each variety there will be found some new and wonderful adaptation, some surprising mechanism, for the removal and utility of its pollen. In arethusa it is a little lid that lifts as the bee leaves the flower, and lets fall the pollen on the intruder's back. The cypripedium of our woods is a veritable trap, with but one exit, in escape from which the insect gets a dab of pollen on its head; and I might continue the list indefinitely.

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These are our own native species, but in the pages of Darwin there are described many exotic varieties of most intricate and amazing mechanism, by which nature, while thus preventing the self-fertilization of the flower, equally insures its cross-fertilization, and affords unanswerable arguments in favor of the pet theories of this great philosopher.

There are similar mysteries concealed within the hearts of many of our most common wild flowers, and it is one of the most inspiring fascinations of Nature-study that while she always rewards her devotees with a full measure of her confidence, she still allures them on with an infinite and inexhaustible reserve. You may discover some unknown flower, dissect and analyze its parts, and find its place among the genera and species of vegetation, but there are strange testimonies beneath its conformation that are still unheeded, even as in these curious orchids, known and classified long ere Darwin sought the secret of their wondrous forms.

We can not all be scientists or explorers, but we can at least learn to lend an answering welcome to those little faces that smile at us from among the grass and withered leaves, that crowd humbly about our feet, and are too often idly crushed beneath our heel. The darkest pathless forest is relieved of its gloom to him who can nod a greeting with every footstep; who knows the pale dicentra that nods to him in return; who can call by name the peeping lizard among the moss, the pale white pipe among the matted leaves, or even the covering mould among the damp débris.

And to him who knows the arcana beneath a stone; who has learned with reverence how the clover goes to sleep, how the fire-weed sheds its silken floss, or how the spider casts its web from tree to tree; who has seen the brilliant cassida, the palpitating gem upon the leaf, change from burnished gold to iridescent pearl, or has watched the wondrous resurrection of the imago bursting from its living tomb—to such a one there is in all the length and breadth of nature no such thing as exile, no such thought as loneliness, and it were the voice of an unknown sentiment which should declare that

> "A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

For there was a something deeper, something sweeter, that unfolded with those dewy petals, something from that heart laid bare that breathed its perfumed whisper in the gloaming, and found its answer in that throb of sympathy, a love which might still further feel, and feeling, whisper in return:

> "The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
> Because my feet find measure with its call;
> The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
> For I am known to them, both great and small;
> The flower that on the lonely hill-side grows
> Expects me there when spring its bloom has given;
> And many a tree and bush my wandering knows,
> And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven."

THE LINNET'S ECHO SONG.

The Platz without is white with snow,
And, glistening white, this porcelain stove
Sheds on yon oriel's fairy grove
Of flowers and ferns a summer glow;

And here, though Saxon winter whirl
Round hoary lindens flakes of storm,
The legendary sylphids swarm,
And charm us back to boy and girl.

So, child-like, hand in hand we list
To a caged linnet carolling.
In pauses, hark! what echoes ring?
Or is he a ventriloquist?

For oft, in hush of throbbing throat,
We hear, or fancy that we hear,
From mellow distance, low yet clear,
A sympathetic softer note.

And hath the lonely bird beguiled
His own heart, thus to imitate
The voice of an imagined mate,
Consenting from the greenwood wild?

Ah, hand in hand and heart to heart,
Mine own! there have been weary times,
When I, in visionary rhymes,
Have played the linnet's mimic part;

Caged not in bower, but barren ship,
Have feigned fond courtship and replies
In some all-perfumed paradise—
Yea, even the kiss from answering lip;

And to dream-rhythm the lofty sails
High-bosomed sister-goddesses
Became, and paced the purple seas
To stars more lustrous, blander gales.

Illusions, love, the mightier truth
Hath dwarfed. Yet in our Dresden home—
The snow-flake flying like the foam,
But in our souls ambrosial youth—

In sweet for sweet of thought and tongue,
In bliss the bird but feigns to win,
One touch of far-off tears makes kin
The pathos of the linnet's song.

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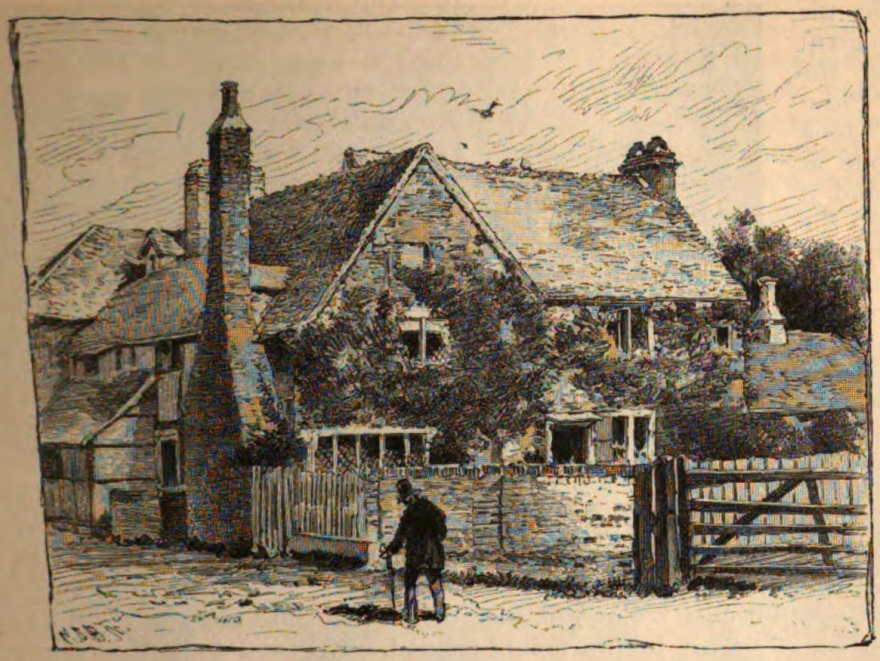

MILTON'S HOUSE AT CHALFONT ST. GILES.

THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN.

"Around the sacred scene
Waves the tall tree; her buds of emerald green
Sports the gay cistus; o'er the hallowed bier
Blushes the rose-bud; to the opening year
Springs the young lark, the leafy bowers among,
Spreads her light wings, and pours her matin song."

OF all places of pilgrimage in the "old home" dear to Americans none should be held in more reverent esteem than the little meeting-house and graveyard wherein lie the mortal remains of the founder of Pennsylvania. At one time the grave of the great colonizer and philanthropist bade fair to be forgotten; but there is no fear of it becoming so now, since the near approach of the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Pennsylvania has put it in the minds of some to honor the occasion by the transference of William Penn's ashes to the land that bears his name, and to the welfare of which he gave so many years of his life. One can understand the sentiment which prompted the desire for the removal, at the same time that one feels that any molestation of the remains that have rested so quietly in the little graveyard of Jordans for over a century and a half would be a desecration. All probably will see the matter in that light when they come to see how thoroughly in keeping with his life and his contemplation of life is his last earthly home.

Jordans is situated near the southern extremity of Buckinghamshire, a county that may be said to be the very heart of England, so deeply at all times has it throbbed with the best of English blood. The names of Hampden and Milton, to mention no others, are imperishably connected therewith. As we journey from Rickmansworth, a quaint little town just over the Hertfordshire border, to Jordans, we are strongly reminded of the great Puritan poet, not only by his house at Chalfont, but by the scenery, which is that of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." The two idyls breathe the free air of this charming rural district, which, comparatively speaking, has hardly changed since Milton's time. Chalfont St. Giles is several miles from the nearest railway station and remote from any high-road, is reached by narrow winding ways through a richly wooded and undulating country. Jordans can be reached a little more conveniently from the neighboring village of Chalfont St. Peter, but it is pleasant to take the other route, as Milton's house is then passed toward the upper end of the one long street that constitutes the village. It is a quaint little cottage, and presents much the same appearance now that it did when occupied by the poet, the only alteration being the removal of a pleasant porch, in which Milton was wont to receive his friends.

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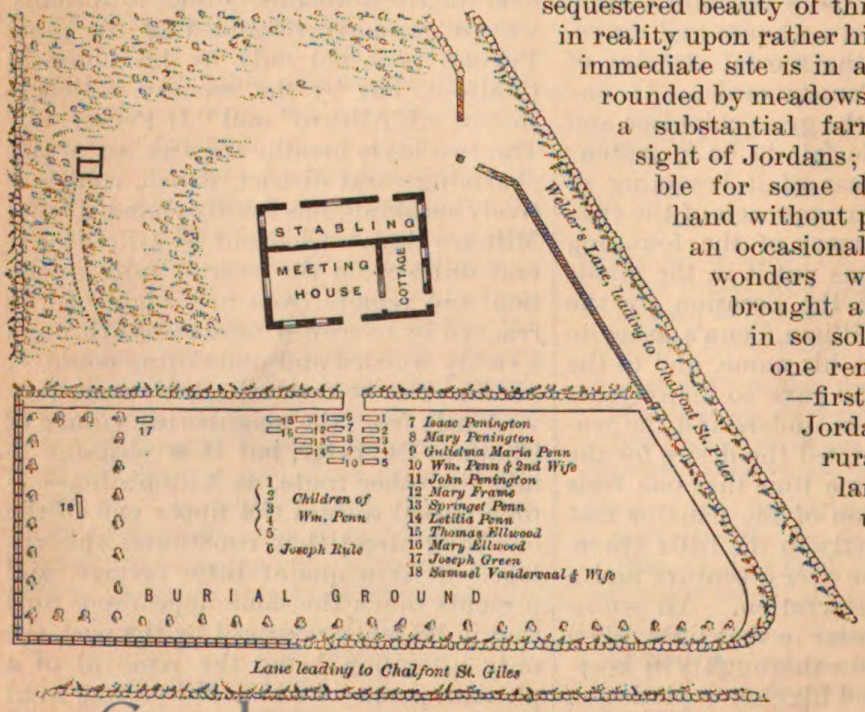
JORDANS MEETING-HOUSE.

It was at the time of the great plague that the poet of "Paradise Lost" took up his abode at Chalfont, and it was through the instrumentality of a common friend of his and William Penn's that this retreat was selected. Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker, had made Milton's acquaintance in London some years before, when hunted out of house and home by the Bucks justices, and read Latin to him in his lodging in Jewin Street. When the plague grew fierce in the city, the blind poet bethought him of his one-time secretary, and asked him to find him some retreat in his neighborhood. Ellwood took this "pretty box" for him; and it was here that he suggested to him the idea of "Paradise Regained." Milton had handed him the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" to pass his judgment on. "I pleasantly said to him," Ellwood relates in his *Life*, "'Thou hast said much here of Paradise lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in muse; then broke off that discourse and fell upon another subject. After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, he returned thither; and when afterward I went to wait on him there, he showed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained,' and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'"

A pleasant walk of about two miles from Chalfont St. Giles brings us to Jordans meeting-house. It is difficult to imagine the sequestered beauty of this spot. It stands in reality upon rather high ground, but its immediate site is in a wooded dell surrounded by meadows. Only one house, a substantial farmstead, is within sight of Jordans; and one may ramble for some distance on either hand without passing more than an occasional habitation. One wonders what could have brought a place of worship in so solitary a spot, until one remembers two facts —first, that at the time Jordans was erected the rural districts of England were more populous than at present; and secondly, that the church rates had not yet succeeded in driving the majority of Friends to



PLAN OF MEETING-HOUSE AND BURIAL-GROUND.

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the towns. Moreover, in those days, to the earnestly religious, a tramp of a few miles to a place of worship was as nothing compared with greater security from interruption by the "officers of peace and justice," which was not of infrequent occurrence.

Jordans meeting-house itself is a plain brick building, with tiled roof and lattice windows. There is a cottage attached

WILLIAM PENN'S GRAVE.

containing three rooms—a ground-floor and two chambers. The principal chamber was evidently used in former days as a gallery at times of overcrowded meetings, as it communicates with the meeting-room by means of shutters, and there the women Friends now hold their meetings for business. Behind, but under the same roof, is capacious stabling, capable of accommodating from eighteen to twenty horses. This part of the premises is very essential, as when it happens that a meeting takes place here, which rarely occurs more than once or twice a year, Friends come long distances out of the neighboring counties to attend, and the nearest railway station is nine miles away.

In front of the meeting-house, and divided from it by a low fence and wicket, is the "dead garth," an oblong piece of ground, bounded on two sides by the lanes leading to Chalfont St. Giles and Chalfont St. Peter respectively, as indicated by the plan. Meeting-house and burial-ground are embosomed amid magnificent limes and beeches, which, when the writer paid his last visit to the spot, were in their richest summer foliage, and vocal with the songs of birds. On entering by the little wicket into the grave-yard, the eye at once lights upon two sets of graves, one on the right hand and the other on the left. The group on the right consists of eleven graves, arranged in three rows, there being five in the first row, four in the second, and two in the third. The group on the left, with one head-stone, consists of five graves, occupied by five children of William Penn.

The grave farthest from the wicket in the first row of graves on the right is that of Penn and his second wife. It bears the inscription, "William Penn, 1718, and Hannah Penn, 1726." The grave next this is that of Gulielma Maria Penn, his first wife, who died in 1689, while the next two are occupied by the remains of her mother and step-father respectively. In the second row are the graves of two other of Penn's children, those of Letitia and Springett Penn. In the third row is that of Thomas Ellwood, the simple-hearted man who read to Milton when blindness had befallen him; also that of his wife.

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For periods of from one to two centuries all these graves were without memorials, as are still many others in this out-of-the-way burial-ground. A few years ago it might have been said with entire truth, in the words of Wordsworth:

> "In our church-yard
> Is neither epitaph nor monument,
> Tombstone nor grave; only the turf we tread,
> And a few natural graves."

A few graves and flower-grown hillocks within a narrow inclosure fronting a plain cottage-like structure, over which the trees swayed and the birds sang in their season: that was all there was to mark the last earthly resting-place of one of the world's noblest heroes, surrounded by those he loved. The simple head-stones they now bear were erected some seventeen or eighteen years ago by those who have the custody of the little meeting-house and its attached burial-ground. The records of the district meeting contain the minute that in July, 1862, a committee was appointed "to place grave-stones over such of the graves at Jordans the identity of which had been ascertained." The committee reported in June, 1863, that this had been done.

The graves of the Penns, Peningtons, and Ellwoods are fitly placed close together: all formed one community when living, rejoicing and suffering in common. Isaac Penington lived at the Grange, in the neighboring parish of Chalfont St. Peter. He became the second husband of Lady Springett, the mother of Penn's first wife, and was one of the intimate friends of Milton. Gulielma Maria Springett, the future wife of Penn, is described as being a most accomplished woman, "as good as she was beautiful, and as beautiful as good." The friends who knew her best were they who testified to her worth. Ellwood, who had known her from a child, and who early fell in love with her, though without daring to confess his affection lest he should be rejected, speaks of her "as wanting nothing to render her completely comely both in outward person and in the endowments of her mind, which were every way extraordinary." Again he speaks of "being sensible of the real and innate worth and virtue which adorned this excellent dame."

But we have a still higher testimony in her favor from the pen of her husband, written after death. "She quietly expired in my arms, her head upon my bosom, with a sensible and devout resignation of her soul to Almighty God. I hope I may say she was a public as well as a private loss, for she was not only an excellent wife and mother, but an entire and constant friend, of a more than common capacity, and great modesty and humility, yet most unequal and undaunted in danger, religious as well as ingenious, without affectation; an easy mistress and a good neighbor, especially to the poor; neither lavish nor penurious, but an example of industry as well as of other virtues: therefore our great loss, though her own eternal gain."

It was his acquaintance with this lady that occasioned Penn's almost life-long connection with Buckinghamshire. Although the village of Penn, about eight miles from Jordans, is said to have derived its name from his ancestors, many successive generations having dwelt there, while several surrounding places, as Penn Bury, Penn Street, Penn Ho, etc., are supposed to furnish traces of several branches of the family, Penn himself is believed to have visited this locality first in the year 1670, when he was about twenty-six years of age. The express purpose of this visit was merely to spend a short time with his friend Isaac Penington, but the results were of lasting importance, for it was then he was introduced to Guli Springett, the step-daughter of his friend. In December, 1671, the following notice appears in the monthly meeting books: "William Penn, of Walthamstow, in y^{e} county of Essex, and Gulielma Maria Springett, of Tilers End Green, in the parish of Penn, in the county of Bucks, proposed their intention of taking each other in marriage. Whereupon it was referred to Thomas Zachary and Thomas Ellwood to enquire into the clearness of these proceedings, and to give an account to the next meeting." And in January, 1672, we find that "the consent and approbation of Friends was obtained thereto."

Thus both by pedigree and marriage William Penn was intimately connected with the neighborhood of Jordans, and doubtless it was on this account that he selected it as his burial-place. Although for some time he had lived at Rickmansworth, in a house which is yet in existence, he was at the time of his death, which occurred on the 30th of July, 1718, residing at Ruscombe, in Berks, whence his body was conveyed to Jordans, where,

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in the presence of a large meeting of Friends, it was laid, in solemn silence, in the grave.

In a memorandum found among the papers of a former vicar of Penn named Anderson, and headed, "Some particulars relative to Jordans burial-ground, from my old school-fellow Adey Bellamy, and from Prince Butterfield, an old man who attends the meeting," we find that, contrary to the rest, William Penn's head lies to the south, and the remains of his wife, Hannah Callowhill, are laid upon his; also "that Prince Butterfield related that he saw William Penn's leaden coffin when the grave was opened to bury his second wife."

The estate and meeting-house of Jordans belong to the Friends of Upper Side Monthly Meeting of the county of Bucks. The deeds belonging to the estate show that in the year 1671 a portion of land was "sold by William Russell to Thomas Ellwood and others, for the use of Friends, commonly called Quakers." By referring to the Friends' register we find that this land was at once appropriated for a burying-ground, the first notice of a funeral at Jordans being in the year in which this purchase was made. The next conveyance is dated the 14th of December, 1688, and is for land and meeting-house.

From the years 1727 to 1799 monthly meetings were held at Jordans, after which they were altogether discontinued, as the ordinary meetings for worship appear to have been some years previously. But from the general interest taken in the spot, and the unanimous desire which was felt once more to renew former associations, it was decided in the year 1851 that a monthly meeting should be held there on the first Thursday of June every year, and this arrangement is still kept up. With the exception of an occasional special meeting, this annual gathering is the only time when the old meeting-house so intimately associated with the founder of Pennsylvania is used for public purposes. Curiously enough, the last meeting fell just about the time the rumor had got into the English newspapers that the Legislature of Pennsylvania had originated a project to purchase the grave of William Penn, and transfer his remains to Philadelphia; and although at that time no proposition of the kind had reached the trustees of the estate, the subject was discussed by the Friends present (and the number was so great that the meeting-house would not hold them), with the result that it was unanimously decided that nothing should induce the custodians of the place to allow the grave to be molested.

WILLIAM PENN'S HOUSE AT RICKMANSWORTH.

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AUTUMN SKETCHES IN THE PENNSYLVANIA HIGHLANDS.

A MOUNTAIN FARM-HOUSE.

THERE is a sweetness and charm in little odd nooks and corners of nature that appeal to the feelings with a homely pleasure not to be imparted by grander and more considerable scenes.

A tangled road-side bit, with matted briers and tall autumnal grasses; a cozy farm-house, broad-roofed and comfortable in its shade of vines and fruit trees; a lowland pasture with its glassy brook; a shaggy rustling corn field with rank blade-like leaves pendent from the brown-shucked corn: these are better for every-day study and delight than the other more extensive views of the mountains, the sweep of valley, and the upheaving of the peaks against the sky.

It is autumn in the Pennsylvania Highlands of the Delaware. A steep ridge that might almost be dignified by the name of mountain divides two valleys that lie on either hand. Along the crest of the ridge runs a road alternately lifting and dipping over briery knolls and into dingly dells. Beyond the road-side tangle of briers and grasses one looks almost directly down over the softly swelling tops of the chestnut-trees with thick-clustering opening burrs, looking like a brown wig on each

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rugged tree. Beyond them, rising with the rise of the distant mountain, lies the intervening valley, broad-stretching in the yellow autumn sunlight, rich with farm-house and orchard, field and fallow. Down the bosom of the valley creeps a sluggish brook, gleaming here and there in the sunshine as it bickers over its pebbly shallows amid the alder bushes and the osiers. Cloud-shadows float majestically across the level stretches, or darken for a space the rugged crests of the mountains. Faint and far on the rising breeze comes the aerial note of the meadow-lark, thin and clear, or the distant challenge of the cock in some far-off sunny barn-yard. There is that about the autumn season which none other possesses—a feeling of elasticity, of buoyancy, in the air, that makes the blood fairly dance in the veins. Overhead, the sky is like a crystal cup, the air around is an elixir, and the good old earth beneath holds in its arms wide corn field and fruitful orchard, while upon its bosom lies the gathered harvest of ripe apples and pumpkins.

Up in the highlands, and along the slopes that dip down to the valleys, the fall comes earlier than in the more sheltered lowlands. All along the road-side one sees everywhere the changes wrought by the sharp touch of the early frosts. The maple and sumac leaves glow with yellow and scarlet, or burst into brilliant flames of light as the sunlight drops upon them. The blackberry leaves that still cling to the gaunt parent stems dotted with gray are tipped with carmine, smouldering against the fast-settling russets of the grasses and brambles.

When winter comes, holding back the out-door life in its icy grasp, there can be no more beautiful decorations for the cozy fireside than the foliage which nature offers in autumn, suggestions of former growth, brightening the house with bits of ruddy color, speaking at once of the life that has been and the promise of life to come. Here along the road are scarlet tea and spice-wood berries, feathery ferns daintily shaped, leaves glorious in stains of crimson and gold; clumps of purple asters, masses of pure cool bloom, each little starlet of a flower with its own heart of gold; golden-rods, now bronzed with the frosts, but still showing gleams here and there of their former glory; asclepias pods clinging to their stark shoots, bursting with a cloudy puff of bloom that every now and then floats by pieces away in the fresh breeze across the windy hill-top. Feathery clematis trails over the road-side tangle; bitter-sweet berries hang pendent from their twining parent stem in groups of little golden globes: pluck them, and keep them for a while, and they open, showing the blood-red heart within.

Can any one walk along such a mountain road and not return laden with the treasures that bountiful nature offers with such a lavish hand?

As you pass down the high ridge on the road that leads to Stroudsburg, you come to a point where the hill slopes suddenly away from the road-side to an abrupt little valley beneath. Here you look almost directly down upon the steep-pitched roof and ample chimneys of an old farm-house, peeping cozily from its thick shade of trees, where dark spruce, yellowing maple, and feathery apple with crimson fruit gleaming amid the leaves throw sheltering arms around the old stone walls. The road leading down the mountain-side runs along in front of the house, and then drops away into the valley beneath. There is about the place an air of seclusion, a broad comfortable homeliness, characteristic of this upland Pennsylvania life. It speaks to you of many solid comforts; of cheerful open fireplaces; of apples and cider and nuts, and other ambrosial good things of country life. The broad barn stands behind the house, showing through its open doors the dusky depth of its up-piled riches. The hay-mow, reaching high, streaked with dusty flame where the sunlight sifts in through odd cracks and crannies; the straw-mow; the corn-crib, with gleams of ruddy gold peeping through the bars from the freshly plucked corn. Up in the barn loft stands the old sleigh, stored away until bleak winter caps the hills with snow; around it are piled the farm utensils—harrows, scythes, old ploughshares, and what not—resting until the coming spring. Beside the house stands a row of bee-hives, stored with treasures of golden buckwheat honey, and in front lie beds of quaint old-fashioned bachelor's-buttons, with other more pretentious blooms, the latter still covered up, although the morning sun is warm, with wraps of rugs and carpets and party-colored patchwork quilts, which

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have protected them from the sharp night frosts.

There is always an air of loneliness about such nooks, shut in as they are by the surrounding hills. Here one hears little save the noises pertinent to the place—the lusty crowing of cocks in the barnyard, the sudden burst of cackling from some hen, echoed by the cock, proclaiming the new-laid egg, the lowing of cattle from the distant pasture field, the rhythmical stroke of whetstone on cradle blade from where the reaper is cutting an upland buckwheat field—noises that do not break the solitude, but only tend to intensify it.

The old farmer who owned the place, a tough, homespun old fellow, with a leathery face, and a prickle of frosty beard of two days' growth on his cheeks, saw us sketching, and came sauntering across the fields to where we sat, the while he absently chewed a wheaten straw. He was interested, but a little dubious. A map agent had come about some time before, and had wanted to make a picture of his place; "but he charged like blazes—fifty 'r a hundred dollars 'r more. He took Fanny an' Joe's place, up on the hill, but they didn't look like nothin'." He was relieved when he found we would charge him nothing, and proceeded to tell us much of his family history. His father was a blacksmith, the first in Monroe County; where we were then sitting was the ruin of the old forge where everybody in Monroe County came to get his critters shod. He had lived in the old house, man and boy, for more'n sixty year. He built the wall in front of the house himself, but he never p'inted it; the house used to open right on to the road, but he raised the lawn and built the wall, but he never p'inted the wall. He saw we had taken the old spruce-tree—wouldn't we take the wall too? It was a good wall, and he put it there himself; there was no wall till he put that one there.

What a life! Contented just to live from day to day, with the pride of building a stone wall to look back upon! But perhaps the life was as useful as a more pretentious one, and the stone wall as great a work as that which many who aim higher leave behind them. There was no glory of satisfied ambition, but there was no blackness of disappointed hopes; only a gray monotone of humdrum life, with six feet of honest earth at the end of it.

It is said that the question whether or not life is worth living depends entirely upon the *liver*. Such a question would be needless, and such answer insufficient, had the querist felt the settling of an autumn evening in the Highlands. As you take a deep inspiration, as exhilarating as wine, your nostrils are filled with the pungent breath of coming frost. The afternoon has been sultry, perhaps, as an autumn afternoon is apt to be. A golden radiance lies upon everything; it bathes the brown fields, the hawthorn bushes where the berries twinkle among the leaves, and the woodlands of massive and warm colors, brown, russet, yellow, and red. All along the edge of the road-side you walk through crisp, rustling leaves of oak and ash, ankle-deep in places. All the air is warm and heavy in the yellow sunlight, just tempered by a hazy softness. Suddenly, as the sun slopes toward the western horizon, you feel a breath of freshness about you, subtle, indescribable, with an odor of purity that reminds you somehow of a corn field. Now the sun blazes just on the crest of the ridge, the long shadows are merged together and lost in one another, a purple gloom climbs slowly up the mountains to the eastward, a fading halo of light rests on their rugged crests, then wavers and is lost. As the day fades there comes a solemn silence that seems to hold the very air in its clasp; the rustling of a twig or leaf sounds sharp to the ear, and the monotonous tank, tank, of the cow-bell only adds to the solitude around. The earth, the sedgy valley, and the mountains toward the eastward glimmer indistinctly, and are lost one in the other in rich glooms of dun and brown. Toward the west the sky is bright with a broad golden light, not the purple and crimson of summer, but a cool greenish-yellow, in which the tender new moon hangs shimmering with a faint silver light. The trees stand black and silhouette-like against the light of the sunset, that ever fades into a misty but transparent and pearly gray. One by one the lights in the farm-houses in the valley come forth, speaking of pleasant home comforts within, while the melancholy note of the screech-owl quavers on the hushed and motionless air.

But the mornings are fresh and bright, bustling with the activities of the coming day's work. We are up early, and away

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through the damp freshness to a certain alder-bordered stream we know of, that creeps through the meadows with glassy placidity. Below us stretches an impenetrable mist, brimming the valley, and looking like the ghost of the inland sea that once lay here in the bosom of these hills. The peaks rise here and there like islands in its midst, and the distant mountains seem to stand knee-deep in the mysterious lake. The breath rises in a cloud in the chill air, and the early sun glistens across the wide white expanse of the upland fields I can at hand. On the shady side of the fence rails the frost stands in feathery white crystals, and close beside us is a mullein spangled over with a million sparkling little gems; as the sun mounts higher, it will dissolve the frost on these broad velvety leaves, its little spikes rolling into one another as they melt, until a thousand drops of dew hang pendent from its furzy coat, each glowing with prismatic colors, red, blue, violet, and green, as the sun lights it up.

THE LOWLAND BROOK.

The squirrels are already out, and we hear them rustling in the dead leaves ev-

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AN AUTUMN EVENING.

erywhere, gathering up the last night's fall of chestnuts. One saucy little fellow, a chipmunk, sits on a fence rail, cocking his tail jauntily as he turns a nut this way and that in his little hands, filling the pouches of his cheeks with a supply of provender sufficient to last him during the morning. The steep road runs around in a curve, and drops into and is lost in the mist beneath, that even now is restless and heaving under the heat of the sun and the rising mountain breezes. As we descend we feel a cool damp breath of air bathe our foreheads, and as the mist curls in through the branches of the trees standing stiffly up the hillside everything is dimmed with the vapors, and a penetrating drizzle sifts around us. At the foot of the ridge we pass an old blacksmith shop, its sootiness and dirt toned down by the pale veil of mist, the light of its forge glowing dusky red from the obscurity. Then a barn looms up, and from the doors that gape toward the road we hear the thud, thud, of the threshers beating out the buckwheat kernels from the husk, and the rattling of the fanning machine winnowing the dust and chaff from the triangular grains. A cloud of dust flies from the fan, and in it the barn-door fowls are scratching for the odd seeds in

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the refuse. The sun looks pale through the mist, but his rays are doing their work, and by the time we reach the grassy pasture lands, all dank with frosty moisture, where a placid brook, broken here and there by bickering shallows, steals through its clumps of alders, the mist has begun to lift. First a breath of air passes down the valley, whirling the vapor around and around in wreaths, then suddenly a break appears in the upper heights, and through it we see the blue sky and the opposite mountain towering above the vapors. The sun comes blazing through, and touches the wet twigs and grass blades, making them glisten in the glory that bathes them around. The rift above spreads and opens, the breeze freshens, the clouds gather together, roll around and into one another, and drift away in white voluptuous volumes down the valley, and the sun leaps forth in his full radiance. Then the cocks in the barn-yard over beyond us crow aloud in pure delight, the meadow-lark's note thrills the ear, the song-sparrows in the alders sing jubilantly, and the broad-spreading fields twinkle with a thousand diamond points of frost and dew.

All along through the lowland orchards, cool and shady in the morning light, the

THE MOUNTAIN ORCHARD.

farmers are gathering the harvest of apples. An old farm horse stands under the shade of a tree, through which sifts the sunlight, dappling his shaggy coat with gold, and shining on the rickety farm cart. The farmer himself walks around with a bag, into which he gathers the apples, ruddy pippins, paler bell-flowers, and deep crimson cider apples, which he empties at times into the cart. Yellow pumpkins lie piled in golden heaps beside the barn,

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and all things speak of the abundant bounties of nature.

Across the valley, and part way up the side of the hill, stands an old grist-mill; in front of it the dusty road runs up to the door, whitened on sill and step with the dust of the flour. A few farm-houses cluster around into a little village, and below, the valley slopes away, dotted with trees and clumps of bushes, into the sunlight. Behind the mill a tangle of vegetation grows in almost tropical luxuriance—nettled briers and russet undergrowth draped with musky fox-grape vines and trailing clematis. The morning has grown warm and melting, as is the wont of an early autumn day, and the musical tinkle of the falling water from the mill, and the gurgle of the rocky stream behind it that leaps from the hill-side, come with refreshing sweetness to the ear.

How quickly the summer birds leave us at the first touch of cold weather! The golden oriole, the red-winged blackbird, the thrush, and even the swallows, are gone; the wren from the homestead eaves, and the wood-robin, sweetest of feathered songsters, from the shady clusters of inner woodlands. Now we hear the bluebird's autumn note, the incessant tap-tapping of the woodpecker, the clamor of the blue jay, and the cawing of crows, as, flapping with dusky wings, they chase a hawk that sails across the blue sky beyond.

Part way up the hill-side a rugged road runs off from the main thoroughfare, and along it grow quantities of fringed gentians, most beautiful of autumn flowers, but so frail that the touch of the hand almost seems to wilt them. In the damp and sedgy valleys they are a deep ultramarine blue; here, the azure cups are larger, and paler in tint. They are almost the last delicate outgrowth of autumn, and their fragile vases are upturned to the sun and dew even until the black frosts of November bite the last tender shoots of the early fall.

There are quantities of quail all through these mountains; one constantly hears the faint piping whistle of the cocks in autumn. Once a rustling covey emerged from the undergrowth at the edge of a woodland almost in our very path, and not a dozen yards from us. The leader, a sturdy little cock, seemed somewhat doubtful at first of our presence, but as we remained quite still, the others emerged one by one, looking a little anxious, until at least a dozen were in the pathway, scratching and hunting around for their food like miniature representations of their second cousins the farm-yard fowls.

There is something about an old ruined house that tempts one to form a romance for it in one's mind. It is the shell, the external symbol of life, of joys, of hopes, of sorrows, of trials, that once dwelt within it like the breath in the body of man. Not a point about it but at one time had its interests and associations of busy life. Such an old ruin stands in the wood beside the road part way up the mountain-side. Nothing is left now but a crumbling chimney and the semblance of walls, all draped by a verdant plexus of vines and undergrowth. An old apple orchard slopes away from the road-side toward a deep glen, down which tumbles an impetuous brook to the valley far below. The rocks of the glen are matted with feathery ferns, and draped with partridge-berry vines with their twinkling red berries. Farther up, the rocks are piled one above another, carpeted with thick cushions of moss, except where the water glides in a silvery sheet over some flat bowlder. Across the glen lie wrecks of trees, bleached white by time, looking like the skeletons of the forest kings. It is the very picture of solitude, the silence broken only by the clamors of a flock of crows in the neighboring pines, the barking of a squirrel, and the gurgling of the brook that spreads here and there into shallow pools, in which little trout dart about. How such a spot must have rejoiced the hearts of the boys, if any there were, who once lived in the old ruined house up on the hill!

On the other hand lies the contrasted picturesqueness of the brown-shucked corn fields, looking thrifty and home-like, with their rustling blade-like leaves and portly robust ears. There is a delight about a field of shocked corn that may probably derive its charm from boyish associations—of creeping in between the sheaves to the apartment within, columned with the jointed stalks, and smell-

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THE CORN FIELDS ON THE HILL-SIDE.

ing fresh of the dry and clean leaves; of beating the shocks in winter-time, when thatched with snow, driving out the frightened rabbit, which scampers across the soft spread of whiteness; of round-bellied yellow pumpkins that lay around, which we scooped out hollow, cut into a rude representation of eyes, nose, and mouth, and illuminated by a candle placed within; of fiddles and bows made of joints of corn stalk, producing squeaking sounds that had a certain music to boyish ears. But these upland corn fields, laboriously climbing the steep hill-side, the shaggy shocks standing ruggedly against the sky, the field tangled with a mat of autumn growths, pig-weed, red-jointed smart-weed, and rank grasses, have a delightsome picturesqueness about them owing nothing to associations.

There is a charm about the Highlands in spring, when the snow slowly dissolves upon the hill-side, when the rocky streams are swollen to turbid torrents that rush in yellow floods through the level valleys, when now and then a mild day brings its promise of coming life, heralded by the crowing cock and the song of the earlier spring birds—the bluebird, the song-sparrow, and the blackbird; there is a charm in the summer, when the mountains are covered with thick masses of green, when the wood in evening is alive with the sounds of insects, and the gurgling brook speaks of cool depths of woodland shade; but the autumn is the sweetest of all, with its mists and sunshine, its balmy days and frosty nights, its glory of coloring in wood and field, the last brilliant outgrowth of an amply fulfilled promise.

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THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

MANITOU, COLORADO.

BENEATH the rocky peak that hides
In clouds its snow-flecked crest,
Within these crimson crags, abides
An Orient in the West.

These tints of flame, these myriad dyes,
This Eastern desert calm,
Should catch the gleam of Syrian skies,
Or shade of Egypt's palms.

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As if to bar the dawn's first light
These ruby gates are hung;
As if from Sinai's frowning height
These riven tablets flung.

But not the Orient's drowsy gaze,
Young Empire's opening lids
Greet these strange shapes, of earlier days
Than Sphinx or Pyramids.

Here the New West its wealth unlocks,
And tears the veil aside
Which hid the mystic glades and rocks
The Red men deified.

This greensward, girt with tongues of flame,
With spectral pillars strewn,
Not strangely did the savage name
A haunt of gods unknown.

Hard by the gentle Manitou
His healing fountains poured;
Blood-red, against the cloudless blue,
These storm-tossed Titans soared.

Not carved by art, or man's device,
Nor shaped by human hand,
These altars, meet for sacrifice,
This temple, vast and grand.

With torrents wild and tempest blast,
And fierce volcanic fires,
In secret moulds, has Nature cast
Her monoliths and spires.

Their shadows linger where we tread,
Their beauty fills the place:
A broken shrine—its votaries fled—
A spurned and vanished race.

Untouched by Time the garden gleams,
Unplucked the wild flower shines,
And the scarred summit's rifted seams
Are bright with glistening pines.

And still the guileless heart that waits
At Nature's feet may find,
Within the rosy, sun-lit gates,
A hidden glory shrined;

His presence feel to whom, in fear,
Untaught, the savage prayed,
And, listening in the garden, hear
His voice, nor be afraid.

MONSTERS.

IT is within the memory of the present generation with what indignation the world heard the official statement that there were children working in the mines of England who "had never seen a flower." The pathetic story was given wings by the genius of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and the "Cry of the Children" was heard in every land.

But, after all, how many people have ever really seen a flower? Perhaps we may say that no eye ever really saw a flower until Goethe looked upon one; and even he did not see one until a flower met him in form of a monster. By an abnormality he "caught nature in the act," to use his own favorite phrase. It was probably his abnormal flower that first suggested to Goethe that which has now become a scientific proverb—"Nature reveals her secrets in monsters." Falk von Müller says: "On calling on Goethe at three o'clock in the afternoon, I found him serious and thoughtful. He was busied in sorting a collection of coins. To a true observer of nature like Goethe it gave no little pleasure when he lighted upon a face among his coins the features of which expressed the peculiar character or acts of the person, such as they are handed down to us by history. With his collection of natural curiosities he went to work in the same manner. How to catch nature, so to speak, in the act—this was the point to which all his observations, all his speculations, were directed. The paw of an arctic bear or of a beaver, the tooth of a lion, the strangely twisted horn of a chamois or a deer, or any other form differing in part or wholly from familiar forms and organizations, sufficed to delight him for days and weeks, and to furnish him with matter for repeated observations. He laid down the proposition that Nature accidentally, and as it were against her will, became the tell-tale of her own secrets. That everything was told—at least once; only not in the time and place at which we looked for or suspected it; we must collect it here and there, in all the nooks and corners in which she had let it drop. Hence the Mysterious, the Sibylline, the Incoherent, in our observations of nature. That she was a book of the vastest, strangest contents, from which, however, we might gather that many of its leaves lay scattered around in Jupiter, Uranus, and other planets. To come at the whole would be difficult, if not utterly impossible. On this difficulty, therefore, must all systems suffer shipwreck."

Every unusual event or thing arresting attention by its enormity or abnormality is a marvel, a wonder. Such having appeared, the unsophisticated instinct of the human mind is to explain it by a rational use of what has lately been called the "scientific imagination," but which is only the common theoretical power disciplined to active living and present duty. It shows itself by expressing an original

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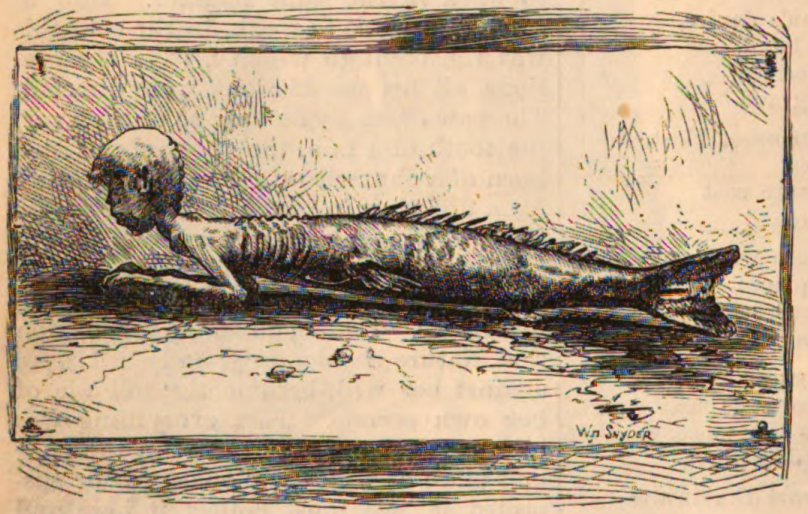
curiosity by the effort to gain insight into a fact, and not merely to add one more illustration to some well-worn legend. But the uncultured imagination relapses into the past; it is revealed at once by its limitation to the old ruts of speculation; it is enthralled amid images dead, sealed up, and buried, like the figures of Pompeii.

This age of invention and progress has a finer average look than it is entitled to. In some countries, where the popular mind and sentiment are trained to be retrospective, the very faculty of speculation seems to have faded. In a shop window at Ostend I found the "Japanese Siren." It was curious enough. A little human-like head and face, with hair, neck, shoulders, breast, arms, and delicately formed



THE JAPANESE SIREN.

hands, at the waist turned into a fish. It was about a foot long, and took care to be dead and beneath glass. The fashionable world was passing and repassing, and many paused to gaze at the Siren. After inspecting the curiosity, appraised at five hundred francs, my own attention was presently transferred to the crowds who stopped to see and comment upon it. Some entered the shop and asked the keeper of it if the creature were "veritable." He assured them unhesitatingly that it was, and had been so pronounced by all the *savants* who had examined it. To each this assurance appeared satisfactory. No suspicion that the shop-keeper might not confess his possession to be fraudulent, even if it were, prevented the frequent repetition of the inquiry, or diminished the conviction it seemed to carry. It could not be expected, of course, that an average imagination unequal to the exigencies of speculative ventures in a sea-side curiosity-shop would be able to soar with the more daring vision of the Oriental artist. The Japanese contriver had rightly fathomed the mental shallows in which his sirens could float. He commissioned one or two to adventure London; one of these found its way to the scalpel of the Hunterian professor (Flower), who tells me that the upper part was part of a small monkey, and the connection at the waist with the fish most ingenious. The uncultured imagination was manifested strikingly in the comments made by well-dressed people in the crowd. One queried if it sang under the water, another thought it must be some lonely being undergoing a doom or spell, and several wondered if it had a soul to be saved. In these and other comments the imagination, as soon as stimulated, ran instinctively to the ancient grooves, mounted the old mythologic diligence as if no newer locomotion had been discovered, rehearsed the infancy of the race again, saw the conventional hair-combing mermaid, heard the superannuated siren singing as she sang to Ulysses with howsoever cracked voice, and evoked from mental dark cellars all the uncanny bats that hint of curses, hag-riding, and enchantments. The nineteenth century spoke not. Had it spoken to those who regarded the siren as real, there would have been a riotous competition to secure the monster at any cost whatever.

Both the cautious skepticism of the *savant*, and his interest in monsters, result from the cumulative experience of the human race. The history of Delusions teaches him caution; the history of Discovery teaches him the value of the exceptional in nature.

In the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London there are two relics which, when the history of scientific thought comes to be written, may emerge

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THE NATURAL MANDRAKE.

MEDIÆVAL MANDRAKE CHARM.

from their dark corner, and stand as landmarks in the journey from Fable to Fact. One is a mediæval mandrake, made into a charm. Because this root was forked and fleshy, and partly, perhaps, because it was narcotic, ancient wizards saw in it their opportunity. They added their cunning art, gave it human features, even cultivated the hair on it, and then declared that it came thus from the earth. Fable adopted it, related that it shrieked and dropped human blood when drawn from the ground, and asserted that when kept and ceremoniously treated it was a potent love charm, and also drew wealth and all desirable things to it. The human form was most skillfully made out of the root, and sometimes there were twin shapes, as in the example which has been drawn for me at the College of Surgeons. The career of this little thing has been more wonderful than that of many a great benefactor of mankind. It has been celebrated in sacred books; Josephus, Pliny, and other historians have related its preternatural sagas and virtues; manipulated mandrake roots spread through the mediæval world, and became important articles of traffic in every part of Europe; and it passed into the verse of Shakspeare:

> "And shrieks like mandrake torn out of the earth,
> That living mortals, hearing them, run mad."

The second of the two relics in the Surgeons' Museum to which I have alluded is "the Scythian Lamb." In the sixteenth century it became noised abroad through Europe that there existed in Tartary a plant which bore a fruit closely resembling a lamb. It was mentioned or discussed as to its genuineness or nature by Athanasius Kircher, Sigismund, Hayto, Arminius, Surius, Franciscus Baco, Licetus, Libarius, Hierubergius, Olearius, Olans Wormius, and Julius Cæsar Scaliger. Within the period covered by the writings of these men a method of scientific observation was developed, and one of the first tests of its effectiveness seems to have been this "Scythian Lamb." Of these, Scaliger, the learned Italian, who settled himself in Paris in the year 1525, gave the first definite account with which the *savants* had to deal. His statement, put forth in scholastic Latin, is this. The Tartars sow a seed very like that of a melon, and from it springs a plant they

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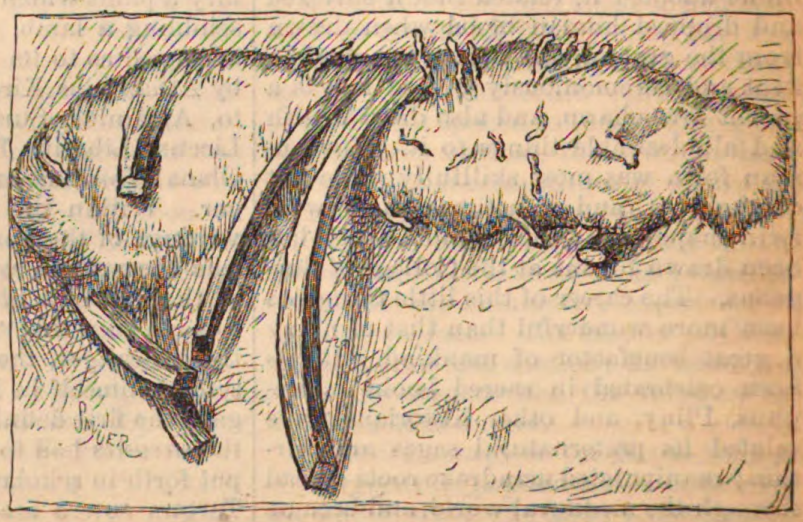
call borametz, *i. e.*, lamb. It grows in the form of a lamb nearly three feet high, and represents that animal in feet, hoofs, ears, and in the entire head except the horns. In the place of horns it has hairs,

THE SCYTHIAN LAMB (MARTYN'S).

with a kind of single horn. It is covered with a delicate skin, which is used by the Tartars as a covering for their heads. It is said the pulp is eaten as flesh, that blood issues from it, and it has wonderful sweetness. The root, when taken from the ground, reaches to your middle, and is very large. So long as it is surrounded by little herbs it lives, just as a lamb in a pasture; but if these be taken away it wastes away and dies. When brought back it revives. It is sought by wolves, but by no other flesh-eating animals. In conclusion, Scaliger discloses a doubt by adding: "This, indeed, seems put in as a kind of seasoning to the story of the lamb. What I would desire to know is whether from one trunk there depend four various legs and feet, and whether it is able to beget," etc.

And he says that he describes what he has "read and heard" of the wonderful plant. Antonius Deufingius declared his belief that the thing was fabulous. Then Kaempfer, after searching in Tartary personally without finding the wondrous plant, announced a rationalistic explanation. He heard from some traveller that in the region where this plant was said to grow there was a kind of sheep remarkable for the fineness of its skin and wool, and that the inhabitants had a cruel custom of sometimes taking the unborn lamb from its mother, the skin being supposed to be then finer. If, however, the lamb was preserved, it hardened into something like a hairy gourd, and in this form was palmed off as a miracle.

But a scientific society had come into existence in England, and in the seventeenth century F.R.S. showed that it was not an idle title by clamoring to see and handle and examine this wonderful Scythian monster. After persistent efforts John Martyn, the chief botanist of England in that time, and Sir Hans Sloane, the famous physician, each obtained specimens, of both of which I have obtained drawings. These men discovered that the so-called "lamb" was certainly vegetal; that it was a hairy root with many rootlets, of which all but four being amputated beneath, and the upper bulbs and leaves so manipulated as to answer to ears and quasi-horns, something like a sheep was artificially obtained. The vegetal *pecus* was largely pecuniary in origin. In Martyn's specimen it was found that one of the legs had been introduced by art;



THE SCYTHIAN LAMB (SIR HANS SLOANE'S).

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and suspicion being thus aroused, a more careful scrutiny discovered that the head also was from another piece. The ingenuity was acknowledged. "This lamb," says Martyn in his report (*Phil. Trans.*, vol. vi., p. 317), "has been formed from a root or trunk by the same art by which little men were made from the roots of mandrake or bryony. I am nevertheless doubtful from what plant this plaything of art and nature could have been formed." Sir Hans Sloane came independently to the same conclusion. He also tried some of the potencies ascribed to it, particularly the power of its hair to stanch bleedings, and says, "Though I may think it harmless, I'm quite sure 'tis not infallible."

So the fate of the Scythian lamb was sealed. It was a very ingenious contrivance, probably suggested by some such peculiarity in the species of Tartary sheep as that of which Kaempfer heard. In some respects it was more artfully planned than the mandrake manikin. Yet one had a flourishing career of at least two thousand years; the other passed swiftly to the lower shelf of the museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where it now reposes in masterly inactivity. The mandrake was born into one intellectual formation of the world, the Scythian lamb into another; they rest together in one dark corner at last.

It is interesting to compare with this scientific attitude toward a proclaimed marvel that of the pre-scientific scholar. In the twelfth century the learned world was informed of certain birds in Ireland —a myth-haunted land—which were called barnacles, and grew on trees, being developed from the bark. Giraldus Cambrensis (whom Richard Cœur de Lion appointed to rule his kingdom when setting out on his crusade, and perhaps the ablest man of the time) writes of these "birds called barnacles which nature produces in a manner that is contrary to the laws of nature"; and he claims the generation of birds from wood as an argument that our first parents were "made of mud." (*Topographia Hibernica*, i., 15. Prima ergo generatio ex limo; et hæc ultima ex ligno.) Whatever may be thought of the startling idea of nature producing a thing counter to its own laws, it is sign of the old scholar's reverential presentiment of the yet unthought of potentialities of nature. It is the faint dawn of the rational method of looking at a phenomenon, though the conception to which it gives rise is almost as monstrous as the Hibernian bird itself.

But a firmer step was presently taken on the same road. On the margin of the valuable MS. of Giraldus Cambrensis we find a note by another scholar, Alexander Nequam. He is not prepared to question the main fact, because Giraldus is careful to say that he had himself seen a vast number of the "corpuscula" of these barnacle birds in Ireland, but he does see the inadequacy of the reference of a naturally produced thing to the class of confessedly non-natural phenomena. So he carries the problem straight to that metaphysic museum, so to call it, where so many insoluble things have been stored, before and since. Nequam argues: "Since there must have been birds before eggs, must there not have been birds produced otherwise than from eggs?" Here is a fairly scientific use of the imagination.

Let us see how the eyes of Giraldus might have been affected in ways unknown to himself. Herodotus and others relate the wonderful story of the phœnix burning itself to ashes on the altar of the sun, and then rising from its own ashes. Most probably this was an old metaphor of the sun, which seemed to be consumed in the fires of sunset and to soar up again in the morning, and, by extension, to the summer sun perishing in the colors of autumn and rising again in those of spring. But this solar poem gained a special connection with the palm. When the aged palm becomes barren, it is said that the custom is to burn it to the ground, and then in a remarkably brief period of time a small shoot appears (corresponding to the little worm which is the first sign of the legendary phœnix), and the new palm grows so quickly that some poet might easily have described it as "soaring," and its plume-like leaves perching at the top of its stem would have confirmed the metaphor. Hence it was that the Greek name of the palm, "phœnix," was given to the solar bird of mythology.*

* In the month of September, 1876, the following phenomenon occurred, as described by the German journal *Der Naturforscher*, in an orchard near the village of Brachelheim. A large fire occurred in the village, and four weeks after it numerous trees in the orchard that had been singed by the fire began to vegetate anew, putting forth tender green leaves and blossoms, often by the side of fruits which the fire had spared. On examining the wood with

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In the Northern countries the goose was a solar bird, and, indeed, from old Hindoo times laid the gold egg of morn. The flight of wild-geese is still to the man of the North the augury of the sky, and the Michaelmas goose in England is the remnant of a long mythologic evolution. The bird which was said, in both Ireland and Scotland, to be sprung from the barnacle, is the still so-called "barnacle goose" (*Anas lucopsis*), which winters in the South. It is remarkable that the very accent of the old phœnix, which first appeared in its ashes as a worm, recurs in the folk-lore of the barnacle goose. Thus, in Hall's "Vergidemiarum," we have

"The Scottish Barnacle, if I might choose,
That of a Worme doth waxe a wingèd Goose."

And in Marston's "Malecontent,"

"Like your Scotch Barnacle, now a block,
Instantly a Worm, and presently a great Goose."

What may originally have been only a poet's metaphor, more vital than the palm (phœnix) he looked upon, soars into a mythology, wings its way from the East, and burns itself into such ashes as were blown from popular tradition even into such eyes as those of Giraldus Cambrensis, Holinshed, and Gerard, who says, in his *Herbal:* "There are in the north parts of Scotland certaine Trees whereon do grow Shell-fishes, which falling into the water do become Fowls, whom we call *Barnakles*, in the north of England *Brant Geese*, and in Lancashire *Tree Geese.*" This northern phœnix being aquatic, had needs come from an aquatic worm.

There has recently come under my own personal observation evidence of the extreme anxiety of the common people to verify any alleged extraordinary phenomenon. Fifteen years ago one Charles Hindley, while editing certain old and worthless pamphlets that were hawked about London two hundred years ago, much as Zadkiel's Almanac is now, conceived the sorry notion of publishing the "Prophecies of Mother Shipton"—certain prophecies of his own forging. These fictitious utterances were embodied in that kind of runic doggerel which prevails in the Roxborough Ballads, and they represent the old female "astrologer" Mother Shipton (who was born about the year 1488) as predicting:

"Carriages without horses shall go.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and found
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall more wonders do.
England shall at last admit a Jew.

"A house of glass shall come to pass
In England—but, alas!
War will follow with the work,
In the land of the pagan and Turk;
And state and state in fierce strife
Will seek each other's life.
But when the North shall divide the South,
An eagle shall build in the lion's mouth.

"The world then to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

The allusions in this doggerel to steam, the telegraph, iron ships, California, Disraeli, the American war (going on while Hindley was writing), and even the Crystal Palace, at once attracted the attention of antiquarians. A correspondence occurred in *Notes and Queries* (Series IV., vol. ii.), and in the end Hindley's confession of the forgery was made and published. But the Chinese proverb was verified that the royal chariot and postilions can not overtake the word once escaped. These fictitious utterances obtained a wide circulation and belief among the class which is not accustomed to read *Notes and Queries*, and unfortunately among these appears to be some person authorized to write in a respectable London journal. In the *Globe* newspaper of February 17, 1877, portions of the forged predictions were printed as being very wonderful, and, still more wonderful, they were said to have been "published" in 1448, *i. e.*, before the introduction of printing! The allusion to the war in Turkey—the only hit really—attracted attention, and the immediate result was that the "prophecies" were printed on a card, price twopence, now sold in vast numbers throughout the length and breadth of the land. On the windows of hundreds of newspaper and candy shops in London one reads, "Read Mother Shipton's Wonderful Prophecies!" Having invested his twopence, one possesses a coarse piece of pasteboard, five inches by three, on which are the lines already quoted, and more of a similar kind, under the following heading: "Mother Shipton's Prophecies! Have recently been discovered in the

the microscope, it was found that the contents of the cells were transformed into a pulpy mass. Sugar was found to be present both in the singed and unsinged trees.

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British Museum, written in an old manuscript work, A.D. 1448, and portions have been published in the *Globe* newspaper of February 17, 1877. This wonderful woman lived till she was of extraordinary age. She died at Clifton in Yorkshire, from which is taken the following epitaph, copied from a stone monument:

> "'Here lyes she who never ly'd,
> Whose skill often has been try'd.
> Her Prophecies shall survive,
> And ever keep her name alive.'"

But besides this cheap edition of the spurious additions to originally spurious "prophecies," there is on the market a sensationally decorated sixpenny book, which, I am told, is being circulated widely in all the colonies, and possibly it is known in America. On the cover Mother Shipton is represented careering amid comets and stars on her broomstick, her familiars accompanying her in shape of a cat crouching behind her, and an owl perched before her on the broom handle. The steam train and the balloon, which she is declared to have predicted, are included. Inside is related the old story of Mother Shipton's birth from the unhallowed marriage of her mother with the devil; the prodigies which attended her infancy, such as her cradle being found suspended up the chimney with the child in it without visible means of support, and her reading a book at first sight; and then the prophecies after the fact forged in the seventeenth century, followed by those forged in this nineteenth century. The fact is notable that on the placards and on the book-cover the thing made most prominent is the prediction that the world is to come to an end in 1881. This is the most fascinating item. It is notorious that English mines have within these recent years remained vacant for twenty-four hours where Zadkiel's Almanac had predicted an explosion on that day; and it is not at all unlikely that after the growing interest in the events of 1881, if that year shall be safely passed without an explosion of the planet, Mother Shipton will be blown as sky-high as in the picture, and a world of delusions will come to an end.

I fear it will be impossible otherwise to deliver the English masses from this unhappy piece of miseducation. And yet there has been revealed amid it all the popular hunger for truth. I am assured by friends of mine employed in the British Museum that for months that institution has been fairly besieged by people anxious to know if there be any such manuscript as that referred to, or if the predictions are genuine. And even after the uniform denial had been given for seven or eight months after the *Globe* article appeared, there were sometimes as many as fifty applications in a single day, most of them from working-people who could little afford the time.

THE REAL MOTHER SHIPTON.

The forger of these "prophecies" may have been unconscious of the full character of his crime; but a little reflection will show that the class of minds which have been misled at a vital point is precisely that which most requires exact guidance in distinguishing the rational prevision from that which would be marvellous, and both of these from that which would be monstrous. They whose belief (or even quasi-belief) is built up by a certain process of honest reasoning, on however mistaken premises, do not yield a position merely to authority, and that is all the busy men at the Museum can spare time to give the multitudinous inquirers. What is mere unsupported denial against the vast number of facts built into the pyramid whose apex Hindley selects to

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pedestal his lie? Toward the close of the fifteenth century—certainly more than a generation after the date given above, 1448—lived the woman who became known as Mother Shipton, whose repute as a prophetess, however, rests upon nothing earlier than 1641. At that time a pamphlet appeared with this title: "The Prophesie of Mother Shipton. In the raigne of King Henry the Eighth. Foretelling the death of Cardinall Wolsey, the Lord Percy, and others, as also what should happen in insuing times. London. Printed for Richard Lowndes at his shop adjoyning the Ludgate, 1641." On the title-page is a nearly full-length and very coarse woodcut, not of the conventional "witch," but of the mediæval country-woman. The book was evidently forged, probably by the "astrologer" of the time, Lily, and it is to be feared that the evidences of the success of the forgery two hundred years ago set an all too tempting example before the artful editor of 1862. As a specimen of the "Prophesie," I have transcribed from the ancient book itself the concluding sentences: "Then shall be in the North that one woman shall say unto another, Mother, I have seen a man today, and for one man there shall be a thousand women; there shall be a man sitting upon St. James's Church Hill weeping his fill; and after that a ship come sayling up the Thames till it come against London, and the Master of the ship shall weep, and the Marriners shall aske him why hee weepeth, seeing he hath made so good a voyage, and hee shall say, Ah, what a goodly Citie this was! none in the world comparable to it, and now there is scarce left any house that can let us have drinke for our money." This was Lily's great and only hit—if, as is probable, he wrote the book—for the great fire of London occurred twenty-five years later, and the astrologers had no difficulty in putting that and this together. The last lines in the book are these:

> "Unhappy hee that lives to see these days;
> But happy are the dead, Shipton's wife says."

It is very likely that in this couplet we have some "old wives' rune," which had lasted like a nursery rhyme, or like "Poor Richard's" saws of a later day, and that this suggested the idea of fabricating a number of prophecies so vague that one or two at least might be fitted on to some events likely to come, and ascribing them to the old Dame Shipton.

Nay, more, the student of nature may err in balancing too evenly the familiar constancy of the objective world against the familiar inconstancy of human nature, and may thus be led to reject too promptly the startling thing which merits investigation. On visiting the ancient monastery of Troitzkoi, in Russia, the object which chiefly arrested my attention among the many relics and treasures was a large agate, upon which were defined with a good degree of clearness a cross standing on a rock, and

DELINEATION UPON AN ANCIENT AGATE AT TROITZKOI.

a cloaked form with bent head kneeling before it. It was affirmed by the priest who exhibited the agate that the picture on it was natural; and on taking it in my hands, and scrutinizing it in the clearest light for ten minutes, passing my finger repeatedly over the polished surface, I could not detect any evidence that the cross and priest were not really of the crystal's grain. The polish of the surface was uniform throughout. Had there been either of the two forms without the other, I should have had no difficulty in recognizing the probabilities as on the side of the gem's genuineness. As it was, however, it remained unsolved—for me a crystal monster, quite probably deriving its anomalous character from my ignorance alone, and at this moment explicable by existing experts as within the fair possibilities of crystallization, or disclosing unsuspected depths of priestly artifice. On returning to England, and relating to one and another what I had seen, it occurred to me in some cases to detach the object

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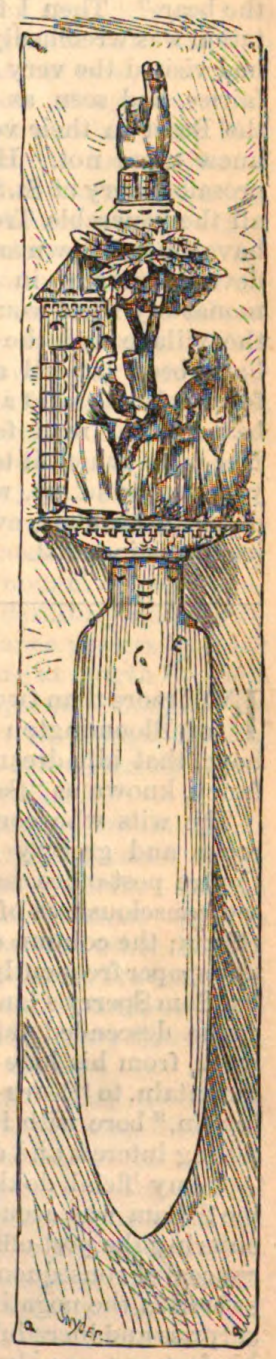
carefully from the religious environment where I had seen it, and in other cases to emphasize that environment. It pretty soon appeared that the opinion of my friends was largely dependent upon these circumstances. If I said, "The Russian priests have an agate with a picture of a monk kneeling before a cross," the incredulous shrug or smile generally came. If I said, "Among stones of different kinds I saw the other day there was an agate which had on it the startling semblance of a cross and a cloaked form crouching before it," there was astonishment, but rarely any marked incredulity, but only remarks on the curious shapes often found in agates. It is no doubt necessary that the professional trader in miracles and ghosts shall be watched with extreme vigilance. But, on the other side, it is to be remembered that whoever finds a marvel or monster generally takes it straight to the said professional dealer in such things, who may, indeed, manipulate such things somewhat, but rarely ventures to manufacture his monster out of whole cloth.

In the London *Philosophical Transactions and Collections to the End of the Year* 1700, vol. iii., there is a chapter (vii.) in which eminent physicians and men of science in that time make reports of monstrous human births examined by themselves. There are ten of these monsters. One was substantially an ape; another was born with a long tail; and several others presented hardly less startling peculiarities. One of the remarkable phenomena, however, offered in this old chapter is what the contributors to it could not see, because it can only be seen through the perspective of five or six generations —this, namely, that not one sentence in either of the statements suggests any kind of theory in explanation of the monster described. Around those men—their observations were in various countries, and extend from 1647 to 1686—raged all the madness of the witchcraft agitation; excited villagers still believed in infernal births from Incubi and Succubi. But of all this environment there is here no trace. As the story reaches the circle of *savants* its details are stated as simply as if it were an every-day occurrence. Having emerged from the plane where such events were explained by reference to imps, these men evidently found sufficient satisfaction in merely recording and scrutinizing the dry fact, without even trying to theorize or generalize. They were no doubt sick of theories. But we can now see that the greatest generalizations of the scientific era from Lamarck and Buffon to Darwin and Huxley were speaking to them in those strange forms. Since that period of the Suspense of Theory, when, emerging from a hag-ridden world, the human mind set itself to take stock of the real materials of which the edifice of truth was to be built, the monsters have revealed to all something, at least, of the open secret of nature's method. The horse that puts forth toes instead of developing a single hoof; the double-headed animal; the joined twins — these are now monsters only to the ignorant. Each, beginning as an obscuration, has proved a window through which light has streamed in on the operations of nature.



PAPER-KNIFE FROM TROITZKOI LAVRA—ST. SERGIUS AND THE BEAR.

I have already spoken of the great Troitzkoi monastery in Russia. The legend of it is as follows. Many centuries ago the hermit St. Sergius came from Syria and settled himself here in the heart of a forest. For the latter years of his life his only companion was a huge bear, which came to destroy him, but remained to be his friend; and on the spot where the bear finally buried and mourned the saint, now stands the venerated Lavra Troitzkoi. Within its walls I listened to this legend, as related by a lady of that neighbor-

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hood, and at the end of it she said, "Do you not believe it?" I answered: "I can believe almost anything of the power of kindness. I do not see why St. Sergius might not have tamed this bear." But a shadow of pain passed over her face, which plainly told me that an outright assertion of disbelief would have pleased her better than my rationalistic interpretation. "It was," she said, gently, "the Holy Spirit that dwelt in St. Sergius which converted the bear." Then I felt that my interpretation was wretchedly inferior to hers. I had visited the very morning-land of the fairies, had seen, as it were, Beauty and the Beast in their very rose garden, and knew them not. Had she accepted my prosaic theory of St. Sergius and the bear, all the venerable Troitzkoi towers would have toppled down around us, burying the devout inmates in spiritual death, the monastery itself would have disappeared, the village and the earnest lady would have been left all alone in a primeval forest with no saint at all, but only a long-bearded old man feeding a tame bear. Her faith, which it took many a thousand years to build up, was not to be pulled down in an hour, even had I been in an iconoclastic mood. It seemed preferable to look at the lady's perfect faith as itself a part of nature, a force which had long been engaged in refining and taming the great Russian bear himself, and preparing him for his part in civilized society.

All such legends are culture-myths. They date from a time when man was making his first discovery that the world is not ruled by brute force; that there is a higher power which goes forth with the eye-beam of man, emanates from his spirit and his moral life to weave invisible chains round the ferocities of nature. From many sources had gathered those traditions which had built Troitzkoi monastery, and in their strength its sisterhood is there, still softening things fiercer than bears — controlling deadly diseases, subduing wild passions, performing daily miracles harder than anything they tell of Sergius. Around them gather visions of a past paradise, where all beasts were kind and peaceful; a paradise to come, where lion and lamb shall lie down together, and the babe play unharmed with the asp. Such visions and prophecies have fed the human spirit as fair fountains flowing from many sources, and making glad the lowliest vales and weariest pathways of humanity.

SAM SPERRY'S PENSION.

FOR more than two years it was *the* joke of Bloomington Centre—that bright hope, that idle dream, that fond delusive fancy, known as "Sam Sperry's pension."

The wits who congregated in the bar-room and grocery of the Bloomington Centre post-office sometimes had only a sad consciousness of futility in their best efforts; the column of facetiæ in the local newspaper frequently palled on the senses; but Sam Sperry's lank and stooping figure as he descended faithfully, twice every week, from his lone home on the distant mountain, to "learn the news from Washington," bore with it an aroma of never-failing interest and diversion.

"Any 'ficial dokkerments arrived for me?" Sam was accustomed to inquire, on entering the post-office, with an air of ill-concealed consequence; and on being answered in the negative, the look of sudden surprise and incredulity which overspread his features was always as fresh and real as it had been during the first six months he had undergone the blow. His recovery was as complete and instantaneous, when, seated on the counter with the "boys," he derided the very existence of his proud nation's capital in terms of the most reckless sarcasm, or, in a softer mood, induced by certain grateful potations, palliated the weakness of official judges with a forbearance which his listeners found even more irresistibly entertaining.

"They think they're comin' it over me, down there to Washington," Sam observed on one occasion, rolling his eyes upon his near neighbor on the counter with a look which was dark without menace, and at the same time forcibly introducing the sharp point of his elbow to that gentleman's ribs—"they think they're comin' it over me, down there to Washington. And all the time they're hangin' off about my pension, what's accumulatin' down there?—what's accumulatin'?" Here Sam's companion was actually obliged to move an inch or two away in order to escape the too severe emphasis of that emaciated elbow. "Back pay!"

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chuckled Sam; "that's what's accumulatin'—back pay! Let 'em hold off ten or a dozen years longer, and I'll be swimmin' in back pay—I'll be fairly wallerin' in it."

With which the deeply confidential aspect of Sam's face changed to a triumphant simper, and, turning to nudge another companion (as he supposed) on his right, he inadvertently thrust his elbow through the wrappage of a large parcel of sugar, the contents of which were scattered over the grocery floor.

Sam's expression of dismay was pitiful.

"Have it charged to your back pay, Sam," cried an uproarious though cheerful voice.

Sam took up the cue, and ever after that his descent from the West Mountain, which had before been significant of a small invoice of skunks' fur, blueberries, and the like, at the Bloomington grocery, missed the hampering weight of those hardly acquired products, and Sam's business transactions at the counter—the understanding being good between the grocer and those jolly Bloomington boys—were rounded by a regally careless, "Charge it to pension, Ned—reg'lar pension or back pay, I don't care which."

Rarely, very rarely, Sam really did find a document waiting for him at the post-office, marked with the mysterious seal of the Department of the Interior, and opened it with fingers of trembling expectation, only to find a printed sheet of painfully worded statistics, to the effect that "besides the two hundred and ninety thousand filed claims, others were constantly being entered, but that in due time each would receive careful consideration," etc. His first heat of desperate indignation yielded later to tears of unaffected sentiment, as he murmured, "Pension! I guess so, boys!—the grass 'll be growing over my grave before *I* see any pension," and later still to smiles and hope again.

The gunshot wound in his right hand upon which Sam had based his claim on the national bounty was of small account compared with the harm which he had suffered, both in body and soul, from the soldiers' camp life, the Southern marshes—above all, the Southern prisons.

"I don't know what Sam might 'a been, or what he might not 'a been," said Judge Holcomb, a prosperous citizen of Bloomington, who had been incarcerated with Sam at Andersonville. "'Pon my honor, boys, he *began* uncommon bright, though he wa'n't never what ye'd call pertick'ler tough or long-winded. But I can tell ye one thing, Sam Sperry wa'n't never the same man after he come out o' that prison."

Even after this asseveration I do not know that any of the frequenters of the Bloomington bazar remarked that the boyish head on Sam's bent shoulders, with its rings of close-curling light hair, was of a Byronic cast, or that his eyes, when not filmy from the effects of ague or rum, were of such a perfect and heavenly blue as is seldom seen even in the undimmed orbs of children. Sam was their Punch, their by-word, their théâtre comique; they would have paid twice the price of his lordly though prudent negotiations at the counter rather than miss the zest afforded by his semi-weekly appearance. With a touch of real pity too, perhaps, for their old comrade, they cajoled with him in his forlorn hope, encouraged in him at all times the freest expression of his sentiments, flattered him, and regaled him. And often, alas! the feet which had come shuffling down the mountain awkwardly enough and loosely enough, retraced their steps in a still more desultory and uncertain manner, and chance passers-by have told how Sam, pausing at length by some way-side fence, frequently nudged the post with his elbow, as though having just committed to it some gravely confidential or facetious remark.

There was one person whom Sam's weaknesses and derelictions failed to inspire with appreciative mirth. In the neighborhood of Sam's house on the mountain there were two other homes. One was possessed by Isaac Travers with his belligerent wife and numerous small children; in the other Mary Ellsworth dwelt alone with her mother.

Years ago, Sam and Mary had gone down hand in hand to the school kept in the little hamlet at the foot of the mountain. Mary still keeps the green-covered "speller" in which she and Sam studied their lessons together. And they were at the head of the class always, the mountain boy and girl—always at the head of the class, and always first and most imperious in play; Mary small, brown-eyed, sharp-witted, and Sam handsome and tall, with his cherubic curls and saucy red lips.

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Then Sam's parents died, and he went over to help John Ellsworth in his mill, and the work prospered under his strong blithe hand. And as the days passed by, Sam and Mary shrank coyly away from the affectionate intimacy of their childhood, and ended by falling as deeply in love with each other as though they had now for the first time exchanged glances across the rapturous bounds of manhood and maidenhood. Their love, having such tender root in the past, sent out bright branches of hope for the future, and was as strong as life with them both. Mary would have borne anything for Sam; and Sam, who was of a quick and impetuous nature, found his equilibrium in the sweet firmness of Mary's character, and adored her for the loving sarcasm with which she rebuked his pet faults —such bright and captivating faults as Sam's were then.

Sam and Mary were engaged when the war broke out; and the two men of John Ellsworth's household went away, and the two women waited in their solitary home on the mountain, cheered by letters at first: afterward their only hope lay in some chance returning figure along the road that came winding up from the villages below. John Ellsworth never came back along that dear familiar road; and when Sam returned one day, weak, ague-shaken, demented, but still fondly, foolishly faithful, Mary, called of God to endure this greater sorrow than any death could bring, spent the solitude of one black night in terrible rebellion, and when the morning dawned, laid her broken heart at the foot of the cross, and rose with a calm "I *will*—for evermore."

Sam went back wonderingly to occupy the long-deserted home of his childhood; but it was Mary's hand that brought him bread and meat, that made his bed, and swept his floor, and furnished his poor home with every comfort.

Sam knew that it was all changed somehow. The tongue once so winningly sarcastic was now ever too thoughtfully kind, the once laughing eyes too deeply compassionate. He sorrowed over it with the vague sorrow of a child. But he trusted Mary. *She* knew; she would set it all right in time. The light, the hope, the promise of his youth, so helplessly, so mysteriously lost—they were all kept waiting for him somewhere in Mary's great dark eyes.

But when Sam came tottering up the hill on his return home, he had brought with him a parcel the contents of which he had not revealed to any eye. It contained his wedding clothes, new and sleek, of the finest black broadcloth. In the pathetic loneliness of his home he acquired a habit of fondling these, of gloating over them, even of trying them on before the glass; and then, as he stood in his best mood, with his bonny hair carefully curled, one never saw so sweet and weak a face. Sam longed yet ever hesitated to appear before Mary in these splendid habiliments. That strange trouble on his mind deterred him. He was never so shy, so simple, so conscious of his lost estate, as when in "Miss Mary's" presence —never withal so strangely happy and content. One evening, as he sat before her, the wedding garments he had left at home filled all his thought.

"I—I never cared for any girl but you, Mary," he exclaimed abruptly, with a spark of the old fire in his eyes. "I—I never *could*."

"No, Sam," Mary answered, gently, "I don't believe you ever could."

"You—you promised to marry me once," said Sam, that brief fire changing, for another instant, to a look of solemn wonder and reproach.

A deathly pallor crept over Mary's face. Then she came close to Sam, and laid her hand on his, and looked into his eyes with all the beautiful tenderness and pity of her deeply tried soul.

"I shall always be true to you, Sam," she said. "There are some things we can't understand. We must be patient. But *that*—what we hoped for once—now —in this world—*that*, dear Sam, must never be!"

"Yes, Mary," Sam answered, sweetly obedient, thrilled through and through by the touch of her dear hand, "*that* must never be." And he repeated the words simply all the way home, "*That* must never be." It was all right, somehow. "Mary knew." But he folded the wedding clothes and put them away that night as one who should never need to take them down again.

After this the ruined life clung still closer to that strong and patient one, and the little services which Sam was accustomed to perform for Mary, when not suffering with the ague, or following after the fond hallucination of his "pension"—

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the fetching of wood and the drawing of water—these lost to his poor adoring mind every base and menial quality, and were like the offering of a devotee laid tremblingly at the feet of an angel.

And the time passed all too swiftly for the work of Mary's hands. Besides her ministrations to Sam and her mother, her generous thought for the wretched Travers family, the name of Mary Ellsworth, for the gracious help and sympathy which it implied, was known and loved in all the villages below; and in times of sickness or sorrow, or added care, the journey up the mountain-side was cheap which could procure a day of those coveted services.

It was the affliction of unexpected company which had overtaken Judge Holcomb's wifeless home and refractory servants. Mary, with rare firmness, established there in a day her universal rule of peace. Among the other guests was a young actress from New York, the judge's niece, blonde, handsome, magnificent. At evening, as Mary stood, before her return home, waiting an instant in the hall, so quiet and demure, with her dark hair parted in an old, old fashion, and her sad lustrous eyes and her face breathing that ineffable refinement which the calm endurance of some hidden and exalted sorrow alone can give, the dashing young actress advanced upon her suddenly, and folded her with an impetuous gesture in her strong white arms. "I love you!" she whispered. "I love you! I love you desperately!"

The judge's own wooing was less impassioned, when, some weeks afterward, he left his smart horse and buggy at Mary's gate, and entered the house.

"I formed a very fav'rable opinion of you, Mary," said this grandiose personage, "a good many years ago, and I've never had any cause to alter that opinion. In fact, I come in here to say that I should like to have you come down to my house in the capacity of a *wife*."

There was a grace, a perfect self-reliance, in Mary's old-fashioned manner, which relieved it from any imputation of stiffness, as she answered, in much the same words that she had used in addressing Sam some time before, but with such a different tone in the ring of her clear voice: "I thank you, but *that* can never be." And the judge drove away, amazed and disappointed, but most of all sorry for Mary.

Sam was the next caller. He had seen the smart buggy at Mary's gate. He entered, timid and hesitating, and sat for some time shifting uneasily about in his chair. At length: "I—I never cared for any girl but you, Mary. I—I never *could*," he repeated, earnestly.

And Mary answered, as she had done before, "No, Sam, I don't believe you ever could."

Sam drew his sleeve quickly across his eyes. "You—you ain't goin' to leave the mountain, are you, Mary?" he gasped. "You ain't goin' to leave the old mountain, Mary?"

"Never!" Mary answered, and, as before, her tone quieted and consoled him.

After what seemed a long time, though the tears were still standing in Sam's blue eyes, "I forgot, Mary," he said, meekly. "I came in to say—you're young yet, and handsome, Mary—and if you had a better chance—I don't know what I—what we should do without you—but if you had a better chance—you—you mustn't—you know—Mary—"

There he paused. Mary did not smile, but her heart yearned over Sam as a mother's might over a child who has tried in vain to be good and brave and unselfish. And Sam went away comforted.

It was the third bleak winter since Sam's return to the mountain, and he meanwhile growing weaker and sillier with each successive season, but ever faithful in his inquiries after his pension at the Bloomington post-office. The Bloomington boys thought it a rare joke to impress upon his mind that the only reason why Miss Mary deferred giving him her hand in marriage was his continued inability to obtain his pension.

"Jest wait till you get your pension, Sam," said Ned Hemingway, the storekeeper, delicately hinting on this point, "and then see!"

And Sam doubted utterly at first—away down in his heart doubted always; but as he lent himself more and more to the erratic fancy, it fired and consumed his brain.

One night, from the alternate chills and fevers which shook his frame, Sam fell asleep. Instead of his lone dark room, the road winding from the mountain to the village rose before his eyes. That road, usually so tortuous and long, was straight and bathed in light. He traversed it. At the end a palace gate,

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and at the gate a white-winged angel stood, his pension in her shining hand. Sam gazed. Above those peaceful wings was Mary's face. She smiled as she had smiled upon him long ago. He woke, and slept no more that night.

With the morning he put on his wedding clothes. No doubt or hesitation possessed him now. There was a terrible exultation in his eyes. This time he did not stop, as was his wont, at Miss Mary's house. The road down the mountain-side was tortuous and long. There was no palace gate at the end; no pension. Those who watched Sam's face in this last instance of his ever-recurring disappointment say that a look came over it which had never been there before. He rested on the counter, and drowsed, and almost fainted, but he would not drink. This provoked unbounded astonishment. Sam's dying flesh craved the cup with an awful thirst, but Mary's eyes were stronger, and Mary's eyes seemed to be upon him, and he would not drink.

"It would choke me, boys," he tried to say, turning away weakly.

He manifested a desire to make his will. It was a rare occasion at the Bloomington grocery.

"It's all to go to Mary," he exclaimed, excitedly, "pension, back pay, and all." The last flame of the fever was flickering and wasting in his eyes. He rested and dozed again. At noon he started for home; at four o'clock he had traversed only half of the lonely winter road; at the foot of the mountain—it was sunset—he staggered and fell down. We shrink from the records of fates so sad. We need not fear. One greater than we, and more compassionate by far, comforts the death of His lambs when they fall in the desolate places. The pain in Sam's body eased. Across his mind flitted a brief trouble.

"I wish Mary could know," he said, "that I wouldn't touch it—for her sake." And later and more solemnly: "I wish Mary could know—that I seem—now—to understand. I seem—now—to see—"

An old story tells of the prodigal who wandered, and who came back to his father's house; of the purpose, running through all the weakness and sin, of the wonder and suffering of our human lives to make us hungry and to bring us home. So over Sam's wasting face there crept first the infinite unbearable hunger of the soul, and then the quiet look of one whom God leads home; and the blue eyes, piercing now beyond the light of sun or moon, met unshrinkingly the shadows of the deepening night, and unshrinkingly the clear gaze of the solemn stars.

And *Mary knew.* When they brought Sam home to her in his wedding garments, she looked upon his face, and she knew that the bridegroom had indeed come back, clothed and joyful, to the bride; the lost spirit to the strength and beauty of its first estate. And she kissed the dead lips in that last act of perfect love and consecration, and knelt and thanked God.

A few days after Sam's death, Ned Hemingway, entering Mary's house, either from curiosity or worthier motives, with a stammered apology, and the words, "Of course it ain't o' no account, but I thought ye might like to keep it," handed Mary the will in which Sam had devised to her his pension. As he did this, the mirthful grocer cast down his eyes, and blushed to the roots of his hair. Mary took the little parchment, read it quietly, and just the shadow of a smile played about the beautiful tenderness of her lips. Then she turned to the grocer, and unconsciously transfixed him with her clear, thoughtful, half-inattentive gaze.

"I think Sam owed you something," she said.

"Oh, no, no," stammered the grocer. "That's all right. The boys 'll see to that."

"I should prefer to have you give me the bill," Mary said; and still transfixed by that courteously compelling gaze, the abashed and reluctant grocer complied.

Mary keeps the will in which Sam gave her his pension, with a lock of hair that was always golden and boyish, and the green-covered spelling-book. Sometimes in the pauses of her toil she can smile her tender smile over these; she can weep blessed tears over them.

But if any one should say that hers had been a famished heart—famished for all the joyful possibilities, the wifehood, the motherhood, that might have been—the thought would pale before the tranquil glory of her eyes. There has come to the life of this lone watcher on the mountain a fullness such as few may know. The autumn winds that speak with their low wail of death to the dwellers in the valley land below bring to her clearer sense sweet messages of home.

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HOW AMERICA CAME TO BE DISCOVERED.

THE voyage of Columbus in 1492 was in many respects the greatest event which had occurred in the world since the birth of Christ. Politically and socially it was the beginning of an entirely new chapter in human history, and it wrought effects upon men's speculative thinking which, though perhaps less conspicuous, were not less real or remarkable. In much more than the mere geographical sense was it the discovery of a New World. It was the first in a complicated series of events which four centuries have not yet fully rounded into a period: the foundation of a new Europe in America, in Africa, in Australia, and in the islands of the Pacific; the rise of the English race to political and commercial supremacy, and the advance of the English language toward what may become universal dominion; the reorganization of government upon a higher plane than the Middle Ages had even been able to foreshadow; the renovation of society in the old Europe through countless subtle influences; the permanent triumph of the industrial over the predatory spirit; the successful assertion of individual freedom against the paralyzing absolutism inherited from the Roman Empire; the overthrow of sacerdotalism, and the Christianization of the world. It would probably be too much to assert that some of these desirable results might not have been attained, so far as the old Europe is concerned, even if the lands beyond the sea had never been explored and colonized. It is unquestionable, however, that the progress would have been much slower and much more subject to interruption. The part performed by England, for example, in the work of European civilization since the age of Elizabeth has been so immense and so complicated that no elaborateness of analytic description can do it justice. Yet England in Elizabeth's time was hardly a first-class power, and but for the colonization of America in the seventeenth century it is difficult to see in what way she would so surely or so soon have gained the commercial supremacy which gave her in the eighteenth the dominion of the ocean, and thus secured her the foremost position in the world. To those—and there are many such in America—who are in the habit of regarding American history as a dry and uninteresting study, it may be a profitable matter of reflection that since the beginning of the seventeenth century it is impossible to follow intelligently the affairs of the old Europe through a single generation without constant reference to the New World.

In view of all the wide-spread changes which were inaugurated by the voyage of 1492, it is curious to consider that Columbus died without ever learning that he had discovered a new continent, and it is further worthy of note that he was not the first European who had sailed to the shores of America. Five centuries before his memorable voyage a hardy band of Norwegians had wintered in tents by the Pocasset River; and at Point Alderton, or some neighboring spot below Boston Harbor, the gallant Thorvald Ericsson had been slain by the arrows of the natives—first of Europeans, so far as history tells us, whose bones were laid beneath the soil of Massachusetts, and hallowed with Christian burial. There are vague traditions, indeed, of voyages to America undertaken by the Irish in the days when the cloisters of sweet Innisfallen were a centre of piety and culture for Northwestern Europe. Some have even maintained that long before the Christian era the Phœnicians, who undoubtedly colonized the Canaries, proceeded boldly onward and visited the coast of Florida. But in the absence of anything like historic testimony, we may safely dismiss these claims as unworthy of credit. It is quite otherwise with the Northmen, whose simple and interesting narratives, comprising unmistakable descriptions of the New England coast, form a consistent portion of the authentic history of Iceland. This island, which appears to have been settled as early as the sixth century by Irish monks, was overrun about the middle of the ninth by the worshippers of Wodan and Thor, who were, however, readily converted to Christianity. A large sea-faring community soon grew up in Iceland, organized as an aristocratic republic, owning but slight and doubtful allegiance to the Kings of Norway. The growth of the new community in wealth and culture was rapid. In the eleventh century, before literature had dawned in the modern speech of France or Spain or Italy, there was a flourishing prose literature in Iceland; and the *Landnamabok*, or statistical and genealogical account of the first settlers, was the most complete and thoroughgo-

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ing work of the kind which had ever been undertaken by any people down to quite recent times. From various Icelandic sagas and chronicles we learn that in 876 one of the early settlers named Gunnbiorn was driven by foul weather to the coast of Greenland, where he passed the winter. In 983, Eric the Red-haired, a man of high consideration, was outlawed for a murder, and took refuge with a few followers in Greenland. Three years after, in 986, Eric ventured home for re-enforcements, and brought back with him a considerable number of settlers, who founded the colony of Ericsfiord. In this same year 986, Bjarne Herjulfson, following Eric to Greenland, was driven far to the southwest by a storm, and saw thickly wooded shores, along which he appears to have coasted back toward Davis Strait without attempting to land. Bjarne's account, however, stimulated the curiosity of Leif Ericsson, eldest son of the adventurous outlaw, and in the autumn of the year 1000 Leif started from Ericsfiord with one ship and a crew of thirty-five men. Leif coasted by Labrador, which he called Helluland, from its abundance of flat stones, and passed by Nova Scotia, which he called Markland, from its thick woods. Sailing around the peninsula of Cape Cod, of which the chronicle gives an excellent description, the little company went into winter-quarters at Mount Hope Bay, where they caught abundance of salmon, and cut timber for a return cargo. The time of their landing must have been the Indian summer, for they found wild grapes in such quantities that Leif named the country Vinland on this account; and those who know what the New England climate is at that favored season can sympathize with the enthusiasm of the Northmen over the beautiful country which they had found. Even the winter seemed mild and pleasant to these visitors from Greenland, and they did not fail to comment on the great length of the winter days, when the sun rose at half past seven and did not go down until half past four.

Leif returned to Ericsfiord the following spring, and the next year (1002) his brother Thorvald came to Vinland with thirty men. This expedition wintered in the same place as the former. During the cold weather they cut wood and caught fish, and in the summer-time they appear to have explored parts of Long Island Sound. On their return, in the spring of 1004, stormy weather off Cape Cod drove them inward toward Boston Harbor, and they landed again near Point Alderton. Here occurred the skirmish with the natives in which Thorvald was killed; but these natives do not appear to have been Indians such as our own forefathers found on these shores six centuries afterward. From the descriptions it has been supposed that New England may at that time have been inhabited by Esquimaux, who afterward retreated to the north before the advancing Indian.

On the return of Thorvald's expedition without its leader, his brother Thorstein Ericsson refitted the vessel and started for a new cruise, but after beating about in a frightful storm for several weeks without knowing where they were, the little company of explorers were driven back upon the coast of Greenland, where Thorstein and most of the others were carried off by disease.

In the following year Thorstein's widow, Gudrid, was married to Thorfinn Karlsefne, a bold navigator who had just come over from Iceland to Ericsfiord, and a fourth expedition was planned on a larger scale than the others. In 1007 Karlsefne set out with three ships and one hundred and sixty men, several taking their wives with them, apparently with some intention of making a permanent settlement in Vinland the Good. In the course of that year Karlsefne's son Snorro was born, the first white man born in America, so far as history knows, and the chronicle tells us that he was three years old before the explorers turned their faces homeward. During this interval the coasts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island seem to have been quite thoroughly explored, and inland excursions were made from Narragansett Bay to the Blue Hills of Milton. There were several encounters with the savages, in which considerable blood was shed on both sides, and it seems to have been the persistent hostility of the natives which at last determined Karlsefne to abandon the project of founding a colony here. In leaving this bold explorer, it may be interesting to observe that from Snorro, the son of Karlsefne and Gudrid, born in New England, there has come a very numerous family of famous men, including many bishops, university professors, Governors of Iceland, and Ministers of State in Norway and Denmark. The

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learned antiquarian Finn Magnusson and the celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen were both descended from the explorer Karlsefne. A fifth expedition is mentioned as coming to Vinland in 1011, and here our information stops. All the voyages above enumerated seem to have been made in the interest of the Ericssons and their friends, and the chronicler drops the subject as soon as it ceases to be connected with the fortunes of this family. It is nevertheless quite probable that other similar voyages were made from time to time, as they are said in general terms to have been both honorable and profitable. Mention is made, indeed, of a voyage to Markland, or Nova Scotia, for timber, in the middle of the fourteenth century, and in Icelandic works on geography current in the Middle Ages the positions of Vinland, Markland, and Helluland are described correctly, though there is no suspicion of the fact that they form part of a new continent. The Northmen, who reached these places by creeping along the coasts, only now and then crossing narrow intervals of open sea, could not have been expected to form any idea of the enormous expanse of water which intervenes directly between Massachusetts and the Spanish peninsula. They looked upon Greenland as a prolongation of Europe, and so indeed it was generally regarded until after the time of Columbus. The American coast south of Greenland was not unnaturally conceived as a further extension of Europe, and some held on theoretical grounds that Vinland stretched so far southward as to join Africa, thus making the Atlantic a land-locked sea except at Baffin Bay, which was supposed to lead out into an outermost ocean surrounding the entire earth.

We do not hear that any one ever tried to verify this curious hypothesis, which well illustrates the crudeness of the geographical knowledge of the Northmen. There is no evidence that Leif Ericsson's discovery ever produced any result among the Northmen themselves other than perhaps a few voyages for timber. No indisputable traces of their former presence in New England have ever been discovered, and there is no reason for supposing that they ever made any permanent settlement there. Nor is it in any way strange that such a discovery, made under such circumstances, and in that age of the world, should not have been followed up by colonization. The first obstacle in the way of any such result was the immense difficulty of the voyage. The mariner's compass did not come into use until the middle of the thirteenth century, and this circumstance, while it heightens our admiration of the skill and boldness of Leif and his followers, shows at the same time how narrowly limited in their day were the possibilities of maritime adventure. Systematic navigation of the broad ocean between Norway and Vinland was not among the possibilities; and from a colonization which could only take place by way of a country like Greenland not much was to be expected. The little colony in Greenland itself maintained a precarious existence until the middle of the fourteenth century, when it was destroyed by that same terrific visitation of the Black Death which in the course of twenty years slew one-fourth of the inhabitants of Europe. When Greenland was rediscovered in 1721 by Hans Egede, nothing remained of Eric's colony save the ruins of several villages, and the massive walls of Kakortok church, supposed by some to be the old cathedral church of Gardar, where seventeen Norwegian bishops had successively officiated.

But besides the practical difficulty of reaching the New England coast, there were yet stronger reasons why a voyage of remote discovery in the eleventh century was not likely to be followed by colonization. The state of Europe at that time was not one which afforded surplus energy for distant enterprise. In the year 1000, when white men first wintered in Massachusetts, the Dane Swegen Forkbeard was wresting the lordship of England from the feeble grasp of Æthelred the Unready. Robert the Debonair, unwarlike son of the sagacious and valiant Hugh Capet, King of the French in name, but in reality master of very little territory beyond the immediate neighborhood of Paris, was waging a doubtful struggle with unruly vassals, some of whom quite surpassed the crown in wealth and power. The youthful Otto III., the "wonder of the world," had just made his weird visit to the tomb of his mighty predecessor at Aachen before starting on that last journey to Rome which in less than two years was to cost him his life. Gerbert, most erudite of popes—too learned not to have had dealings with the devil—Gerbert, elected through Otto's influence to the

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headship of the Church, was but beginning to raise the papacy out of the abyss of infamy into which the preceding age had seen it sink, and so to prepare the way for the far-reaching reforms of Hildebrand. In this year Stephen, first Christian King of the Hungarians, began to reign, and the power of heretical Bulgaria, which had threatened to overwhelm the Eastern Empire, was broken by the attack of the Macedonian Basil. In this year Olaf Tryggvesson was overthrown, and the kingdom of Norway divided for a time between Swedes and Danes. In this year the Christians of Spain met defeat at the hands of Almansur, and the Mohammedan dominion there still seemed destined to endure. From end to end Europe was a scene of dire confusion, and though to us, looking back upon it, the time seems not devoid of promise, there was no cheering outlook then. Nowhere were the outlines of kingdoms or the ownership of crowns definitely settled. Private war was both universal and incessant: even the Truce of God had not yet been proclaimed. As for the common people, their hardships were well-nigh incredible. There was no commerce worthy of mention, and but little tilling of the soil, except in serfage, and famines were frequent and terrible, as to-day in India. In the chronicles of the time we find many reports of cannibalism, and even of ghoulism, the horrid accompaniments of a season of starvation. Amid all this anarchy and misery, at the close of the thousandth year from the birth of Christ, the belief was general throughout Europe that the Day of Judgment was at hand—that the world, grown old in wickedness, was at length ripe for destruction.

A period like this was not fitted for colonial enterprise, because all the vital energy in Europe was consumed in efforts for the adjustment of European affairs. Before a people can found colonies, it must have solved the problem of political life at home, at least so far as to secure stability of trade. It is the mercantile spirit which has supported modern colonization, aided by the spirit of romantic adventure and the spirit of intellectual curiosity. In the eleventh century there was no intellectual curiosity outside of the monastery walls; nor had this feeling become anywhere enlisted in the service of commerce. Romantic adventure, such as there was, consisted mostly in brutal buccaneering. There was no such thing as a commercial marine, and on land the career of the trader was restrained by the robber baron. In those days the fashionable method of compounding with your creditors was, not to offer them thirty cents on a dollar, but to inveigle them into your castle and broil them over a slow fire.

During the four centuries which followed the eleventh, events occurred which wrought immense changes in European society. Foremost among these events were the Crusades, which began at the end of the eleventh century, and lasted two hundred years. Considered merely as a series of wars for the recovery of the Hôly Land from the Mussulmans, the Crusades were of course a failure; but, like many other failures in this complicated world, the ends which they unconsciously achieved were vastly more important than the one which they consciously strove for. Even from a military point of view they fully justified themselves. For if Christendom had not gone out to attack the Mussulman in Asia and Africa, it would have had to receive his attack in Europe. One side was as actively aggressive as the other, and it was sound policy to conduct the war on the enemy's soil. But for the Crusades it would most likely have been the Seljukian Turks of the twelfth century, instead of the Ottomans of the fifteenth, who would have taken Constantinople; and this in itself would have been a frightful calamity. Though the Crusaders had a very odd way of showing their friendship for the Eastern Empire, they certainly protected it as against the Turk. But these wars did much more than merely to protect Europe from invasion. They increased the independence of the Church, which at that time was equivalent to putting a curb upon the propensities of the robber baron, and increasing the security of labor and traffic. In another way they aided this good work, by carrying off the robber baron in large numbers to Egypt and Syria, and killing him there. In this way they did much toward ridding European society of its most turbulent elements. By renewing intercourse with the Greek culture of Constantinople they revived intellectual curiosity, and brought about that thirteenth-century renaissance which is associated with the names of Giotto and Dante and Roger Bacon. They developed the spirit

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of romantic adventure, and connected it with something better than vagrant freebooting. In these ways they widened men's minds wonderfully. Finally, they revived the commercial intercourse with the Oriental world, and by destroying the naval supremacy of the Mohammedans in the Mediterranean they established the current of trade between the Indies and the great free cities of Italy.

Thus in the five centuries which intervened between the voyage of Leif Ericsson and that of Columbus the progress of European society had been great indeed. In the principal kingdoms the question of internal politics had gone far toward a conclusion. The distance is enormous in English history between Swegen Forkbeard and Henry VII., and in French history between the son of Hugh Capet and the son of Louis XI. Still greater seems the distance in the history of Spain between the triumphant career of Mohammedanism under Almansur and its final overthrow in 1492 under Ferdinand and Isabella. Socially the change had been perhaps greater than even this dramatic contrast of famous names would imply. Men's minds had begun to be turned from warfare to industry. The struggle was no longer for bare existence, but for the attainment of a certain standard of comfortable living. The great industrial movement which distinguishes modern society, and which is characterized by the systematic application of trained intelligence to the various processes whereby subsistence is secured—this great movement had made some beginnings in Italy and Flanders, and in the German towns which lay on the highway of trade between these countries.

It would be very extravagant to ascribe all this progress to the Crusades, but these wars contributed largely to every phase of it. My purpose in citing them so conspicuously is to point out how in various ways they had been instrumental in developing in European society a vast quantity of surplus energy, which was now ready to pour itself out through any new channel that circumstances might happen to open. If there had been no such outlet afforded by maritime discovery—if, for example, there had been no American continent and no passage by sea around the south of Africa—I believe this surplus energy would again have assumed a crusading form, and discharged itself upon Asia. In such case the tide of Turkish invasion would have been rolled back, the holy places of Mecca might have become the prey of the Spaniard, and Venice might have remained the mistress of the sea.

Spain and Portugal never joined the other European nations in warfare against the Turks, because they had enough to occupy them in their own domestic struggle against the Moors. The Portuguese were the first people, since the old Northmen, who engaged in distant maritime adventure, and in this connection it is interesting to observe that Portuguese seamanship had its origin in naval warfare with the Mohammedans. Of all the black chapters in the history of mankind there is none more hideous than that which records the horrors of Moorish piracy. It was in attempting to put down this intolerable nuisance that the Portuguese became accustomed to sail down the west coast of Africa; and these voyages, begun for military purposes, were kept up in the interest of commerce, and served as a mighty stimulus to geographical curiosity. In 1394 was born Prince Henry of Portugal, afterward known as Henry the Navigator. He was first cousin to King Henry V. of England, and equalled his kinsman in genius, while the laurels which he obtained were far more glorious than those of Agincourt. He was one of the greatest astronomers and mathematicians of his age, and his services to geography were more important than those of any other modern before Columbus. It is a pity that so fair a fame should have been soiled by association with the beginnings of such an odious thing as negro slavery. When only fifteen years of age, Prince Henry commanded an expedition into Morocco, and defeated the Moorish army at Ceuta. His fleets soon after began to harass the coast, and crept by degrees farther and farther to the south. By 1434 his captains had passed Cape Boyador. In 1442, gold and negro slaves were brought from the Rio del Oro. In various expeditions between 1430 and 1460 the Azores and Cape Verd Islands, nearly a thousand miles distant from the continent, were reached, and men began to grow somewhat less afraid of venturing out upon the broad Atlantic—the "sea of darkness," as people then used to call it. In those days the unknown regions of the earth were invested with strange imaginary terrors. Sometimes there was an

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appearance of rationality in the curious opinions which were current. It had been a matter of observation that in the extreme North the ocean freezes, and the country is rendered uninhabitable through cold. It was not an unnatural inference that in the far South the ocean is boiling hot, and the country inhabitable only by gnomes and salamanders. This notion was exploded in 1462, when Henry's sailors passed beyond Sierra Leone. Another prejudice had to be overcome before the voyage to India could be definitely undertaken. Hipparchus, the greatest of the ancient Greek astronomers, had maintained on theoretical grounds that the continent of Africa extended to the south pole, and reached around, inclosing the Indian Ocean, until it joined Asia beyond the Ganges. These views, adopted by Ptolemæüs, held their own until the fifteenth century, but Prince Henry did not accept them. He may, perhaps, have learned from Herodotus that in 610 B.C. a Phœnician ship started from the Red Sea and coasted all around Africa, returning home through the Straits of Gibraltar. At all events he maintained, in defiance of Ptolemæüs, that Africa was circumnavigable, and it was one of the chief ends of his life to prove this point. At his instigation one Portuguese captain after another crept along down the Guinea coast, and after his death, in 1463, the search was kept up, until finally in 1487 Bartholomew Dias reached the Cape of Good Hope, and looked out with wistful triumph upon the broad Indian Ocean, but did not venture to cross its untravelled waters.

Before this great enterprise was carried any farther an entirely new solution of the problem had been carried into operation by Christopher Columbus. For many years Columbus had resided in Lisbon, and had married a Portuguese wife; and as a native of Genoa, the traditional rival of Venice, he may naturally have felt an interest in the plans of Portugal for supplanting Venice in the control of the opulent trade between Europe and India. But however this may have been, the mind of Columbus moved upon a far higher plane than this. His was a grand and poetic soul, and he had a large-minded way of looking at things. He was not afraid of a great idea. Instead of confining his attention to some especially promising coast-line, his powerful imagination sought to grasp the space relations of the entire earth. The conception of the earth's spherical form was in no way original with him. It had been maintained by Aristotle, and adopted by Hipparchus and Ptolemæüs, and among the ancient philosophers Strabo and Seneca had suggested the theoretical possibility of a westerly passage from Spain to India. These views had been reiterated in the thirteenth century by Roger Bacon, and again in the fifteenth by Pierre d'Ailly, whose great book, *Imago Mundi*, had in those days a similar reputation, as a description of natural phenomena, to that which Humboldt's *Cosmos* has enjoyed in our own time. Columbus was perfectly familiar with these views, and the work of Pierre d'Ailly was his constant companion. His originality consisted in reducing the theoretical suggestion to a practical problem. It was one thing to suggest as a theoretical possibility that India might be reached by sailing westward; it was quite another thing to estimate the length of voyage requisite for the attainment of this object, and to show that the attempt was feasible with the ships and instruments then at command. In dealing with this problem Columbus fell far short of a correct solution. The problem was too great for his scientific resources. But the solution which he reached was, at any rate, sufficiently definite to be put to a trial, and the result of the trial was the discovery of a New World.

And now we come to one of the most curious points connected with the discovery of America. I refer to the singular mistake of Columbus in his estimate of the size of the earth. In the thirteenth century Marco Polo had described an island of Cipango, lying beyond China. This was no doubt one of the islands of Japan. Now in aiming at the eastern coast of Asia—known at that time only through the descriptions of Marco Polo—Columbus estimated the distance from Spain to Japan at about the figure which actually expresses the distance from Spain to the West Indies. This, I think, was an extremely fortunate mistake. When we consider how very difficult Columbus found it to obtain men and ships for a three months' voyage in such a new and untried direction, we must admit that his chances would have been poor indeed if he had proposed to sail for a year or two upon the "sea of darkness" before coming to the

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promised land. Indeed, the great commercial value of Columbus's proposal to the sovereigns lay in this, that he advocated the new westerly route to India as a shorter route than that which men were seeking to discover by circumnavigating Africa. As the Portuguese adventurers kept on revealing newer and newer stretches of the West African coast, even beyond the equator, it became apparent that the voyage to India in this direction was going to be a very long one, even if it should ever prove practicable at all. It was while men's minds were occupied with this phase of the question that Columbus came forward with his plausible argument that India might be reached much more speedily by steering directly across the Atlantic.

The proposals of Columbus were not handsomely received by the King of Portugal. His terms were thought to be unreasonably high, and after much circumlocution the king unwisely decided that honesty was not the best policy. He obtained Columbus's plans, and sent out a ship secretly to carry some goods to the Cape Verd Islands, and then to try the experiment of the westward voyage. But the pilots, having no grand idea to urge them forward, lost heart before the vast expanse of waters which confronted them, and beat an ignominious retreat to Lisbon; and the trick being discovered, Columbus departed in high dudgeon, and carried his proposals to the sovereigns of Spain. This was in 1484, and after eight years of weary solicitation, the great business of conquering Granada having been disposed of, Queen Isabella decided to furnish the necessary means for trying the bold experiment.

Into the details of the wonderful voyage, from the 3d of August to the 12th of October, 1492, it is not necessary for us now to enter, as doubtless every reader has been familiar with them from childhood. It was a prosperous voyage over a calm sea, quite devoid of such hardships as Da Gama and Magellan had afterward to encounter. It was an auspicious voyage, in which even false prognostications and errors of reckoning worked happily together toward the successful issue. Yet so great is the dread of the unknown in uncultivated men that during these short ten weeks the sailors were with difficulty restrained from mutiny. The heroism with which Columbus at last carried out his purpose was great, but not greater than has been manifested by many other explorers on land and sea. It is in its historic position as determined by its results that this expedition was so wonderful, and when considered from this point of view it stands without a parallel. It is not simply the greatest voyage that has ever been made, but nothing equal to it in this line of human work can ever be done again, because now the earth's surface is so well known that no sea of darkness remains to be traversed by brave hearts struggling with hope deferred, no worlds are left for the future Columbus to conquer. The era of which this great Italian was the most illustrious representative has closed forever.

But this era did not close with Columbus, nor did Columbus complete the discovery of America. When we speak of America as discovered in 1492, we must not forget that a century has barely elapsed since geographers were enabled to delineate the western coast of North America. The full discovery of America was really a very gradual process. Columbus himself, after four eventful voyages, in which he had stopped at various West India islands, and sailed along the coast of Venezuela and Guiana, died in the year 1506, in the full belief that all these lands were a part of Asia. In his letter of February, 1493, he speaks of the "islands of India beyond the Ganges" which he had lately discovered. In 1497, John Cabot, sailing in the service of Henry VII. of England, and reaching the Gulf of St. Lawrence, supposed himself to be off the coast of China. On May 30, 1498, Columbus first touched the South American continent in Venezuela. It is still quite doubtful whether Vespucci had reached it in the preceding year, but it is certain that he came to Brazil in 1499, and by 1502 he had explored the South American coast below the mouth of the La Plata, even approaching within two or three degrees of the Straits of Magellan. It was this vast expanse of coast, stretching much farther south than men had ever dreamed of Asia, which first suggested the idea that a new world had been found. In 1507, within a year after the death of Columbus, an account of Vespucci's voyages was published at St. Dié, in Lorraine, the very town where the celebrated cosmographer D'Ailly had a century before been principal of the ecclesiastical college. Now the poet Mathi-

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as Ringman, with some half-dozen other students at this college, suggested that Vespucci's new world "should be named *America*, after a man, inasmuch as Europe and Asia had been named after women."* Nevertheless, for a long while South America was conceived as a vast peninsula jutting southward from the Asiatic continent, and parallel, so to speak, with the peninsulas of Hindostan and Farther India. On the globe of Orontius Fines, made in 1531, it is so depicted; and we may safely say that for half a century after 1492 it was generally believed that Christopher Columbus had made a western passage to India, while Amerigo Vespucci had made out the coast-line of a third Indian peninsula, to which it was quite natural and reasonable that his name should be given. In such a complicated group of misconceptions originated the familiar names by which our New World and its aboriginal inhabitants will to all future ages be known.

Data for the rectification of these misconceptions had, however, begun to accumulate some time before 1531. The globe of Orontius, like many maps and books published nowadays, did not really represent the latest results of discovery. Let us observe how it gradually began to dawn upon men's minds that there was a farther side to the lands discovered by Columbus and Vespucci.

The successful expedition of Columbus in 1492 awakened fierce heart-burnings between Spain and Portugal, insomuch that in the following year Pope Alexander VI. undertook to pacify these two most Catholic and most chivalrous nations by summarily dividing between them all the heathen precincts of the earth. After more or less diplomatic wrangling, an imaginary line was drawn from pole to pole, three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Azores. All newly discovered lands to the east of this line were for evermore to belong to the King of Portugal, while everything to the west was to be the undisputed property of the Spanish crown. In 1497, within four years after the promulgation of this extraordinary decree, Vasco da Gama accomplished his arduous voyage of thirteen months duration around the Cape of Good Hope to Calicut in India; and now the commercial rivalry between the two most Catholic kingdoms began in earnest. The bull of Pope Alexander had indeed set matters at rest on the Atlantic, but on the opposite side of the globe everything was really left in dispute, for the line antipodal to the papal line of demarkation was by no means determined. The Molucca Islands were commercially of great importance, and it was by way of showing that these islands belonged properly to Spain and not to Portugal that the glorious Magellan set sail in 1519 on his westward voyage around the world.

Following the path marked out by Vespucci, Magellan searched along the coast of South America for a western passage, and at last entered the treacherous strait which bears his name. Nearly a century was still to elapse before the Dutchman Van Horn gave a name to the cape which terminates the continent. For fifteen months Magellan had persevered, and his sailors were already mutinous, when he entered the Pacific Ocean and stood for the northwest, with the view of regaining the equator. Terrible was the four months' struggle which now ensued. The huge size of our planet began at last to reveal itself; no one had ever dreamed of so vast an ocean as the Pacific. The ships had not been victualled for such a voyage, and besides their agonies of doubt and fear, the crews had soon to contend with the torments of starvation. They ate pieces of leather torn from the rigging and soaked in the sea; they appeased their raging thirst with bilge-water. Loud were their curses of the infatuated captain—the bold heretic who in defiance of the Church insisted that the earth was round, and was now leading them off into the everlasting sea which extended into the fathomless abyss of space—a sea with no welcoming shore beyond, yet from which it was now too late to hope to retrace their course. But in spite of hunger and perplexity and mutiny the indomitable hero kept on his way unflinching. The immensity of the ocean was a puzzle to him too, who, like all the geographers of the time, had greatly underestimated the size of our globe. The doubt whether the earth might not be flat, after all, sometimes came up; but against such unseemly skepticism "he comforted himself when he considered that in the eclipses of the moon the shadow cast of the earth is round, and as is the shadow such in like manner is the

* Stevens: *Historical and Geographical Notes*, p. 24.

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substance." The very depth of their despair, too, no doubt worked in his favor, for while it seemed fatal to advance, it seemed no less fatal to retreat, so far away had they come from the known world. At last, after incredible hardships, they made the Ladrone Islands, and met with traders from Sumatra. In the hour of victory the heroic conqueror perished—slain in a skirmish with some worthless savages. But his lieutenant, Elcano, took possession of the Moluccas in the name of Charles V., and making southwesterly for the Cape of Good Hope, came finally into a port of Spain in the autumn of 1522. Of the five gallant ships which had set out three years before on this unparalleled voyage, but one remained afloat to tell the proud story of the first circumnavigation of the earth.

It was this voyage of Magellan's which first made it clear that the calculations of Columbus were wrong, and that the continent of America was something else than a portion of India beyond the Ganges. Geographers were slow, however, in outgrowing the old conceptions, and the belief in a connection between America and Asia was long in disappearing. Maps made at the close of the sixteenth century give a large space to the Pacific Ocean, but show very little knowledge of the configuration of North America. It was not until 1725 that Behring discovered the strait which bears his name; and it was not until 1778—the year of Washington's encampment at Valley Forge—that Captain Cook, the most illustrious of navigators since Magellan, explored our western coasts from the Columbia River northward. The voyages of Cook may be regarded as concluding the era of maritime discovery which began with Prince Henry of Portugal—the era of discovery in the grand style, when new worlds awaited the patient explorer, and vast areas of the earth's surface were laid open for colonization at a single blow. The surface of our globe is now so well known that no room is left for mystery, and most of the savage portions of it have been appropriated, although not precisely in the manner decreed by Alexander VI. And however admirable the endurance, however valuable the achievements, of arctic voyagers and African path-finders, we can never again expect to see anything like the wonders of that heroic age of adventure, of which the discovery of America was the crowning glory.

A CRISIS.

MR. JONATHAN T. WARD, or, as his card more modernly expressed it, "J. Templeton Ward, Jun.," looked like a man supremely satisfied with his fortune and himself.

He had just received a particularly gratifying letter from his sister in New York, calling him to the city on a flattering errand, and as he entered the cars this pleasant October morning the universe seemed irradiated with his own private sense of happiness. The only drawback to his perfect enjoyment was the fact that on this train there was no parlor-car. It was vexatious to be obliged to breathe the same atmosphere with the common herd, and to submit his scented personality to the contamination of proximity to pea-nut-eating rustics, travel-worn cinereous pilgrims, not overmannerly children, and the inevitable baby. He adapted himself to circumstances, however, with the ready *savoir-faire* of an experienced man of the world, turning a seat, and elongating his finely proportioned form after the manner of the heraldic "bend"—an honorable ordinary which crosses an escutcheon in a diagonal direction—taking up as much space as possible. He dropped his hand-bag, cane, and light overcoat carelessly in the vacant corners, and thus comfortably extended, even the public car seemed bearable, and he found himself able to contemplate his plebeian and more crowded neighbors with urbane condescension.

After a few moments his fingers instinctively sought an inner pocket, and he re-read the letter which had so contributed to his self-gratulation. It was from his favorite sister Rose, who had married Henry Molineux, a wealthy broker, and whose happy married life had caused no diminution in her home affection. The Molineux were in their way very grand people, grander than the Wards, for they counted larger store of shekels and lands and antique heirlooms, and Rose's alliance had been fully approved by her brother. Rose herself was

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a bit of a match-maker, and had long cherished a dream of a double connection between the two families by the marriage of her brother with her husband's sister, Miss Winifred Molineux. Unfortunately for her plans, shortly after her own wedding her husband's family had sailed for Europe, remaining abroad four years, and the objects of her romantic schemes had never met. Very deftly, however, Mrs. Rose Molineux had managed her cards, keeping up Miss Winifred's interest in the unknown paragon by means of shrewd allusions and items of interest, but never waxing sufficiently enthusiastic to alarm the shy girl with apprehensions of a matrimonial pitfall arranged for her unsuspecting feet. With her brother Mrs. Molineux's manœuvres had been less strategic and delicate. The matter had been frankly discussed between them, and Mr. J. Templeton Ward acknowledged himself prepared to become Miss Winifred's willing slave at first sight. Indeed, he nearly persuaded himself that he was already in love with her, and he brooded over his sister's letter with all the benign serenity of an accepted lover.

"DEAR TEMPLETON" (wrote Mrs. Molineux),—"Henry's father and mother have at length returned from Europe, and have agreed to let me have Winifred for the winter. I want you to drop everything else, and devote yourself to us, to escort Winifred to all the exhibitions, symphony rehearsals, receptions, etc., of the season. She is looking remarkably well, and what is better, has returned *entirely heart free*. I was afraid some French marquis would be attracted by her *dot*, and snatch her up. I know that you are very sensitive on such matters, and will not thank me for telling you, but by the death of her uncle Robert in Pernambuco she has come into possession of thirty thousand dollars, which, in addition to her expectations from Papa Molineux, makes her a very pretty heiress. Do not let anything delay your coming. As What's-his-name says, 'A crisis comes once in the life of every man.'"

There is a trite old saying in regard to cup and lip which I forbear quoting, remarking only that it is a mistake to confide delicate porcelain to baby fingers. Mr. Ward's cup would probably never have slipped had it not been for a baby, of whose influence upon his fate he was as yet blissfully unconscious. It was a sorry day for him when the three weird sisters converted Mr. Templeton Ward's cup of happiness—which had hitherto been as carefully guarded as though it had been a veritable bit of blossomed Dresden or a fragile specimen of Sèvres in Pompadour rose—into a plaything for a ruthless and irresponsible baby.

Mr. Ward had drifted into a day-dream, when he was recalled suddenly to the actualities of the present by a sweet voice at his elbow inquiring diffidently, "Is this seat engaged?"

Turning sharply, he saw a dignified but youthful lady, with a face like that of one of Raphael's Madonnas. His impressible heart paid her homage at once, and he was about to spring to his feet with spontaneous politeness, when the pleasurable emotion was checked by one of dismay. She held in her arms a baby—well dressed, neat, chubby, bright, and, to a parental eye, a cherub of a child; to Mr. J. Templeton Ward, his pet aversion and peculiar horror.

He looked at the child with an expression of intense disapprobation. "I think you will be more comfortable at the other end of the car," he remarked, slowly raising his eyeglasses and surveying the perspective of crowded seats.

"I will try another car," replied the lady, with quiet dignity.

Mr. Templeton Ward's good-breeding asserted itself. "Indeed, madam, I had not observed that there were no vacant seats. Pray do not imagine me so egregiously selfish;" and the little lady was quickly seated as his *vis-à-vis*. For some time the baby conducted itself in an exemplary manner, drumming on the window-pane, and watching the rapidly whirling landscape, and Mr. Templeton Ward had time to observe that the lady was dressed in that alleviated mourning which allows certain concessions to fashion and becomingness in the toleration of white at throat and wrists, and solitaire pearls in either ear.

"Widowhood," he mused to himself—"widowhood which has passed the first poignancy of grief, and has entered the lonely stage which finds a solitary life almost unendurable." He noticed with keen, observant eye the curling sweep of the long jet lashes which shaded the delicately rounded ivory cheek, and widowhood struck him as the most pathetic and attractive aspect under which he had ever

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considered woman. He determined for one hour at least to make her forget her unprotected condition.

He endeavored first to propitiate the maternal affections.

"You have a fine little boy, madam."

The lady smiled. "*She* is a very good baby."

Mr. Ward was momentarily confused. "Your little daughter resembles you strikingly," he remarked.

Again the rarely sweet smile flickered across the lady's lips.

"You could not compliment me in a more gratifying manner," she replied.

He turned to the baby, and endeavored to interest it in an exhibition of his watch and seals.

"What is her name?" he asked, hoping that the reply might involve that of the mother.

"We call her Dimple. Don't you think a baby the most delicious thing in the whole world?"

"Well, no, it had never occurred to me in that light before; but you know I have not had the advantage of an acquaintance with Miss Dimple."

"You could not help liking her. She never cries; she is absolutely angelic."

Mr. Ward was on the point of remarking, "I said she resembled you," but he checked himself; they were not sufficiently intimate *yet* for flattery.

The conversation became impersonal, and drifted through a wide range of subjects, Mr. Templeton Ward becoming more and more interested in his travelling companion, and quite ignoring the presence of the baby. This young person at last became fidgety, and even cross.

"The precious infant!" exclaimed the lady. "How forgetful I am! She should have been fed twenty minutes ago."

A basket was produced, and a little rummaging brought to light a nursing bottle. "Dear! dear!" murmured the baby's guardian; "here is the bottle, but where is the milk? How stupid in Maggie to forget it!"

The baby at the sight of the bottle at first chirruped with gleeful excitement, then became frantically impatient, and finally burst into a roar of anger as the train paused at an out-of-the-way country station.

"I see farm-houses, and cows grazing in the pastures," suggested Mr. Ward; "perhaps I can obtain some milk for you."

"Oh, no, no; pray do not trouble yourself," replied the lady; "if you will kindly watch baby, I can get it." And before he had time to insist, she was out of the car and running toward one of the farmhouses. Mr. Ward explained the situation to the conductor, who agreed to wait two minutes beyond the usual time for her return. Two minutes, three minutes, four minutes passed, and still she came not.

The engineer sounded the whistle, the conductor shouted: "All aboard! I can't wait any longer. She's had plenty of time. I must reach the next station before the up-train," he explained, and the train moved on. Mr. J. Templeton Ward gazed in a stupefied manner from the window; the baby howled. "Come, this will never do," he said, as he endeavored simultaneously to realize the situation and to quiet the distracting baby, his thoughts and words keeping up a running fugue somewhat in this manner:

Thought: "What can have detained her?"

Aloud: "Precious little Dimple, so—"

Thought: "Where did she disappear to, anyway?"

Aloud: "—it was. Shall have the pretty watch."

Thought: "Great Cæsar! Can it be—"

Aloud: "Angelic little cherub!"

Thought: "—a case of desertion?"

Aloud: "Never cries—no, never."

Thought: "Of course not. She was a perfect lady, impossible."

Aloud: "Shut up this minute, or I'll—"

Thought: "What shall I do with the consumed—"

Aloud: "—speak to you like a father."

Thought: "—thing when I get to the city?"

Aloud (*to old lady who offers a peppermint*): "Thank you, ma'am." (*To baby*): "There, choke your blessed throat!"

Thought: "What a figure I'll cut at the dépôt!"

Aloud (*attempting to sing*): "Oh, where shall rest be found?" "Byelo, byelo" (*shaking child violently*); "go to sleepy."

Thought: "Suppose Rose should be at the station with Winifred to meet me!"

Aloud: "Darling popsy wopsy, chickabiddy chum! See how funny it looks in big man's hat!" (*Extinguishes baby in his light-colored high hat.*)

Thought: "She said a baby was the most delightful thing in the whole world.

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Any woman who can lie like that is capable of deserting her unprotected offspring."

Aloud (*removing the hat*): "Good gracious! It's black in the face; it's going into convulsions!"

Thought: "I'd like to know what everybody is laughing at. If I had a pistol I'd shoot somebody."

Aloud: "Look here, now, Miss Dimpsy Impsy. Come, let us reason together. This thing has got to be stopped. Be calm—I say be calm."

Thought: "I'll leave it in the seat, take my baggage and put for the smoking-car." (*Suits the action to the idea. Settles himself comfortably. Newsboy appears almost immediately with the baby, still screaming.*)

Newsboy: "Please, sir, you left part of your baggage." (*Train comes to a stop in New York dépôt.*)

Thought: "There's a policeman. I'll hand the wretch over to him, and get him to carry it to the station-house or the foundling hospital."

A few minutes later and Mr. J. Templeton Ward gayly mounted the steps of his brother-in-law's brown-stone mansion. A great incubus had been removed from his mind, and he now felt disposed to treat the adventure with hilarity. His sister met him most cordially, and throwing himself upon the sofa by her side, he related the story, decorated with considerable imaginative embroidery.

"Think, Rose," he said, solemnly, "what a tremendous escape! There I was a complete victim. Why, I actually took her for a respectable and fascinating little widow, and was flirting with her in the most confiding manner."

"Do you really think she meant to desert the baby?" asked Mrs. Molineux.

"Oh, without doubt. She had got herself up nicely on purpose to deceive; and to think that I did not suspect her designs when she asked me if I did not think that execrable baby delicious!"

"Was the baby pretty, Templeton?"

"Pretty! I should think not. I wish you could have seen it. It bore the marks of depravity stamped upon its brow. When it howled, it glared at me with demoniac eyes, and fisted like a prize-fighter. I am morally certain that its father is one of the champions of the ring."

"And what did you say you did with it, dear?"

"I got rid of it as quickly as possible, I assure you. I handed it to a policeman, and requested him to drop it into the East River. I had the satisfaction, however, of pinching it well before I saw the last of it."

"Do you suppose the man thought you were in earnest, Templeton?"

"Of course not. He has carted it off to the Home for the Friendless, or the Asylum for Little Wanderers, or some institution of that sort, I suppose. But let's drop the baby. Where's Winifred?"

"I expect her every moment. There's the door-bell now. Let me see."

Mrs. Molineux motioned back the servant, and herself opened the hall door, finding herself, to her surprise, face to face with her husband, who wore an anxious expression. Mr. Ward, who sat just within the parlor, heard their conversation distinctly.

Rose. "Why, Henry, what's the matter?"

Mr. M. "Nothing. Don't be alarmed; only a telegram from Winifred. She was left, and will come on the next train."

Rose. "Oh! is that all? Then she ought to be here now: the trains run every hour."

Mr. M. "Winifred's all right, but—I don't want to alarm you. Be calm—"

Rose. "The baby! is she sick?"

Mr. M. "Don't get excited. The baby is not sick."

Rose (desperately). "Is she dead?"

Mr. M. "No, no. You always imagine the very worst that can happen. She is only lost."

A piercing shriek followed, and Mr. Ward sprang into the hall just in time to see his sister faint in the arms of her husband. They carried her into the parlor, and she was at once surrounded by frightened domestics. In the confusion that followed, Winifred Molineux arrived. There was no time for introductions, and indeed none were needed, for Mr. Ward, to his utter dismay, recognized his companion of the train, the supposed mother of the baby.

"I was bringing Dimple home from a visit to her grandmother," she explained, and added: "Is it possible that you are Mr. J. Templeton Ward? Then the baby is safe."

Mrs. Molineux opened her eyes, and suddenly sitting bolt-upright, assumed a tragic attitude. "Winifred," she demand-

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ed, "why did you abandon my precious Dimple?"

"I left her to get some milk," Winifred replied, good-humoredly, "and as I was coming out of the dairy a horrid goat barred my passage. The woman drove him away, but he stopped me again at the pasture bars, and I did not reach the station until the train had left."

Mrs. Molineux laughed hysterically. "Jonathan Templeton Ward," she exclaimed, "what have you done with your sister's child?"

"How was I to know it was yours?" he asked, deprecatingly. "I had forgotten that Miss Winifred would be in mourning for her uncle, and I thought she was a widow."

"You thought!" interrupted his sister. "The least said about that, the better. He sent his niece to the foundling hospital; he insulted Winifred and all of us in a manner not to be repeated. Oh, my precious Dimple, my lovely pet! He told the policeman to drop her into the East River. Henry, he said you were a prize-fighter. Winifred, he is not worthy of your slightest thought. Why do you stand there staring at me in that idiotic manner, Jonathan? I disown you; you are not worthy to be the uncle of that cherub darling."

Mr. J. Templeton Ward did not wait to hear all. He darted out of the door, murmuring to himself, "A crisis comes once in the affairs of every man"; and seeking the policeman with frantic haste, Miss Dimple was in a few hours returned to the bosom of her family. His sister, however, refused to see him, and it was not until the marriage of Miss Winifred Molineux to an officer in the United States navy that Mr. J. Templeton Ward finally made his peace with his outraged relatives.

ECONOMY IN DRESS.

THERE is nothing that Americans are more ashamed of than economy. Those who practice it are apt to hide it as a crime, while their real sin is usually waste, and waste is something really to be ashamed of. It should be left to the ignorant and stupid. The French have shown us how economy may be perfectly compatible with respectability and with taste. The person who so learns to economize his means as to make them go far has earned a great power, and put out of his way a serious obstacle. Any one can live with elegance and refinement provided with a large fortune, but the person who lives thus on a limited income or small earnings has set a valuable example, has really benefited his fellow-beings.

Every one knows that if we reduced ourselves to the needs of the savage, clad ourselves with a blanket, and ate our food with our fingers, it would cost us all our intellectual instincts and higher ambitions, and this would be but poor economy. The great problem of civilized life is a matter of proportion. It is to learn how to supply the complex needs of a civilized being, one of which is beauty in its natural as well as its artificial forms, without forcing the individual to forget the end in expending all his powers upon attaining the means.

The present paper will endeavor to explain by what simple means and with what little expense one of the needs of civilized life—the dressing of its women in comely fashion — may be attained. Women, whether they dress well or ill, must give a certain portion of their time to this subject, and the better they understand it, the less time and money they need expend upon it.

For an intelligent economy, a clear understanding of the means at one's disposal is necessary. The largest economy, of course, lies in using those things which are most appropriate to one's means, and will last the longest; but this is a kind of saving impossible to those who have not at least a small capital, which is the easiest explanation of the often-repeated saying that the poor are more extravagant than the rich. In order, then, to treat the subject practically, it will be necessary to treat it on several planes, though there will be some rules applicable to all who desire to practice economy on any scale.

A dress that is so peculiar as to be striking, either from its brilliancy of color or any other cause, should be adopted only by a woman who has many changes of raiment, and so may wear it only occasionally, or the sight of it becomes a bore, even if at first it is interesting from its novelty. The woman who has many dresses can afford also to give it away or convert it to some other use before it is

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worn, while the unobtrusive dress easily lends itself to some different adjustment, which gives it an entirely new aspect.

A woman who has but one best gown can "wear it with a difference," like the rue Ophelia offers to her brother, so as to make it suitable to many occasions, especially if she have two waists, or "bodies," as the English call them. One skirt will easily outlast two waists, and therefore this is a real saving. But suppose that there be but one waist, or the dress be made all in one piece (than which there is no prettier fashion), and it should be worn one day high in the neck, with collar and cuffs, on another day with the neck turned in, and a lace or muslin fichu gracefully adjusted with bows or flowers, and a bit of lace at the wrists, a pair of long gloves, and a more elaborate dressing of the hair, it will be scarcely recognizable. But the dress must be of a very general character, like black silk, or some dark color, or the pleasure of the new impression is lost.

Valenciennes is the cheapest lace, in the end, for many reasons. It is made with a round whole thread. Worn carefully, *not daily*, it can hardly be worn out. It can be washed any number of times; and, not so peculiar as the point or appliqué laces, the Mechlins, etc., all of which are much more fragile, it gives the soft effect of lace without attracting too much attention, so as to be recognized easily again. It is a very great mistake to keep laces (particularly Valenciennes, which is not at all injured by being washed) for years without washing. Many women believe that all lace is ruined by washing, and will keep some cherished bit of lace for years and years, turning yellow with age, and rotting with the dust it has accumulated, till it really drops to pieces. Valenciennes does not need a skillful French blanchisseuse to "do it up," as the phrase is. Let the owner wrap a large bottle closely in white flannel, then sew tightly over the flannel a piece of cotton. After washing the lace carefully in lukewarm water and soap-suds, in which may be dissolved a little borax (say a thimbleful of borax to a pint and a half of water), and rinsing the lace several times in clear water till no soap remains in it, wind the lace about the bottle which you have prepared as above. See that the lace lies quite flat without wrinkles; open the little loops that form the edge with a pin; stand the bottle in the sun. When the lace is quite dry, so that you may be sure of its entire cleanliness, you may, if you desire to give it the yellow appearance of old lace, take a soft handkerchief and dip it in a cup of black coffee, and sop the lace with it as with a sponge, trying to do so very evenly; then let the lace dry. Some people prefer to rinse the lace in coffee before putting it upon the bottle, but I have found the method described above better.

There are some kinds of old ecclesiastical lace, usually Italian, that in point of endurance are superior to the Valenciennes. But these are enormously expensive, and, unless they may be an heirloom, have no place in a work on economy. But some kinds of lace made to-day by ladies fond of fancy-work resemble it very much—not enough to be mistaken for it at all, but more like it than like any other lace. It is made with a particular kind of tape and with thread on a piece of black or green leather. The amateur usually makes it for furnishing purposes —table-cloths, etc.; but a very fine quality of this lace is beautiful for dress trimming. I have seen a piece made to cover the front breadth of a dress cut in the princesse fashion, reaching from the throat to the bottom of the dress, and the effect was really very beautiful. This lace can be made in the odd moments that many women use for crocheting or knitting things of less use or beauty.

Lace! The word lace sounds like the "bagatelle" of the wealthy woman; but although it is not an article to be bought by the severe economist who earns a limited income, yet it may be her very good fortune should she inherit any of it, for it will save her many a penny that she will spend in less enduring fabrics. And one or two really good pieces of lace will be a wise investment for the economist, who, having a small capital to dress on, can afford to buy from time to time a good and lasting thing.

The wise person with a small capital never buys any but a good and lasting thing. Each year she adds one or two really solid possessions to her wardrobe, which, treated with care, last her many years. Thus on a really small sum she may dress very beautifully. Without a capital one is often obliged to buy what can last but for a few months; but there is choice even here.

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There is certainly a great economy in a woman's adopting for occasions of ceremony one dress from which she never diverges. It becomes her characteristic, and there is even a kind of style and beauty in the idea. The changing fashions in color and material pass without affecting her. She is never induced to buy anything because it is new. She is always the same. The dress in this case must have a certain simplicity. It costs her little thought and little time, and when the old edition, becoming worn, gives way to the new, the change is not perceived, nor is it noticed when the new in its turn becomes old.

Such dress as this must of course lie within certain limits. Suppose it to be a black velvet: it would last, with care, at least five or six years. Suppose it to be a white cashmere—a dress of small cost: it could, with care, last two seasons; and then, cleaned, last another season or two; and then, dyed, be turned into a walking dress to last two seasons more.

If a dress is put on with grace, its owner alone is aware of its defects, and it is a kindness to the spectator if she will keep her own secret.

In France, and I believe also in Italy, they have a poetic fashion of dedicating for a certain number of years (five, ten, or twenty years, according to the parents' fancy) young girls to the Virgin. I do not know in what way they demonstrate this dedication except in the color of their dress, which is always, for all occasions, summer or winter, blue or white, or white and blue mixed. This affords more variety than at first thought it would seem to be capable of, for any shade of blue may be used.

There is a great economy in deciding on a few becoming colors in their several shades, and confining one's dress to these. Choosing colors that harmonize with each other, like gray, black, purple, blue, yellow, white, and never buying any other colors, one may, in making over garments, use one with another so that nothing is wasted.

It is also important to know what point of dress to emphasize. For instance, one may expend a large sum on a gown, and if the shoes are shabby or ill made, the gloves worn, and the bonnet lacks style, the gown is entirely thrown away. But the gown may be no longer new; it must now be carefully brushed and well put on, the collar and cuffs, or other neck and wrist trimmings, must be in perfect order, the boots well made and well blacked, even if not new, the gloves faultless, and the bonnet neat and stylish. The effect is of a well-dressed woman; no man, and very few women, perceive that the dress is not a new one.

The question of economy in gloves and shoes is a very difficult one, and a vastly important one. There is no substitute for a kid glove either in wear or in appearance; thread and silk gloves are a delusion and a snare. The dog-skin glove outwears two or three kids, but it costs more to begin with; it looks well, but can only be worn in the street. The cheap kid glove hardly has enough endurance for a street glove, though a cheap many-buttoned *gant de Suède*, if one is so fortunate as to find a make that fits, can be very well worn for occasions of half dress, as for instance a dinner or reception, where the hands are not much used, or the gloves removed early in the evening. One can find such gloves for from sixty to eighty cents a pair, and they will serve many such occasions; at a dancing party they are exhausted in one evening.

For the winter a fur glove, though not very elegant, and not in the beginning inexpensive, in the end costs less than kid. If a muff is worn, the warmth of the muff so ruins a glove that it seems useless to waste any but the very cheapest upon such use. But undoubtedly a good French kid of a dark color will outwear at least four pairs of cheap gloves, and look better from beginning to end.

It is a great saving in boots to have three or four pairs, and wear them in rotation. Four pairs of boots worn in this way will not only last four times as long as one pair, but probably eight times as long. It is also much better for the feet. This again we advise to the person economizing on a small capital, and also advise that no boot should be bought that is not of a good solid make. A walking boot keeps in shape longer that has a square heel; the strain comes more evenly on all parts.

To the economist who earns but a limited income we must repeat the advice as to the square heel, and advise light calfskin instead of morocco or kid for her boots; blacking, instead of the liquid dressing that comes in bottles, which always more or less injures the leather; and a

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solid make of boot. A good boot is a good investment. She had better economize in other ways than get a poor boot.

There is often much money wasted in things that do not repay by the effect the trouble and cost. There are some kinds of trimming that the severe economist had best always omit. *Fringe*, for instance. There is no beauty in fringe that is not rich in material and delicate in manufacture. This makes it really expensive. The most expensive silk fringe wears well if used to trim a dress not too commonly worn; for daily use or the street, it is apt to catch in passing obstacles and become tangled. A common fringe becomes shabby at once.

Jet is a trimming that, to look at all distinguished, needs to be of the finest quality, which is extremely costly; and a common jet not only looks ill to begin with, but has no solidity, and the money spent upon it is so much thrown away.

The severe economist does well to attempt no elaborate trimmings. A lining of another color, a simple facing of another material; sometimes, where the stuff permits, of the same material used on the reverse side; or a pleating of the same material, a binding of braid, one rich bow of ribbon looping an ample dress otherwise quite untrimmed. All these are to be recommended.

Very handsome buttons are an expensive trimming, and all cheap fancy buttons are but a poor ornament. A button-mould covered with stuff like the dress perfectly plain costs but a few cents, and is always harmonious. Such a button is easily ornamented by a little working or crossing of silk thread, which, if well done, may make a trimming of such buttons truly very handsome.

Cambric embroideries, especially the cheap machine-made, are a clear waste of money. They leave a weak place of cambric between the solid edge and the solid hem, and this weak place gives way, of course, with wear or washing, sooner or later. Some of the hand-made English or French, worked on very solid cloth, are extremely handsome, and more endurable, but nothing compares for beauty or solidity to an embroidery worked upon the garment itself. This will outwear even the garment.

There are trimmings made of tape and crochet, in the nature of tatting, that are almost indestructible, but they are extremely ugly, and no trimming at all. A hem of the material of the garment finished in points is far preferable. These points make a very fine finish. They need to be made skillfully. Cut the hem up for about an inch or an inch and a half from the bottom toward the top all the way round at about an inch apart. Then turn in the cut edges to a point, either overcast or blind-stitch the points, and you have a trimming that will stand as long as the garment.

The torchon lace of a heavy quality is handsome and cheap, and quite as indestructible as anything that can be made or bought.

There is nothing so economical as to "do one's shopping" late in the season, or quite out of season. At the close of the summer season there are wash dresses (which will be quite as pretty the following summer) that can be bought for an eighth, even a twentieth, part of their original cost. It is well worth while to put these away for the next season. The stuff dresses, too, are offered very cheap; but they are often made in some extreme fashion, and are an unwise purchase. Materials can be bought out of season at great advantage. In August, velvets and silks are sold for almost nothing, to make way for the new winter stock. These are things that do not change in fashion very obviously, and to buy in August for wear in October and November is not waiting too long for a return upon one's expenditure. The economist must, however, avoid all striking fashions in stuffs—the "polka dot," large plaids, or any bizarre fashion—for she should always buy with a view to making her garments last as many seasons as is compatible with her capacity of expenditure.

There are many cheap summer silks, and other stuffs that sound as if they were very cheap when offered at some fraction of a dollar. A yard is a yard to many people; but it is well to consider the width of the material, exactly how much it will take to make the garment, whether it is so thin as to demand a lining throughout, and one will sometimes conclude that the wider, thicker, more expensive material will cut to greater advantage, and cost not only less in the "long-run" by wearing better, but will cost less cash at the moment.

Under-clothes also may be bought at the close of the winter, spring, or autumn

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season for less than it would cost to make them, without counting the time. A bonnet or hat is the only thing that one can not advantageously purchase out of season. The fashions are so arbitrary in bonnets that often a last year's bonnet has the effect of belonging to a period out of memory. If the economist, beginning with a little capital, has made herself the happy possessor of a Leghorn bonnet, or a very fine and solid straw, either of which will last long, it is worth while to have it pressed each season into the new shape; but without capital, where one must buy, as it were, for each day the necessities of that day, and look no further, it will be prudent to wait till the first of the season is over, and then buy, at half the price it has been offered at a fortnight earlier, a pretty stylish bonnet, which one may trim at trifling expense with good judgment.

For the winter season, if one begins without a background of materials, a felt bonnet is the best one can buy. A common felt is very cheap, and if of a stylish shape, can be trimmed to look very handsome, and will last a whole season. If, however, one has a store of old clothes, the velvet trimming of some disused dress can be made into the winter bonnet, and it will thus cost little beyond a new pair of strings. It is worth while to have a handsome felt pressed into the new shape, but a cheap one can be got for as little as the pressing costs.

In making a garment it is necessary, in order to avoid waste, to understand exactly how much material you require. It is almost as wasteful to get too little as too much, and a garment may be spoiled for lack of half a yard of stuff. It is wiser for most people who are not extremely skillful to buy a paper pattern than to cut without a pattern. The many American manufacturers of patterns usually publish with each pattern the number of yards of stuff required to make it. There are fashion journals (easily procured at several stationers') with which paper patterns come, and they are of the best style.

Having ascertained the exact amount of stuff required for the garment, get a yard or three-quarters of a yard more than you need, and put this surplus away, in case of a worn sleeve or some accident. This often saves the whole gown. Buy the lining with the same exactness, for it is sometimes a habit which becomes an extravagance to either cut your stuff so carelessly as to use more than is necessary, or to leave a useless surplus.

A garment that fits well wears much longer than one that fits ill. Firm and solid sewing is also a great conducement to long wear; deep seams should be always allowed, to avoid the giving way in places under any strain. Whalebones serve to wear out the seams, and add no beauty to the set of the dress.

Another great economy, unless one can have but one dress at a time, is, not to wear the street dress in the house, and always to shake and brush it when one takes it off, to keep it in perfect repair, and to provide it with suitable loops to hang it up by, and to give it room in the closet where it hangs, not crowding the closet by hanging too many things in it.

There are many materials which are a waste of money for the economical to buy, such as tarlatan, and tulle, and all thin mixed goods that neither clean, wash, nor dye, nor have resistance to wear long without repair, and soon become shabby; all cheap imitations, like the poorer qualities of velveteen, cheap satin, etc. Corduroy, on the contrary, is a very serviceable and lasting material, and will dye. Nothing is superior to a good cashmere or merino for beauty or for wear. They wash and they dye. All cloths wear well. A fine quality of grenadine (though expensive in the beginning) will last many years.

Foulard silk, if allowed deep seams to avoid fraying, will outlast any other silk that does not cost six times as much. Alpaca, cheap to begin with, is one of the most durable of materials. All linen goods last long. A fine quality of calico can be bought for a small price, and will wear through many seasons. A gingham, more expensive in the beginning, will hardly wear out at all. Colored velvets, except as a bonnet trimming, are unserviceable; they spot and they fade. Black satin of a *good quality* can hardly be worn out in a lifetime, except as a trimming to the bottom of a skirt, when it frays; but as a cording, in a bow, in a dress (properly defended at the bottom by interior facings), or as a bonnet trimming, it sheds the dust, it resists dampness (which ruins velvet), it has a firmness and solidity hardly to be matched in any other material. This fraying possibility demands that it shall always have deep seams.

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If one attempts anything elaborate in an outer garment, it must be expensive to be good—that is, of solid handsome material—and very well cut.

The economist with a small capital will find it cheap to invest in a black India crape shawl for spring and autumn, which can be worn almost a lifetime, and can be put on in countless ways, so that it is always new and always beautiful. An unembroidered one can be got for fifteen or twenty dollars. An Ulster is needed for rain in winter, and for sunshine some garment made out of the same stuff as the walking dress, or some simple untrimmed jacket.

The Ulster is rarely a handsome garment (though we see no reason why something of this kind should not be made handsome), but we can think of nothing so cheap and so serviceable for our streets for the stern economist. Custom permits her to wear it in rain or shine. It covers the dress, and is warm. She must depend upon her boots, her gloves, and her bonnet for the style and beauty of her appearance.

The only hope for real economy is in working toward a definite plan, fixing a certain scale of expenditure and style, and not having things incongruous. Often a handsome thing is utterly lost for want of something suitable to supplement it. Its owner is better dressed without it than with it. The cost of that article could be distributed over the whole costume, and the result be that completeness which alone constitutes good dress.

The Ulster must be the exception to prove our rule that nothing ugly should be countenanced. We admit it for economy's sake and its exceeding usefulness. But we would have women make it a rule to discountenance any ugly fashion, even if it seems economical, for there is no doubt always in the market something beautiful that can be as easily procured, for which the ugly thing is but a poor substitute.

THE TWO GATES.

A Pilgrim once (so runs an ancient tale),
Old, worn, and spent, crept down a shadowed vale:
On either hand rose mountains bleak and high;
Chill was the gusty air, and dark the sky;
The path was rugged, and his feet were bare;
His faded cheek was seamed by pain and care;
His heavy eyes upon the ground were cast,
And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose sheer from earth to heaven, as if to mock
The pilgrim who had crept that toilsome way;
But while his dim and weary eyes essay
To find an outlet, in the mountain side
A ponderous sculptured brazen door he spied,
And tottering toward it with fast-failing breath,
Above the portal read, "The Gate of Death."

He could not stay his feet, that led thereto:
It yielded to his touch, and passing through,
He came into a world all bright and fair:
Blue were the heavens, and balmy was the air;
And, lo! the blood of youth was in his veins,
And he was clad in robes that held no stains
Of his long pilgrimage. Amazed, he turned:
Behold! a golden door behind him burned
In that fair sunlight, and his wondering eyes,
Now lustreful and clear as those new skies,
Free from the mists of age, of care, and strife,
Above the portal read, "The Gate of Life."

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A LAODICEAN.

BOOK THE FIFTH.—DE STANCY AND PAULA.

CHAPTER XI.

ON the evening of the fourth day after the parting between Paula and De Stancy at Amiens, when it was quite dark in the Markton highway, except in so far as the shades were broken by the faint lights from the adjacent town, a young man knocked softly at the door of Myrtle Villa, and asked if Captain De Stancy had arrived from abroad. He was answered in the affirmative, and in a few moments the captain himself came from an adjoining room.

Seeing that his visitor was Dare, from whom, as will be remembered, he had parted at Carlsruhe in no very satisfied mood, De Stancy did not ask him into the house, but putting on his hat, went out with the youth into the public road. Here they conversed as they walked up and down, Dare beginning by alluding to the death of Sir William, the suddenness of which he feared would delay Captain De Stancy's overtures for the hand of Miss Power.

"No," said De Stancy, moodily. "On the contrary, it has precipitated matters."

"She has accepted you, Captain?"

"We are engaged to be married."

"Well done! I congratulate you." The speaker was about to proceed to further triumphant notes on the intelligence, when, casting his eye upon the upper windows of the neighboring villa, he appeared to reflect on what was within them, and checking himself, said, "When is the funeral to be?"

"To-morrow," De Stancy replied. "It would be advisable for you not to come near me during the day."

"I will not. I will be a mere spectator. The old vault of our ancestors will be opened, I presume, Captain?"

"It is opened."

"I must see it—and ruminate on what we once were: it is a thing I like doing. The ghosts of our dead— Ah! what was that?"

"I heard nothing."

"I thought I heard a footstep behind us."

They stood still; but the road appeared to be quite deserted, and likely to continue so for the remainder of that evening. They walked on again, speaking in somewhat lower tones than before.

"Will the late Sir William's death delay the wedding much?" asked the younger man, curiously.

De Stancy languidly answered that he did not see why it should do so. Some little time would of course intervene, but since there were several reasons for dispatch, he should urge Miss Power and her relatives to consent to a virtually private wedding, which might take place at a very early date; and he thought there would be a general consent on that point.

"There are indeed reasons for dispatch. Your title, Sir William, is a new safeguard over her heart, certainly; but there is many a slip, and you must not lose her now."

"I don't mean to lose her!" cried the captain, warming up to sudden fervor. "She is too good to be lost. And yet—since she gave her promise I have felt more than once that I would not engage in such a struggle again. It was not a thing of my beginning, though I was easily enough inflamed to follow. But I will not lose her now.—For God's sake, keep that secret you have so foolishly pricked on your breast. It fills me with remorse to think what she will feel should she ever know of you and your history and your relation to me."

Dare made no reply till after a silence, when he said, "Of course mum's the word till the wedding is over."

"And afterward—promise that, for her sake."

"And probably afterward."

Sir William De Stancy drew a dejected breath at the tone of the answer. They conversed but a little time longer, the captain hinting to Dare that it was time for them to part; not, however, before he had uttered a hope that the young man would turn over a new leaf, and engage in some regular pursuit. Promising to call upon him at his lodgings, De Stancy went in-doors, and Dare briskly retraced his steps to Markton.

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When his foot-fall had died away, and the door of the house opposite had been closed, another man appeared upon the scene. He came gently out of the hedge opposite Myrtle Villa, which he paused to regard for a moment. But instead of going townward, he turned his back upon the distant sprinkle of lights, and did not check his walk till he reached the lodge of Stancy Castle.

Here he pulled the wooden acorn beside the arch, and when the porter appeared, his light revealed the pedestrian's countenance to be scathed as by lightning.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Power," said the porter, with sudden deference, as he opened the wicket. "But we wasn't expecting anybody to-night, as there is nobody at home, and the servants on board-wages; and that's why I was so long a-coming."

"No matter, no matter," said Abner Power. "I have returned on sudden business, and have not come to stay longer than to-night. Miss Power is not with me. I meant to sleep in Markton, but have changed my mind."

Mr. Power had brought no luggage with him beyond a small hand-bag, and as soon as a room could be got ready he retired to bed.

The next morning he passed in idly walking about the grounds and observing the progress which had been made in the works—now temporarily suspended. But that inspection was less his object in remaining there than meditation, was abundantly evident. When the bell began to toll from the neighboring church to announce the burial of Sir William De Stancy, he passed through the castle, and went on foot in the direction indicated by the sound. Reaching the margin of the church-yard, he looked over the wall, his presence being masked by bushes and a group of idlers from Markton who stood in front. Soon a funeral procession of simple—almost meagre and threadbare—character arrived, but Power did not join the people who followed the deceased into the church. De Stancy was the chief mourner and only relative present, the other followers of the broken-down old man being an ancient lawyer, a couple of faithful servants, and a bowed-down villager who had been page to the late Sir William's father—the single living person left in the parish who remembered the De Stancys as people of wealth and influence, and who firmly believed that family would come into its rights ere long, and oust the uncircumcised pretenders who had taken possession of the old lands.

The funeral was over, and the rusty carriages had gone, together with many of the spectators; but Power lingered in the church-yard as if he were looking for some one. At length he entered the church, passing by the cavernous pitfall with descending steps which stood open under the wall of the De Stancy aisle. Arrived within, he scanned the few idlers of antiquarian tastes who had remained after the service to inspect the monuments; and beside a recumbent effigy—the effigy in alabaster whose features Paula had wiped with her handkerchief when there with Somerset—he beheld the man it had been his business to find. Abner Power went up and touched this person, who was Dare, on the shoulder.

"Mr. Power—so it is!" said the youth. "I have not seen you since we met in Carlsruhe."

"You shall see all the more of me now to make up for it. Shall we walk round the church?"

"With all my heart," said Dare.

They walked round; and Abner Power began in a sardonic recitative: "I am a traveller, and it takes a good deal to astonish me. So I neither swooned nor screamed when I learnt a few hours ago what I had suspected for a week, that you are of the house and lineage of Jacob." He flung a nod toward the canopied tombs as he spoke. "In other words, that you are of the same breed as the De Stancys."

Dare cursorily glanced round. Nobody was near enough to hear their words, the nearest persons being two workmen just outside, who were bringing their tools up from the vault preparatively to closing it.

Having observed this, Dare replied: "I, too, am a traveller; and neither do I swoon nor scream at what you say. But I assure you that if you busy yourself about me, you may truly be said to busy yourself about nothing."

"Well, that's a matter of opinion. Now there's no scarlet left in my face to blush for men's follies, but as an alliance is afoot between my niece and the present Sir William, this must be looked into."

Dare reflectively said "Oh!" as he ob-

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served through the window one of the workmen bring up a candle from the vault, and extinguish it with his fingers.

"The marriage is desirable, and your relationship in itself is of no consequence," continued the elder; "but just look at this. You have forced on the marriage by unscrupulous means, your object being only too clearly to live out of the proceeds of that marriage."

"Mr. Power, you mock me, because I labor under the misfortune of having an illegitimate father to provide for. I really deserve commiseration."

"You might deserve it if that were all. But it looks bad for my niece's happiness as Lady De Stancy that she and her husband are to be perpetually haunted by a young *chevalier d'industrie*, who can forge a telegram on occasion, and libel an innocent man by an ingenious device in photography. It looks so bad, in short, that, advantageous as a title and old family name would be to her and her children, I won't let my brother's daughter run the risk of having them at the expense of being in the grip of a man like you. There are other suitors in the world, and other titles; and she is a beautiful woman, who can well afford to be fastidious. I shall let her know at once of these things, and break off the business—unless you do *one thing*."

A workman brought up another candle from the vault, and prepared to let down the slab. "Well, Mr. Power, and what is that one thing?" said Dare.

"Go to Peru as my agent in a business I have just undertaken there."

"And stay there?"

"Of course. I am soon going over myself, and will bring you anything you require."

"How long will you give me to consider?" said Dare.

Power looked at his watch. "One, two, three, four hours," he said. "I leave Markton by the seven-o'clock train this evening."

"And if I meet your proposal with a negative?"

"I shall go at once to my niece and tell her the whole circumstances—tell her that by marrying Sir William she allies herself with an unhappy gentleman in the power of a son who makes his life a burden to him by perpetual demands upon his purse, who will increase those demands with his accession to wealth, threaten to degrade her by exposing her husband's antecedents if she opposes his extortions, and who will make her miserable by letting her know that her old lover was shamefully victimized by a youth she is bound to screen out of respect to her husband's feelings. Now a man does not care to let his own flesh and blood incur the danger of such anguish as that, and I shall do what I say to prevent it. Knowing what a lukewarm sentiment hers is for Sir William at best, I shall not have much difficulty."

"Well, I don't feel inclined to go to Peru."

"Neither do I want to break off the match, though I am ready to do it. But you care about your personal freedom, and you might be made to wear the broad arrow for your tricks on Somerset."

"Mr. Power, I see you are a hard man."

"I am a hard man. You will find me one. Well, will you go to Peru? Or I don't mind Australia or California as alternatives. As long as you choose to remain in either of those wealth-producing places, so long will Cunningham Haze go uninformed."

"Mr. Power, I am overcome. Will you allow me to sit down? Suppose we go into the vestry. It is more comfortable."

They entered the vestry, and seated themselves in two chairs, one at each end of the table.

"In the mean time," continued Dare, "to lend a little romance to stern realities, I'll tell you a singular dream I had just before you returned to England." Power looked contemptuous, but Dare went on: "I dreamed that once upon a time there were two brothers, born of a Nonconformist family, one of whom became a railway contractor, and the other a mechanical engineer."

"A mechanical engineer—good!" said Power.

"When the first went abroad in his profession, and became engaged on Continental railways, the second, a younger man, looking round for a start, also betook himself to the Continent. But though ingenious and scientific, he had not the business capacity of the elder, whose rebukes led to a sharp quarrel between them, and they parted in bitter estrangement—never to meet again, as it turned out, owing to the dogged obstinacy and self-will of the younger man. He,

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after this, seemed to lose his moral ballast altogether, and after some eccentric doings he was reduced to a state of poverty, and took lodgings in a court in a back street of a town we will call Geneva, considerably in doubt as to what steps he should take to keep body and soul together."

Abner Power was shooting a narrow ray of eyesight at Dare from the corner of his nearly closed lids. "Your dream is so interesting," he said, with a bland laugh, "that I could listen to it all day."

"Excellent!" said Dare, cordially, and went on: "Now it so happened that the house opposite to the one taken by the mechanician was peculiar. It was a tall narrow building, wholly unornamented, the walls covered with a layer of white plaster cracked and soiled by time. I seem to see that house now. Six stone steps led up to the door, with a rusty iron railing on each side, and under these steps were others which went down to a cellar —in my dream, of course."

"Of course—in your dream," said Power, nodding.

"Sitting lonely and apathetic, without a light, at his own chamber window at night-time, our mechanician frequently observed dark figures descending these steps, and ultimately discovered that the house was the meeting-place of a fraternity of political philosophers, whose object was the extermination of tyrants and despots, and the overthrow of established religions. The discovery was startling enough, but our hero was not easily startled. He kept their secret, and lived on as before. At last the mechanician and his affairs became known to the society, as the affairs of the society had become known to the mechanician, and instead of shooting him as one who knew too much for their safety, they were struck with his faculty for silence, and thought they might be able to make use of him."

"To be sure," said Abner Power.

"Next, like friend Bunyan, I saw in my dream that denunciation was the breath of life to this society. At an earlier date in its history, objectionable persons in power had been from time to time murdered, and, curiously enough, numbered; that is, upon the body of each was set a mark or seal, announcing that he was one of a series. But at this time the question before the society related to the substitution for the dagger, which was vetoed as obsolete, of some explosive machine that would be both more effectual and less difficult to manage; and in short a large reward was offered to our needy Englishman if he would put their ideas of such a machine into shape."

Abner Power nodded again, his complexion being peculiar, which might partly have been accounted for by the reflection of window-light from the green baize table-cloth.

"He agreed, though no politician whatever himself, to exercise his wits on their account, and brought his machine to such a pitch of perfection that it was the identical one used in the memorable attempt—" (Dare whispered the remainder of the sentence in tones so low that not a mouse in the corner could have heard.) "Well, the inventor of that explosive has naturally been wanted ever since by all the heads of police in Europe. But the most curious—or perhaps the most natural—part of my story is that our hero, after the catastrophe, grew disgusted with himself and his comrades, acquired, in a fit of revulsion, quite a conservative taste in politics, which was strengthened greatly by the news he indirectly received of the great wealth and respectability of his brother, who had had no communion with him for years, and supposed him dead. He abjured his employers, and resolved to abandon them; but before coming to England he decided to destroy all trace of his combustible inventions by dropping them into the neighboring lake at night from a boat. You feel the room close, Mr. Power?"

"No, I suffer from attacks of perspiration whenever I sit in a consecrated edifice—that's all. Pray go on."

"In carrying out this project an explosion occurred just as he was throwing the stock overboard: it blew up into his face, wounding him severely, and nearly depriving him of sight. The boat was upset, but he swam ashore in the darkness, and remained hidden till he recovered, though the scars produced by the burns had been set on him forever. This accident, which was such a misfortune to him as a man, was an advantage to him as a conspirators' engineer retiring from practice, and afforded him a disguise both from his own brotherhood and from the police, which he has considered impenetrable, but which is getting seen through by one or two keen eyes as time goes on.

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Instead of coming to England just then, he went to Peru, connected himself with the guano trade, I believe, and after his brother's death revisited England, his old life obliterated as far as practicable by his new principles. He is known only as a great traveller to his surviving relatives, though he seldom says where he has travelled. Unluckily for himself, he is *wanted* by certain European governments as badly as ever."

Dare raised his eyes as he concluded his narration. As has been remarked, he was sitting at one end of the vestry table, Power at the other, the green cloth stretching between them. On the edge of the table adjoining Mr. Power a shining nozzle of metal was quietly resting, like a dog's nose. It was directed point-blank at the young man.

Dare started. "Ah—a revolver?" he said.

Mr. Power nodded placidly, his hand still grasping the pistol behind the edge of the table. "As a traveller, I always carry one of 'em," he returned; "and for the last five minutes I have been closely considering whether your numerous brains are worth blowing out or no. The vault yonder has suggested itself as convenient and snug for one of the same family; but the mental problem that stays my hand is how am I to dispatch and bury you there without the workmen seeing."

"'Tis a strange problem, certainly," replied Dare, "and one on which I fear I could not give disinterested advice. Moreover, while you, as a traveller, always carry a weapon of defense, as a traveller so do I. And for the last three-quarters of an hour I have been thinking concerning you an intensified form of what you have been thinking of me, but without any concern as to your interment. See here for a proof of it." And a pair of steel noses rested on the edge of the table opposite to the first, one in each of Dare's hands.

They remained for some time motionless, the tick of the tower clock distinctly audible in the silence of this dead-lock.

Mr. Power spoke first.

"A well-balanced position," he said. "Well, 'twould be a pity to make a mess here under such dubious circumstances. Mr. Dare, I perceive that a mean vagabond can be as sharp as a political regenerator. I cry quits, if you care to do the same."

Dare assented, and the pistols were put away.

"Then we do nothing at all, either side, but let the course of true love run on to marriage—that's the understanding, I think?" said Dare, as he rose.

"It is," said Power; and turning on his heel, he left the vestry.

Dare retired to the church, and thence to the outside, where he idled away a few minutes in looking at the workmen, who were now lowering into its place a large stone slab bearing the words "De Stancy," which covered the entrance to the vault. When the footway of the churchyard was restored to its normal condition, Dare pursued his way to Markton.

Abner Power walked back to the castle at a slow and equal pace, as though he carried an overbrimming vessel on his head. He silently let himself in, entered the long gallery, and sat down. The length of time that he sat there was so remarkable as to raise that interval of inertness to the rank of a feat.

Power's eyes glanced through one of the window casements; from a hole without he saw the head of a tomtit protruding. He listlessly watched the bird, during the successive epochs of his thought, till night came, without any perceptible change occurring in him. Such fixity would have meant nothing else than sudden death in any other man, but in Mr. Power it merely signified that he was engaged in ruminations which necessitated a more extensive survey than usual. At last, at half past eight, after having sat for five hours with his eyes on the residence of the tomtits, to whom night had brought cessation of thought, if not to him who had observed them, he rose amid the shades of the furniture, and rang the bell. There was only a servant or two in the castle, one of whom presently came with a light in her hand and a startled look upon her face, which was not reduced when she recognized him; for in the opinion of that household there was something ghoul-like in Mr. Power, which made him no desirable guest.

He made a late meal, and retired to bed, where he seemed to sleep not unsoundly. The next morning he received a letter which afforded him infinite satisfaction, and gave his stagnant impulses a new momentum. He entered the library, and amid objects swathed in brown holland sat down and wrote a note to his

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niece at Amiens. Therein he stated that, finding that the Anglo-South-American house with which he had recently connected himself required his presence in Peru, it obliged him to leave without waiting for her return. He felt the less uneasy at going since he had learned that Captain De Stancy would return at once to Amiens to his sick sister, and see them safely home when she improved. He afterward left the castle, disappearing toward a railway station some miles above Markton, the road to which lay across an unfrequented down.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a fine afternoon of late summer, nearly three months subsequent to the death of Sir William De Stancy and Paula's engagement to marry his successor in that title. George Somerset had started on a railway journey that took him through the wooded district which lay around Stancy Castle. Having resigned his appointment as architect to that important structure—a resignation which had been accepted by Paula through her solicitor—he had only subsequently visited the locality to put matters in such order that his successor, whoever he might be, should have no difficulty in obtaining the particulars necessary to the completion of the work in hand. Hardly to his surprise, this successor was Havill. Somerset had less reluctance than before in abandoning the undertaking to Havill's untrained judgment, from the circumstance that the design was matured, even to the working drawings, and the walls too far advanced for any material alteration, so that mere constructional superintendence was all that he had deputed—a branch of the profession in which Havill was a proficient.

Somerset's resignation had been tendered in no hasty mood. On returning to England, and in due course to the castle, everything bore in upon his mind the exceeding sorrowfulness—he would not say humiliation—of continuing to act in his former capacity for a woman who, from seeming more than a dear friend, had become less than an acquaintance. Though bitterly reproaching her at every moment, he did not revile her for fickleness, and could not criticise her; indeed, Somerset was still in too regretful a state to see anything in Paula but the unattainable one who had chosen to renounce him. He blamed himself, not her, for having become the fool of his wishes, which, despite his resolve, he yet remained to such an extent as to half regret the opportunity of being near her that the office of her architect would have afforded, even after she should have become the wife of another man. But, after the diseased sentiment of moods like this, a reasonable defiance stirred in his breast, and he saw how intolerable it would be to come in contact with her under such altered circumstances, the ghosts of sweet remembrances forever arising before him in maddening contrast with her altered eyes.

So he resigned; but now, as the train drew on into that once beloved tract of country, the images which met his eye threw him back in point of emotion to very near where he had been before making himself a stranger here. The train entered the cutting on whose brink he had walked when the carriage containing Paula and her friend surprised him the previous summer. He looked out of the window: they were passing the well-known curve that led up to the tunnel constructed by her father, into which he had gone when the train came by, and Paula had been alarmed for his life. There was the path they had both climbed afterward, involuntarily seizing each other's hand; the bushes, the grass, the flowers, everything just the same:

> "here was the pleasant place,
> And nothing wanting was, save She, alas!"

When they came out of the tunnel at the other end, he caught a glimpse of the distant castle keep and the well-remembered walls beneath it. The experience so far transcended the intensity of what is called mournful pleasure as to cause him an appalled regret that he had miscalculated himself to the extent of supposing that he could come here with controllable emotion.

On entering Markton station he withdrew into a remote corner of the carriage, and closed his eyes with a resolve not to open them till the disturbing scenes should be passed by. He had not long to wait for this event. When again in motion, his eye fell upon the skirt of a lady's dress opposite, the owner of which had entered and seated herself so softly as not to attract his attention.

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"Ah, indeed!" he exclaimed, as he looked up to her face. "I had not a notion that it was you." He went over and shook hands with Charlotte De Stancy.

"I am not going far," she said; "only to the next station. We often run down in summer-time. Are you going far?"

"I am going to Normandy by way of Cherbourg, to finish out my summer holiday."

Miss De Stancy thought that would be very nice.

"Well, I hope so. But I fear it won't."

After saying that, Somerset fell into consideration, asking himself why he should mince matters with so genuine and sympathetic a girl as Charlotte De Stancy. She could tell him particulars which, notwithstanding the anguish they would cause him, he burned to know. Moreover, he might never again have an opportunity of knowing them, since she and he would probably not meet for years to come, if at all.

"Have the castle works progressed pretty rapidly under the new architect?" he accordingly asked.

"Yes," said Charlotte in her haste—then adding that she was not quite sure if they had progressed so rapidly as before, blushingly correcting herself at this point and that in the tinkering manner of a nervous organization aiming at nicety where it was not required.

"Well, I should have liked to carry out the undertaking to its end," said Somerset. "But I felt I could not consistently do so. Miss Power"—(here a lump came into Somerset's throat, so responsive was he yet to her image)—"seemed to have lost confidence in me, and—it was best that the connection should be severed."

There was a long pause. "She was very sorry about it," said Charlotte, gently.

"What made her alter so?—I never can think."

Before replying, Charlotte waited again, as if to accumulate the necessary force for honest speaking at the expense of pleasantness. "It was the telegram that began it, of course," she answered.

"Telegram?"

She looked up at him in quite a frightened way—little as a quiet fellow like him was to be frightened at in this sad time of his life—and said, "Yes; your telegram—when you were in trouble. Forgive my alluding to it, but you asked me the question."

Somerset began reflecting on what messages he had sent Paula, troublous or otherwise. All he had sent had been sent from the castle, and were as gentle and mellifluous as sentences well could be which had neither articles nor pronouns. "I don't understand," he said. "Will you explain a little more—as plainly as you like—without minding my feelings?"

"I meant the telegram from Nice."

"I never sent one."

"It was about money."

Somerset shook his head. "No," he murmured, with the composure of a man who, knowing he had done nothing of the sort himself, was blinded by his own honesty to the possibility that another might have done it for him. "That must be some other affair with which I had nothing to do. Oh no, it was nothing like that: the reason for her change of manner was quite different."

So timid was Charlotte in Somerset's presence that her timidity at this juncture amounted to blameworthiness. The distressing scene which must have followed a clearing up there and then of any possible misunderstanding terrified her imagination; and quite confounded by contradictions that she could not reconcile, she held her tongue, and nervously looked out of the window.

"I have heard that Miss Power is soon to be married," continued Somerset, with a boldness that astonished himself.

"Yes," Charlotte murmured. "It is sooner than it ought to be by rights, considering how recently my dear father died; but there are reasons in connection with my brother's position against putting it off; and it is to be absolutely simple and private."

There was another interval. "May I ask when it is to be?" he said.

"Almost at once—this week."

Somerset started back as if a stone had hit his face. Certain as he had been that a marriage between Paula and De Stancy was impending, he had not anticipated such promptitude as this. Still, there was nothing wonderful in it: engagements broken in upon by the death of a near relative of one of the parties had been often carried out in a subdued form with no longer delay.

But he could not easily say much more, and Charlotte's station was now at hand. She bade him farewell on the platform, and he resumed his seat, and rattled on to

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Budmouth, whence he intended to cross the Channel by steamboat that night.

He hardly knew how the evening passed away. He had taken up his quarters at an old-fashioned inn on the quay, and as the night drew on he stood gazing from the coffee-room window at the steamer outside, which nearly thrust its spars through the bedroom windows, and at the goods that were being tumbled on board as only shippers can tumble them. All the goods were laden, a lamp was put on each side the gangway, the engines broke into a crackling roar, and people began to enter. They were only waiting for the last train; then they would be off. Still Somerset did not move: he was thinking of that curious half-told story of Charlotte's about a telegram to Paula for money from Nice. Not once till within the last half-hour had it recurred to his mind that he had met Dare both at Nice and at Monte Carlo; that at the latter place he had been absolutely out of money, and wished to borrow, showing considerable sinister feeling when Somerset declined to lend; that on one or two previous occasions he had reasons for doubting Dare's probity; and that in spite of the young man's impoverishment at Monte Carlo, he had, a few days later, beheld him in shining raiment at Carlsruhe. Somerset, though wrong in his premises, was right in his growing conviction that there was something in Miss De Stancy's allusion to the telegram which ought to be explained.

Without considering how he personally would be able to explain it, he felt an insurmountable objection to cross the water that night, or till he had been able to see Charlotte again, and learn more of her meaning. He countermanded the order to put his luggage on board, watched the steamer out of the harbor, and went to bed. He might as well have gone to battle, for any rest that he got. On rising the next morning and noting how extremely vague was the course to which he had committed himself, he felt rather blank, though none the less convinced that the matter required investigation. He left Budmouth by a morning train, and about eleven o'clock found himself in Markton.

The momentum of a practical inquiry took him through that ancient borough without leaving him much leisure for those reveries which had yesterday lent an unutterable sadness to every object there. It was just before noon that he started for the castle, intending to arrive at a time of the morning when, as he knew from experience, he could speak to Charlotte without difficulty. The rising ground soon revealed the old towers to him, and jutting out behind them the scaffoldings for the new wing.

While halting here on the knoll in some doubt about his movements, he beheld a man coming along the road, and was soon confronted by his former competitor, Havill. The first instinct of each was to pass with a nod, but a second instinct for intercourse was sufficient to bring them to a halt. After a few superficial words had been spoken, Somerset said, "You have succeeded me."

"I have," said Havill; "but little to my advantage. I have just heard that my commission is to extend no further than roofing in the wing that you began; and had I known that before, I would have seen the castle fall flat before I would have accepted the superintendence. But I know whom I have to thank for that—De Stancy."

Somerset still looked toward the distant battlements. On the scaffolding, among the white-jacketed workmen, he could discern one figure in a dark suit.

"You have a clerk of the works, I see," he observed.

"Nominally I have, but practically I haven't."

"Then why do you keep him?"

"I can't help myself. He is Mr. Dare; and having been recommended by a higher power than I, there he must stay in spite of me."

"Who recommended him?"

"The same—De Stancy."

"It is very odd," murmured Somerset, "but that young man is the object of my visit."

"You had better leave him alone," said Havill, dryly.

Somerset asked why.

"Since I call no man master over that way, I will inform you." Havill then related in splenetic tones—to which Somerset did not care to listen till the story began to advance itself—how he had passed the night with Dare at the inn, and the incidents of that night, relating how he had seen some letters on the young man's breast which long had puzzled him. "They were an E, a T, an N, and a C. I thought over them long, till it eventu-

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ally occurred to me that the word when filled out was De Stancy; and that kinship explains the offensive and defensive alliance between them."

"But, good heavens, man," said Somerset, more and more disturbed, "does she know of it?"

"You may depend she does not yet; but she will soon enough. Hark—there it is!" The notes of the castle clock were heard striking noon. "Then it is all over."

"What?—not their marriage?"

"Yes. Didn't you know it was the wedding day? They were to be at the church at half past eleven. I should have waited to see her go, but it was no sight to hinder business for, as she was only going to drive over in her brougham with Miss De Stancy."

"My errand has failed!" said Somerset, turning on his heel. "I'll walk back to the town with you."

However, he did not walk far with Havill: society was too much at that moment. As soon as opportunity offered he branched from the road by a path, and avoiding the town, went by railway to Budmouth, whence he resumed, by the night steamer, his journey to Normandy.

CHAPTER XIII.

To return to Charlotte De Stancy. When the train had borne Somerset from her side, and she had regained her self-possession, she became conscious of the true proportions of the fact he had asserted. And further, if the telegram had not been his, why should the photographic distortion be trusted as a phase of his existence? But after a while it seemed so improbable to her that God's sun, as it is called, should bear false witness, that instead of doubting both evidences, she was inclined to re-admit the first. Still, upon the whole, she could not question for long the honesty of Somerset's denial; and if that message had indeed been sent by him, it must have been done while he was in another such an unhappy state as that exemplified by the portrait. The supposition reconciled all differences; and yet she could not but fight against it with all the strength of a generous affection.

All the afternoon her poor little head was busy on this perturbing question, till she inquired of herself whether after all it might not be possible for photographs to represent people as they had never been. Before rejecting the hypothesis she determined to have the word of a professor on the point, which would be better than all her surmises. Returning to Markton early, she told the coachman whom Paula had sent to drive her to the shop of Mr. Ray, an obscure photographic artist in that town, instead of straight home.

Ray's establishment consisted of two divisions, the respectable and the shabby. If, on entering the door, the visitor turned to the left, he found himself in a magazine of old clothes, old furniture, china, umbrellas, guns, fishing-rods, dirty fiddles, and split flutes. Entering the right-hand door, which had originally been that of an independent house, he was in an ordinary photographer's and print-collector's depository, to which a certain artistic solidity was imparted by a few oil-paintings in the background. Charlotte made for the latter department, and when she was inside, Mr. Ray appeared in person from the lumber-shop adjoining, which, despite its manginess, contributed by far the greater portion of his income.

Charlotte put her question simply enough. The man did not answer her directly, but soon found that she meant no harm to him. He told her that such misrepresentations were quite possible, and that they embodied a form of humor which was getting more and more into vogue among certain facetious classes of society.

Charlotte was coming away when she asked, as on second thoughts, if he had any specimens of such work to show her.

"None of my own preparation," said Mr. Ray, with unimpeachable probity of tone. "I consider them libellous myself. Still, I have one or two samples by me, which I keep merely as curiosities. There's one," he said, throwing out a portrait card from a drawer. "That represents the King of Prussia in a violent passion; this one shows the Prime Minister out of his mind; this the Pope of Rome the worse for liquor."

She inquired if he had any local specimens.

"Yes," he said, "but I prefer not to exhibit them unless you really ask for a particular one that you mean to buy."

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"I don't want any."

"Oh, I beg pardon, miss. Well, I shouldn't myself have known such things were produced, if there had not been a young man here at one time who was very ingenious in these matters—a Mr. Dare. He was quite a gent, and only did it as an amusement, and not for the sake of getting a living."

Charlotte had no wish to hear more. On her way home she burst into tears: the entanglement was altogether too much for her to tear asunder, even had not her own instincts been urging two ways, as they were.

To immediately right Somerset's wrong was her impetuous desire as an honest woman who loved him; but such rectification would be the jeopardizing of all else that gratified her—the marriage of her brother with her dearest friend—now on the very point of accomplishment. It was a marriage which seemed to promise happiness, or at least comfort, if the old flutter that had transiently disturbed Paula's bosom could be kept from reviving, to which end it became imperative to hide from her the discovery of injustice to Somerset. It involved the advantage of leaving Somerset free; and though her own tender interest in him had been too well schooled by habitual self-denial to run ahead on vain personal hopes, there was nothing more than human in her feeling pleasure in promoting Somerset's singleness. Paula might even be allowed to discover his wrongs when her marriage had put him out of her power. But to let her discover his ill treatment now might upset the impending union of the families, and wring her own heart with the sight of Somerset married in her brother's place.

Why Dare, or any other person, should have set himself to advance her brother's cause by such unscrupulous blackening of Somerset's character was more than her sagacity could fathom. Her brother was, as far as she could see, the only man who could directly profit by the machination, and was therefore the natural one to suspect of having set it going. But she would not be so disloyal as to entertain the thought long; and who or what had instigated Dare, who was undoubtedly the proximate cause of the mischief, remained to her an inscrutable mystery.

The contention of interests and desires with honor in her heart shook Charlotte all that night; but good principle prevailed. The wedding was to be solemnized the very next morning, though for before-mentioned reasons this was hardly known outside the two houses interested; and there were no visible preparations either at villa or castle. De Stancy and his groomsman—a brother officer—slept at the former residence.

De Stancy was a sorry specimen of a bridegroom when he met his sister in the morning. Thick-coming fancies, for which there was more than good reason, had disturbed him only too successfully, and he was as full of apprehension as one who has a league with Mephistopheles. Charlotte told him nothing of what made her likewise so wan and anxious, but drove off to the castle, as had been planned, about nine o'clock, leaving her brother and his friend at the breakfast table, to follow later.

That clearing Somerset's reputation from the stain which had been thrown on it would cause a sufficient reaction in Paula's mind to dislocate present arrangements she did not so seriously anticipate now that morning had a little calmed her. Since the rupture with her former architect Paula had sedulously kept her own counsel, but Charlotte assumed from the ease with which she seemed to do it that her feelings toward him had never been inconveniently warm, and she hoped that Paula would learn of Somerset's purity with merely the generous pleasure of a friend, coupled with a friend's indignation against his traducer.

Still, the possibility existed of stronger emotions, and it was only too evident to poor Charlotte that, knowing this, she had still less excuse for delaying the intelligence till the strongest emotion would be purposeless.

On approaching the castle, the first object that caught her eye was Dare, standing beside Havill on the scaffolding of the new wing. He was looking down upon the drive and court, as if in anticipation of the event. His contiguity flurried her, and instead of going straight to Paula, she sought out Mrs. Goodman.

"You are come early: that's right," said the latter. "You might as well have slept here last night. We have only Mr. Wardlaw, the London lawyer you have heard of, in the house. Your brother's

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solicitor was here yesterday; but he returned to Markton for the night. We miss Mr. Power so much; it is so unfortunate that he should have been obliged to go abroad, and leave us unprotected women with so much responsibility."

"Yes, I know," said Charlotte, quickly, having a shy distaste for the legal prose incident to the romance of matrimony.

"Paula has inquired for you."

"What is she doing?"

"She is in her room; she has not begun to dress yet. Will you go to her?"

Charlotte assented. "I have to tell her something," she said, "which will make no difference, but which I should like her to know this morning—at once. I have discovered that we have been entirely mistaken about Mr. Somerset." She nerved herself to relate succinctly what had come to her knowledge the day before.

Mrs. Goodman was much impressed. She had never clearly heard before what circumstances had attended the resignation of Paula's architect. "We had better not tell her till the wedding is over," she presently said; "it would only disturb her, and do no good."

"But will it be right?" asked Miss De Stancy.

"Yes, it will be right if we tell her afterward. Oh yes, it must be right," she repeated, in a tone which showed that her opinion was unstable enough to require a little fortification by the voice. "She loves your brother; she must, since she is going to marry him; and it can make little difference whether we rehabilitate the character of a friend now or some few hours hence. The author of those wicked tricks on Mr. Somerset ought not to go a moment unpunished."

"That's what I think; and what right have we to hold our tongues even for a few hours?"

Charlotte found that by telling Mrs. Goodman she had simply made two irresolute people out of one; and as Paula was now inquiring for her, she went up stairs without having come to any decision.

CHAPTER XIV.

PAULA was in her boudoir, writing down some notes previous to beginning her wedding toilet, which was designed to harmonize with the simplicity that characterized the other arrangements. She owned that it was depriving the neighborhood of a pageant which it had a right to expect of her, but the circumstances were inexorable.

Mrs. Goodman entered Paula's room immediately behind Charlotte. Perhaps the only difference between the Paula of to-day and the Paula of last year was an accession of thoughtfulness, natural to the circumstances in any case, and more particularly when, as now, the bride's isolation made self-dependence a necessity. She was sitting in a light dressing-gown, and her face, which was rather pale, flushed at the entrance of Charlotte and her aunt.

"I knew you were come," she said, when Charlotte stooped and kissed her. "I heard you. I have done nothing this morning, and feel dreadfully unsettled. Is all well?"

The question was put without thought, but its aptness seemed almost to imply an intuitive knowledge of their previous conversation. "Yes," said Charlotte, tardily.

"Well, now, Clémentine shall dress you, and I can do with Milly," continued Paula. "Come along. Well, aunt—what's the matter?—and you, Charlotte? You look harassed."

"I have not slept well," said Charlotte.

"And have not you slept well either, aunt? You said nothing about it at breakfast."

"Oh, it is nothing," said Mrs. Goodman, quickly. "I have been disturbed by learning of somebody's villainy. I am going to tell you all some time to-day, but it is not important enough to disturb you with now."

"No mystery," argued Paula. "Come, it is not fair."

"I don't think it is quite fair," said Miss De Stancy, looking from one to the other in some distress. "Mrs. Goodman—I must tell her. Paula, Mr. Som—"

"Oh, he is dead!" cried Paula, sinking into a chair, and turning as pale as marble. "Is he dead?—tell me."

"No, no; he's not dead; he is very well, and gone to Normandy for a holiday."

"Oh, I am glad to hear it," answered Paula, with the sudden cool mannerliness that pride lends at such times.

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"He has been misrepresented," said Mrs. Goodman. "That's all."

"Well?" said Paula, with her eyes bent on the floor.

"I have been feeling that I ought to tell you clearly, dear Paula," declared her friend. "It is absolutely false about his telegraphing to you for money; it is absolutely false that his character is such as that dreadful picture represented it. There! that's the substance of it, and I can tell you particulars at any time."

But Paula would not be told at any time. She insisted upon learning everything about the matter there and then, and there was no withstanding her.

When it was all explained, she said, in a low tone of intense force: "It is that pernicious, evil man, Dare. Yet why is it he?—what can he have meant by it? Justice before generosity, even on one's wedding day. Before I become any man's wife this morning I'll see that wretch in jail. The affair must be sifted. . . . Oh, it was a wicked thing to serve anybody so! I'll send for Cunningham Haze this moment; the culprit is even now on the premises, I believe, acting as clerk of the works."

The usually well-balanced Paula was excited, and scarcely knowing what she did, went to the bell-pull.

"Don't act hastily, Paula," said her aunt. "Had you not better consult Sir William? He will act for you in this."

"Yes; he is coming round in a few minutes," said Charlotte, jumping at this happy thought of Mrs. Goodman's. "He's going to run across to see how you are getting on. He will be here by ten."

"Yes; he promised last night."

She had scarcely done speaking, when the prancing of a horse was heard in the ward below, and in a few minutes a servant announced Sir William De Stancy.

De Stancy entered, saying: "I have ridden across for ten minutes, as I said I would do, to know if everything is easy and straightforward for you. There will be time enough for me to get back and prepare if I start in ten minutes.—Well?"

"I am ruffled," said Paula, allowing him to take her hand.

"What is it?" said her affianced.

As Paula did not immediately answer, Mrs. Goodman beckoned to Charlotte, and they left the room together.

"A man has to be given in charge, or a boy, or a demon," she replied. "I was going to do it, but you can do it better than I. He will run away if we don't mind."

"But, my dear Paula, who is it?—what has he done?"

"It is Dare—that young man you see out there against the sky." She looked from the window sideways toward the new wing, on the roof of which Dare was walking prominently about, after having assisted two of the workmen in putting a red streamer on the tallest scaffold pole. "You must send instantly for Mr. Cunningham Haze."

"My dearest Paula," repeated De Stancy, faintly, his complexion changing to that of a man who had died.

"Please send for Mr. Haze at once," returned Paula, with graceful firmness. "I said I would be just to a wronged man before I was generous to you, and I will. That lad Dare—to take a practical view of it—has attempted to defraud me of one hundred pounds sterling, and he shall suffer. I won't tell you what he has done besides, for though it is worse, it is less tangible. When he is handcuffed and sent off to jail, I'll proceed with my dressing. Will you ring the bell?"

"Had you not better—consider?" began De Stancy.

"Consider?" said Paula, not without indignation. "I have considered. Will you kindly ring, Sir William, and tell Thomas to ride at once to Mr. Haze? Or must I rise from this chair and do it myself?"

"You are very hasty and abrupt this morning, I think," he faltered.

Paula rose determinedly from the chair.

"Since you won't do it, I must," she said.

"No, dearest. Let me beg you not to."

"Sir William De Stancy!" She moved toward the bell-pull; but he stepped before and intercepted her.

"You must not ring the bell for that purpose," he said, with husky deliberateness, looking into the depths of her face.

"It wants two hours to the time when you might have a right to express such a command as that," she said, haughtily.

"I certainly have not the honor to be your husband yet," he sadly replied, "but surely you can listen. There exist reasons against giving this boy in charge which I

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could easily get you to admit by explanation; but I would rather, without explanation, have you take my word, when I say that by doing so you are striking a blow against both yourself and me."

Paula, however, had rung the bell.

"You are jealous of somebody or something, perhaps," she said, in tones which showed how fatally all this was telling against the intention of that day. "I will not be a party to baseness, if it is to save all my fortune."

The bell was answered quickly. But De Stancy, though plainly in great misery, did not give up his point. Meeting the servant at the door before he could enter the room, he said, "It is nothing; you can go again."

Paula looked at the unhappy baronet in amazement, then turning to the servant, who stood with the door in his hand, said, "Tell Thomas to saddle the chestnut, and—"

"It's all a mistake," insisted De Stancy. "Leave the room, James."

James looked at his mistress. "Yes, James, leave the room," she calmly said, sitting down. "Now what have you to say?" she asked, when they were again alone. "Why must I not issue orders in my own house? Who is that lad, that you value his interests higher than my honor? I have delayed for one moment sending my messenger to the chief constable, to hear your explanation—only for that."

"You will still persevere?"

"Certainly. Who is he?"

"Paula, . . . he is my son."

She remained still as death while one might count ten; then turned her back upon him. "I think you had better go away," she whispered. "You need not come again."

He did not move. "Paula—you indeed mean this?" he asked.

"I do."

De Stancy walked a few paces, then said, in a low voice: "Miss Power, I knew—I guessed just now, as soon as it began—that we were going to split on this rock. Well, let it be; it can not be helped; destiny is supreme. The boy was to be my ruin; he is my ruin, and rightly. But before I go, grant me one request. Do not prosecute him. Believe me, I will do everything I can to get him out of your way. He shall annoy you no more. . . . Do you promise?"

"I do," she said. "Now please leave me."

"I am to understand that no marriage is to take place to-day between you and me?"

"You are."

Sir William De Stancy left the room. It was noticeable throughout the interview that his manner had not been the manner of a man altogether taken by surprise. During the few preceding days his mood had been that of the gambler seasoned in ill luck, who adopts pessimist surmises as a safe background to his most sanguine hopes.

She remained alone for some time. Then she rang, and requested that Mr. Wardlaw, her father's solicitor and friend, would come up to her. A messenger was dispatched, not to Mr. Cunningham Haze, but to the parson of the parish, who in his turn sent to the clerk and clerk's wife, then busy in the church. On receipt of the intelligence the two latter functionaries proceeded to roll up the carpet which had been laid from the door to the gate, put away the kneeling-cushions, locked the doors, and went off to inquire the reason of so strange a countermand. It was soon proclaimed in Markton that the marriage had been postponed for a fortnight in consequence of the bride's sudden indisposition; and less public emotion was felt than the case might have drawn forth, from the ignorance of the majority of the populace that a wedding had been going to take place at all.

Meanwhile Miss De Stancy had been closeted with Paula for more than an hour. It was a difficult meeting, and a severe test to any friendship but that of the most sterling sort. In the turmoil of her distraction, which might well have been severe, she had the consolation of knowing that if her act of justice to Somerset at such a moment were the act of a simpleton, it was the only course open to honesty. But Paula's cheerful serenity in some measure laid her own troubles to rest, till they were re-awakened by a rumor which got wind some weeks later, and quite drowned all other surprises—that of the true relation between the vanished clerk of works, Mr. Dare, and the fallen family of De Stancy.

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FORESHADOWINGS.

When morning from her rosy palaces
Flushes the quiet land;
When noon spreads through the spaces of the air
Her sunshine still and bland;
When crimson sunsets make the sky-heights grand;

When twilight gathers in the lonely east
And shade the world enshrouds,
And over dusky roofs and darkening fields
The swallows fly in crowds,
And evening floats afar upon the yellow clouds;

When through the hush of purple summer nights
The charmèd moonlight shines,
And dewy roses load the silent air
With odors rich as wines;
When breezes sing of ocean in the pines;

When white birds sweep along a stormy sky;
When far beneath the eyes,
A wide brown wilderness of leafless woods
Stretches to sullen skies;
When over barren seas the western glory dies;

When winter lives in radiant purity,
And all the winds breathe low,
And the remote blue sky spreads far and near
Over white wastes of snow,
Where evergreens keep faith with springs dead long ago;

Whenever beauty draws the wondering eye
And fills the wondering mind;
Whenever beauty is, then fades away
And leaves no trace behind
Save that coarse matter by itself refined;—

Then what strange longing, what far-off regret,
Prescience, or memory,
Haunts the dull sense with hints of things unknown,
With the vague mystery
Of something that has been, or that is yet to be!

Is it some dim remembrance, faintly stirred,
Of unrecorded time,
Of life that was, mayhap, but only is
In some wild dream or rhyme—
Of other infancy, of older growth and prime?

Is it the pathos of desire or loss
That brings unbidden tears?
The want of something that we can not find
Within the restless years?
Shadows of joys that brighten alien spheres?

Or is it a foré-gleam of perfect light,
Of utter blessedness,
Of far-away content, beyond the good
That mortal minds can guess,
Of glory that God's presence shall possess?

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE autumn of 1781 was noted for the surrender of the British army to the allied French and American arms, and the autumn of 1881 will be memorable for the fraternal union of America both with England and France. The long illness and death of President Garfield produced an expression of sincere grief and sympathy in England quite beyond any similar manifestation of international feeling in history, and the centenary of the surrender of Cornwallis brought a distinguished company of French guests to our shores, where the cordial welcome of the city and the country recalled the stories of the French camp at Newport a hundred years ago, and the French march from Rhode Island to the Hudson, amid the hearty cheers and patriotic prayers of the sons and daughters of liberty along the route. The renewal of familiar knowledge of the events of that time, which has been one of the excellent results of the whole centennial season, has recalled the fact, sometimes forgotten, that the debt of the struggling colonies to France was almost unparalleled. It is perhaps too much to say that without French aid American independence would not have been secured, but it is evident that without the French army and the French fleet and the French gold the war would not have ended at Yorktown.

This centennial study has had the further good result of showing plainly the actual military qualities of Washington. He has been magnified and deified in a vague way, and the greatness of goodness has been so strongly emphasized in his case that it is often forgotten that no man ever dealt with a most difficult and complicated public situation with more shrewdness and firmness and tact. The design and execution of the final campaign illustrate these qualities. The story has never been more clearly told than in Mr. Henry P. Johnston's *Yorktown Campaign*, which, although the end is known from the beginning, has yet "the absorbing interest of a romance." It brings into view the value of Greene's and Morgan's campaigns in the Carolinas, and of Lafayette's and Wayne's movements in Virginia, as well as the masterly veiling of the great purpose from Sir Henry Clinton by the allied operations apparently threatening New York. As in all campaigns, chance and opportunity played a great part. But it is the prompt use of chance and opportunity which reveals the master. Napoleon's rule of concentrating more men than the adversary upon the important point was put in practice in Virginia before Napoleon was a soldier. That was the purpose of the Yorktown campaign, and it was accomplished.

It is not less a good fortune of the centennial season that it did not arrive until the long-gathering domestic storm of the century had burst in fury, and had utterly spent itself. The national heaven had not been so truly serene within the century as when this year dawned. Thirty years ago, the celebration would have been difficult and constrained. It could not have been really national and sincere. On the one hand, there would have been the desperate endeavor to make it a means of sectional reconciliation, like the buying of Mount Vernon, and the Everett oration upon Washington. On the other, it would have been felt to be a mere mockery of a national sentiment of union. Everybody would have been looking behind the spectacle for a hidden skeleton.

But this year not only is the fount of bitterness dried up, but the common emotion of all sections in the death of the late President has obliterated even the hostile terms South and North. In the common gladness of a Union restored, without a secret spring of fatal dissension, and in the common sorrow of an incalculable calamity, the feeling of the Revolutionary days has returned, and once more the great Virginian orator seems to speak for all citizens of all the States in exclaiming, "I am no longer a Virginian, I am an American." That was the unreserved sentiment of this great centennial festival, which crowns with tranquil triumph the long and splendid series of commemorations which began most auspiciously, as the Revolution itself began, at Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill.

This is a view which our French guests can not be supposed to have appreciated. They could see in the spectacle only the evidence of national gratitude to a foreign friend who had rendered inestimable service at the struggling birth of a puissant nation. On the quiet Yorktown shore they could see the half-vanished form of the lines which their countrymen held, the redoubt which the trim soldiers of Viomenil, punctually waiting until the sappers had swept off the abatis, carried with resistless valor. In imagination and with beating hearts the sons of historic names could see the lilies of France floating high in the soft October air of a hundred years ago—lilies never so much the emblems of peace as in that moment—lilies which, with the English daisy, the Scotch harebell, the Irish shamrock, and the German forget-me-not, will be fresh in American memories forever. For the becoming cordiality and thoughtfulness of our guests' reception, and for much of the pleasure and success of their visit, the country and its guests are greatly indebted to the committee of reception appointed by the Governor of New York—a committee upon which appeared names which should have been as familiar to our guests from Revolutionary association as

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their own names were to us. Altogether it has been a most fortunate close of a most memorable epoch.

If the celebration at Yorktown has naturally fixed our minds upon friendly France, yet friendly England during the autumn has not been less notable. We have already said that there has been nothing of the kind so striking as the feeling in England for the late President. This has been promoted, of course, by the inventions of science which enable the world to hear simultaneously every sigh and to note every fluctuation in the sick-chamber. By this means the area of immediate interest is indefinitely extended. But this alone does not explain the deep and tender personal sympathy which arrayed the royal court in mourning, and celebrated a funeral service in the old cathedrals, and tolled the bells of rural England. An Englishwoman writes that when in Westminster Abbey during his illness the clergyman said, with evident emotion, that the prayers of the congregation were asked for the President of the United States lying dangerously ill, and when after the prayer was said a mournful silence fell upon the throng, it seemed to her as if all that separated the two nations had disappeared, and that nothing remained but the common blood and brotherhood.

The London *Spectator*, which is probably, upon the whole, the most truly representative English journal, speaks of the keen interest always felt in England in the personality of an American President, "as a unique English figure." The ocean does not truly separate us. Blood is thicker than water. The sentiment of personal tenderness, the *Spectator* says, was universal, until "the President's telegram" was the first one read, and the churches prayed for him, and the Queen ordered court mourning for one who was neither a sovereign nor a relative. "From the Queen to the Stock Exchange, they would have suspended labor for a day, if that would have helped President Garfield in his fight." All that was said and done, the sincere grief of England, showed the sincere conviction that "an Englishman, in place a king, and worthy to rank with kings, had passed away." Let any man turn from these expressions of an unprecedented sorrow to a picture of the little cabin in which Garfield was born, thinking of the hard beginning of a life which was ended at fifty, and a great deal of nonsense about birth and blood and the advantage of station and opportunity will vanish from his mind.

The contemplation of that strong, sweet, temperate character, that constant and cheerful industry, that careful training of unusual powers, and that urbanity and simplicity which were the perfection of courtesy, has produced a reconciliation of national feeling which makes Garfield one of the great benefactors of the world. The old hereditary animosity of North and South, of England and America, has been hushed and healed, and can never return with anything of the old bitterness. What service his longer life might have rendered we can not know, but that which is secured by his early death is unspeakable. It was the view of the boundless waters of Lake Erie that first allured him from the narrow circumstances of his birth; and as toward the end he yearned for a sight of the sea, and was tenderly carried to the shore, and lay looking from his window upon the vast solitary ocean heaving and sparkling in the sun, knowing, as doubtless he did know, that those boundless waters were the last scene that his eyes would behold, his serene soul did not falter or quail; but what may his thoughts have been!

Could he have foreseen that the sudden end of all splendid hopes and ambitions, the catastrophe of an apparently baffled purpose, an early death upon the glowing threshold of incomparable opportunity, were to result in binding estranged sections of his country more closely than ever before, in scattering the last cloud of alienation between old England and English America, and in calming the fury of party difference, how gladly the courage and the power and the deep sense of justice that had been proved equal to every utmost emergency would have hailed and accepted the sacrifice that he was called to make! It leaves him only greater in our reverence that he did not know it, while it exalts him among all Americans and among all heroes that such was the sublime issue of that long and brave struggle.

It is very fortunate for Americans that what seemed a terrible tragedy, which must necessarily overshadow with sadness an event so memorable as the great celebration at Yorktown, should instead shed upon it the greatest glory. France was sure to be very near to us in the proud hour of our jubilee, for France had helped to make the jubilee possible. But England was our ancient foe, and the "redcoat" was still almost a hostile term. Time and national good sense and the instinctive courtesy of such an occasion would be sure to smooth every phrase, and to hide every trace of hereditary feeling. But that on the centennial field of Yorktown, where England lost the great confederacy of her American colonies, England and America should meet, not alone with dignified courtesy, but with sincere fraternal affection, as long parted brethren cordially reunited, as all Englishmen, all Americans—this was a fortune too fair to be anticipated; but it has proved to be the happiest fact of all the centennial series, the last and immortal service that the characteristic American, "the unique English figure" that we have lost, has rendered to his country and to the world.

And that nothing should be wanting to show the heartiness of good feeling, and to commit to history the assurance of the reunion in feeling of the mother country and the child, the

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President of the United States directed that the flag of England should be saluted by the army and navy upon the centennial field of Yorktown. Beyond the famous field of history, the Field of the Cloth of Gold, will be the renown of the Plain of Yorktown. For there, where France and the United States, with the friendly aid of a German veteran, stood in hostile array against England, on the hundredth anniversary of the battle, the flags of France, Germany, England, and the United States floated peacefully together, hostile no longer. *Finis coronat opus.* The salutation of the English flag at Yorktown was the noble and worthy crown of all the long series of centennial Revolutionary celebrations. It was the symbol of the extinction of the traditional enmity of the two countries, an earnest of that federation of the world to which the hope and faith of Christendom forever points.

THE authorship of Junius is a problem which literary students pursue with the same eagerness that bold travellers seek the north pole. The interest in the famous letters themselves doubtless declines with the lapse of time. Junius is not reprinted, and it is in the older editions that he must be consulted; but there is a periodical renewal of interest in the effort to pierce the secret of the authorship. The elaborate invective seems now a little antiquated, and the remarkable reputation of the work is doubtless inexplicable to younger readers. But there are passages which are masterpieces of vituperation, and whose effect must have been prodigious. The absolute freedom of the press in America, its incessant personal criticism in politics, and its frequent scurrility and blackguardism, have, indeed, so accustomed us to this kind of writing that mere vituperation is tiresome and ineffective. The reader of certain newspapers knows that they regularly attack and ridicule certain men, so that both ridicule and attack are merely perfunctory, and produce no other impression than a fatigued conviction that the journals have an undying hostility to men who are wholly unaffected in reputation by the pelting of sorry epithets, and who doubtless say of the newspaper, as the skeptic of free institutions said of Parliament, "Is that tiresome thing still going on?"

But the situation in England when Junius wrote was very different from this. The letters appeared during the five years from 1767 to 1772—the period during which the royal effort to reestablish personal government was most strenuous and unscrupulous, and when despotism and corruption relied upon each other to overthrow the bulwarks of liberty. The friends of America during the struggle preliminary to the Revolution, and during the Revolutionary campaigns, knew perfectly well that the cause of the colonies was the cause of freedom in England. Had the King conquered the colonies, English liberty, as Chatham said, would have perished by the English sword. Junius, however, was not a friend of America. Before the march to Concord, he was as firmly persuaded of the right of Parliament to tax the colonies without representation as George Grenville himself. The impulse of the letters of Junius was not love of liberty, but detestation of the ministry; and as their tremendous personal assaults were delivered when the ministry was most powerful and most venal, the author ran the utmost personal risk. The nature of this risk is described in detail by Mr. George Otto Trevelyan in his *Early Life of Charles James Fox.* Discovery would have cost him at once his means of living and his future prospects, if he were the person now practically conceded to have been the writer, and he must have run the gauntlet of a series of military duels. In fact, Junius must have paid for the discovery of his identity both with his liberty and his life.

Under such circumstances, such volleys of vituperation as some of the Junius letters had a significance and importance which can not possibly attach to any ebullitions of our perfectly free press. Junius was astonishing, not only because of his vigor and his invective, but of his wild daring, and for personal reasons it was necessary to conceal himself so long that he has become the literary man in the iron mask. It is unfair, therefore, in view of all the familiar facts, to call him a calumniator, a coward, and a sneak. If the task that he set himself were worth doing at all—and that will not be questioned—it was practicable only in the way that he selected. Complete mystery was essential to full success. It was not cowardice to conceal a name whose disclosure would have stopped the work at once. The calumny lay mainly in exaggeration and distortion of real things—a method adopted to command attention and reflection—and the result was extravagance and "sensationalism" rather than slander. Intense bitterness of feeling and positive injustice there certainly were, as in all hot political contention. But to condemn an anonymous writer as a mere masked bravo who stabs in the dark is an unfair trick of rhetoric, because the person who is attacked may expose the falsity of the charge and the malice of the intent, and so drive the blow back upon the masker. The blow of an anonymous literary assailant is not a stab unless the assailed permits it to become so. If the Duke of Grafton could have discovered Junius, he would have silenced him. But silencing is not answering, and by revealing his name Junius would merely have enabled the duke to deal another deadly blow at liberty. Junius wore a mask because not to wear a mask would have been the betrayal of a good cause.

It is a harmless task to try now to lift the mask and peer into the face behind it. Forty faces at least have been supposed to be revealed. But within the last few years one face

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only has been taking permanent form, and that is the face of Sir Philip Francis. Mr. B. F. Underwood, in a small pamphlet, has recently shown the general consent of opinion among careful and intelligent students that there can be little reasonable doubt of the name of the author. But why should the secret have been so carefully guarded beyond the epoch in which the letters were written? Because its revelation would have shown that the author had been himself bought by the power that he denounced. In January, 1772, the King said that Junius would write no more. The last letter of Junius was dated January 21, 1772, and soon afterward Sir Philip Francis departed for India, to an office of the highest honor and emolument, fifteen thousand miles away from the British political arena. The revelation of his name after that would have been unspeakably humiliating, and the prolonged and apparently impervious mystery that has settled upon the name is in itself one of the most conclusive reasons for the opinion, now almost universally accepted, that Junius was Sir Philip Francis.

Our French guests were received by the committee, and escorted through the city to their hotel by the Seventh Regiment. They were entertained the next day, which was a soft and beautiful day in October, by a review of the "crack regiments" on Madison Square. The following day they were taken up the Hudson, the river of the Revolution, for whose control the most brilliant of all the British campaigns was undertaken, to West Point. The historic interest of the river and its shores in connection with the war was doubtless detailed in all its charm by the gentlemen of the committee; and after a ball on a moonlight evening, such as the French soldiers used to give a hundred years ago, and in the pauses of which some of the gentlemen, sauntering with the French ladies upon the piazzas, probably murmured that "the moon looks down on old Cro' Nest," and told in French the melodious story of the "Culprit Fay," the merry company departed upon a special train for Niagara.

Friendly foreigners could not be more happily introduced to this country than by a journey in beautiful October weather along the Hudson to Albany, then westward through the lovely valley of the Mohawk, and on to Niagara Falls. Mr. Seward never showed his native genius for diplomacy more conspicuously than when in a dark hour of the war he brought a party of foreign ministers to the city of New York, then took them into the interior of the State, displaying to them a great population quietly and busily at work, reaping great harvests, and heaping up wealth, with no sign of disturbance or war, then led them back by another route, through the same fertility, resource, and industrial activity, and said to them at the end, "Gentlemen, you have now seen part of one State of the Union." Doubtless the shrewd ministers wrote home that there was no defeating a cause supported by such numbers and such wealth and such resolute purpose. It was a stroke of moral diplomacy, which was very characteristic of Mr. Seward. Our French guests could not complete their journey by returning to the city over the Erie Railroad. They were obliged to turn southward to receive other welcomes and enjoy other hospitalities; but they doubtless heard that all of America which they had seen—and what they had seen might well have seemed to them a great country—was only one of the thirty-eight States of the Union.

Both as Americans and New-Yorkers, however, the gentlemen of the committee must have felt some twinges of shame as they presented their guests to a Niagara enveloped in cheap vulgarity, and were obliged to reflect, if they were spared saying it, that the Empire State, great in so many ways, has yet shown herself to be an unworthy custodian of the most sublime natural object upon the Continent. Niagara is made a huge circus show, surrounded by every kind of petty degradation, and in the whole aspect of its surroundings announcing that the public sentiment of the State can see nothing in it but a chance of raising revenue for peddlers from ranges of hucksters' booths and every kind of ugly detail of traffic, and a vast water-power to be used without the least regard to what may be called the natural decencies of the situation. The present degradation of Niagara not only ruins the cataract as a resort of pilgrims from all this country and from all the world, but it involves the national and State character in disgrace for permitting the degradation.

There is no immediate thrifty advantage as a water-power in this great wonder of the American continent that might not be preserved and made completely available without the vulgarization which has taken possession of it; and there is no revenue to be derived from it as a show and a resort which might not be doubled by restoring its natural charm. The old sailor said that his experience had shown him that the Lord had so made the world that a man can afford to do about right. It is no less true that he has made it so that a man or a state can afford to do what is becoming. Ik Marvel wrote a delightful lecture upon the "Uses of Beauty," and no man in the country could see more clearly or state more strongly and picturesquely the high use to which the beauty and sublimity of Niagara could be adapted. With a kindred sense, the painter Church, whose picture of the cataract is the most famous, and who has studied it as diligently as any man living, suggested to Lord Dufferin, when he was Governor-General of Canada, that the banks on both sides should be reserved as a park, to be simply laid out in walks and shrubbery, and kept carefully free from all booths and bazars and shops of every kind, and from whatever defaces and degrades the character of the spot.

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This admirable and reasonable proposition was followed by a petition to the Governor of New York from eminent Englishmen and Americans, and a bill has been introduced into the Legislature providing for the purchase of a strip of land long enough and broad enough to secure the object in view. The water for power would be conducted around the falls through the village, and the sum of one million of dollars, which would probably cover the cost, would be a reasonable price for the land which the State would condemn by right of eminent domain. A small charge for entrance to the park would produce a revenue to maintain it and to pay interest upon the cost, and Niagara would again become what it has now ceased to be, one of the most charming and attractive of summer resorts. If the visit of our French guests to the cataract, and the wholesome shame of the gentlemen of the committee at its disgraceful neighborhood, should have aroused those gentlemen to a sense of the desirability of restoring that neighborhood to a condition befitting the great spectacle, our French allies of to-day, like their ancestors a hundred years ago, will have done us a great service.

TWENTY years ago, in the heyday of the lecture lyceum, there was no lecturer more universally popular or warmly welcomed than Dr. Holland. A little while before, a series of letters from Timothy Titcomb had appeared in the Springfield *Republican*. They were addressed to young men, and to precisely such young men as are found in the Connecticut Valley and the rural region of Western Massachusetts, and they were written by one of themselves—a man who had grown from a poor boy to be one of the editors and owners of the great rural journal of New England, and one of the most independent and admirably edited journals in the country. Timothy Titcomb knew perfectly the class to which he addressed his letters, and he had a singular gift of saying just the right thing in just the right way for his purpose. They were thoroughly and characteristically New England letters; that is to say, they were full of a moral intention, shrewd, racy, didactic, serious, and they were written with an unconscious literary art. Published serially, they soon commanded the attention of the audience at which they were aimed. The papers containing them were eagerly sought, and Timothy Titcomb was soon one of the most popular and widely read of American authors. The young men to whom he wrote were in the West as well as in the East. His words were as welcome on the prairies of Illinois and Iowa as among the hills of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. There was a homely directness in his appeal which made the letters lay sermons for what Lincoln called "the plain people," and when it was known that behind the mask of Timothy Titcomb was the mild, friendly, earnest face of Dr. Holland, the lyceum far and wide insisted upon hearing him, and the shrewd sense and racy gravity of Dr. Holland's lectures only confirmed the charm of Timothy Titcomb's letters.

From that time he was one of the most successful, as he was one of the most popular, of American authors. He had studied medicine diligently, and had even practiced; but literature was the profession to which his taste and his powers attracted him, and he was one of the most faithful and diligent of literary men. Yet Bohemia had no charm for him. The reckless gayety, the dissipation and destructive self-indulgence, to which many young literary men incline, and which has killed untimely so many buds in our American garden—buds whose early flowering decorated the pages of this Magazine—had no allurement for the serious, steady man whose career was a constant admonition to the revellers that it was his way, not theirs, which led to the fame and fortune at which they aimed. A more dismal tale than that of literary Bohemia in New York can not be told. Like Bryant, who came also from Western Massachusetts, Holland brought a native thrift to supplement his literary activity; and he justified his hold upon the confidence of those who made his audience by a certain business sagacity of a kind that was conspicuous in Dickens. The magazine with which he was identified, and of which he was a founder, although, we believe, not suggested by him, became by his interest and skill largely his project. His patient industry, with his native shrewdness, made him a prosperous man, and he illustrated in his own career, in a way which was very impressive to the great multitude of his readers, the happy results of the spirit and purpose which Timothy Titcomb had so forcibly commended.

Dr. Holland was much attached to a beautiful country house upon the St. Lawrence, which he called Bonnycastle, and at which he spent his long summer vacation. His especial recreation was yachting upon the river in his steam-launch, and it was his pride that it should outsail all other craft upon those waters. His hearty hospitality welcomed his guests to a sail, and when he directed the full power of the steam to be applied, the quivering vessel darted through the water, and often with appalling swiftness wound through a devious channel where one sudden touch of the shore would have instantly sunk her. It was an excitement in which he delighted, and which it was impossible not to share.

Perhaps toward the end there was some little weariness of the inexorable work, but no relaxation of his activity. He knew at last how frail was the tenure of his life, and that the end would come, as it did come, in the twinkling of an eye. If those friends who did not often meet him observed a deeper seriousness, it was but the natural effect of his grave certainty of the situation. But it did not dismay nor even disconcert him. He adjusted

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his affairs, that nothing should remain to embarrass or perplex his survivors. Then he pulled quietly at the familiar oar, until his hand dropped suddenly, and the voyage was ended. And the end was peace. Without failure of faculty, in the midst of his daily work, with no pain of prolonged suffering, in his own chamber, amid tender and sacred affection, his eyes closed who had written no word that he would blot, but a thousand words that have been a cheer and an impulse to thousands of his fellow-men.

Editor's Literary Record.

CIVIL and religious liberty are so intimately associated, in their origin, development, and practical enjoyment, that whoever would gain a true understanding of the principles on which our existing English and American political institutions are founded should carefully ponder the lives of the great early religious reformers, such as Wycliffe, Tyndale, Luther, Latimer, and Calvin, and especially should studiously investigate the history of the great sixteenth century Reformation, of which Luther was the master-spirit. It is undoubtedly true that the spirit of civil liberty practically asserted itself, under the impetus of near and immediate interests, at an earlier period than the spirit of religious liberty; and that long before Luther's Reformation, while men were yet almost universally sunk in submissive conformity to Rome, considerable advances had been made in personal and political liberty, and the boundaries of powers, rights, duties, and obligations had begun to be defined. The struggles for superiority between kings and nobles in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries; the great social and public upheavals, among which the Crusades were prominent, that weakened and finally dissolved the feudal system; the growth of municipalities, the spread of commerce, and the persistent self-assertion of those who were restrained of their natural rights by power or prescription of any kind—all contributed to the political advancement of the people at large, and first confirmed them in many of the most important personal and political rights and privileges they now enjoy. Still, the *great revolution*, as the Reformation of the sixteenth century has been justly called, concentrated the attention of the world upon the fundamentals of liberty more intently and universally than it had ever been concentrated before, and vastly accelerated the growth of that "liberty regulated by law" which is now the heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race, and is hourly extending to all civilized peoples. In the stress of small politics it is to be feared that Americans are giving far less attention than they should to the great formative epochs of liberty in modern history; and that while we are in the quiet, unquestioned, and unexampled enjoyment of the common blessings of liberty, we are infinitely more ignorant than were the men of the past, who pioneered the way, of the principles that lie at the root of the matter, and which crystallized slowly through centuries of arduous struggle into the institutions we now so unconcernedly inherit. It will be well for the republic, and for the cause of rational liberty here and elsewhere, if men—more especially the generation now pressing on the stage of action—would turn their thoughts more intently upon the periods when our liberties were born, upon the circumstances that favored or impeded their growth, and upon the principles that, once announced, and sinking into men's minds, made their birth possible and their growth assured. Of all these periods, as we have intimated, none has been of graver importance to the world at large, or contributed so powerfully and summarily to the spread of personal and political as well as religious liberty, as the great sixteenth century Reformation, whose history has been written with great spirit and minuteness, and with unimpeachable learning and candor, by Dr. Merle d'Aubigné. Read in connection with those histories which trace the rise of personal liberty and constitutional freedom in England, D'Aubigné's history of the mighty revolution whose impulse was felt in every nerve and fibre of the civilized world, and whose influence is still everywhere perceptible, is an invaluable record of a great forward movement, not merely in individuals or in particular nations, but in human nature, in society in general, in the thought and actions of all mankind. Like Christianity itself, as D'Aubigné remarks, its influences were "not limited to one nation only, as were the various political movements that history records, but extended over many, and their effects are destined to be felt to the utmost limits of the world." The rapidity of action of this grand revolution, and the vast strides it moved men, as if by an electrical impulse, to take in freedom of thought and conscience and speech, and in all the rights, privileges, and responsibilities that are bound up in civil liberty, were some of its most remarkable phenomena; and the political as well as the religious student will find ample and instructive food for thought in the contemplation of them as they are portrayed by the able and enthusiastic Swiss historian. As originally published, D'Aubigné's history of this world-compelling movement was in five volumes, and necessarily out of the reach of the popular masses. We are glad to announce that it is now placed within reach of every-

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body by its publication, without abridgment, by the Messrs. Carter, in a single volume,[1] printed on fair paper, in small but legible type.

THERE is something very impressive in "the patient purpose, steadfast as a law," with which Dr. Darwin pursues his investigations of the powers and processes of evolution; and scarcely less so are his rigid abstinence from all mere speculation or assertion that is not sustained by strong corroborative evidence, his indefatigable industry in prosecuting minute observations of all the facts—many of them gleaned from the by-ways and hedges of nature—which fill up the gaps in his philosophical system, his candor, his temperateness, and his calm, cautious, and well-balanced judgment. His latest production, *The Power of Movement in Plants*,[2] is an elaborate treatise on the important part which the various movements, common to all plants, play in their life history, especially their more prevalent movement, which is essentially of the same nature as that of the stem of a climbing plant as it bends successively to all points of the compass, so that the tip revolves. Dr. Darwin designates this movement by the term *circumnutation*, and his new volume is a series of minute and exhaustive studies and observations, accompanied by full accounts of the experiments by which they were tested, of all the influences, internal and external—such as air, light and darkness, heat, moisture, and gravitation, among those that are external, and sensitiveness to contact, the tendency to grow more quickly sometimes on the upper and sometimes on the under side, and the property of absorbing or yielding nutriment, etc., among those that are internal—which cause this particular movement, or contribute to the various movements of different plants in all the stages of their growth. Dr. Darwin thinks the results of his observations remove a considerable difficulty in the way of evolution, since, as the case now stands, we know there is always movement in progress, in which may be clearly perceived final purpose and advantage; and it is impossible not to be struck with the resemblance between the movements of plants and many of the actions performed unconsciously by the lower animals. "With plants," he observes, "an astonishingly small stimulus suffices; and even with allied plants one may be highly sensitive to the slightest continued pressure, and another highly sensitive to a slight momentary touch. But the most striking resemblance is the localization of their sensitiveness, and the transmission of an influence from the excited part to another which consequently moves. Yet plants do not of course possess nerves or a central nervous system; and we may infer that with animals such structures serve only for the more perfect transmission of impressions, and for the more complete intercommunication of the several parts." In the face of this concluding concession, however, Dr. Darwin seems to find in plants "a central nervous magazine," which communicates its influence with something closely akin to intelligence, through nerve-like conductors, to the rest of the plant. After detailing the mode in which the tip of the radicle transmits its influence, he remarks that "it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the tip of the radicle," endowed as he describes, "and having the power of directing the movements of the adjoining parts, acts like the brain of one of the lower animals—the brain being seated within the anterior end of the body, receiving impressions from the sense-organs, and directing the several movements." Naturalists will esteem the volume highly for its minute and authentic record of many of the most curious and delicate movements and functions of plants, and of numerous problems and phenomena in their life history, which have hitherto lacked the orderly arrangement, in subjection to ascertained laws, under which Dr. Darwin now reduces them.

The Story of the Manuscripts,[3] by Rev. Mr. Merrill, is a judicious presentation, in popular form, of the historical facts bearing upon the way in which the Scriptures have been preserved, translated, and transmitted to modern times, in the course of which the author shows incidentally the necessity for and the motives that inspired the recent revision of the New Testament, explains the methods that were observed in executing it, recounts the special advantages—inaccessible to the earlier translators and revisers—that were enjoyed by those to whom it was intrusted, and demonstrates that the new revision is not a new Bible, but the old Bible, even the old English Bible, with all its excellences preserved, and only its defects removed. In a well-considered introduction, Mr. Merrill gives a brief account of the new revision, the principles on which it was conducted, the authorities that were consulted and adopted, and the persons who were engaged in it; and in two useful preliminary chapters he describes the manner in which ancient books, especially those that were in general use in the lands of the apostolic writers, were written, preserved, multiplied, and transmitted, and the materials that were commonly employed in making them. This preliminary information gives the general reader a clear idea of the exterior form of ancient writings, and prepares him more easily to understand the story of the manuscripts from which the various versions of the Bible have been derived. The remainder of the volume is devoted, in successive chapters, to critical and historical

[1] *History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century.* By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, D.D. Vols. I. to V. 8vo, pp. 890. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[2] *The Power of Movement in Plants.* By CHARLES DARWIN, LL.D., assisted by FRANCIS DARWIN. With Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 594. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[3] *The Story of the Manuscripts.* By Rev. GEORGE E. MERRILL. 12mo, pp. 205. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co.

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accounts of the manuscripts themselves, their origin, antiquity, and comparative authenticity. The nature of the corruptions and interpretations of the originals is pointed out, the methods of their detection and correction are explained, the manner in which copies were multiplied is described, and a detailed account is furnished of all the known facts relative to the different extant manuscripts in the various collections and libraries of the world. In particular, full descriptive and critical accounts are given of the three most famous manuscripts now in existence, namely, the Alexandrine, the Vatican, and the Sinaitic, as also of the latest discovery, known as the Codex Rossanensis, and of the palimpsests, and other uncials, fragments, and cursives. Finally, a chapter is appropriated to brief sketches of a number of the most eminent modern Biblical critics. Mr. Merrill's treatise is scholarly and dispassionate, and embodies a variety of exact and important information on topics that have been invested with special interest by the publication of the new revision.

THE completion of the Revised New Testament promises to be the occasion of a special literature of imposing dimensions. Already, in addition to Mr. Merrill's scholarly *Story of the Manuscripts*, we find a number of works on our table suggested by and bearing upon the Revision, of which we can at this time take note only of the following: Holding the opinion that the Canterbury Revision was an Anglo-American compromise, that if there had been an Anglican revision without American co-operation, the changes would have been fewer, that if there had been an American revision without Anglican co-operation, the changes would have been more numerous and more radical, and that the rejected American suggestions of readings and renderings are more exact and self-consistent than those preferred by the Anglican revisers, the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary, in this city, has prepared an edition of the *Revised New Testament*[4] in which the rejected renderings and readings have been incorporated into the text. As Dr. Hitchcock suggests in a prefatory note, "we have now the Revised New Testament before us in a twofold form, Anglican and American, and our judgment is invoked concerning it." It is to be hoped that the judgment he invokes will be rendered uninfluenced by national feeling.—An unassuming and useful little volume[5] has been published by A. D. F. Randolph and Co., the object of which is to show at a glance the actual differences between the authorized and the revised versions of the New Testament. This is done by printing the passages in the two versions, where changes have been made, in parallel columns, under their respective books, without note or comment.—Immediately upon the publication of the Revised Version of the New Testament, the Rev. Dr. Schaff projected a series of popular commentaries by English and American Evangelical scholars, based upon and printed jointly with the revised text, and to be issued in small handy volumes, of which the second is now just published. It is not to be inferred, however, from the business-like promptitude with which the enterprise was undertaken that these commentaries are crude and hasty performances. In fact, they are an abridgment of Dr. Schaff's deliberately prepared and excellent *Illustrated Popular Commentary*, adapted to the revised version, with the illustrations, the general introduction, the emendations of the old version, the parallel passages, and much of the costly outfit omitted, so as to reduce the size and cost of the new work. The volume before us[6] contains the Gospel according to St. Mark, with the critical, homiletical, and explanatory notes upon this Gospel contributed by Dr. Matthew B. Riddle to the larger commentary, modified to correspond with the new version.

THE *Commentary on the Bible*, popularly known as "The Speaker's Commentary," which has been prepared under the general conduct of its editor, Canon Cook, of Exeter, is rapidly approaching completion, all the Books of the Old Testament and the Gospels having been already published. The volume now issued is devoted to the Pauline epistles, leaving only the catholic epistles and the Book of Revelations to complete the work. The present volume[7] comprises the text of the epistles of St. Paul according to the authorized version, with an explanatory and critical commentary and a revision of the translation, and has been prepared on the same general plan as the preceding volumes. Each epistle is prefaced by an introduction embodying the latest revelations concerning its authorship, the time, place, and occasion of its composition, its purpose, unity, and contents, the authorities for the text, and a large collection of material bearing upon its history, bibliography, and interpretation. The

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[4] *American Version.* The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Translated out of the Greek. Being the Version set forth A.D. 1611 Compared with the Most Ancient Authorities, and Revised A.D. 1881. With the Readings and Renderings Preferred by the American Committee of Revision Incorporated into the Text. By ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D.D. 16mo, pp. 495. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

[5] *Where the Old and the New Versions Differ.* The Actual Changes in the Authorized and Revised New Testament. 18mo, pp. 340. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Co.

[6] *The International Revision Commentary on the New Testament.* Based upon the Revised Version of 1881. By English and American Scholars and Members of the Revision Committee. Edited by PHILIP SCHAFF, DD., LL.D. Vol. II. The Gospel according to Mark. Explained by MATTHEW B. RIDDLE, D.D. 18mo, pp. 243. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[7] *The Holy Bible according to the Authorized Version* (A.D. 1611). With an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation, by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. COOK, M.A., Canon of Exeter, etc. New Testament. Vol. III. Romans to Philemon. 8vo, pp. 844. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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introductions, commentaries, and critical notes of the volume have been contributed as follows: Those accompanying the Epistle to the Romans, by Rev. Dr. Gifford, examining chaplain to the Bishop of London; I. Corinthians, by Canon Evans, professor of Greek in the University of Durham; II. Corinthians, by Rev. Joseph Waite; Galatians, by Dean Howson; Ephesians, by Prebendary Meyrick, examining chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln; Philippians, by the Very Rev. J. Gwynn, dean of Raphoe; Colossians, Thessalonians, and Philemon, by the Lord Bishop of Derry; and Timothy and Titus, the introduction by Rev. H. Wace, preacher of Lincoln's Inn, and the commentary and critical notes by the Lord Bishop of London.

THE sixth and seventh volumes of the Old Testament Division of Mr. James Comper Gray's *Biblical Museum*[8] comprise a large collection of explanatory, critical, and illustrative notes and paraphrases, by Mr. Gray himself, or collated from a great variety of sources, standard and the reverse, upon the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon. To bring his work within reach of persons of exceedingly limited means, Mr. Gray's plan is to print in the body of the page only those words of the Sacred Text on which comment or explanation is offered, together with such brief and terse illustrations and notes as afford a better understanding of the portion of Scripture under consideration, reserving the margin for a condensed citation of the authorities for his readings. Each book is prefaced by a succinct tabular introduction, presenting the historical, literary, and other facts bearing upon its title, authorship, canonicity, arrangement, scope, rules of interpretation, and characteristic features, together with a synopsis of the subjects of which it treats. The commentary comprises many interesting anecdotes, apposite incidents in the life and experience of Christians, and historical and local references and allusions illustrative of the text, or of the comment that has been made upon it. The work is especially adapted to meet the wants of Bible students, Sunday-school teachers, city missionaries, and itinerant evangelists.

THE less than half a score of essays and lectures which Dr. Roosa, of this city, has collected together under the title *A Doctor's Suggestions to the Community*[9] are not confined to a single specialty, and are written with a finer perception of the graces of literary style than is usual with the writings of members of his profession. The papers, with the exception of the opening one, which is a feeling historical retrospect of the old New York Hospital as that venerable pile existed on Broadway before the erection of the new building on Fifteenth Street, are a popular presentation of the wide professional experiences of the author on subjects of individual physical well-being, and of public and professional interest. One of them is devoted to the functions and care of the eye, and two to the maintenance of personal health, the former including an account of the structure of the eye, a body of practical advice as to the conservation of the eyesight and the use of spectacles, and a statement of the conditions needful to be observed in case of near or far sightedness, or when the organ has become impaired from natural or other causes. The two lectures on the maintenance of health are a brief but pithy consideration of the things to be observed or avoided for the preservation of mental and physical equilibrium. Prepared with special reference to the case of scholars, students, and sedentary professional men, they embody a large amount of valuable advice concerning baths, bodily exercise, food and feeding, hours of sleep and study, the use of stimulants, narcotics, and tobacco, the management of the voice, and the diseases to which the throat and head are most subject. In the remaining lectures the author presents his views with dignified earnestness and force on the elevation of the standard of medical education, on the causes and the remedies for the defects in the present system of medical instruction and administration, on the necessity for the improvement of the profession in sanitary science, and on the relation of the medical profession to the State, as witnesses to aid in the detection of crime or for breaking up nuisances, as educators of the physician of the future, as managers of institutions for the care of the sick or the injured, as protectors of the community against quackery, and as sanitary advisers to the commonwealth. All the papers are pregnant with pungent thought, wise admonitions, and suggestive practical counsels.

IN view of the fact that consumption is the most destructive of any of the diseases to which flesh is heir in Europe and America, causing from sixteen to twenty per cent. of the deaths that occur, the question, *Is Consumption Contagious?*[10] which Dr. Clapp, of the Boston University School of Medicine, has chosen for the title of a volume in which he maintains the affirmative with great cogency and calmness, and with an array of evidence that is very impressive, is one of immediate and startling interest. After premising that he uses the words *phthisis* and *tuberculosis* synonymously with *consumption*, and the word *con-*

[8] *The Biblical Museum.* A Collection of Notes, Explanatory, Homiletic, and Illustrative, on the Holy Scriptures. By JAMES COMPER GRAY. Vol. VI. Containing the Book of Psalms. 12mo, pp. 384. Vol. VII. Containing Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon. 12mo, pp. 384. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Co.

[9] *A Doctor's Suggestions to the Community.* Being a Series of Papers upon Various Subjects from a Physician's Stand-Point. By DANIEL B. ST. JOHN ROOSA, M.D. 12mo, pp. 234. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[10] *Is Consumption Contagious?* And can it be Transmitted by Means of Food? By HERBERT C. CLAPP, M.D. 12mo, pp. 178. Boston and Providence: Otis Clapp and Son.

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tagious in the broad sense of *communicable, transmissible,* or *catching,* Dr. Clapp gives a historical sketch of the opinions that have prevailed on the subject from the earliest times, from which it appears that almost all the celebrated medical writers, from Hippocrates (400 B.C.), Aristotle (330 B.C.), and Galen (A.D. 180), down to 1780, shared the belief that consumption is, to a certain extent at least, contagious. But about a hundred years ago a reaction set in against this hitherto almost universal belief, though the old belief, somewhat modified, never lost its hold—the celebrated Drs. Cullen, of Edinburgh, Reid and Heberden, of London, Rush, of Philadelphia, and Darwin, the author of *The Botanic Garden,* and his son Charles, among other eminent men, still adhering to it. It is proper to say, however, that later in life Dr. Rush announced that his views on the subject had changed, and maintained that, except in rare cases, it is not proper to ascribe the causation of consumption to contagion. During the early part of the present century opinion was divided on the subject among the most eminent physicians, the majority denying that consumption is contagious, although even those who held the negative most firmly quite generally admitted that greater precaution should be observed than was usually exercised by attendants upon consumptive patients, especially by nurses, husbands, and wives; that extreme caution should be observed in the use of garments and mattresses which consumptives had used; and that the same bed, or even the same sleeping apartment, should not be occupied by two persons, one of whom was known to labor under pulmonary consumption. Within a few years, however, renewed attention has been given to the subject, and as a result of a series of close scientific investigations, conducted by men of admitted high qualifications, the medical profession, including some of the most eminent pathologists — notably Professsors Cöhnheim, of Leipsic, Schüppel, of Tübingen, Chauveau, of Lyons, and Drs. Villemin, of Paris, and Marcet and Andrew Clark, of London—are largely adopting the conclusion that consumption may be contracted from persons who have it, by inhalation of the germs of the virus, by swallowing them in food, by inoculation, and by eating the flesh or drinking the milk of animals suffering from phthisis or tuberculosis. Dr. Clapp supports this conclusion by a number of reports of illustrative cases furnished in this country and abroad, and by a summary of the results of the experiments of a number of eminent investigators. He also has an interesting chapter showing the possibility that tuberculosis may be transmitted by means of the food—especially beef and milk—we consume. The practical important results which a judicious agitation of the subject may secure are the following: 1. That no person, particularly if young, should be allowed to sleep in the same bed, or even in the same room, with a consumptive. 2. That no person should be allowed to remain for too long a time in too close or too constant attendance on a consumptive. 3. That ventilation, as perfect as possible, should be secured. 4. That the most rigid inspection of all the meat that comes into our markets, particularly at the slaughter-houses, and of all the cows which furnish milk, by competent and trustworthy officials, should be insisted upon as essential to the public safety.

THE portion of Thoreau's Journal which has been given to the world by Mr. H. G. O. Blake, with the title of *Early Spring in Massachusetts,*[11] is a blending of the observation of the naturalist, the contemplation of the philosopher, and the ideality of the poet. Thoreau was a minute observer of nature and her moods, and watched the changes and developments of the seasons; the comings and goings and doings of the beasts, birds, insects, and reptiles; the life, growth, and decay of the vegetable creation; the movements of the clouds, the winds, and the waters; and all the thousand phenomena that attended the transitions of the year, with unflagging interest and sympathy. The record of his observations, if less unstudied and self-forgetful than the delightful jottings of Gilbert White, is still very charming, giving the reader close glimpses of nature, and describing the innumerable secrets she revealed to him with graphic fidelity. But it is more than this. It is also a transcript of the mind of the poet-philosopher, and is opulent in subtle or profound reflections and condensed poetical utterances. Thoreau chose nature rather than man for his companion, not only because he loved nature better than he loved man, but because man always bored him, while nature never did. There was some latent selfishness and self-conceit in this. He was unable to find in society what he imagined to be the highest essentials of humanity, and in his discontent he went to the solitudes of the woods and fields, the streams and mountains, that he might meet man there, where, as he was wont to say, "man is ever more than man," or, in other words, that he might enjoy the charms of his own society, or of the ideal man of his own creation. There he thought of and observed nature very closely, but certainly not more closely or more respectfully than he thought of and observed Henry D. Thoreau; and with his love and admiration of these came an impatience of man and society in the concrete, though he was not lacking in sympathy for them in the abstract. The volume before us does not comprise the whole of Thoreau's Journal, but is a reproduction of those portions covering the months of February, March, and April from 1840 to 1861, the passages for each day of the month for these

[11] *Early Spring in Massachusetts.* From the Journal of HENRY D. THOREAU. 12mo, pp. 318. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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years being arranged in groups, so that at a glance the reader may compare the progress of the seasons and their phenomena on the same day in each successive year for that period.

A VALUABLE contribution has been made to natural history, in the field of ornithology, by a manual of *New England Bird Life*,[12] the result of the joint labors of Mr. W. A. Stearns, an active member of the Nuttall Ornithological Club of New England, and the well-known specialist Dr. Elliott Coues, of the United States army. The treatise was undertaken several years ago by Mr. Stearns, at the suggestion of Dr. Coues, with the object of presenting an epitome of the bird life of New England, in which, after critically examining the claims of each species to be considered a member of the New England fauna, not one should be admitted upon insufficient evidence of its occurrence within that area, and a thoroughly reliable list of the birds should be given, with an account of the leading facts in the history of each species. After diligently revising his manuscripts from time to time in the light of the latest observations and discoveries, Mr. Stearns submitted them to the editorial supervision of Dr. Coues, who has revised, altered, amended, and to some extent rewritten them, and thus becomes equally responsible with the author for the accuracy and completeness of the work. The scope of the manual, which may be best given in the words of Dr. Coues, "includes brief descriptions of the birds themselves, enabling one to identify any specimen he may have in hand; the local distribution, migration, and relative abundance of every species; together with as much general information respecting their habits as can conveniently be brought within the compass of a hand-book of New England ornithology." The volume before us, which is the first part of the work, and embraces the large order of Oscines, will be followed at an early day by another volume, completing the treatise. It is carefully illustrated, and the specific accounts of the different birds and their families are preceded by four helpful and interesting essays, respectively treating upon the classification and structure of birds, the preparation of specimens for study, the extent of faunal areas, and the literature of New England ornithology.

AMONG the multitudes who spend the summer months at the sea-side are numbers who, after the first novelty has worn off, fret under the stagnation and monotony of the many hours of enforced idleness to which they are subjected, and the sparsity of objects to engage their attention. To such of these as have the requisite taste and habits of attention, nothing is better adapted to lighten the tediousness of the hours, or to combine diversion with healthful exercise, than the collection and preservation of specimens of the innumerable beautiful or curious marine plants that abound along our sea-coasts. The amount of technical or scientific preparation that is required to fit one to embark as an amateur in this engaging pursuit is so inconsiderable as not to operate as a damper upon enthusiasm, and, under a judicious guide, can be acquired almost insensibly while prosecuting it. Such a guide, at once genial, enthusiastic, and judicious, and only so far technical as is necessary for intelligent selection, classification, and arrangement, is to be found in Mr. A. B. Hervey's tasteful volume on *Sea Mosses*.[13] The book is merely intended, as the author modestly avows, to be a helpful guide to those who are not expert botanists, and who neither have nor use any other aids to a good pair of eyes than a simple pocket magnifier. To this end, he resorts to many simple and easy devices to make the novice see, for the first time, in marine plants what is obvious to the practiced eye of the experienced collector; and he gives full practical directions and information as to the particular kind of place where each plant may be found, the season of the year when it is most abundant, the geographical area of each species of the two well-marked flora of our Eastern coast, the methods of collecting, and the details of floating out, pressing, drying, preserving, and mounting those of them which are the most strikingly beautiful or interesting. While Mr. Hervey's descriptions of species and his methods of treatment are popular, and specially adapted to assist amateur botanists and seaside collectors, for whom he is only ambitious that his book should serve "just as a porter, to stand at the gate of the wondrous garden of the sea, and to open for those who knock," it will be found a useful introduction to the more advanced study of marine botany for those who crave something higher than mere amusement. The book is embellished, and its intrinsic value enhanced, by twenty plates, drawn and colored from nature, representing twenty-four of the most interesting of the three main groups of our marine algæ—the red, olive green, and bright green—belonging to not less than nineteen genera.

THE second volume of Dr. Lossing's[14] encyclopædic record of the important events and conspicuous actors in the history of the United States is now published, and completes a work which has a permanent value as a book of reference. Necessarily its great scope has en-

[12] *New England Bird Life.* Being a Manual of New England Ornithology. Revised and Edited from the Manuscript of WILFRID A. STEARNS, by Dr. ELLIOTT COUES, U.S.A. Part I.—Oscines. 8vo, pp. 324. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[13] *Sea Mosses.* A Collector's Guide, and an Introduction to the Study of Marine Algæ. By A. B. HERVEY, A.M. 12mo, pp. 281. Boston: S. E. Cassino.

[14] *Harper's Popular Cyclopædia of United States History.* From the Aboriginal Period to 1876. Containing Brief Sketches of Important Events and Conspicuous Actors. By BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D. Illustrated by over 1000 Engravings. Vol. II. 8vo, pp. 810. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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forced great brevity and condensation, but Dr. Lossing has shown that these are not incompatible with the preservation of nearly every material fact. The historical specialist may, indeed, discover the occasional omission of some topic in which he is interested from the multitudinous titles of the work, but such instances are rare, and not of a kind to detract from its usefulness to the general reader. Naturally the epochal periods of our history—the period of colonial agitation that ushered in the Revolutionary war, the Revolutionary war itself, the period that witnessed the formation of the Constitution and the first national administration under it, the war of 1812, and the war of the rebellion—occupy the greater portion of the work, the record of the earlier periods being specially full and interesting. The actors and events of later times have their due share of attention, however. The work may be confidently consulted, with the assurance that nothing essentially worthy of being held in memory has been omitted from it.

MADAME DE RÉMUSAT'S *Letters*[15] do not come up to the expectations that were raised for them by the recollection of her admirable *Memoirs*. Graceful, thoughtful, and tender they unquestionably are, but her grace and thoughtfulness are expended upon every-day affairs, which at the time were all-engrossing to her husband and herself, but seem commonplace to others at this day, and her tenderness is lavished so exuberantly upon her very respectable husband, and is so persistently and volubly iterated, as to become monotonous. The letters cover the years from 1803 to 1813, the most of them having been written between 1803 and 1808, and give brief glimpses of the aspects of the social and court life of France, and of the great events of Napoleon's career, that were more fully revealed in her memoirs.

THE legends, traditions, and mythology of our aborigines naturally invite poetical illustration and interpretation; but for some reason the efforts in this direction have been disenchanting. To take the case of "Hiawatha," for instance, despite its numberless passages of true pathos, gentleness, and beauty, it is safe to say that the most fervent admirer of Longfellow will not be willing to rest his reputation as a poet upon it. Doubtless these disappointing results are largely attributable to the innate difficulties of the Indian nomenclature. For, unlike the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman, or the French, German, Italian, and other modern nomenclatures, the Indian nomenclature, as a rule, sturdily resists naturalization, and refuses to blend and coalesce with any other tongue. Especially are their proper names an element foreign to the genius of our language, and with some notable exceptions their harshness and intractability defeat all efforts to secure the musicalness and flowing ease that are essential to poetic expression. Again, the poverty of the Indian vocabulary, its limitation to those emblematic word-paintings of natural objects which are merely a development of primitive hieroglyphs and picture-writings, its redundant and ultra-literal figurativeness, and its child-like simplicity, all conspire to produce a sameness which no art can prevent from becoming tame and wearisome. Mr. Hathaway's *League of the Iroquois, and Other Legends*,[16] forms no exception to the rules we have noted. His poems are instinct with good taste and poetic feeling; they often appeal effectively to the fancy, and at times strongly stir the sympathies; they are affluent of picturesque descriptions and graceful portraitures, and their versification is fairly melodious. But the general effect is cold. His characters impress us only as so many abstractions masked in flesh and blood, and we can not feel for them any of that touch of nature which makes all men kin: legendary they were, and legendary they remain. The historical value of Mr. Hathaway's poems admits of no question, however. "The League of the Iroquois" in particular is a successful attempt to give in an intimately related series of pictures the story of the origin and operation of their celebrated confederation, and to embody in softened poetical form the most striking and poetical of their customs, beliefs, superstitions, and traditions.

NO evidence could be more conclusive of the acceptability to teachers and pupils of Dr. Smith's *First Greek Course*[17] than the fact that it has now reached a twelfth edition. Not content, however, to let the new edition rest upon the merits of its predecessors, Dr. Smith has subjected it to a thorough revision, and has adopted some important additions and improvements. Among these are the following: The cases of the nouns, adjectives, and pronouns are arranged both as in the ordinary grammars and as in the public-school Latin Primer, so that the work may be used with equal advantage by those who prefer either the old or the new arrangement. In a portion of the exercises preliminary exercises are introduced on grammatical forms. Particular attention is directed throughout to the stems of words, and they are in all cases prefixed to the paradigms of nouns, adjectives, pronouns,

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[15] *A Selection from the Letters of Madame De Rémusat to her Husband and Son.* From the French, by MRS. CASHEL HOEY and MR. JOHN LILLIE. 12mo, pp. 324. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 52. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *The League of the Iroquois, and Other Legends.* From the Indian Muse. By BENJAMIN HATHAWAY. 12mo, pp. 320. Chicago: Donnelley, Gassette, and Loyd.

[17] *Initia Græca.—Part I.* A First Greek Course. Comprehending Grammar, Delectus, and Exercise Book, with Vocabularies. For Use in the Lower Forms of Public and Private Schools. By WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. Twelfth Edition, Thoroughly Revised. 12mo, pp. 229. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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and verbs. Inasmuch as the endings of the tenses are most clearly seen in the pure verbs, in the paradigms of the verbs in ω, a pure verb is given, so that teachers may have the option of selecting which of the two paradigms they prefer to have their pupils commit to memory. The tenses of all the verbs are now arranged on a uniform plan, and printed in tabular form. The verb is more fully explained; additional remarks are made on the voices, moods, and tenses; and the formation of the augment and the enlargements of the present stem are more completely treated.—Under the superintendence of Dr. Smith, the Rev. C. R. Barker, Assistant Master of Leamington College, has drawn up, in the form of a brief appendix to the volume just noticed, a course of *Additional Exercises*,[18] which is designed as an introduction to *Initia Græca, Part II.* The examination papers in this course are arranged progressively, and are intended for use after or with the corresponding exercises, and easy reading lessons taken from *Initia Græca, Part II.*, are added to them on the following plan: a tale is first given; each sentence is divided into its separate elements, and is then built up again, so that the beginner may learn by actual practice how a sentence is constructed. It is confidently believed that by carefully going through these brief additional exercises, and studying the notes and vocabularies that accompany them, the learner will be better prepared for the use of Part II. of the *Initia Græca*.

If there are any boys and girls in Boston who are ignorant of the history of their famous town, who know little or nothing of the historic events that diversified its early annals, or of the historic men who figured conspicuously in them, or who are unfamiliar with its historic spots and landmarks, it must be that they have not had the good fortune to fall in with Mr. Scudder's genial and effervescent old friend Grandfather Callender, and his two wide-awake and inquisitive grandsons, Benjy and Jeff. And we advise them to enlist Mr. Scudder's good offices and secure an early introduction to the blithe old gentleman, since there is little that is worth knowing about Boston from the time of its settlement that he does not know. For the better information of our youthful readers we will say that the Grandfather Callender of whom we have spoken is one of the few links that remain to bind these last decades of the nineteenth century with the earlier decades of the seventeenth. Himself an old man, his grandfather, who was born in 1717, used to tell him stories which he heard from *his* grandfather, who was born in 1630, the very year when the town of Boston was founded. So that he (that is, the present Grandfather Callender) might well exclaim, as he once did in the presence of Benjy and Jeff, "It does almost seem as if I ought to be as old as Boston, for I can remember, by my grandfather's help, back to the founding of it." This fine old gentleman's memory is as green as his old age is hale and active. His mind is a storehouse of recollections of the men and events that made Boston what it is. He knows all about its storied sites and memorable landmarks, and the legends and traditions connected with them; and the *talks*, in which he weaves together what he has heard and what he has seen, are entertaining, inspiring, and instructive. We are sure Mr. Scudder will gladly introduce any well-mannered and inquiring lad or lass to Grandfather Callender in his own proper person, because he has already been at the pains to do so at second hand in a delightful book, entitled *Boston Town*,[19] in which he gives us a charming picture of the Callender home, and of the relations that exist between the grandfather and his grandsons, together with engaging accounts of his talks as they rambled under his guidance among all the localities that have been hallowed either by the important old-time events that happened in them or by their association with the noble men and women who lived their vigorous lives in their neighborhood. Seldom has history been made as engaging as it appears in Mr. Scudder's charming record of the recollections and peregrinations of Grandfather Callender.

The novels of the month are not of a quality to warrant separate or extended analysis. Fairly representative of the present state of this department of literary art, they evince ingenuity in deftly re-arranging and effectively disposing old or stock materials so as to produce the effect of new combinations, rather than original, constructive, or inventive power. Their *dramatis personæ* and typical characters are familiar acquaintances in a new garb and altered surroundings, and the incidents that befall them, the vicissitudes they encounter, and the emotions they display are the same, *mutatis mutandis*, that have already piqued our interest or played upon our sensibilities times without number. The most meritorious of the number are the following: *Damen's Ghost*,[20] the latest of the anonymous "Round Robin Series"; *The Cameronians*,[21] by James Grant; *The Bloody Chasm*,[22] by J. W. De Forest; *Sceptre and Ring*,[23]

[18] *Appendix to Initia Græca, Part I.* Additional Exercises. With Examination Papers on Initia Græca, Part I. With an Introduction to Initia Græca, Part II. Containing Easy Reading Lessons, with an Analysis of the Sentences. For the Use of the Lower Forms in Public and Private Schools. By William Smith, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 106. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[19] *Boston Town.* By Horace E. Scudder. With many Illustrations on Wood. 8vo, pp. 244. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[20] "Round Robin Series," *Damen's Ghost.* 16mo, pp. 313. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[21] *The Cameronians.* A Novel. By James Grant. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 79. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[22] *The Bloody Chasm.* A Novel. By J. W. De Forest. 16mo, pp. 301. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[23] *Sceptre and Ring.* A Novel. By B. H. Buxton. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 47. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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by B. H. Buxton; and *Sabine's Falsehood*,[24] from the French of Madame La Princesse Olga; to which may be added three juveniles, *The Quartet, A Sequel to Dab Kinzer*,[25] by William O. Stoddard; *Phaeton Rogers*,[26] by Rossiter Johnson; and *Mabel's Step-Mother*,[27] by the author of the "Win and Wear Series." Besides these, the admirers of Mr. George Macdonald will be interested to know that Messrs. Lothrop and Co., of Boston, have published a handsome library edition of his *Warlock o' Glen Warlock*,[28] noticed in the Record for November.

[24] *Sabine's Falsehood.* A Love Story. By Madame La Princesse O. Cantacuzène-Altiéri (La Princesse Olga). Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. Sq. 12mo, pp. 234. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

[25] *The Quartet: A Sequel to Dab Kinzer.* A Story of a Growing Boy. By William O. Stoddard. 12mo, pp. 332. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[26] *Phaeton Rogers.* A Novel of Boy Life. By Rossiter Johnson. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 344. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[27] *Mabel's Step-Mother.* By the Author of the "Win and Wear Series." 16mo, pp. 426. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[28] *Warlock o' Glen Warlock.* A Homely Romance. By George Macdonald. 12mo, pp. 714. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed October 22.—The remains of President Garfield were entombed at the Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio, September 26, in the presence of an immense assemblage. Business was suspended and memorial services were held all over the country.

In pursuance of a proclamation by President Arthur, issued September 23, a special session of the United States Senate was convened October 10. Senator Bayard, of Delaware, was elected President *pro tempore*. On the following day Senators-elect Aldrich, of Rhode Island, and Lapham and Miller, of New York, were sworn in. On October 13 the Senate deposed Mr. Bayard and elected Mr. David Davis as President.

Nelson W. Aldrich was elected, October 5, United States Senator from Rhode Island, to succeed the late Senator Burnside.

On October 11 Charles Foster was re-elected Governor of Ohio, and Buren R. Sherman was elected Governor of Iowa.

State Conventions met and made nominations as follows: Pennsylvania Democratic, September 29: Orange Noble for State Treasurer. Massachusetts Prohibition, September 28: for Governor, Charles Almy; Lieutenant-Governor, Timothy K. Earle (since deceased). Wisconsin Democratic, September 28: for Governor, N. D. Fratt; Lieutenant-Governor, W. A. Anderson. Minnesota Republican, September 28: for Governor, L. F. Hubbard; Lieutenant-Governor, Charles A. Gilman. Massachusetts Democratic, October 5: for Governor, Hon. Charles P. Thompson; Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. James H. Carleton. Maryland Republican, October 5: for Comptroller, Thomas Garsuch. New York Republican, New York, October 5: for Secretary of State, Joseph B. Carr; Comptroller, Senator Ira Davenport; Attorney-General, Leslie W. Russell; Treasurer, James W. Husted; Engineer and Surveyor, Silas Seymour; Judge of the Court of Appeals, Francis M. Finch. Minnesota Democratic, October 6: for Governor, General R. W. Johnson; Lieutenant-Governor, E. P. Barnum. New York Democratic, Albany, October 12: for Secretary of State, William Purcell; Comptroller, George H. Lapham; Attorney-General, R. A. Parmenter; State Treasurer, R. A. Maxwell; Judge of the Court of Appeals, ex-Attorney-General Schoonmaker; State Engineer, Thomas Evershed.

Ireland is still in commotion. Charles S. Parnell, M.P., was arrested in Dublin October 13, under the Coercion Act, and lodged in Kilmainham Jail. Two charges were made against him, one of having incited tenants to refuse to pay their rents, and the other of having intimidated them from taking advantage of the Land Act. Arrests of other members of the Land League followed, causing great excitement. On October 20 the Lord-Lieutenant proclaimed the Land League an illegal organization, and ordered the dispersion of its meetings by armed force.

The French troops, October 10, entered the city of Tunis, by virtue of an understanding with the Bey.

The Afghan Ameer defeated Ayoob Khan, near Candahar, September 22, and on October 5 took possession of the city. The Turcomans captured Herat October 14.

DISASTERS.

September 27.—Ship *Alice Buck* wrecked on Horiau's Rocks, California. Ten lives lost.

September 30.—News of an earthquake at Changeri, Asiatic Turkey. Eleven persons killed, and the Grand Mosque and many dwellings injured.

October 12.—Landenberger's mill, Philadelphia, burned. Eleven persons killed.

October 14.—Storm in the British Islands. Eighty-five vessels wrecked, and many lives and much property destroyed.

OBITUARY.

October 4.—In New York, Fletcher Urling Harper, in his thirty-fourth year.

October 12.—In New York, Dr. J. G. Holland, author and editor, in his sixty-third year.

October 13.—In Aurora, New York, Hon. E. B. Morgan, in his seventy-sixth year.

October 16.—In New Orleans, Louisiana, Louis Alfred Wiltz, Governor of Louisiana, in his thirty-ninth year.

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Editor's Drawer.

RECENTLY an English gentleman who had been roaming over some portion of this absurdly large country of ours expressed the opinion that we had as great a variety of pronunciation in the United States as they had in England, "you know"; indeed, that in some parts he couldn't understand it any more than he could Choctaw.

"Well," said a grave-looking, horsy-talking young man, "there is at least one *patois* of ours you can understand as well in England as we do here."

"Ah, ged bless me! is that so? And what kind of *patois* is it?"

"The *Iroquois!*" replied our young friend. It wasn't so bad.

THE following is related by an army officer who witnessed the occurrence:

A clerk in the Agency store at Fort Reno, in the Indian Territory, a short time before the last total eclipse of the sun, informed the Indians that on a certain day (naming that on which the eclipse would take place) he would proceed to put out the sun, and if they would assemble at that time, they could witness the performance. The Indians professed not to believe what he said, but he assured them he would certainly do all he promised, and when the day arrived, it brought a large number of the noble red men to witness the sun's extinction. A few minutes before the time fixed by astronomers for the obscuration to begin, the wag mounted himself on an empty sugar hogshead and began his incantation. Presently the sun began to disappear, and the "sons of the forest" evinced unmistakable signs of uneasiness, which increased as the performance progressed, until, a short time before the sun disappeared entirely, they rushed upon the magician, exclaiming, "Bad medicine man! put out sun!" and would have dispatched him in short order had they not been restrained by the soldiers who had gathered to see the fun.

CONCERNING bonds, it has been ascertained that they fluctuate. There are bonds and bonds. Governments and State bonds, county and town bonds, and bonds of every conceivable sort on which shekels could be raised. We have before us one of a unique sort—a bond of the Belleville, Hempstead, and Brazos Bridge Company, organized under a charter granted to J. G. Bell and associates by act of the Legislature of Texas, passed July 6, 1870. Capital, $20,000, paid up; shares, $100; dividends, *monthly*. The charter of the company is printed on the back of the bond, section 4 of which is specially worthy the attention of New York financiers. It reads as follows:

"*Section* 4. It shall be the duty of the County Court of Austin County from time to time to cause said bridge to be examined; and whenever they shall consider the same to be *not in a good and safe condition* for the crossing of persons and property, they may cause the gates thereof to be opened *for the free crossing of the public*, and so *remain open* until the said Bridge Company shall place said bridge in good repair."

THE father of President Arthur was notable for his readiness at repartee—a quality, by-the-way, possessed by the President, who is also a capital *raconteur*. Some years ago, at a meeting of the Hudson River Baptist Association, the Rev. Mr. Walden, who had been settled in the West, but who had recently taken a church in Troy, said: "I can tell my brethren that if they think any sort of ministers will do for the West, they are mistaken. It won't do to send second or third rate men there."

Mr. Arthur rose promptly and exclaimed: "Mr. Moderator, I never knew before why Brother Walden came back."

IN the English literature class of a Western college, Thackeray was one day up for consideration. The discussion turned to *Vanity Fair*, and the professor remarked that it possessed the peculiarity of having two heroines and no hero.

"I presume, professor," remarked a misanthropic classman, "that there is where the *vanity* comes in."

"And *I* presume," retorted a young lady from the other end of the class, "that there is where the *fair* comes in."

THE following is an extract from an obituary lyric, produced in Iowa. The subject is a little boy of six years who died of congestion of the brain.

> Oh, there he laid for ten long weeks!
> Such pains are not on file,
> For you could hear him screech with pain
> For nearly half a mile.

Four other verses are so stuffed with anguish as to be unquotable.

Another effort of this sort, more graceful and high-toned, is sent to us from Connecticut:

> If boundless benevolence be the basis of beatitude,
> And harmless humility the harbinger of a hallowed heart,
> These Christian concomitants compose her characteristic,
> And conciliated the esteem of her contemporary acquaintances,
> Who mean to model their manners by the mould of their meritorious monitor.

FROM Canada:

Johnny B—— is an old Irishman who works for the corporation of S——. His landlord, also Irish, lives next door, and for some time occasionally missed portions of the fence be-

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tween them, and thought he would speak about it. Meeting him one morning, he said,

"It's a foine day, Johnny."

"Shure it is, sor."

"Do ye know anything of me fince, Johnny?"

"Fwisper, sor, fwisper," said Johnny, drawing near, and assuming a very confidential air. "Shure as I live, sor, last Sunday noight me and the ould woman wuz sittin' out beyant the shanty, whin along kem a *furlycane*, jist so high" (indicating with his hand), "and sez oi to the ould lady, 'Biddy,' sez oi, 'there goes the ould man's fince.'"

And this was all the satisfaction the ould man got.

JUDGE SETTLE, of the United States Court in Florida, is cultivating an orange grove at Orange Dale, on the St. John's River, Florida. Last year he had a negro boy in his employ, named Julius, who did not give satisfaction. Last July the judge, accompanied by T. B. Keogh, of North Carolina, and C. D. Willard, of Washington, D. C., both lawyers, employed a black man to boat them from Green Cove Springs to Orange Dale. On the way over, the judge, seeking information about Julius, asked the boatman if he knew Julius.

"What! Julius Lemmons?"

"Yes," said the judge.

"Know him? Ob course I does. Ebery man, white and black, 'bout here knows him."

"What do you think of him?" asked the judge.

"Do you mean as to principle?"

"Yes."

"I don't tink nuthin' of him; don't b'lieve half what he says. He'll take contracts for work, hire men to do de work, collect de money, and neber pay 'em. He's mean enough to fool his old fadder and mudder bofe. He's so smart you can't make a garnshee stick on him. He owes eberybody. He'll lie, cheat, steal, an' do eberyting bad. But, I tell you, he can talk—la! he's a slick talker. He can outtalk 'em all. Tell you what's a fact, Mister Settle, he ought to 'a bin a lawyer."

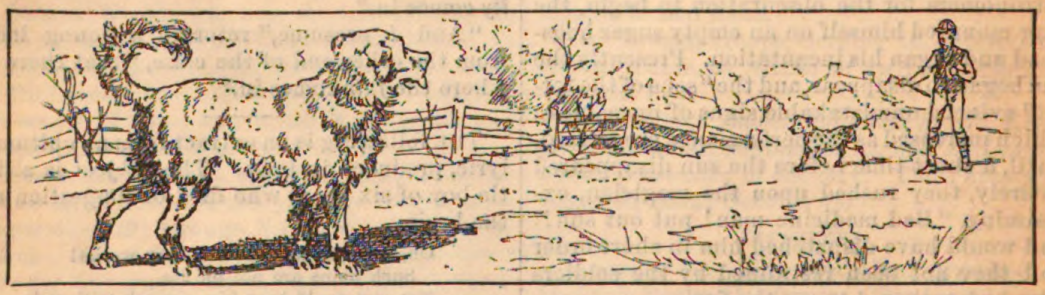
The laugh that followed disconcerted the boatman, and nothing more was said about Julius.

FEW clergymen are better known or more highly esteemed in the United States than the Rev. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime. For many years the readers of the Drawer were indebted to him for the good things gathered in its pages. Writing of the enthusiasm which Southern people, especially Kentuckians, entertain for fine horses, he says:

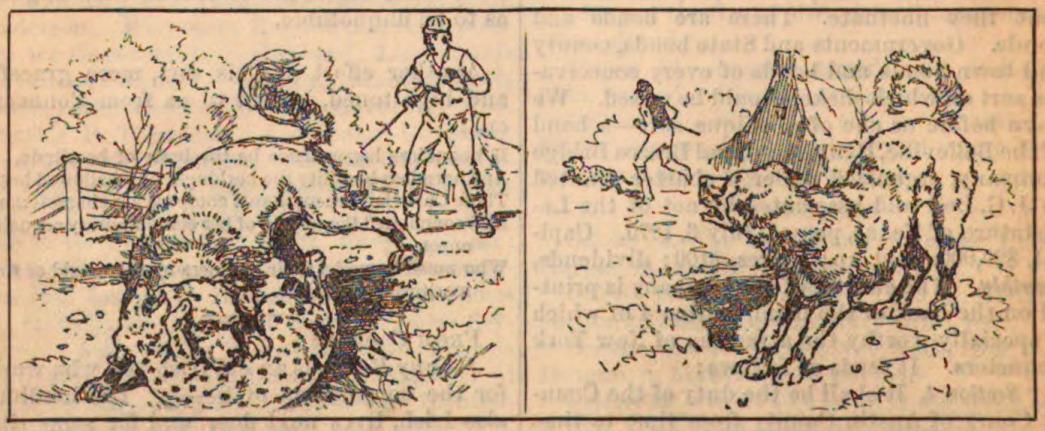
"I was visiting a great planter in Kentucky, near Lexington, while attending the Presby-

A CANINE COMEDY.

PART I.—WRONG.



NEWFOUNDLAND DOG (*log.*). "By George! Here's larks! I've been looking for a good coach-dog for some time. Just observe me take the conceit out of that fellow."



"Nyurm! nyurm!"

N. F. D. "Now don't let me see you around here again!"

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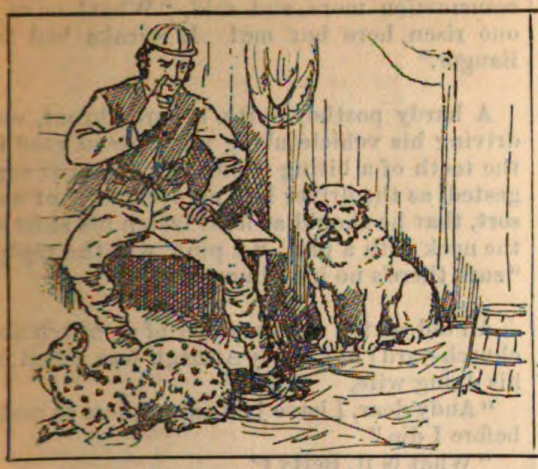
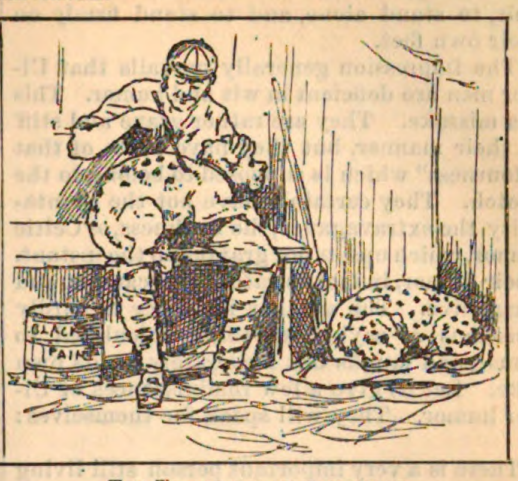
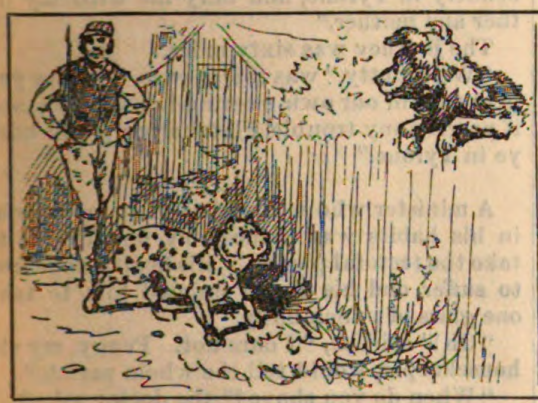
PART II.—REVENGE.



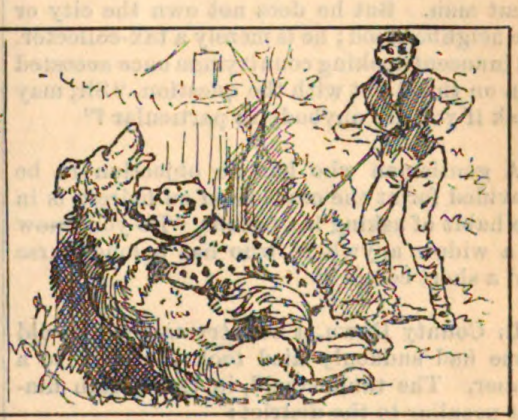
THE PRESENCE OF THE BULL-DOG SUGGESTS A TRANSFORMATION.



THE TRANSFORMATION EFFECTED.



N. F. D. "Well, upon my word, this *is* luck! If there isn't that unfortunate coach-dog again! Seems to be swelled about the head a little, and his eyes appear red. Strange that some people never know when they've got enough! However, we'll try to satisfy him *this* time."



DOES SATISFY HIM.

terian Assembly. He wanted me to see a couple of colts, six weeks old; and when they were brought out, I said, 'Morgan colts.'

"'Why,' he exclaimed, 'do you know a Morgan colt when you see it?'

"'Certainly,' said I, 'or an Eclipse colt.'

"'Well done!' said he. 'I never saw a minister before that knew a Morgan horse, or any other, at sight. *Why, sir, you can have a call to any church in Kentucky.*'"

FROM a New England friend:

Old "Uncle James," who served as sexton of the orthodox church in our little village, was a man of most sober demeanor, yet not without humor. He had occasion at one time to toll the bell announcing the funeral of Brother Amos D——, an esteemed citizen, who had followed the example of Henry the Eighth by taking to himself five wives. A passer-by seeing Uncle James in the church, stepped in for a moment's conversation.

"Do you know, Uncle James," he asked, "where they are going to lay Amos?"

"Well," said the old man, transferring his quid, "I believe they are going to take him over to Smithtown; the heft of his wives are buried there."

ULSTER HUMOR.

THE people of Ulster, in the north of Ireland, who represent that sturdy Scotch-Irish element which has done so much for the society of the Middle and Southern States of America, are distinguished by habits of thought, character, and utterance from the Celtic race which inhabits the rest of the island. They are a sedate, shrewd, plodding race, masculine alike in their virtues and in their faults, frank and simple in their ways, and very steadfast in their friendships. They are inferior to the Celts in courtesy of manner, but they improve greatly on acquaintance, from their kindliness and strict adherence to truth. They are not imaginative or traditional like the Celt, partly because their affection strikes no deep root in Irish history, but they have a most real possession of the present, being the most adapt-

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able and practical of men, able, unlike the Celt, to stand alone, and to stand firmly on their own feet.

The impression generally prevails that Ulster men are deficient in wit and humor. This is a mistake. They are rather grave and stiff in their manner, but they have little of that "dourness" which is supposed to belong to the Scotch. They certainly have not the spontaneity, the extravagance, the freshness, of Celtic humor, which upsets our gravity on the instant. Their humor, in fact, is rather dry, caustic, and suggestive. The speaker in Ulster is hardly conscious of saying anything calculated to amuse, and laughs but moderately at his own joke. Let us give a few reminiscences of Ulster humor. They will speak for themselves:

There is a very important person still living in a city in Ulster who affects the airs of a great man. But he does not own the city or the neighborhood; he is merely a tax-collector. An innocent-looking countryman once accosted him on the street with the question, "Sir, may I ask if you are anybody in particular?"

A gentleman who has no objection to be provided for at the expense of an heiress is in the habit of asking his friends, "Do you know of a widow anywhere who has a long purse and a short cough?"

In County Down, a countryman whose old horse had suddenly died took the skin to a tanner. The tanner said, in the Scotch dialect peculiar to the district:

"I canna gie you full price for this skin; it's ower sma'."

The reply was: "That's quare. The aul' horse wore it twenty years and mair, and niver made ony complent aboot it being ower sma'."

A rich old bachelor was dying. Several female cousins, as old as himself, came to nurse him, in hope of being remembered in his will. The first question usually asked in the morning by one of these cousins was, "Are ye ony waur?"

A more kindly inquiry would have been, "Are ye ony better?"

An old man married a young wife, who after some time rued her bargain, and gave him poison. The doctor who was called in whispered his suspicions to his aged patient. The young wife, soon after coming to the bedside, said, beseechingly,

"Oh, Bob, do ye know me, dear?"

"No," said he; "but I am beginning to know ye."

A drunken fellow, belonging to Bangor, in County Down, fell asleep in the grave-yard into which he had wandered overnight. He was suddenly roused from sleep by the sound of the early postman's horn or trumpet, which he mistook for the archangel's trumpet on the resurrection morn, and said, "What! ne'er a one risen here but me! It speaks bad for Bangor."

A hardy postboy, with a bare throat, was driving his vehicle along an exposed road in the teeth of a biting wind. A passenger suggested, as the driver had no neckcloth of any sort, that he should at least fasten his shirt at the neck with a pin. "A pin!" was the reply; "sure there's no hate in a pin."

An old sexton (a care-taker of a church and church-yard) in County Armagh was asked by his dying wife,

"Andy dear, I have just one request to make before I die."

"What is it, Betty?"

"I wish you to carry me over to my own country in Tyrone, and bury me with my father and mother."

The journey was sixty miles.

"Well, Betty," was the answer, "I'll try you here first in our own meeting-house green, and if ye give ony trouble, I'll take ye up and bury ye in Tyrone."

A minister who was perhaps not too careful in his habits was induced by his friends to take the teetotal pledge. His health appeared to suffer, and his doctor ordered him to take one glass of punch daily.

"Oh!" said he, "I dare not. Peggy, my old housekeeper, would tell the whole parish."

"When do you shave?" the doctor asked.

"In the morning."

"Then," said the doctor, "shave at night; and when Peggy brings you up your hot water, you can take your glass of punch just before going to bed."

The minister afterward appeared to improve in health and spirits. The doctor met Peggy soon after, and said,

"I'm glad to hear, Peggy, that your master is better."

"Indeed, sir, he's better, but his brain's affected; there's something wrang wi' his mind."

"How?"

"Why, doctor, he used to shave at night before going to bed, but now he shaves in the morn, he shaves before dinner, he shaves after dinner, he shaves at night—he's aye shavin'."

The symptoms were, indeed, very suspicious.

A minister had become very fat and paunchy. "Oh," said an observer, "it's nothing but church extension."

"What was the text the day, Jamie?" was the question asked one Sunday afternoon.

"Weel, it was that ane where the apostle delivered Hymeneus and Philetus to Satan, that they might learn not to blaspheme."

"Noo I'm thinkin' he couldna gie them into waur hands."

AN ULSTER MAN.

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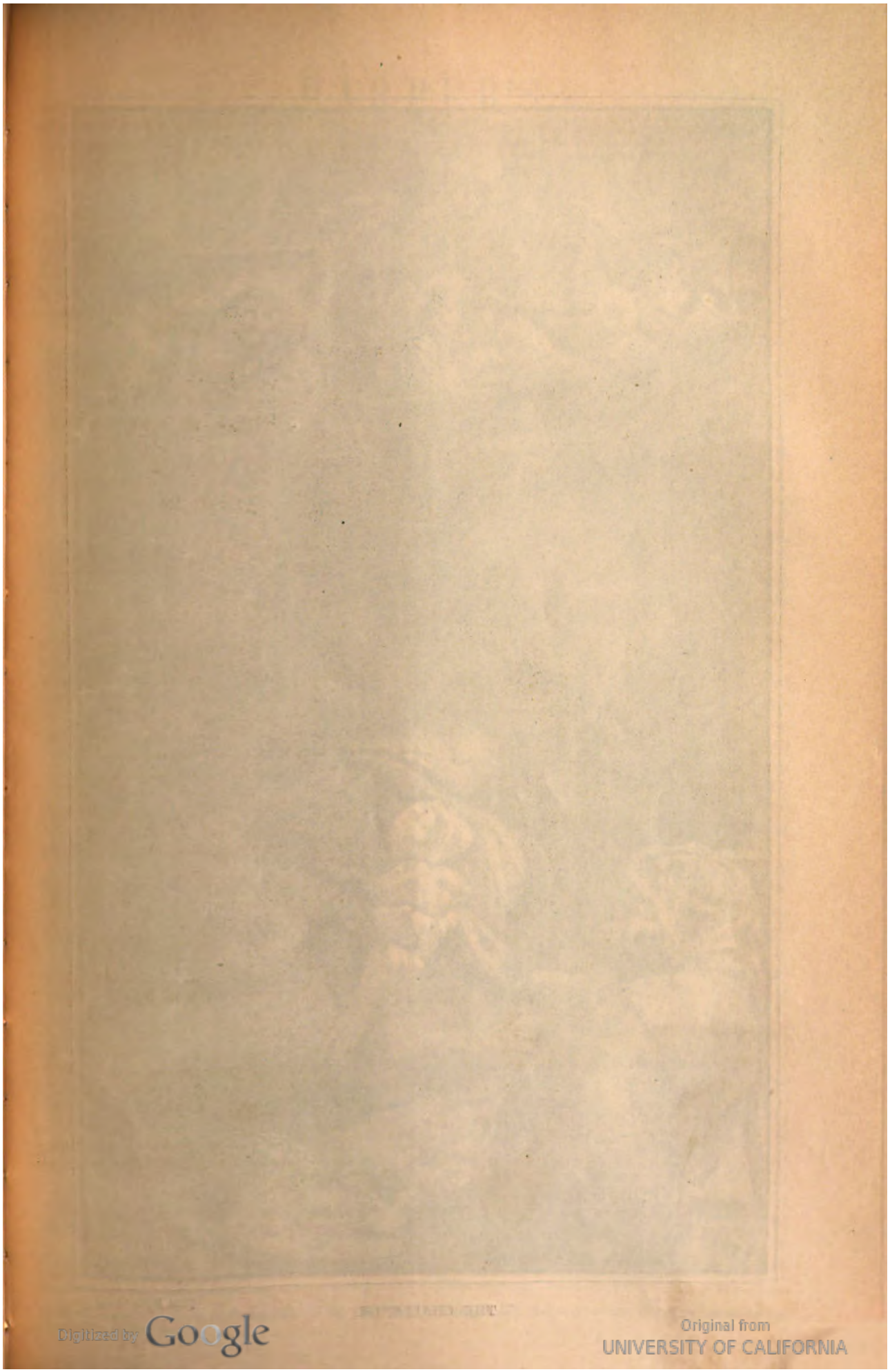

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THE CHALLENGE.

[*See* EASY CHAIR.]

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXX.—JANUARY, 1882.—Vol. LXIV.

GOVERNMENT LIGHT ON WESTERN RIVERS.

KING COAL'S HIGHWAY.

AT that most interesting point on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico where, through a low-walled channel, the Mississippi pours a fan-shaped torrent of umber-hued fresh-water into the azure saltness of the Gulf, two objects boldly claim attention. One of these, the Port Eads Light-house, towers above the surrounding buildings, a Cyclopean giant whose single eye glares about the four points of the compass, and winks once every thirty seconds. The other is a sloping solitary hillock of coal, immobile, dusky, sullen; its base set about with great black lumps, its apex irregular in form, crumbling, unsightly. A contrast, truly, to its brilliant *vis-à-vis*, yet holding within itself all the elements of a light as brilliant as that which pours through the Fresnel lenses opposite, and representing, moreover, in each homely lump a storehouse of heat, and a magazine of power to be evolved through glowing furnace and throbbing engine.

And as the voyager proceeds up the great river he will find no more light-houses, but at every plantation, at every city, and every town along the mighty stream he will find a companion to the coal pile at South Pass. He will see coal ashore and afloat, in transit by water or on land.

Whence comes it? How comes it? These are the questions it is the province of this paper to answer through pen, pencil, and graver.

Twenty-one hundred miles distant from the carbon heap at Port Eads its bulk is represented by a void as black as is the coal itself, deep beneath the goodly hills of Western Pennsylvania that are within sight of Pittsburgh's perpetual cloud of smoke. Under these hills a grimy army of men labor to dislodge what nature

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stored there countless ages ago: solid carbon for the warming of a million firesides along the banks of the Father of Waters, for the driving of wheels in thousands of workshops in the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, for the lighting of busy streets in cities two thousand miles away, and for the impelling power of river and ocean steamers.

Between the subterranean pit of the producer and the furnace of the consumer there stretches, not the parallel metals of the railway, nor the terraced levels of a canal, but the devious channels of two great rivers, the Ohio and Mississippi. Thousands of miles of tortuous watercourse, a varied gauntlet that must be run by the coal-transporting fleets that issue from the portals of Pittsburgh, aptly termed the "Gate City of the West."

A gauntlet of shifting "bars," of treacherous shoals, and whirling and vexing cross currents, where meanderings and reversions of course so rapidly follow one another that the greater river seems to write its superabundant S's up and down the land, and the lesser Ohio seeks to describe its O's in watery loops throughout the thousand miles of its entire length from Pittsburgh to Cairo. These are but the spring and summer difficulties to be surmounted by the inland navigator. Winter multiplies them to a fourfold degree. Out of the Alleghany, whose sources lie within sight of Lake Erie, there pour at intervals during the winter months swift-moving glaciers of ponderous ice-cakes, drifting southward to their dissolution at the rate of six miles an hour. Or it may be that this stream and the Monongahela—as well as the Upper Ohio—are silent under solid fields of ice. Then let sudden thaw or genial rain release the imprisoned streams, and acres of ice break up and carry destruction to coal fleets moored at or near Pittsburgh awaiting a favorable stage of water. Then a hundred beats of a healthy pulse would mete out sufficient time for the destruction of enough coal to light and heat a city for a month.

So much for the dangers surrounding the river coal trade of Pittsburgh; now as to the nature and extent of the trade itself. It is, in the first place, a trade which the most ambitious railway can not absorb. Nature's highway is here supreme, and time loses its monetary value as compared with the cheapness of transportation by water. To send a ton of coal from Pittsburgh along those two thousand miles of waterway and deliver it at New Orleans cost $1 30, or about five cents per bushel of seventy-six pounds. The freight-hungriest railway could not afford to carry coal more than one-tenth that distance for the same price. This extreme cheapness it is that has called into being this trade, that has caused its growth, and that will perpetuate its existence though the continent be cobwebbed with railways. The river transportation of coal has developed to such an extent that whereas in 1844 the coal from seven acres of Pittsburgh coal seam was floated from that city, there was left, year before last, a dark echoing void of 720 acres under the smiling farms of the Keystone State.

The intrinsic excellence of Pittsburgh coal as a heat, steam, and light producer must not be lost sight of as an element in the building up of the trade. It is a fuel as yet without a successful rival in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, shut out, however, from all but river points, only by reason of the prohibitory bar of transportation charges. These rivers render it possible for the sugar planter of Louisiana to evaporate his syrup over Pittsburgh coal, the ocean steamer to fill her bunkers at New Orleans, and for that city, Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, Memphis, and St. Louis to light their streets with gas. To these benefits must be added the enormous supply of coal for domestic purposes. Many of the consumers are as remote from the parent beds of the fuel they enjoy as New England is from old Ireland.

An open map of the United States will show the inland highway of King Coal to be an inky, tortuous line, extending from Pittsburgh to Cairo, Illinois, and labelled the Ohio, from Cairo north to St. Louis, and from the latter south to New Orleans, fourteen hundred miles along the Mississippi toward the equator. During the year 1880 there entered this highway at Pittsburgh ninety million bushels of bituminous coal and coke. The latter article comprised but a few million bushels. The term "bushel" is probably not a familiar one as applied to coal. Twenty-six and two-third bushels make a ton, so that the quantity given above means about 3,500,000 tons.

Of this much-sought-for fuel Cincinnati mills and homes take thirty million

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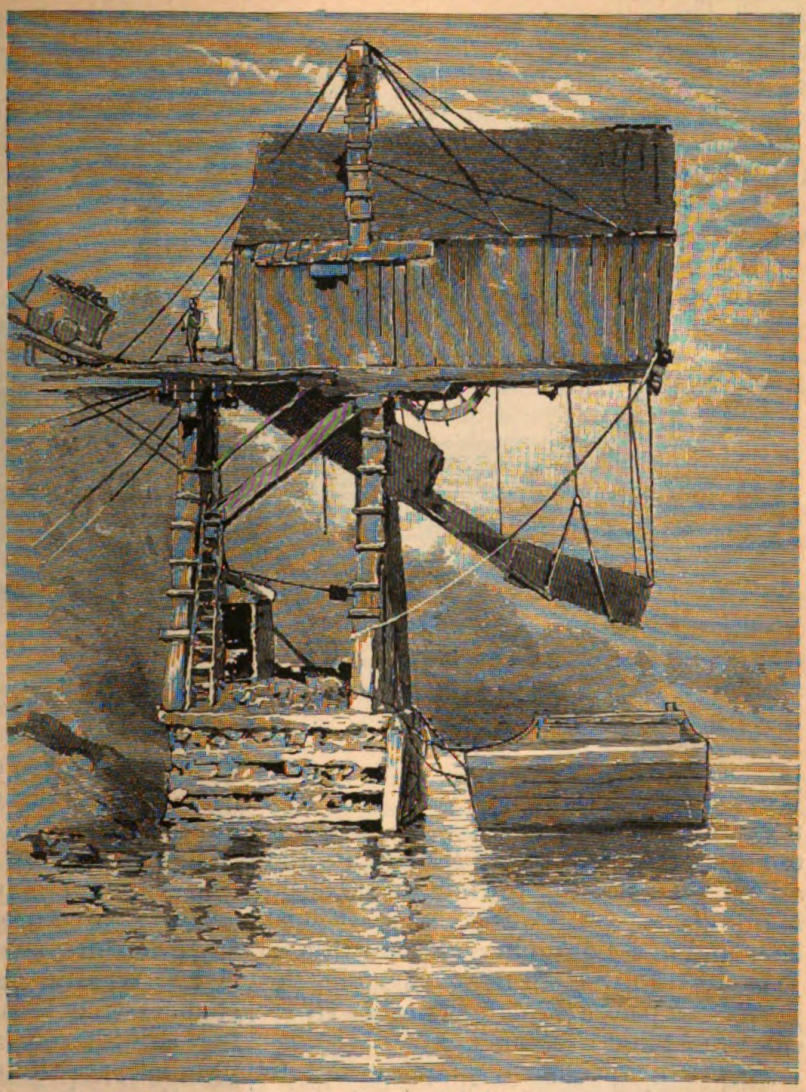
bushels yearly from the river, Louisville twelve million bushels, New Orleans eight million, Memphis and Vicksburg five million each, and smaller towns and villages along the two rivers absorb fifteen million more. And every pound of this coal, from the moment it first rests in boat or barge at the shute or tipple at the pit, until it leaves the water at New Orleans, or strews the bed of a great river, is surrounded by the dangers already outlined—vicissitudes such as can only be found in this trade; dangers that call forth the peculiar characteristics of the navigators of this treacherous highway. Moreover, the coal consigned to the care of a single steamer frequently amounts to 20,000 tons—enough to load five of the very largest ocean steamers to a dangerous depth. And the men in charge of this mass of fuel are expected to successfully overcome difficulties that would appall the most experienced navigators of deeper waters. This hazardous and peculiar nature of the trade has developed a race of navigators whose dominant traits are pluck, fertility of resource in times of disaster, and promptness to act at all times, united with an all-pervading disposition to take evils as they come philosophically.



FIRST LOADING OF THE BARGE.

Let a sudden rise in the rivers swell the waters of the Ohio. At an hour's notice the cables must be slipped and the huge boats floated off on the crest of the rise. Else the chances are in favor of stranded boats and coal scattered along the bed of the stream.

It is this carriculumess of the Ohio, engendered by the vagaries of the weather, that renders the experiences of the coal-shipper unique. The Eastern navigator, who revels in a plenitude of water, can form no just conception of the skill necessary to guide a fleet of cumbersome coal craft of seven feet six inches draught through the windings of a channel where the unerring marks show there is just seven feet eight inches of water. Nor can the Eastern or other mind unfamiliar with this coal-shipping trade know of the brain and muscle and machinery and skill which must go hand in hand in order that a solid mass of coal afloat, longer than the *Great Eastern* by two hundred feet, and as wide as a city park, may be steered clear of besetting dangers, and safely borne along a route nearly as long as that traversed by a Cunarder. To

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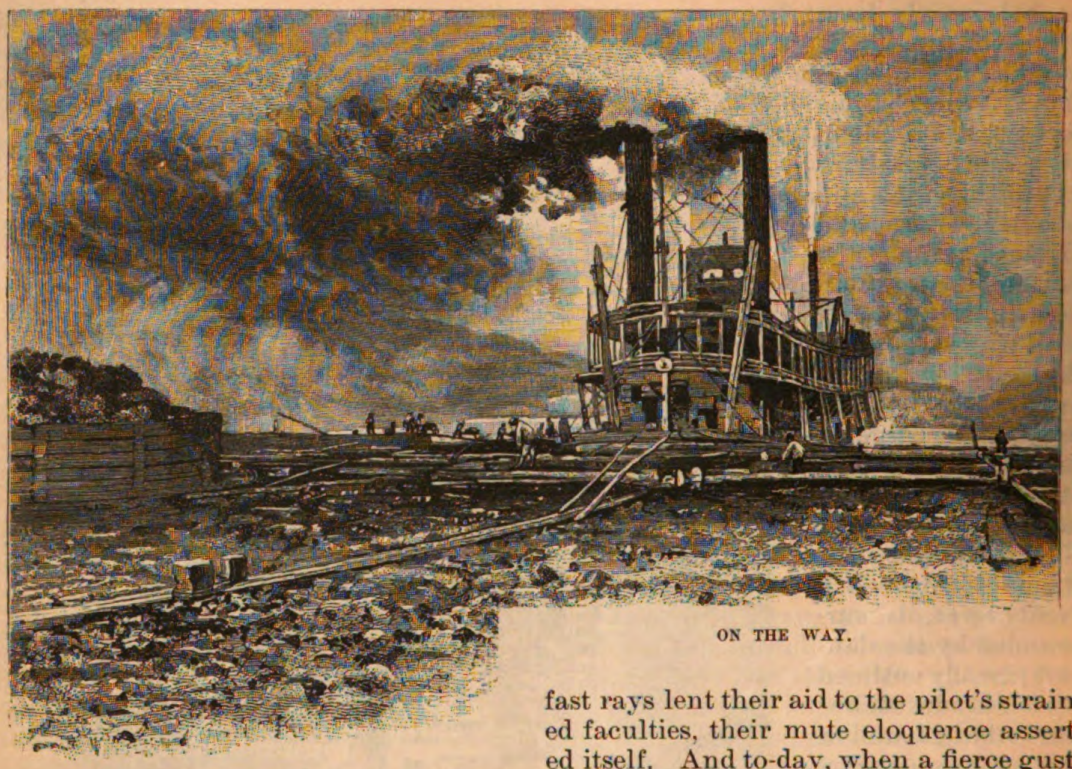

ON THE WAY.

tow, in North or East River parlance, is to pull. On the Ohio and Mississippi, and all Western streams, towing means pushing. The acre of floating coal craft must be bound in solid rigidity, and must lie *in front* of the propelling steamer and the pilot's eye, before the dangers of the rivers can be met and overcome.

In this connection it is appropriate to refer to a step recently taken by the general government to lessen the dangers of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri rivers. This consists in the establishment and maintenance of the "beacon-light" system on the rivers named. During nights of inky blackness of sky, when even the contour of familiar hills or clearings or bluffs escapes the keen-eyed pilot, the steady, clear radiance of the "beacon" indicates his whereabouts, and marks the ripple, or scantily covered bar, or the point at which the boat must aim in "flanking" around the serpentine loops of the erratic streams. The establishment of these lights, a few years ago, was looked upon with indifference by nearly every pilot engaged upon the tow-boats. Some went so far as to oppose the beacon on the ground that the pilots' duties would be simplified thereby, and thus the value of their labor reduced. But, as night after night, in storm or calm, over ice or flood, these calm steadfast rays lent their aid to the pilot's strained faculties, their mute eloquence asserted itself. And to-day, when a fierce gust, or caving bank, or sudden flood, extinguishes a light, a mighty growl goes up from the fraternity of the tiller-rope, until the missing star is restored.

Every three months, or oftener, a trim swift steamer sweeps up and down the rivers, repairs damages to the lights, changes their location to suit the unceasing shifting of bar or bend, pays the light-keepers their well-earned dues, and supplies each with the oil needed. A beacon-light is simply an inland light-house of modest proportions. A short wooden post, braced to withstand wind, and bearing a small hooded platform at its top, eight or twelve feet from the ground, forms the support of a lantern of superior construction. In general appearance the way-side shrine of the Old World is reproduced in the beacon-light of the New.

And in this connection it seems eminently fitting that Pennsylvania oil should light Pennsylvania coal on its way to market. In the 800 lights on the rivers named, elaine, a special preparation of petroleum, is used altogether, as being fully equal to lard-oil for light-house purposes. The Ohio has 324 of these lights, and the Missouri and Mississippi 480 more. The entire system is one whose benefits become yearly more apparent.

Within the past few years the growth

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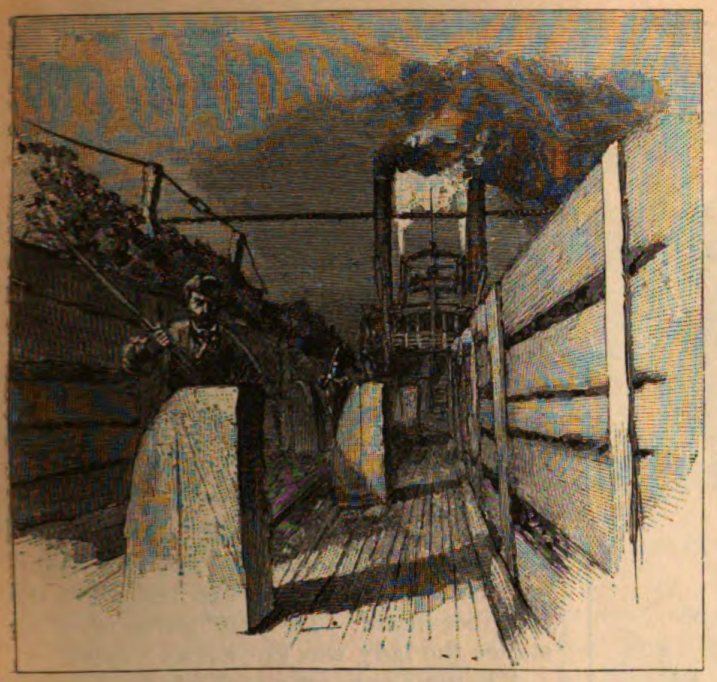

VIEW FROM THE HEAD OF THE TOW.

of the river coal-handling trade has received a fresh impetus by reason of the success attending the completion of the Eads jetties at the South Pass outlet of the Mississippi. New Orleans, heretofore a mud-blockaded port for vessels drawing over fifteen feet, is now easily approached by sea-going vessels of twenty-eight feet draught, and requiring a thousand or twelve hundred tons of coal to stock their capacious bunkers. Originally, and before the present perfectly appointed tow-boats were dreamed of, coal, to a limited extent, was floated from Pittsburgh to New Orleans and nearer ports in boats whose only means of propulsion were huge oars, or "sweeps," actuated by the muscles of the easy-going crew, whose patience was commensurate with an average speed of four miles an hour for weeks at a time. These primitive craft journeyed in pairs, and the owner and navigator who succeeded in bringing one of these safely to New Orleans was fully reconciled to the almost inevitable loss of the other through perils by the way.

Coal-towing by steam to Southern ports dates back about a quarter of a century. The civil war interrupted the young and promising trade, but with the cessation of hostilities, Pittsburgh capital and enterprise found a profitable field in supplying the cities already named.

To meet the increased requirements of the trade there was called into existence a class of steamboats not found elsewhere in the world. The boat designed and built for coal-towing along this highway must of necessity possess qualities difficult to combine in the same vessel. There must be immense power of engine, backed by enormous steam-making ability, to cope with the force of the mighty currents. There must be lightness of draught to enable the craft to reach her home port during seasons of low water, and there must be tremendously powerful steering apparatus, four times as much as that possessed by the largest ocean-going steamer. The latter quality is indispensable by reason of the inertia and momentum of the

FIRING UP.

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VIOLET.

fleet of coal craft, which must be guided by the power of two men at the tiller. Speed is an element in a measure lost sight of in the construction of a coal tow-boat. What is required is that the completed craft shall be a good "pusher"; and supplementing the best work of builder and mechanic must come into play the cool, clear heads of the men whose duty it is to handle the boat and her tow, and with these to thread the aqueous mazes between the foot of the Alleghanies and the Gulf of Mexico.

Such a boat is the *Harry Brown*, that will push 20,000 tons of coal down the two rivers at the rate of nine miles an hour. Her hull, of the best white oak, measures 250 feet in length, fifty in breadth, and six in depth. Machinery and boilers occupy the greater portion of the first deck from stem to stern. The propelling engines are at the stern, and act directly upon an immense paddle-wheel revolving on a steel shaft from the hammers and crucibles of Fred Krupp. These engines turn the wheel with the combined power of 2000 horses, and draw their potent vapor from seven steel boilers that evaporate ten cubic feet of water every minute over furnaces that devour 1200 bushels every twenty-four hours. On the second or boiler deck are the comfortable and even elegant quarters of the officers and crew —a pretty cabin and state-rooms for the one, and homelier comforts for the other. Cleanliness and good living are enjoyed by the inland navigator, and to this end is provided a table comparing favorably with that of a first-class hotel, and a bath-room with a huge tub and a limitless supply of hot and cold water. Paintings, Brussels carpet, and other luxuries of furnishment give a home-like air to the cabin, and are in a measure consolatory to men who must be absent from home for months at a time.

The cabin of a tow-boat is at all times a comfortable place, and a favorite resort for the officers. It is the realm of the chamber-maid. In this particular instance the lady was known as Violet.

"Is your name really Violet?"

"No, sah; I tink my real name's Sal; but, law! *Sal* wouldn't p'serve de dignity ob my position for four days." Therefore Sal became Violet, and Violet reigned like a dusky queen over a kingdom of equally dusky deck hands.

Then there was Augustus, a table-boy, whose mouth expressed every imaginable phase of grin, and whose perennial good-nature it was impossible not to admire.

AUGUSTUS.

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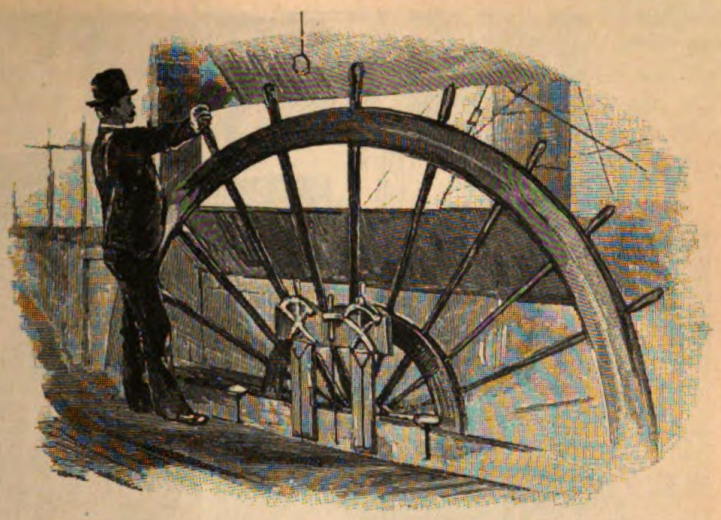
In the forecastle, or forward part of the cabin, the pilots are wont to congregate when off watch. Their memories, especially the older members of the fraternity, teem with anecdotes of hair-breadth escapes from hidden guerrillas, who during the war seemed to have a special weakness for perforating pilot-houses, and the veteran who can not add a blood-curdling yarn of a boiler explosion beneath him would be regarded by his fellows as having passed a too pastoral existence.



THE PILOT-HOUSE.

Above this deck is a structure which, seen ashore, would be taken for a conservatory, or queerly-shaped greenhouse. Three of its sides are formed of sliding glazed sash, and surround what may be termed the seat of the brains of the boat, the boilers being lungs, and engines heart. In this apartment is found a steering wheel twelve feet in diameter, upon whose intelligent handling depends the safety of boat and tow. Odd-looking levers are within reach, and serve to send along two hundred feet of wire the message, interpreted through bell and gong in the realm of the engineer. Through the floor projects an object like a huge pedal of a great organ, and the pressure of a foot upon it lets loose a flood of indescribable roars overhead; for this is the whistle lever, and your Western river whistle is a many-voiced demon, composed of a number of whistles, great and small, bunched on the apex of the steam-pipe, and blending in a most lusty howl—a blast distinguishable for miles, and known to all boatmen as men recognize the voices of friends. The front or fourth side of this crystal-walled structure, the pilot-house, is open—a great eye protected by swinging lids that droop in storm and lift in sunshine. Through this open space is viewed the double panorama of passing shore, of bend and hill, and all that goes to make up the ever-changing scene most familiar to the pilot's gaze. In the immediate foreground rise the black columnar proportions of the lofty "smoke-stacks," pouring graceful festoons of jet-black carbon cloud into the air. Further off and midway between these tall cylinders, rises the graceful "jack-staff" from the bow of the boat, the slender index that serves the pilot as a guide and pointer. Ahead and beyond, stretching into the distance, extends the fleet of coal-laden boats and barges—a peninsula hemmed about by the river's bright surface during daylight; at night a blackness merged into the surrounding gloom for all eyes save the marvellously trained organs of the men at the wheel. Aft of the pilot-house the twin "'scape pipes" rise from the engine-room, and cough responsively, mingling their snowy breath with the inky torrents that roll from their big brethren the smoke-stacks.

From the pilot-house lead the tiller-ropes to a lever thirty feet long, swinging under the ceiling of the engine-room. This operates other levers that actuate the four massive rudders under the stern of the steamer. Two of these extend through the water thirty feet, and their shorter fellows are fifteen feet long. All sway in unison, and are moved at the will of the men in the pilot-house. Such a boat costs $65,000, and of this, $10,000 represents "outfit." Under the latter head may be mentioned 20,000 feet of ropes in coils of 1000 feet each, and of all sizes. Seven tons of ponderous chains, ratchets, blocks, and tackle come into play in binding a score of coal craft into a solid mass, making this mass, in fact, a part and parcel of the steamer itself. And such is the strain brought upon the steamers in this trade that the life of one of the fleet rarely extends over twelve years. And if by reason of strength they be fifteen, their add-

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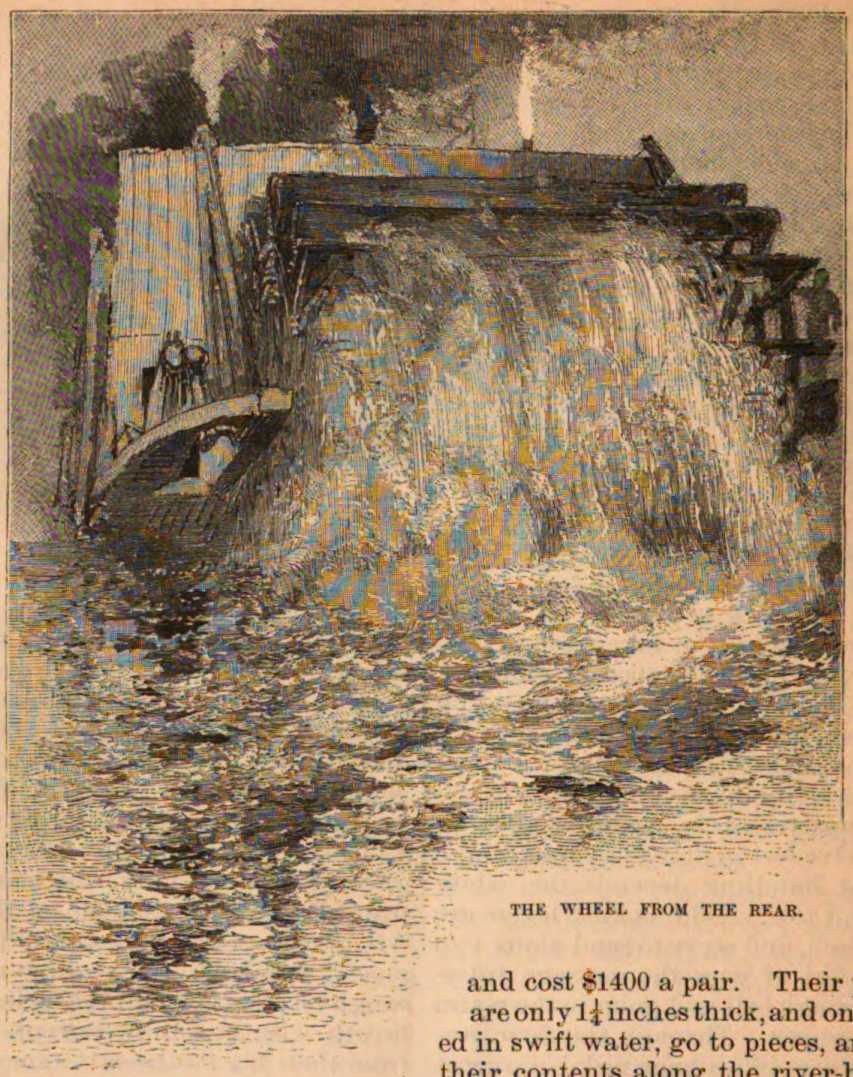

THE WHEEL FROM THE REAR.

ed years are only gained by constant repairs, ending in collapse and wrecking.

Pittsburgh is the home of a fleet of 140 tow-boats of the *Harry Brown* pattern, but varying in size, power, and finish, from the harbor tug of modest proportions, costing about $3000, to boats of the dimensions of the *Brown*. And of the latter there are at least fifty.

Important but humbler adjuncts of the trade are the homely craft whose only office is to receive coal at the Pittsburgh mines and retain the same until the distant market is reached. These are known as coal "boats" and "barges"—model and square. The coal "boat" is a most primitive-looking box-shaped affair, frail in make-up, and apparently as illy adapted to stand rough usage as a bandbox. These craft measure 180 by 26 by 9 feet, "draw" 7½ feet of water when loaded, hold 22,000 to 24,000 bushels (840 tons), and cost $1400 a pair. Their pine sides are only 1¼ inches thick, and once stranded in swift water, go to pieces, and scatter their contents along the river-bed. The coal "barge" is a sturdier, smaller comrade of the "boat," is 160 or 180 by 24 feet, and 7½ feet deep, drawing 6½ when loaded, is "raked" fore and aft, and will safely carry from 12,500 to 14,000 bushels (530 tons), and costs $1100 each, being made of heavy pine timber. There are other coal-carrying craft in use, but those described are the most important forms used in long-distance towing. After being unloaded at their destination they are known as "empties," and are towed back and refilled; and so on until their life is ended, gradually through successful toil, or suddenly through the dangers that lurk on all sides. From the earliest stages of their journey to the very latest these clumsy boats and barges seem the victims of untoward circumstances. In the sluggish pools of the Monongahela, during the winter months, ice surrounds and threatens them, and the coming of the spring thaw is certain to bring destruction. Fur-

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ther along their southerly tour, the perils of the Upper Ohio surround them. A "lump" may break through their bottoms while gliding over a hidden bar covered with just enough water to float the craft, or a snag pierces the boat's frail shell, and

FLANKING.

the vicious waters ripple cheerfully over her gunwales. A loaded boat sinks to within eighteen or twenty-two inches of the surface of the surrounding water, and the care and skill brought into play in order to guide and propel fleets of these deeply laden craft become apparent to the dullest observer.

Just at the point where the wedded streams Monongahela and Alleghany create the Ohio, a motley assembly of boats and barges are herded together during the greater part of the year, awaiting the pleasure of the clouds and the dropping of the rains, which must fall liberally in order to release the waiting craft. At adjacent landings the tow-boats are also grouped during the waterless or ice-bound months—the steamers, great and small, whose duties are comparable to those of the shepherd's collie. They must gather together the coal-bearing flock, keep them in solid phalanx, urge them along the devious highway, and restrain their desire to follow seductive cross currents, and finally aid in handing them over to the waiting purchaser. And most faithfully do these boats fulfill their mission. A stranger who chances to visit Pittsburgh on a day when the message, "Rising at head-waters," gladdens the heart of the coal-shippers of the Smoky City, may note in the locks and at the landings near the city scenes of stirring, often of surpassing, interest. These locks of the Monongahela are all too small for the wants of the coal men, to whom an hour's delay may mean a fortune lost. One by one the laden craft are dropped to the lower landings, where the tows are made up. Little tugs cleave the muddy water with one, two, or four barges, and transfer these to the waiting monsters. Smoke and steam roll skyward, voices hoarsely issue orders from the "hurricane-deck," mingling with the bang of gongs and tinkle of bells in the engine-rooms; capstans creak, big ropes swash across the swelling tide, and the din keeps up until the last tow-boat of a procession fifty miles long steams slowly out into the Ohio.

Such sights and sounds are familiar to every Pittsburgher when the marks show a rise in the rivers making a depth of anywhere over eight feet; and on such an occasion the writer and the artist began a two thousand mile voyage, whose gathered results are here laid before the reader.

The first spring month of 1881 was but a few hours old when the "tow," already made up and "hitched" to the steamer, lay in the deep shadow of "Coal Hill," awaiting the coming of daylight to be, with others, started on its long and hazardous journey. With the coming of keen, frosty dawn the signal bell sounded, and the ready steam filled each cylinder. The monstrous wheel, as big as a country church minus the steeple, churned the water, and $40,000 worth of coal and $60,000 worth of boats and machinery swung out into the current.

At the first sweeping bend the process of "flanking" excites admiration, and shows what can be accomplished by a wonderfully skillful co-operation of engines, tiller, and propelling wheel, acting as accessories to the force of the current. To retain boat and tow in the current, as is done when the river is straight, is found to be folly on a huge scale. The momen-

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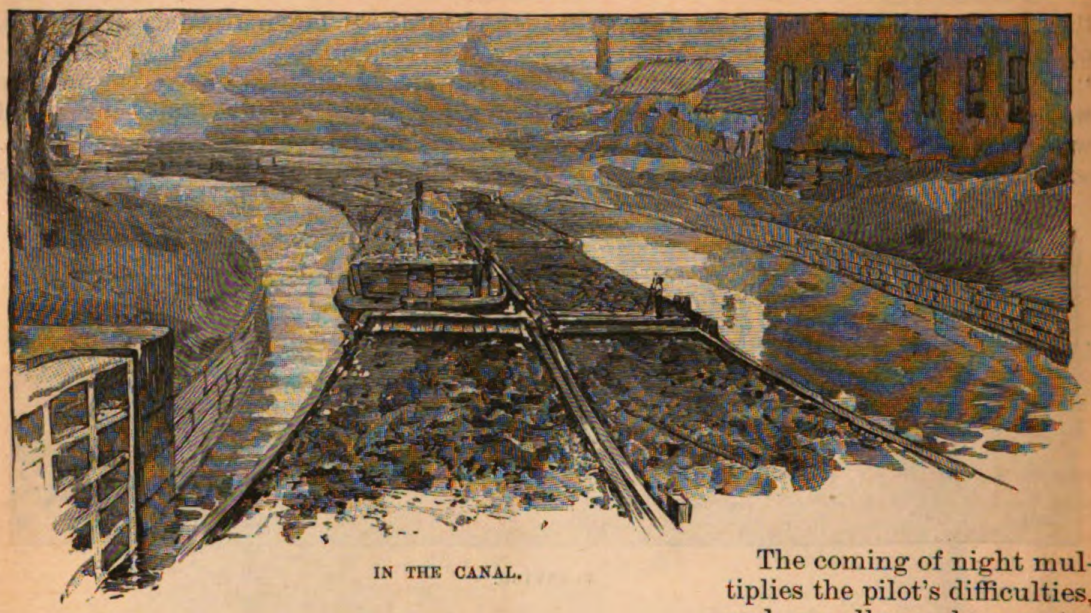

IN THE CANAL.

tum of the mass would drive the fleet ashore at the toe of the aqueous horse-shoe. To "flank" is to so handle the fleet that its onward march is checked before entering the curve, and so steered that, at the centre of the bend, boat and tow lie almost across the stream, with the forward barges exposed to the force of the current as it sweeps around the outer edge of the semicircle. The resistless tide, bearing against the distant end of the fleet, swings the mass around as if on a pivot, and the pilot, promptly seconded by the engineer, brings the full power of engines and rudders into play. Thus the solid fleet is headed down the lower half of the curve, and so on to straighter shores. Where the curves succeed each other until the river is a huge ox-bow, boat and tow seem waltzing sideways down the river in a manner incomprehensible to those unfamiliar with the mysteries of "flanking." From the pilot-house the feat possesses absorbing interest for the observer. This process must be repeated at every bend between Pittsburgh and New Orleans, and in a method peculiar to the handling of these coal fleets. In comparison the steersman's work on an ocean steamer is but child's play, and to be a successful tow-boat pilot on the Ohio or Mississippi calls for the exercise of rare judgment and the prompt co-operation of ready brain and trained muscle. A wrong interpretation of one of the thousand signs of water, shore, bar, or ripple, means the grounding, and often the loss, of a costly boat.

The coming of night multiplies the pilot's difficulties, and usually, unless water and weather are extremely favorable, the floating island of coal, wood, and vibrating mechanism must "tie up." This is an operation full of difficulties, and requiring extreme care. Slowly the forward motion of the mass must be checked, and on nearing the selected spot along the shore the most agile of the crew must land with cables, and make fast "breast" and "stern" lines. These are tied to some convenient and sturdily rooted tree. Then comes a tug of war, the more exciting if the current be pretty swift. It is steam and good hemp and Manila pitted against the might of a river. The ropes grow taut as piano strings, the smoke curls from the massive "check posts" in the boats as the coils are eased to check the fleet's headway gradually, and the ruddy light from the coal-burning torches lights up the weird scene. Finally boats and tow lie immovable, and silently await the coming of another dawn. And when drifting ice-cakes pile against the boats, or a howling wind adds its strength to that of the river, "tying up" is a labor full of danger, presenting a scene of peculiar excitement, not unfrequently ending in the swamping of thousands of bushels of coal, or the crippling of a "deck hand" by the untimely snapping of a cable.

As the voyage continues down the Ohio, the banks between which glide river and boat and tow fall further apart. Side streams add their quota of muddy water impregnated with soils of divers hues. Day and night the big boat with her charge of black diamonds continues her course,

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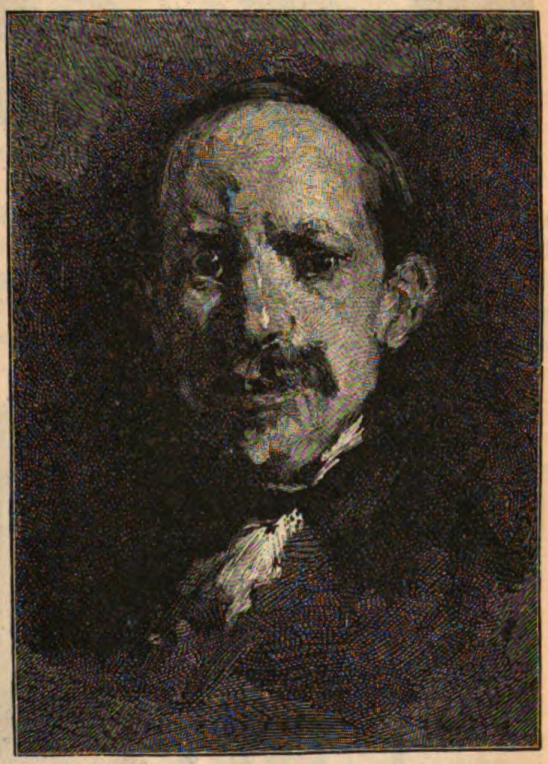
unless, indeed, the nights are starless, moonless, and blustery. Towns and cities drift by on either hand, for the south-bound coal fleet recognizes but one halting-place—busy, pretty Louisville—and only halts at this fair Kentucky city when the water does not permit boat and tow to "run the falls," and forces the fleet to pass through the narrow confines of the Louisville and Portland Canal, or when the size of the tow must be increased by adding the tows of smaller boats which follow the larger lower river steamers to this point.

Let a New-Yorker imagine all the wheeled traffic of Broadway obliged to pass through two pairs of country "bars," and obliged, moreover, to await the putting up and taking down of these bars before and behind each vehicle, and he can form a pretty clear idea of the adequacy of the Louisville Canal to the wants of the river coal-shippers. The Ohio at Louisville, six hundred miles from its source, is three-fourths of a mile wide, and a bold ridge of transverse subaqueous rock gives the stream a fall of twenty-seven feet in a distance of two miles, and a current of twelve miles an hour dashes among bowlders in such a way that a flood of over thirty feet stage is necessary to enable river commerce to be independent of the thralldom of locks. This stage of water in the fickle Ohio is by no means common. During the 366 days that dawned in 1880, but 103 days saw "falls water," and during the 263 comparatively waterless days coal-carrying craft representing half a million tons passed through the well-regulated but tedious little ditch. A coal tow will measure from 500 to 800 feet by 200, while the capacity of the canal is limited by its available space in the locks, which are 340 feet by 80, so that the descending tow must be pulled apart and marched at funereal pace through this canal, two miles, to its lower end. Here deep water and a convenient shelter for re-arranging tows for southern ports are found. Very often, when falls water is not, there may be noted at Louisville a solemn, immobile line of great tow-boats awaiting their turn to pass the narrow portal that comes between them and distant ports. And the cabin of these craft as well as the levee at Louisville will on such occasions be haunted by rueful-visaged men whose boats are far from the head of the line, and from whose unwilling pockets each day of delay to each steamer draws two $100 bills, to which are to be added the neat little bills of harbor tugs for towing. And this is not all. Right at the gateway to the canal, where on the one hand there is the crest of a foaming, roaring



A PILOT.

dam, drawing all floating things to destruction, and on the other the encroaching shore, there is permitted by the municipality of Louisville a half-dozen clumsy "floats" or coal-landing platforms, these also flanked and made more obtrusive by barges and other coal craft in process of emptying at the wharf. To make use of simile once more, it is as if New York city were to allow pea-nut stands to block the junction of Fulton Street and Broadway. The government has abolished tolls, and has done much to improve the Louisville Canal of late years. It can make the work complete by condemning and absorbing that portion of the Louisville wharf extending from the mouth of the canal up a distance of one-quarter of a mile.

Tow-boat life is an odd existence, and in a measure soothing to those who by good fortune are the recipients of tow-boat hospitalities. In the pretty cabin

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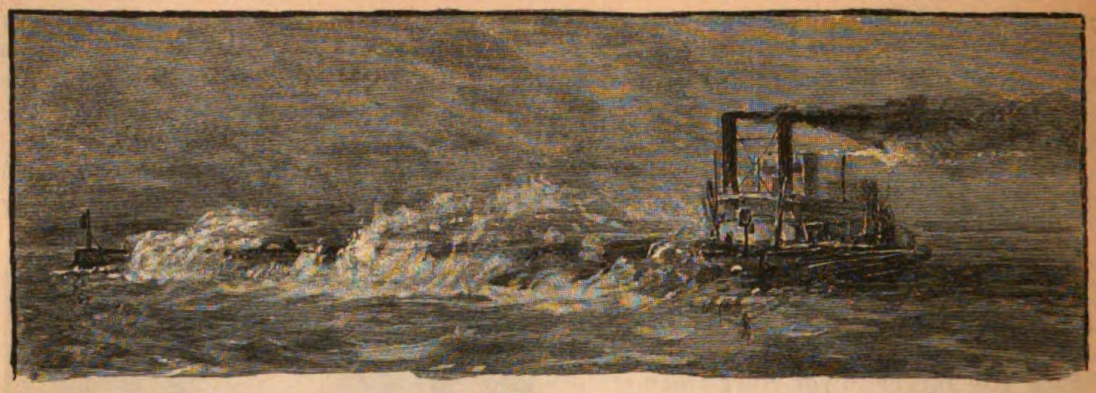
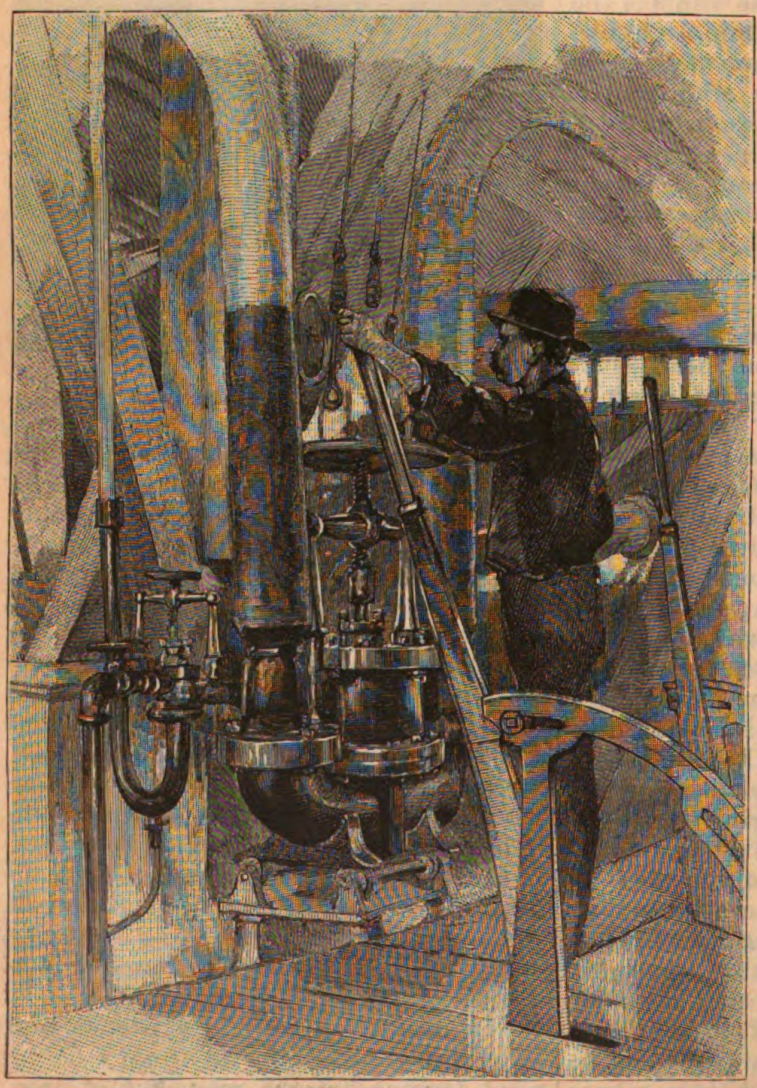


AGAINST THE WIND.

there exists an air of perpetual hush, broken only at meal-times—6 A.M., 12 M., and 6 P.M. The tow-boat man takes his slumbers and labors in equal portions of six hours each, and between meals (when the "watches" change) half the crew sleep the sleep of the weary, and the other half respect their rest. Only the pilots enjoy a less than six-hour subdivision of the twenty-four. Their day consists of two six-hour watches, a five, a four, and a three hour watch, so arranged that the knights of the tiller wheel do day and night work alternately.



IN THE ENGINE-ROOM.

And so the great boat and her crew of forty men and the mass of fuel move on, the river growing wider and the air milder as the Ohio approaches the Mississippi. The stalactites of ice that at the start lent the wheel and "fan-tail" a novel beauty fall off or melt away. Snow appears only here and there in shaded places among hills that grow less bold in outline. Then the willows that make beautiful the waste places on either hand show a deeper and more definite verdure. And as the low-lying roofs of Cairo are sighted, the forest oaks give way to cottonwood, with buds swollen to bursting. The tow which at Louisville had grown to a mass 800 feet long and nearly 200 wide, swings into the Father of Waters a fortnight

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after leaving the landing at Pittsburgh. There are still a thousand miles of water ahead, with an unknown quantity of fog and wind to be met and overcome in this distance. Fog proves a subtle, swift foe. The ice-cold waters of the Ohio and upper Mississippi and Missouri are swept by a warm, moist air from the south, and lo! there springs up on all sides fog—fog everywhere; thick, penetrating, and shutting out the nearest shores, and even the tow, from view; an opaque wall of shifting mist. The pilot-house seems to its occupants the car of a cloud-riding balloon floating miles above anything tangible. Such a visitation, coming when the tow is flanking around some grand bend in the noble river, is fraught with danger. The floating island of fuel and boats seems suspended in mid-ocean, with only clouds of whirling vapor for companionship, and nothing to recall earth save the flash of unseen water. The solid vertical bank may be five feet from the head of the fleet, or it may be five hundred—who can tell? Overhead, the vernal sun sheds bright but ineffectual rays. Underneath, ten fathoms of turbid water or one? Not even the wily pilot can tell. The yawl must be hastily launched and sent ahead, the engines stopped, the lead heaved—every precaution taken. These are moments of deep anxiety, subject, happily, to a speedy termination, for the watery veil lifts or drifts away as rapidly as it came.

In some cases, however, speedy landing is the only salvation for boat and tow. Another terror to the tow-boat man is a high wind. Such a wind sweeping over the mile-wide Mississippi converts its surface into a yellow prairie whereon myriads of muddy-wooled sheep seem disporting themselves. Every sheep is, however, an angry wave that seems bent upon leaping the low wooden walls that guard the coal, and sending boat and contents to the bottom. At the same time the wind bearing against the towering form of the steamer complicates matters by making it almost impossible to properly guide the boat and her charge. Happy is the pilot, and equally happy the captain, who can, on meeting such an importunate breeze, find the friendly shelter of an island or calm eddy, there to serenely await in the lee of tall cottonwoods the abatement of the storm.

In less exciting hours the boat is herself the object of the voyagers' greatest admiration. She is the embodiment of prodigious power. Her steel boilers are seething over roaring fires that keep the needle of the steam-gauge to 165 pounds, and the twin monsters that turn her vast wheel know no such word as rest. The engine-room is a place of polished steel, gleaming brass, curved pipes—beauty of a Titanic order. At the throttle, the heart of the engines, stands a quiet, intelligent fellow, to whom one shining lever near at hand means "back her," another, "stop her," and another, "go ahead," and whose ear is ready to interpret the tinkle of the bells as the pilot intends; and the engines know his touch, and obey it as trained elephants follow the slightest motion of their master. Other engines are grouped about, and still others are found in various parts of the boat. In the dead hours of the night, if one's ears are greeted with a horrid sound, as of the grinding of coffee in a mill as big as a barn, it means that one of the "nigger" engines is suddenly called into service to tighten a two-inch rope, or wind up a discarded cable. Open an innocent-looking closet, and you will see,

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

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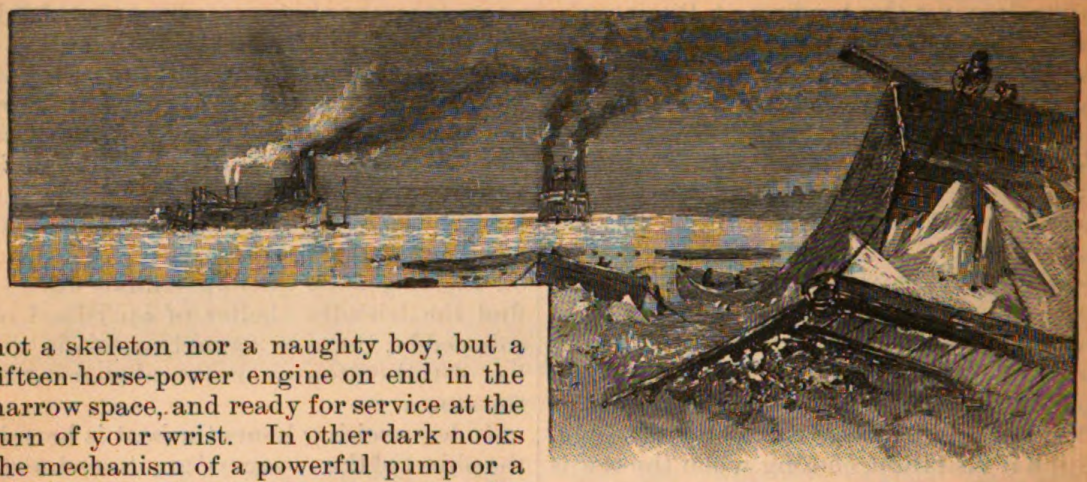

TO THE RESCUE.

not a skeleton nor a naughty boy, but a fifteen-horse-power engine on end in the narrow space, and ready for service at the turn of your wrist. In other dark nooks the mechanism of a powerful pump or a "donkey" engine can be noted. In the engine-room a quaintly named machine, the "doctor," is constantly at work pumping water into the boilers. The "doctor" is possessed of dignified slowness of motion, and halts not day or night while the fires roar in the furnace. If it did, the good steamer would be in danger of ascending skyward piecemeal. The prettiest occupant of the engine-room has the power of half a dozen horses, and possesses owl-like traits. Its strength goes forth at night only, and its whirr is the signal for a stream of lurid, intense light to pour from the locomotive reflector on the "hurricane roof," two hundred feet away. It is the radiance of electricity, that shames the brightest glare of the furnaces, and pales the gleam of the ordinary lamp. Workmen far out on the tow go about their labors as in mid-day, or are assisted in their arduous labors when a landing is made as no other light has yet been able to assist them. In fact, the entire boat is a magazine of pent-up power, a floating arsenal of energy, and it is not to be wondered at that owners and officers learn to love their boat as one does his home.

As indicating this trait, as well as the more important one of fertility of resource possessed by tow-boat men, a single instance may be cited. One pleasant day in April, 1879, the towing steamer *John A. Wood*, of Pittsburgh, was coming up the Mississippi twenty-five miles below New Orleans in fine style. Then came mishap the first. Her ponderous wrought-iron shaft cracked, and disabled wheels and engines. Swinging out of her course she struck the iron works of a sunken war vessel, the *De Soto*, which tore a great hole in her hull, and she sank immediately. Able engineers pronounced her case a hopeless one, for no boat ever survived twenty-two feet of Mississippi water and resultant deposits of heavy mud. The owner and godfather of the ill-fated steamer, Captain John A. Wood, visited his pet a few days afterward. His $90,000 beauty was in a serious plight. She leaned toward the great river at a far more desperate angle than the famed Tower of Pisa, and her upper works and chimneys alone were visible above the whirling water. The man made up his mind to save his boat, and he did it. She had 200 tons of coal on board, weighed four times that much besides, and mud was settling in every nook and corner. A thousand yards of circus canvas and fifteen thousand feet of good plank, fashioned into a water-tight box or caisson, were built about the entire boat, and the most powerful pumps in New Orleans set agoing. For four weeks the work went on with varying success. Such was the interest felt in his unwonted wrestle with the river that ocean-going steamers slowed their engines in passing the spot, that no waves might add to the trials of the divers, and dipped their colors in token of their recognition of pluck and energy. Three times the river reclaimed its prey and the boat sank. But the fourth effort resulted in the triumph of man's ingenuity and perseverance. To-day the resurrected boat is one of the best steamers in the trade, and her rescuer considers the $20,000 devoted to the work as well spent.

As the days roll on, and Northern chill and fogs give way to balmy skies, the labor of the tow-boat man grows less irk-

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some. His fears of shoals and bars diminish as the river rolls a mile wide and there is fifty feet of water under his keel. As his deep-laden craft nears the Crescent City he feels that his coal, worth $2 per ton at the start, will be eagerly sought for at $6 per ton by ocean steamers and waiting planters, and the reflection is a soothing one, an offset against the grim fact that every day of his voyage implies an expenditure of $200.

At length cottonwood and canebrake give way to moss-draped cypress and broad level acres of cotton plantations. The verdure of the distant shores is that of full, joyous spring, and finally there drifts into view the forest of masts that environ the levee at New Orleans.

At various points boats and barges have been dropped from the tow to replenish the wasted stock at different landings, and when the last day of the voyage dawns, but a fourth of the original fleet remains. The greater portion of this remnant goes to coaling ocean steamers, and some slips by, and at the river's mouth evolves steam for the work going on at the jetties. And from a thousand chimneys in the Crescent City ascends the smoke familiar to Pittsburgh eyes, leading to the reflection that the chill and gloom in store for all, should the sun be blotted out, would in a measure be the lot of New Orleans, and other cities, were Pittsburgh's coal to be annihilated, or the rivers permanently obstructed.

ANCIENT AND MODERN VENETIAN GLASS OF MURANO.

No. 1 [See page 188.]

THERE is no substance which lends itself with more facility, variety, and durability of form, color, and use to the service of man than glass. Composed of the simplest and commonest materials of nature, it is transformed by human skill and taste into objects which both serve the humblest needs and gratify the most refined tastes.

It is not my purpose in this article to enlarge on the manufacture and history of glass in general, but to confine it to a brief summary of its Venetian phase, as illustrated in part by the collection in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. Having formed and given this collection myself, numbering nearly three hundred pieces, I may be permitted to say a few words as to its origin and scope.

Chance at first threw in my way a few specimens of the earlier Venetian glass. These suggested the idea of attempting to obtain a sufficient number to fairly illustrate the various types which have given celebrity to Venice in this line from the fourteenth century to the nineteenth inclusive, representing, as far as possible, its mediæval rise, its best and most flourishing period of the later Renaissance, its gradual changes and decline at the extinction of the republic by Napoleon I., and the revival of the art in our own time. Specimens of the two earlier periods are not easily found now; consequently the decadence and revival or modern period are more conspicuously represented than the ancient. Nevertheless there are a suf-

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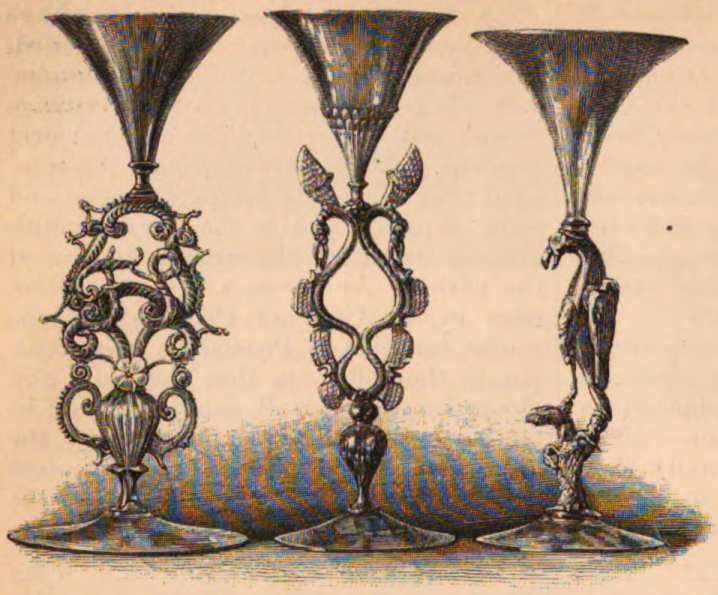

Nos. 2, 3, 4.—[See Page 188.]

ficient number of old examples to give some idea of the forms, fashions, and qualities of the ancient Venetian glass, whilst its other multifarious types are admirably illustrated in the artistic reproductions of the present Salviati and Venezia-Murano companies, as well as their own original conceptions. It should be understood that the variety of the artistic forms of glass both of the old and new manufactories is so great that it would be a hopeless endeavor to give all; and indeed it would be unnecessary for the purposes of a museum. It is quite sufficient if enough specimens be found to represent the diversified types of the various epochs, and to suggest to our own artisans styles and methods of continuing and varying the progress they show, as well as to preserve a record of past fashions in this art. In this respect the collection already forms a not unimportant illustrative nucleus, valuable both in the historical and industrial sense, which time and opportunities may further improve.

In advocating art museums in America, and pointing out to the public how they might be best formed according to the genius of our popular institutions, I have long urged that individuals of means and knowledge, either directly or by competent agents, would undertake the formation of collections in some special department of art on a systematic plan, which should effectively illustrate

Nos. 5, 26, 6.—[See Pages 188 and 189.]

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it as far as is possible for public benefit, rather than simply to acquire and hoard for private pride or enjoyment. This done, the possessor might place his collection, even if retaining the ownership, where it can do the most good to the country in every sense, by being accessible to all interested in it. The best place for this purpose is a public museum; in fact, the only place where all the advantages of safe-keeping and adequate exhibition can be secured. I believe it better that any one having the art-education and progress of his country at heart should give outright his collection formed on this principle, under suitable conditions as to its security and use by the public. Having long preached this doctrine of gifts to others, on finding myself in possession of these specimens of Venetian glass, it occurred to me to put it into practice, as far as I was able, as an example in a small way, but of an interesting article, which others with wealth at command might extend to more important branches of fine arts. In a co-operative, well-directed plan on this principle, first-class museums might be speedily built up in our large cities on comparatively small endowments for running expenses, and supporting a competent corps of experts in the different departments to catalogue, decide, and care for the objects. Should American legislators ever adopt the European idea as to the importance of museums in an educational sense, they may then follow the example of the older civilizations, and give them as prominent a place in their financial budgets as they do elementary and superior education in general. Until they do, however, our museums must subsist and increase by voluntary support. If each serious advocate of art would do something according to opportunity to carry forward the system of gifts in a practical way, as indicated, our chief museums might soon take rank along with the older European. My only reason for referring to the Venetian glass in this relation is simply as an imperfect illustration in small — the chief value being in the intention — of what might be done by thousands in our favored country on a large scale to reflect highest honor on themselves and benefit to their fellow-citizens. Another reason which induced me to give the glass is that my father, Deming Jarves, of Boston, who died in 1869, was perhaps the first man to introduce into America the manufacture of flint-glass on a large scale, by the establishment of the Lechmere Point (now East Cambridge) and Sandwich factories, in Massachusetts, in the early part of this century. He was enthusiastically interested in the article, and wrote a small treatise on the subject. Besides adding to the collections of the museum, it seemed to me also a fitting tribute to his memory, and an act which would have been grateful to him were he living.

Nos. 15, 14, 7.—[See Page 189.]

Of all the peoples which have made glass a special industry, the Venetians, for artistic variety and quality, are the most renowned. The Egyptians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans in certain kinds are unrivalled, especially in moulded, cut, mosaic, and cameo glass, of which last the Portland and Neapolitan vases are unsurpassable specimens. With the Byzantines the art survived, but in a degenerate form, as with classical painting and sculpture. Nevertheless, there is little doubt that it was more or less extensively practiced at Constantinople and in Italy during the Dark Ages, although so little information

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and so few specimens of these times have reached us. In the form of mosaic it must have been extensively cultivated, at least from the fourth and fifth to the ninth and tenth centuries. We may be tolerably certain that the beginnings of the Venetian art came from Oriental and Byzantine sources. But there are no records relating to its glass previous to the twelfth century. In 1268 we have notices of scent-bottles and table-ware, and in 1275 the exportation of the materials used in the manufacture was prohibited. So rapidly did it grow into commercial importance that the state intervened to protect and encourage it in every possible way, and to make it a national monopoly. In this it succeeded so far that the fine manufactures of Venice controlled the markets of the known world for centuries; and although more or less successful attempts were made in other countries to become independent of her, none ever succeeded in equalling the variety, beauty, and refinement of the best Venetian work. The republic wisely ennobled the art, and in 1376 decreed that the descendants of glass-blowers who intermarried into the noble families should be considered as patricians. Particular civil privileges were conferred on the guild. It was not amenable to the inferior courts, but was under the special jurisdiction of the celebrated Council of Ten.

Nos. 8, 9, 10.—[See Page 189.]

Although Venice itself gives its name to the glass as early as 1291, the works in general were removed by statute order from that city, and established in the neighboring island of Murano, a mile to the northeast, where there were already in existence manufactories, but on a smaller scale. This was to guard against the risk of fires in the thickly populated city, and for sanitary reasons. Henceforth Murano became the chief locality of this industry, which finally took such proportions that the street along the chief canal, more than a mile long, became mainly devoted to it. Coccio Sabellico, in his account of Venice, written about 1495, thus alludes to Murano:

"There is a street which might, from the magnificence and size of its edifices to those who beheld it from afar, appear a city; it extends a mile in length, and is illustrious on account of its glass-houses. A famous invention first proved that glass might feign the whiteness of crystal, and as the wits of men are active and not slothful in adding something to inventions, they soon began to turn the material into various colors and numberless forms. Hence came cups, beakers, tankards, caldrons, ewers, candlesticks, animals of every sort, horns, necklaces; hence all things that can delight mankind; hence whatever can attract the eyes of mortals; and what we could hardly dare to hope for, there is no kind of precious stone which can not be imitated by the industry of the glass-workers. Consider to whom it did occur to include in a little ball all the sorts of flowers which clothe the meadows in spring.* Nor has the invention been confined to one house or family; the street glows for the most part with furnaces of this kind."

This is a graphic description of the condition of the industry at Murano in the lat-

* Referring to one kind of *millefiori*—thousand flowers—glass, made from *canne*, or rods of many colors.

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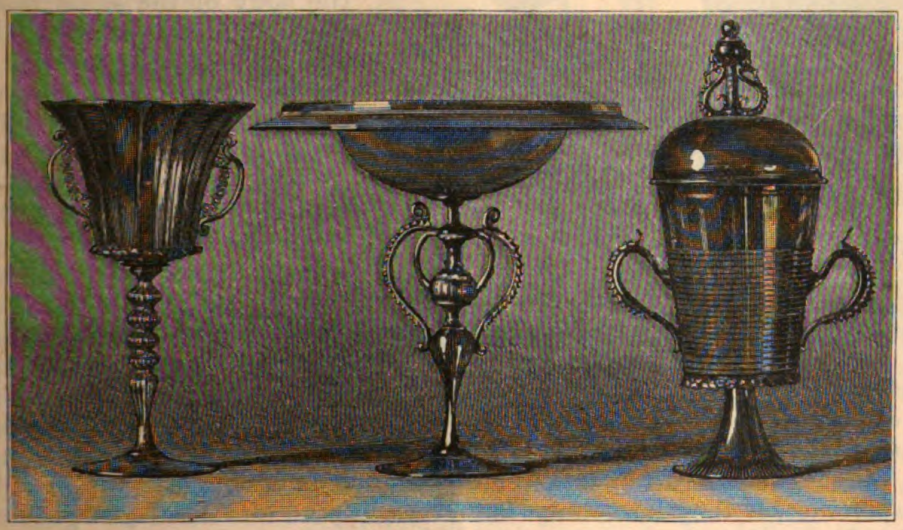
ter part of the fifteenth century, when it was bordering on its most artistic and flourishing period, in which it was a virtual monopoly of the republic. Murano so eclipsed all other Italian cities that none other ever acquired any reputation for glass. There were sufficient reasons for this success. Its secret processes were jealously guarded, and the skill of the workmen in various departments kept, as it were, in certain families, and transmitted from generation to generation.

Among the most distinguished were the Berovier, the Miotti, Briati, and Ballerini, some of whose descendants are still engaged in the same occupation in the new establishments of Salviati and the Venezia-Murano companies, reproducing and even rivalling the artistic dexterity of their ancestors. Their chief aim was to make *artistic* glass exclusively for beauty; and secondly, to ornament and shape even the articles of common use so that they should, as Sabellico happily expresses it, "attract the eyes of mortals" and "delight mankind." This vital æsthetic principle of work was the real secret of the fame and success of Venetian glass, as of its painting. In making beauty, not utility, its governing rule, it demonstrated by its commercial success and enrichment of the state that the higher the aim of industrial art, the surer the road to fortune, as well as mental delight. It "paid" Venice amazingly well to give beauty its rightful place in manufactures, and be satisfied with nothing short of its fullest development. Besides seeking the best materials, and aiming at strength, delicacy, and lightness, which were promoted by not using lead, as is the general modern practice in glass, each manufactory so well kept its secrets that we now know very little of their modes of manufacture. The state lent its aid also in a series of Draconian enactments, which, if they did not wholly preclude competition in other places, mainly prevented it. Workmen who took their craft to foreign countries and refused to return were condemned to death, and secret emissaries were sent to execute the sentence. In 1549 it was enacted that workmen caught leaving the country should be fined and sent to the galleys, and that no foreigners be employed in the glass-houses. If it were a cherished and lucrative business at home, under the eyes of the "Ten," it was equally made a most dangerous calling to be exercised by any Venetian abroad.



Nos. 11, 12, 13.—[See Page 189.]

As early as 1500, there were twenty-four glass-houses at work at Murano, each having more or less its specialty. The furnaces in general were small. During the period of its greatest prosperity, the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, Murano counted thirty thousand inhabitants—now reduced to about five thousand. Each owner of a factory was obliged to contribute annually a certain sum into a common fund for the succor of the unfortunate of their own class, poor and infirm artisans, or those out of employment, and for the maintenance of

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the schools of inventive design. No apprentice could be admitted as a master-workman before passing a strict examination in his art, and proving his skill in the manufacture of certain objects. The candidate was elected into the body of masters by their secret ballots. Each

Nos. 16, 17.—[See Page 189.]

factory was subject to inspection night or day by certain officers, whose duty was to see that the work was regular according to the statutes, to note the quantity and quality of the objects, and that no glass in fragments, or cullet, be exported. Proprietors, and master-workmen of ten years' experience, if they honorably failed, and had no other means of subsistence, were entitled to pensions of seventy ducats annually. When there were more master-workmen than could be profitably employed, it was forbidden to increase their number from the apprentices until there was a real call for new hands. Whoever became a member of the guild was obliged to take an oath of fidelity. No one who had not a regular discharge from his employer could be received into the service of another, and every proprietor was obliged to seal his cases with his own trade-mark. It was forbidden to employ strangers under any pretense. If there were not enough of the Muranese at times for labor, or to exercise the art, Venetians only might have the privilege, but they must be duly qualified. No employer could hire a master-workman who was in debt to another of the guild. Such were some of the regulations to keep the art in a high state of efficiency, and which for more than five centuries gave it an incontestable superiority in its special aim over all other establishments in Europe. In fine, Murano became as artistically famous for its glass as Urbino, Pesaro, Gubbio, or Chaffagiolo at the same time for their majolica, but with far greater commercial development.

Mr. Franks, somewhat incompletely but conveniently, so far as he goes, classifies the decorative glass of Murano as follows in six divisions:

First. The transparent and colorless glass, or of single colors, commonly black, purple, blue, ruby, green, opalescent, amber, etc. Sometimes there are two colors in the body of the same vessel—one inside and the other on the outside. Frequently in the handles and external ornamentation a variety of colors twisted in light fantastic forms of extreme delicacy, or laid on in threads, is used, especially in drinking vessels.

Second. The heavier Gothic or classical forms, originating in the fifteenth century, before the fashion changed to the extremely light and capricious shapes of the sixteenth, were profusely gilt and enamelled. As these processes required considerable strength of material, they were confined to the heavier objects, in the form of bowls, cups, tumblers, salt-cellars, nuptial and other gift goblets. The decorations consisted chiefly of pictorial scenes, such as processions, portraits, coats of arms, inscriptions, allegories, scroll and lace work, and various intricate designs; sometimes merely flowers, garlands, or flower-like ornamentation in gold, diversified with many dots in lines representing pearls and precious stones, or scale decoration. In later times, cups and dishes, instead of the more expensive and difficult enamelling, were painted on their under surfaces in oil-colors. As this form of glass requires not only great skill in its material preparation, but equal artistic talent, and is liable to many accidents in the furnace, it was always expensive and not common. Good specimens of the ancient are very rare, and the finest valued at thousands of dollars each, especially those done by Berovier, of whose work

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the nuptial cup in the Correr Museum at Venice is a noteworthy example, of about A.D. 1450.

Third. In the sixteenth century, glass with a rough surface, as if frosted or frozen, called *crackled*, first came into vogue; also the kind incrusted with fragments of glass of different colors, giving great brilliancy of effect to the roughened surfaces.

Fourth. The kind now common, but expensive, known as aventurine glass, was first made in the seventeenth century. But before this the fashion of imitating stones had begun, as also the opaque, variegated, marbled glass, commonly known as *schmelz*. The old specimens of jasper, lapis lazuli, tortoise-shell, agate, onyx, chalcedony, and mixed colors, chiefly in shape of essence and tear bottles, vases, jars, jugs, urns, etc., are extremely well done, colors intense and harmonious; but the modern are fast rivalling them, although, as we shall see, as yet not equal to Miotti's brilliant chalcedony, with its transmitted ruby light inside, or the earlier, softer, and more diversified aventurine. The modern is of a uniform, tiresome, mechanical, even sparkle, with no relief of tint and shade.

Fifth. In the fifteenth century, or perhaps earlier, began the attempts to revive the varieties of the old Roman and Etruscan mosaic glass, or that known as the *millefiori*, or thousand flowers, which is made by the combinations of *canne*, or rods, in fusion and union of colors in divers patterns. The old Venetians were successful, but not to the extent of quite equalling the taste and beauty displayed by the Romans in this line of art.

Sixth. The Venetians, however, surpassed the ancients in lace or reticulated and filigree glass—*vetro di trina*, *reticelle*, *filigrana*, and the milk-white (*latticinio*) varieties, in the manipulation of which they acquired great skill.

These divisions by no means include every species of work done by the old Venetians in this material. As early as the fifteenth century we have specimens of elaborate architectural compositions, like temples or tabernacles, and of cabinets, coffers, altars, crucifixes, and other objects of the most diversified, quaint, ornate, and complicated character, constructed of glass. Not only these, but statuettes and groups of figures in enamelled glass, beautifully modelled, were fashioned; mirrors, frames, lamps, candelabra, beads, and chandeliers of costly elegance and variety of ornamentation also were largely produced, not to mention the grotesque and picturesque shapes given to articles of common use. In the seventeenth century, engraving with the diamond point began to be practiced, generally in delicate lace patterns. The famous Giuseppe Briati in the next century successfully imitated the German and Bohemian cut and engraved glass to a certain extent, and was renowned for his glass-framed mirrors and chandeliers, ornamented in intaglio, and with foliage, fruits, and flowers. He revived also the best forms of the sixteenth century, especially the filigree and lace glass, with equal lightness and brilliancy, whilst his glass was of superior purity and clearness. His works were so much admired as to be put on a par at entertainments with the gold and silver plate. He died in 1772. With him passed away the best period of glass-making. Subsequently its forms became heavy and rococo. The fall of the republic gave the death-blow to the industry, which virtually became a lost art until 1838, when Signori Bupolin, Bigaglia, Tosi, Radis, and others sought to re-establish it, with, however, but indifferent success.

Nos. 18, 19, 20.—[See Page 189.]

It was not until 1864 that any serious attempt with sufficient capital was made

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Nos. 21, 22.—[See Page 189.]

to revive the artistic manufacture of glass at Murano on its ancient scale. Assisted by several English gentlemen, Dr. Salviati formed his first company for this purpose, which, after becoming successfully established, divided into two—that which now goes by his name, and the Venezia-Murano Company, under the auspices of Sir Henry Layard and Sir William Drake, Signor Castellani being the able director.

These companies had in reality to begin anew, and feel their way backward to the old artistic forms and skill. The first effort was toward a revival of the ancient feeling for graceful, elegant, and varied form, without which the superior technical processes and chemistry of the nineteenth century would have been unavailing. Both companies have made extraordinary progress, as the exposition at Milan of 1881 of Italian industrial art clearly showed. Each has succeeded in its blown glass, in imitation of or in direct copying the best examples of the exquisite forms of the sixteenth century, in infusing it with the essential life or soul without which all art is dumb, and which speaks so eloquently in the ancient glass. With a substance that time acts on so slowly in the best examples, it is not easy to discriminate between the originals and copies. In general, however, the modern workman has yet something to learn in lightness and evenness and solidity of touch, in graceful tournure, and in those almost intangible qualities in art which come from long experience and enthusiastic passion. He has not yet wholly emancipated himself from the *rôle* of mere copyist. But the old genius of the Italian race for artistic invention begins to manifest itself. New forms and designs are rapidly coming into existence, rivalling in dexterity and beauty the old. I speak only of the real artistic objects made with a view of displaying the utmost skill of their best artists. The beautiful covered chalice of the Salviati Company done by Leopoldo Bearzotti, as a specimen of exquisite enamelling and original design, is a masterpiece. His copies of the Correr nuptial cup, and the famous Byzantine tazza in the treasury of San Marco, and other old pieces, leave something to desire in the completeness of their technical execution after the antique manner. It is said that eighty thousand francs has been offered for the little San Marco tazza. In the Venezia-Murano exhibition there is to be seen a copy, of the exact size of the original, done by Edwin Benvizzi for Sir William Drake, and mounted in the same manner, which cost four thousand francs, so like it that apart it is not easily to be taken as a copy. But the chief specialty of the Venezia-Murano Company is their successful reproductions of the famous antique murrhine glass, mentioned by Pliny, in imitation of fluor-spars, gems, and precious stones of transparent colors, in the form of cut and polished cups, bowls, and dishes. The old Venetians, so far as we know, did not attempt to do this on any large scale. They are costly to execute, the great bowl at the exposition being priced at five thousand francs. It is twelve and a half inches in diameter, of one piece of interblended amber and turquoise colors, and is the largest ever made. There were only two made. The uncut one I secured, and it is in the New York Museum. The artist who made it says it is even richer in color

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than the one shown at Milan. Smaller pieces are of corresponding beauty and value, and serve to show to what perfection modern science and skill have developed this very ancient branch of glass-making. The recent imitations by the same company, and by Salviati's, of Phœnician tear and toilet bottles so closely resemble the antique ones that antiquarians may well be in despair to distinguish the new from the old, especially if the corrosions, fractures, and little marks of age have also been attempted. I showed Mr. Alexander Nesbitt a beautiful bowl of delicate blue tint, with small heads or faces interspersed in the material, recently made by the Venezia-Murano Company, so precisely like the antique Roman that, after a careful examination, he said if a fragment of it had been brought to him in Rome, he would have sworn it was ancient glass. We may now fairly consider that the lost art of both old Rome and old Venice has been reconquered by modern enterprise, for the subtle differences that still exist in certain technical points and invention, appreciable now only on closest study, may soon entirely disappear, and Venice once more supply the marts of the world with the finest artistic glass in old and new shapes. Amongst her work there are now to be seen excellent reproductions of the Christian glass of the fourth and fifth centuries found in tombs and the catacombs. These consist of dishes, cups, and goblets, with designs in gold-leaf, chiefly heads of saints, emblems, and Bible stories, imbedded in the glass itself, or placed in form of medallions between two layers of different colors, which are fused together in the furnace into one compact mass.

Where the modern glass most fails as yet in comparison with the old in the lighter forms—flowers, mirrors, etc.—is in the clearness and depth of color, variety of invention, and extraordinary artistic *tours de force*. Modern taste thus far is more gratified by the mechanical excellence of objects, their purity and perfection of material, than by the more *spirituel* apprehension of art of the old artisans, who often overlooked little irregularities in shape or defects in the material manipulation, provided they were successful in the main idea, and in imparting intellectual vitality and subtle beauty to their work. Those grim old sea-warriors of the lagunes possessed the profounder sentiment of beauty in a lively degree, especially as regards color, with an Oriental predilection for its strongest harmonies and most intricate designs and combinations. Glass was the favorite material of expression of their tastes and yearnings for the æsthetic ideal. In the form of mosaics it peopled their churches with the hosts of heaven, and opened up to them the whole story of its proffered salvation and future bliss in the most attractive forms their imagination could conceive. It decorated their palaces with infinite variety of sumptuousness and magnificence, taking the forms of thousands on thousands of varied gallantries of social and domestic life—winsome tokens of love and affection; vessels of joy; bumpers of nectar, in which sometimes lurked Borgian poisons—crimes and virtues in closest contact; caprices of taste; wildest fancies and chastest designs; gold, silver, gems, and costliest material and cunningest workmanship lavished without stint on the low-born sand and sea-weed, frequently destroyed by the prodigal owners, "after they had drunk, as a sign of great joyfulness." For it was then a social custom in Europe at the end of banquets to break the glass vessels after using them, to show an aristocratic contempt of expense, and as a climax of good-fellowship a practice

Nos. 23, 24, 25.—[See Page 189.]

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which the modern "trade" doubtless would not regret to see revived.

But there is at the bottom of this custom a deeper instinct of human nature than wanton prodigality. Art receives its highest consecration when most free from any mixture of material use or baptism of mere utility. Glass is specially adapted by its flexible nature in its earliest material stage to be shaped into forms of an exuberant fancy, quaint, delicate, lithe, coquettish, and beautiful, with every

Nos. 27, 28, 29.—[See Page 189.]

variety and combination of captivating color suggestive of the *spirituel* side of artistic invention, of its wit, its jokes and gibes, its merriment, as well as of what comes from the intellectual yearnings toward a higher idealism, a perfect refinement of substance and taste—in short, whatever harmonizes most gracefully and completely with the happiest aspects of humanity, or symbolizes most delicately its better aspirations—without experiencing the common fate of precious things of earthly make. It neither rusts nor decays. Moths can not consume it, nor time alter its shape or dim its beauty. It is always the same frolicsome, fascinating, suggestive, imperishable object, without drawback of the grosser conditions of material being. But it has one law of existence whose force is in proportion to the perfection of all sublunary matters—it requires consummate care to preserve its daintiness intact. The slightest mishap may crush it as easily as a butterfly's wing or a bright bubble of the air. There is no midway phase of æsthetic picturesqueness in slow decay, as with other art objects; no interval between perfect condition and absolute ruin; for its hold on existence is too slight for any intermediate stage.

I can understand, therefore, the feeling in its higher meaning which prompted the possessors of the lovely tankards, goblets, and dishes of like *spirituel* construction and meaning, after having degraded them by sensual service, even if it were at a banquet of the gods, to free their indwelling spirits from further contamination by breaking the moulds in which they were imprisoned in expiation, reckless of the cost, and to set them free, to be wrought anew by cunning workmen into other forms equally graceful and gladsome, like the merry bubblings of sparkling waters, the memories of sweet dreams, the frostwork on winter's windows, the painted and golden pageants of fair dames, stalwart knights, the poesies and romances of Provençal minstrelsy, and in mimicry of nature's most fascinating effects, such as we see delineated in ever-during and many-tinted enamel on the more solid Gothic and classical vessels of the earlier times. The highest aim of the Venetian artist was to overlook prosaic utility entirely in his glass; to invent something so bizarre, ethereal, light, imaginative, or so splendid, fascinating, and original in combinations of colors and design, as to captivate both the senses and understanding, and lead them rejoicing into far-away regions of the possibilities of an ideal existence; in fine, to bind the material captive to the intellectual in art, even when administering to the vanities of life and grosser calls of nature. Other forms of glass, like the finest cut Bohemian and French, also lend themselves admirably to grace scenes of refined splendor. Their heavier, more mechanical and monotonous shapes, rich, translucent, and highly ornamental, associate themselves readily with luxurious tastes, self-indulgence, and costly living. The purity of mate-

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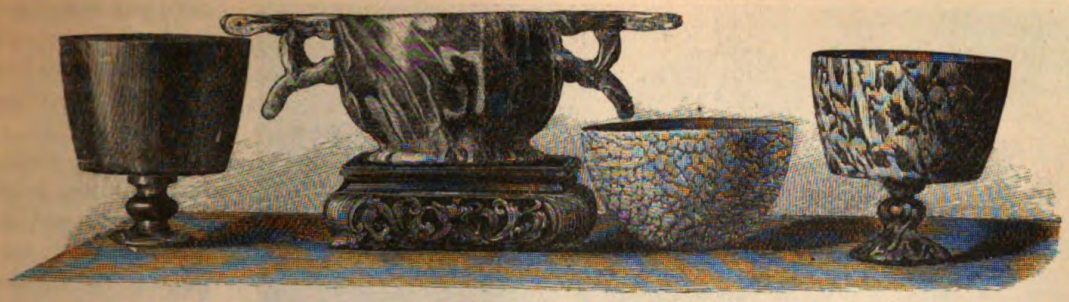

Nos. 33, 32, 30, 31.—[See Page 189.]

rial alone is significant of a higher estimation of life's purposes. They give a chaste elegance to what might be too grossly material without their presence. But in all these shapes there is little or nothing of the superior *raison d'être* of the Venetian glass. With them, utility is the predominating aim, art the secondary purpose. The Venetian workman reversed this principle. He recked little of use, so be it he could invent a beautiful form. Indeed, he despised use, threw it to the winds, as a motive of work. Hence Venetian is unlike all other glass. Its highest merit and greatest value consist in its virtually being incapable of being used for other purposes than to administer to the human craving for beauty, perfection, the supreme æsthetic ideal of the moment, restless, ever changing, and never satisfied, because beauty is rooted in the infinite. Hence the disposition to put out of sight and mind those objects of highest purpose temporarily prostituted to the baser appetites by immediate destruction, ignoring their pecuniary cost, as a sacrifice to the supreme motive of their being, as well as a hilarious confession that expense was of no account in their consideration of them.

It would almost seem, contemplating man's ingenuity in twisting and tossing and infusing variety of shape and life into this material, not to mention the colors borrowed from the heavens and every vegetable and mineral product, even the rarest and costliest, so closely imitated in the precious stones that it is difficult to distinguish the veritable substance from its copy, and also in combining new shades of tints—in all these multifarious phases of human invented beauty, it would seem, even in the comparatively few specimens of old work that remain to us out of the millions of pieces made between the thirteenth and eighteenth centuries, as if invention had reached its limits. But in the recent revival of the art there are indisputable tokens of the incoming of a fresh era to equal and perhaps surpass the previous one, as skill accumulates by successive generations of artisans, and their creative faculties rise to the ancient level.

In forming this little collection it has been my aim to present as comprehensively as possible an illustrative series of objects covering the best periods of Venetian manufacture, including even some of the homelier objects, its gradual decadence, and finally the modern revival, by ancient and modern originals, and by copies of the day when the former were unattainable. In its present condition it is simply a nucleus, about which, if circumstances permit, there may grow up a more adequate representation of the art and the ground it tries to cover.

It was my good fortune, through the kindness of Mr. Alexander Nesbitt, who prepared the descriptive catalogues of the glass in the South Kensington Museum, and of the Slade Collection in the British Museum, to procure from the Cavalier Professor Zanetti, director of the Civic Museum at Murano, founded by himself, a selection of the most interesting and oldest pieces, of the duplicates and types therein preserved, of which the professor writes: "They were collected by me during ten years past, and are genuine and faithful representations of the Muranese ancient work"; Mr. Nesbitt adding in his letter to me, "You may depend on their being genuine." Professor Zanetti is the author of several works on the history of Murano and the manufacture of glass, and is the highest authority on this subject in Italy. Indeed, the artistic revival of the industry is mainly due to his learned researches and practical initiative. I am greatly indebted to both these gentle-

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Nos. 35, 34, 36.—[See Page 190.]

men for whatever information there is in this brief article. Zanetti has recently discovered a document of the year 1083, which, so far, is the earliest known in the archives of Murano, referring to glass. In deepening the canals, many fragments of this period, and perhaps earlier, have been found, showing a degree of excellence in color and adaptation of Roman types which proves that the business was an active one at that early date. But it was not until the fifteenth century, stimulated by legislation, ennobled as an art, made a national monopoly, and encouraged by numerous patents and privileges to the individuals who improved its forms and processes and invented new, that it took the extraordinary development which first gave Venetian glass its world-wide fame. The nineteenth century is now repeating the enterprises of the fifteenth and sixteenth, and seeking to regain for Murano its old supremacy in the special styles which are aptly termed the necromancer's art, but with the odds against it now of having all the world as competitors. Monopoly and secrets are things of the past altogether. And yet there seems to hover over Murano a genius and skill still exclusively its own, for as yet no other people attempts to rival its particular productions.

I shall now give some idea of the older forms by engravings of a few taken from the collection made by me, and given to the Metropolitan Museum, but without following a chronological sequence.

The most imposing and original piece, extremely difficult of execution, and of exceeding beauty of material, is the covered beaker, No. 1 of the illustrations. It is thirty-two and a half inches high, and of proportionate diameter, supported on coiled dragons, the handle of the cover being formed after the same intricate manner. The body is of clear glass, with a network of very fine milk-white lines, the whole filled with sprinkled and splayed gold in the most delicate manner—a style that came into vogue in the sixteenth century. From the artistic perfection of this specimen it has been adjudged of that date. Mr. Nesbitt writes me: "Whatever its date, it is certainly a *capo d'opera*." The director of the Murano Company at the works considers it to be the work of Briati, of the beginning of the last century, whose lace-like, reticulated, and finer forms of glass, especially the *filigrana*, in taste and lightness were "equal to the best productions of the cinque-cento period, and are often confounded with them. They were so much admired that at the public banquets of the Doges they were placed on the sideboards among the most precious gold and silver vessels, and the demand for them was proportionately great." The sole reason for giving this piece to Briati instead of the cinque-cento period is its good preservation. It is of exceptional artistic vigor and beauty, and nothing finer of its kind is known, so the best judges declare.

Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 are from models of the finer sixteenth and seventeenth century wine-glasses, of various colors and complicated stems, No. 4 being supported by an eagle in heavy, rich enamel. They are from twelve to fourteen inches tall, and extremely light, the last striped in white enamel, with blue bosses on the stem. As all the illustrations are drawn from the Metropolitan Museum specimens, within reach of those interested in glass in America, it is unnecessary to give detailed written descriptions of each object.

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Nos. 8, 9, and 10 are elegant examples of the tall, slight, and fanciful enamelled striped bottles of the above periods, and Nos. 11, 12, and 13 of the peculiarly delicate and graceful beakers and ornamental table vessels, the stem decorations being in general blue or aquamarine.

In Nos. 14 and 15 we have lovely specimens—in the former of the difficult frosted gold-work, and in the latter, a covered chalice with pink rings and rainbow tints.

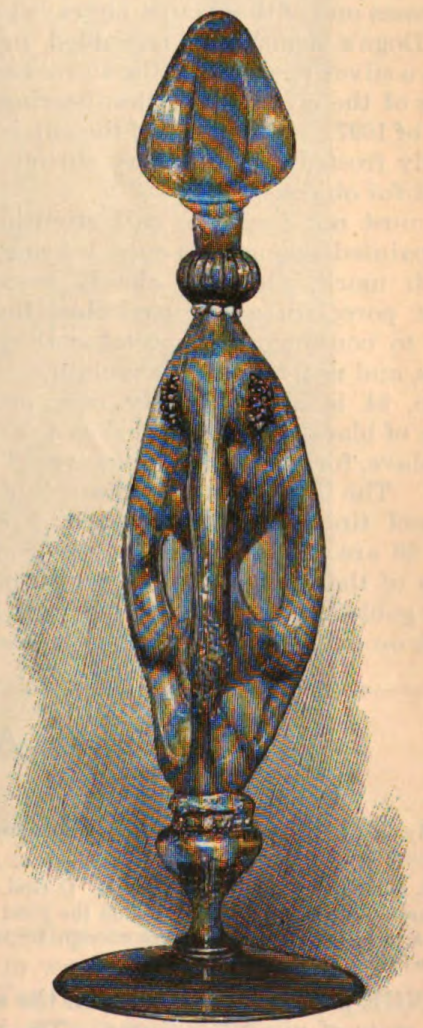
The bottle No. 16, sixteen inches tall, has the arms of the Visconti family of Milan in enamel. No. 17 is a goblet nearly as high, with enamel scroll decoration, of the best style and shape; date unknown.

Nos. 18, 19, and 20 are examples of the fanciful smoke-glass, with deep blue masks and bosses and colored handles. No. 21 is an amphora of classical pattern, light green tint, gilt handles and stem, with richly enamelled margherites of natural color on the body. No. 22 is a dragon-handled jug, white enamel inside, turquoise blue outside, probably of last century make. Nos. 23, 24, and 25 are marine grotesques or monsters, in enamel chiefly, of the fanciful style in which the Venetian glass-blowers from the earliest times very naturally indulged themselves, with the sea ever playfully beating the steps of their workshops, or sending its salt spray almost into their furnaces in a storm. No. 26 is a favorite form of an amphibious design—horse and dolphin combined in a tall covered wine-cup.

No. 27 is a remarkably superb specimen of the chalcedony bottle with silver stopper, of the seventeenth century, made by the celebrated Miotti family. Inside, it presents a rich ruby-color from the transmitted light. Its thinness, lightness, and strength are very marked. No. 28 is a cinerary urn of a purple and silver tone, probably of this century. No. 29 is an ancient aventurine glass of the kind invented by Miotti, and showing superior delicacy and taste to the modern article, of which so much is now made, very monotonous in lustre, and of a disagreeable coppery tone. The old is relieved by artistic shades, gradations, and variety of hue altogether wanting in the modern work.

No. 30 is a Venezia-Murano Company revival of the old Roman *millefiori* glass, with human faces inserted in mosaic fashion. It is of extreme delicacy and beauty. Cups Nos. 31 and 32 are also their reproductions of the famous classical murrhine compositions so prized by Roman amateurs. The large cup with handles is uncut and unpolished, but very rich in color. Goblet No. 33 is so successful an imitation of agate as to be easily mistaken for the real mineral. The sixteenth-century imitations of stones in accuracy and richness of composition are still ahead of the modern, although these are so masterly it needs direct comparison to detect the subtle differences in quality.

For many other varieties of old Murano glass, such as that engraved with diamond points, that flayed with gold or speckled, the crackled, the graceful wine-measures, with their milky wave-like decorations,



No. 37.—[See Page 190.]

the lace and reticulated glass, that painted with religious subjects, or fanciful designs, a *graffita*, and doubly baked, the early mirrors, those with figures in relief,

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flower and fruit work, the collection itself must be seen; also for the curious pharmacy bottles, with figures of saints and colored ruffles of glass; but chiefly for one of those curious goblets with a silver medal of Murano imbedded in the glass, bearing the arms of the reigning Doge, of the commune, the podesta, and four chamberlains, which the commune of Murano had the privilege of coining at the mint in Venice, to be presented to the higher state authorities on particular occasions. When distinguished visitors came to Murano, one of these medals was inclosed in the substance of a vessel made expressly for him, and presented as a memorial of the special industry and its exceptional honors and privileges. This collection possesses one of these cups, engraved with the Doge's arms, and imbedded in the stem a silver medal with the above-named arms of the civil authorities, bearing the date of 1697. The inside of the cup is delicately frosted. It is a very curious and beautiful object.

I must not forget to call attention to the painted enamel tea-cups bearing the Miotti mark, which so closely resemble finest porcelain as to need close inspection to convince the spectator they are glass, and not veritable porcelain.

No. 34 is an extremely rare, artistic piece of black glass, modelled as a crouching slave, for a support to some vessel now lost. The depth and brilliancy of the enamel tints are remarkable. Nos. 35 and 36 are fine examples of the general style of the Gothic-formed, fifteenth-century goblets, of a green ground, with lace-work on one, and on the other Cupids and garlands of flowers. Older than these, there are to be seen several specimens of those semi-architectural cabinets, boxes, and tabernacles of the quattro-cento period, very curiously and elaborately composed of enamelled and colored glass of every variety of hue, lavishly adorned with mosaic-work, flowers, figures, etc. Few have been preserved, because of their extreme delicacy of construction. Even more curious, of the same period, is No. 37, the leech-attacking glass made for the Strozzi family, and inclosed in a leather case, with their arms in silver. This glass, twelve and a half inches tall, and bearing marks of long-continued use, looks like some monstrous freak of nature, instead of a beneficial pharmaceutical utensil.

There are several of the recent reproductions of the so-called Christian glass of the catacombs, in the form of pateræ and cups, with emblematic designs and figures of the primitive Church traced in gold inclosed between two pieces of glass in a very skillful manner, besides many specimens of artistic glass of the recent Salviati and Venezia-Murano work. These serve to compare with the workmanship of the preceding centuries, and to mark the vigorous condition of the industry in our own time in the few years of revival. The blue goblet of the Salviati Company, with the portrait of the Doge De la Ponte, A.D. 1575, and his arms, with Raphaelesque scroll decoration in gold and enamel, is a beautiful specimen, by Bearzotti, of recent work. There are many other noteworthy examples both old and new, but the limits of this article forbid a notice of them.

ANNE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"My only wickedness is that I love you; my only goodness the same."—ANONYMOUS.

"A Durwaish in his prayer said: 'O God, show kindness toward the wicked; for on the good Thou hast already bestowed kindness enough by having created them virtuous.'"—SAADI.

ANNE passed the next day in the same state of vivid happiness. The mere joy of the present was enough for her; she thought not as yet of the future, of next month, next week, or even to-morrow. It sufficed that they were there together, and free without wrong to love each other. During the morning there came no second chance for their being alone, and Heathcote grew irritated as the slow hours passed. Farmer Redd esteemed it his duty, now that he was at home again, to entertain his guest whenever, from his open eyes, he judged him ready for conversation; and Mrs. Redd, July, and Diana seemed to have grown into six persons at least, from their continuous appearances at the door. At last, about five o'clock, Anne was left alone in the room, and his impatient eyes immediately summoned her. Smiling at his irritation, she sat down by the bedside and took up the fan.

"You need not do that," he said; "or

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"WEAK, HOLDING ON BY THE TREES."—[SEE PAGE 193.]

rather, yes, do. It will keep you here, at any rate. Where *have* you been all day?"

They could talk in low tones unheard; but through the open door Mrs. Redd and Diana were visible, taking down clothes from the line. Heathcote watched them for a moment, and then looked up at his nurse with silent wistfulness.

"But it is a great happiness merely to be together," said Anne, answering the look in words.

"Yes, I know it; but yet— Tell me, Anne, do you love me?"

"You know I do; in truth, you have told me you knew it more times than was generous," she answered, almost gayly. She was fairly light-hearted now with happiness.

"That is not what I want. Look at me

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and tell me; do, dear." He spoke urgently, almost feverishly; a sombre restless light burned in his eyes.

And then she bent forward and looked at him with so much love and trust that his inmost heart was stirred. "I love you with all my heart, all my being," she murmured, even the fair young beauty of her face eclipsed by the light from the soul within. He saw then plainly—saw once and forever—how deeply she loved him.

He turned his head away as if struggling with some hidden emotion. But Anne, recovering herself, fell back into her former content, and began to talk with the child-like ease of happiness. She told him of her life, all that had happened since their parting. Once or twice, when her story approached their past, and she made some chance inquiry, he stopped her. "Do not ask questions," he said; "let us rest content with what we have;" and she,

"SAW HER SLOWLY ASCEND THE HOUSE STEPS."—[SEE PAGE 200.]

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willing to follow his fancy, smiled and refrained. He lay silently watching her as she talked. Her faith in him was absolute; it was part of her nature, and he knew her nature. It was because she was what she was that he had loved her, when all the interests and purposes of his life were directly opposed to it.

"Anne," he said, suddenly, "when will you marry me?"

"Whenever you wish," she answered, with what was to him the sweetest expression of obedience that a girl's eyes ever held.

"Will you go with me, as soon as I am able, and let some clergyman in the nearest village marry us?"

"I would rather have Miss Lois come, and little André; still, Ward, it shall be as you wish."

He took her hand, and laid his hot cheek upon it; a moisture gathered in his eyes. "You trust me entirely, my darling. You would put your hand in mine to-night and go out into the world with me unquestioning?"

"Yes."

"Kiss me once, love—just once more." His face was altering; its faint color had faded, and a brown pallor was taking its place.

"You are tired," said Anne, regretfully; "I have talked to you too long." What he had said made no especial impression upon her; of course she trusted him.

"Kiss me," he said again; "only once more, love." There was a strange dulled look in his eyes; she missed the expression which had lain there since the avowal of the day before. She turned; there was no one in sight—the women had gone to the end of the garden. She bent over and kissed him with timid tenderness, and as her lips touched his cheek, tears stole from his eyes under the closed lashes. Then, as steps were approaching, he turned his face toward the wall, and covered his eyes with his hand. She thought that his strength had failed, that he had been overtaxed by all that had happened, and going out softly she cautioned the others. "Do not go in at present; I think he is falling asleep."

"Well, then, I'll jest take this time to run across to Miss Pendleton's and git some of that yere fine meal; I reckon the captain will like a cake of it for supper," said Mrs. Redd. "And, Di, you go down to Dawson's and git a young chicken for briling. No one need say as how the captain don't have enough to eat yere."

July was left in charge. Anne took her straw hat, passed through the garden, and into the wood-lot behind, where she strolled to and fro, looking at the hues of the sunset through the trees, although not in reality conscious of the colors at all, save as part of the great boundless joy of the day.

She had been there some time, when a sound roused her; she lifted her eyes. Was it a ghost approaching?

Weak, holding on by the trees, a shadow of his former self, it was Ward Heathcote who was coming toward her as well as he could, swerving a little now and then, and moving unsteadily, yet walking. July had deserted his post, and the patient, left alone, had risen, dressed himself unaided, and was coming to find her.

With a cry she went to meet him, and drew him down upon a fallen tree trunk. "What *can* you mean?" she said, kneeling down to support him.

"Do not," he answered (and the voice was unlike Heathcote's). "I will move along so that I can lean against this tree. Come where I can see you, Anne; I have something to say."

"Let us first go back to the house. Then you can say it."

But he only made a motion of refusal, and, startled by his manner, she came and stood before him as he desired. He began to speak at once, and rapidly.

"Anne, I have deceived you. Helen is married; but *I*—am her husband."

She gazed at him. Not a muscle or feature had stirred, yet her whole face was altered.

"I did not mean to deceive you; there was no plan. It was a wild temptation that swept over me suddenly when I found that you were free—not married as I had thought; that you still loved me, and that you—did not know. I said to myself, let me have the sweetness of her love for one short day, one short day only, and then I will tell her all. Yet I might have let it go on for a while longer, Anne, if it had not been for your own words this afternoon: you would go with me anywhere, at any time, trusting me utterly, loving me as you only can love. Your faith has humiliated me; your unquestioning trust has made me ashamed. And so I have come to tell you the decep-

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tion, and to tell you also that I love you so that I will no longer trust myself. I do not say that I can not, but that I will not. And I feel the strongest self-reproach of my life that I took advantage of your innocent faith to draw out, even for that short time, the proof which I did not need; for ever since that morning in the garden, Anne, I have known that you loved me. It was that which hurt me in your marriage. But you are so sweet, so dangerously sweet to me, and I—have not been accustomed to deny myself. This is no excuse; I do not offer it as such. But remember what kind of a man I have been; remember that I love you, and—forgive me."

For the first time he now looked at her. Still and white as a snow statue, she met his gaze mutely.

"I can say no more, Anne, unless you tell me you forgive me."

She did not answer. He moved as if to rise and come to her, but she stretched out her hand to keep him back.

"You are too weak," she murmured, hurriedly. "Yes, yes, I forgive you."

"You will wish to know how it all happened," he began again, and his voice showed his increasing exhaustion.

"No; I do not care to hear."

"I will write it, then."

There was a momentary pause; he closed his eyes. The girl, noting, amid her own suffering, the deathly look upon his face, came to his side. "You must go back to the house," she said. "Will my arm be enough? Or shall I call July?"

He looked at her; a light came back into his eyes. "Anne," he whispered, "would not the whole world be well lost to us if we could have but love and each other?"

She returned his gaze. "Yes," she said, "it would—if happiness were all."

"Then you *would* be happy with me, darling?"

"Yes."

"Alone with me, and—in banishment?"

"In banishment, in disgrace, in poverty, pain, and death," she answered, steadily.

"Then you will go with me, trusting to me only?" He was holding her hands now, and she did not withdraw them.

"No," she answered; "never. If happiness were all, I said. But it is not all. There is something nearer, higher than happiness." She paused. Then rapidly and passionately these words broke from her: "Ward, Ward, you are far more than my life to me. Do not kill me, kill my love for you, my faith in you, by trying to tempt me more. You could not succeed; I tell you plainly you could never succeed; but it is not on that account I speak. It is because it would kill me to lose my belief in you, my love, my only, only love!"

"But I am not so good as you think," murmured Heathcote, leaning his head against her. His hands, still holding hers, were growing cold.

"But you are brave. And you *shall* be true. Go back to Helen, and try to do what is right, as *I* also shall try."

"But you—that is different. *You* do not care."

"Not care!" she repeated, and her voice quivered and broke. "You *know* that is false."

"It is. Forgive me."

"Promise me that you will go back; promise for my sake, Ward. Light words are often spoken about a broken heart; but I think, if you fail me now, my heart will break indeed."

"What must I do?"

"Go back to Helen—to your life, whatever it is."

"And shall I see you again?"

"No."

"It is too hard, too hard," he whispered, putting his arms around her.

But she unclasped them. "I have your promise?" she said.

"No."

"Then I *take* it." And lightly touching his forehead with her lips, she turned and was gone.

When July and Diana came to bring back their fool-hardy patient, they found him lying on the earth so still and cold that it seemed as if he was dead. That night the fever appeared again. But there was only Diana to nurse him now; Anne was gone.

Farmer Redd acted as guide and escort back to Peterson's Mill; but the pale young nurse would not stop, begging Dr. Flower to send her onward immediately to Number Two. She was so worn and changed that the surgeon feared that fever had already attacked her, and he sent a private note to the surgeon of Number Two, recommending that Miss Douglas should at once be returned to Number One, and, if possible, sent northward to

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her home. But when Anne arrived at Number One, and saw again the sweet face of Mrs. Barstow, when she felt herself safely surrounded by the old work, she said that she would stay for a few days longer. While her hands were busy, she could think; as she could not sleep, she would watch. She felt that she had now to learn life entirely anew; not only herself, but the very sky, sunshine, and air. The world was altered.

On the seventh morning a letter came; it was from Heathcote, and had been forwarded from Peterson's Mill. She kept it until she had a half-hour to herself, and then, going to the bank of the river, she sat down under the trees and opened it. Slowly; for it might be for good, or it might be for evil; but, in any case, it was her last, the last she should ever receive from him on earth.

It was a long letter, written with pencil upon coarse blue-lined paper. After saying that the fever had disappeared, and that in another week he should try to rejoin his regiment, the words went on as follows:

"I said that I would write and tell you all. When you ran away from me last year, I was deeply hurt; I searched for you, but could find no clew. Then I went back eastward, joined the camping party, and after a day or two returned with them to Caryl's. No one suspected where I had been. From Caryl's we all went down to the city together, and the winter began.

"I was, in a certain way, engaged to Helen; yet I was not bound. Nor was she. I liked her: she had known how to adapt herself to me always. But I had never been in any haste; and I wondered sometimes why she held to me, when there were other men, worth more in every way than Ward Heathcote, who admired her as much as I did. But I did not then know that she loved me. I know it now.

"After our return to the city, I never spoke of you; but now and then she mentioned your name of her own accord, and I—listened. She was much surprised that you did not write to her; she knew no more where you were than I did, and hoped every day for a letter; so did I. But you did not write.

"All this time—I do not like to say it, yet it is part of the story—she made herself my slave. There was nothing I could say or do, no matter how arbitrary, to which she did not yield, in which she did not acquiesce. No word concerning marriage was spoken, even our former vague lovers' talk had ceased; for, after you hurt me so deeply, Anne, I had not the heart for it. My temper was anything but pleasant. The winter moved on; I had no plan; I let things take their course. But I always expected to find you in some way, to see you again, until —that marriage notice appeared. I took it to Helen. 'It is Anne, I suppose?' I said. She read it, and answered, 'Yes.' She was deceived, just as I was."

Here Anne put down the letter, and looked off over the river. Helen knew that Tita's name was Angélique, and that the sister's was plain Anne. It was a lie direct. But Heathcote did not know it. "He shall never know through me," she thought, with stern sadness.

The letter went on: "I think she had not suspected me before, Anne—I mean in connection with you: she was always thinking of Rachel. But she did then, and I saw it. I was so cut up about it that I concealed nothing. About a week after that, while out driving, she was thrown from her carriage. They thought she was dying, and sent for me. Miss Teller was in the hall waiting; she took me into the library, and said that the doctors thought Helen might live if they could only rouse her, but that she seemed to be sinking into a stupor. With tears rolling down her cheeks, she said, as nearly as I can recollect, 'Ward, I know you love her, and she has long loved you. But you have said nothing, and it has worn upon her. Go to her now and save her life. *You* can.'

"She took me into the room, and went out, closing the door. Helen was lying on a couch; I thought she was already dead. But when I bent over her and spoke her name, she opened her eyes, and knew me immediately. I was shocked by her death-like face. It was all so sudden. I had left her the night before, dressed for a ball. She whispered to me to lift her in my arms, so that she might die there; but I was afraid to move her, lest her suffering should increase. She begged with so much earnestness, however, that at last, gently as I could, I lifted and held her. 'I am going to die,' she whispered, 'so I need not care any more, or try. I have always loved you,

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Ward. I loved you even when I married Richard.' I thought her mind was wandering; and she must have seen that I did, because she spoke again, and this time aloud. 'I am perfectly myself. I tell you that I have always loved you; you *shall* know it before I die.' Miss Teller, who had hurried in at the first sound of her voice, said, 'And he loves you also, my darling child; he has told me so. Now, for *his* sake you will try to recover and be his wife.'

"We were married two days later. The doctors advised it, because when I was not there Helen sank rapidly. I took care of the poor girl for weeks; she ate only from my hand. As she grew stronger, I taught her to walk again, and carried her in my arms up and down stairs. When at last she began to improve, she gained strength rapidly; she is now well, save that she will never be able to walk far or to dance. She is the same to me as ever, Anne, neither more nor less. I think she is happy. It seems a feeble thing to say, and yet it is something—I am always kind to Helen.

"As for you—it was all a wild, sudden temptation.

"I will make no effort to follow you; I will go back to my regiment. After that I will do—as well as I can. It may not be very well. W. H."

That was all. Anne, miserable, lonely, broken-hearted, as she was, felt that she had in one way conquered. She leaned her head against the tree trunk, and sat for some time with her eyes closed. Then she tore the letter into fragments, threw them into the river, and watched the slow current bear them away. When the last one had disappeared, she rose and went back to the hospital.

"The clean clothes have been brought in, Miss Douglas," said the surgeon's assistant. "Can you sort them?"

"Yes," she replied. And dull life moved on again.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I worked on, on;
Through all the bristling fence of nights and days
Which hedges time in from the eternities,
I struggled."—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE next morning the new nurses, long delayed, sent by the Western Aid Society, arrived at Number One, and Mary Crane, Mrs. Barstow, and Anne were relieved from duty, and returned to their Northern home. During the journey Anne decided that she must not remain in Weston. It was a hard decision, but it seemed to her inevitable. This man whom she loved knew that her home was there. He had said that he would not follow her; but could she depend upon his promise? Even in saying that he would try to do as well as he could, he had distinctly added that it might "not be very well." She must leave no temptation in his path, or her own. She must put it out of his power to find her, out of hers to meet him. She must go away, leaving no trace behind.

She felt deeply thankful that at the present moment her movements were not cramped by the wants of the children; for if they had been in pressing need, she must have staid—have staid and faced the fear and the danger. Now she could go. But whither? It would be hard to go out into the broad world again, this time more solitary than before. After much thought, she decided to go eastward to the half-house, Jeanne-Armande having given her permission to use it. It would be at least a shelter over her head, and probably old Nora would be glad to come and stay with her. With this little home as background, she hoped to be able to obtain pupils in the city, little girls to whom she could be day governess, giving lessons in music and French. But the pupils: how could she obtain them? Whose influence could she hope for? She could not go to Tante, lest Helen should hear of her presence. At first it seemed as if there was no one; she went over and over in vain her meagre list of friends. Suddenly a remembrance of the little German music-master, who had taught classical music, and hated Belzini, came to her; he was no longer at the Moreau school, and she had his address. He had been especially kind. She summoned her courage and wrote to him. Herr Scheffel's reply came promptly and cordially. "I have your letter received, and I remember you entirely. I know not now all I can promise, as my season of lessons is not yet begun, but two little girls you can have at once for scales, though much they will not pay. But with your voice, honored Fräulein, a place in a church choir is the best, and for that I will do my very best endeavor. But while you make a

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beginning, honored Fräulein, take my wife and I for friends. Our loaf and our cup, and our hearts too, are all yours."

The little German had liked Anne: this pupil, and this one only, had cheered the dull hours he had spent in the little third-story room, where he, the piano, and the screen had their cramped abode. Anne smiled as she gratefully read his warm-hearted letter, his offer of his cup and his loaf; she could hear him saying it—his "gup" and his "loave," and "two liddle girls for sgales, though moche they will not bay." She had written to old Nora also, and the answer (a niece acting as scribe) declared, with Hibernian effusiveness, and a curious assemblage of negatives, that she would be glad to return to the half-house on Jeanne-Armande's old terms, namely, her living, but no wages. She did not add that, owing to rheumatism, she was unable to obtain work where she was; she left Anne to find that out for herself. But even old Nora, bandaged in red flannel, her gait reduced to a limp, was a companion worth having when one is companionless. During the interval, Anne had received several letters from Miss Lois. Little André was better, but the doctors advised that he should remain where he was through the winter. Miss Lois wrote that she was willing to remain, in the hope of benefit to the suffering boy, and how great a concession this was from the careful housekeeper and home-lover only Anne could know. (But she did not know how close the child had grown to Miss Lois's heart.) This new plan would prevent their coming to Weston at present. Thankful now for what would have been, under other circumstances, a great disappointment, Anne resigned her position in the Weston school, and went away, at the last suddenly, and evading all inquiries. Mrs. Green was absent, the woman in temporary charge of the lodgings was not curious, and the lonely young teacher was able to carry out her design. She left Weston alone in the cold dawn of a dark morning, her face turned eastward.

It was a courageous journey; only Herr Scheffel to rely upon, and the great stony-hearted city to encounter in the hard struggle for daily bread. Yet she felt that she must not linger in Weston; and she felt, too, that she must not add herself to Miss Lois's cares, but rather make a strong effort to secure a new position as soon as possible, in order to send money to André. She thought that she would be safely hidden at the half-house. Heathcote knew that Jeanne-Armande was in Europe, and therefore he would not think of her in connection with Lancaster, but would suppose that she was still in Weston, or, if not there, then at home on her Northern island. In addition, one is never so well hidden as in the crowds of a large city. But when she saw the spires, as the train swept over the salt marshes, her heart began to beat: the blur of roofs seemed so vast, and herself so small and alone! But she made the transit safely, and drove up to the door of the half-house in the red wagon, with Li as driver, at sunset. A figure was sitting on the steps outside, with a large bundle at its feet; it was Nora. Anne opened the door with Jeanne-Armande's key, and they entered together.

"Oh, wirra, wirra! Miss Douglas dear, and did ye know she'd taken out all the furrrniture? Sure the ould shell is impty." It was true, and drearily unexpected.

Jeanne-Armande, finding time to make a flying visit to her country residence the day before she sailed, had been seized with the sudden suspicion that certain articles were missing, notably a green wooden pail and a window-curtain. The young priest, who had met her there by appointment, and opened the door for her with his key (what mazes of roundabout ways homeward, in order to divert suspicion, Jeanne-Armande required of him that day!), was of the opinion that she was mistaken. But no; Jeanne-Armande was never mistaken. She knew just where she had left that pail, and as for the pattern of the flowers upon that curtain, she knew every petal. Haunted by a vision of the abstraction of all her household furniture, piece by piece, during her long absence—tables, chairs, pans, and candlesticks following each other through back windows, moved by invisible hands—she was seized with an inspiration on the spot: she would sell off all her furniture by public sale that very hour, and leave only an empty house behind her. She knew that she was considered a mystery in the neighborhood; probably, then, people would come to a Mystery's sale, and pay good prices for a Mystery's furniture. Of one thing she was certain—no buyer in that region knew how to buy for prices as low as she herself had paid. Her meth-

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od of buying was genius. In five minutes a boy and a bell were secured, in half an hour the whole neighborhood had heard the announcement, and, as mademoiselle had anticipated, flocked to the sale. She attended to all negotiations in person, still in her rôle of a Mystery, and sailed for Europe the next day in triumph, having in her pocket nearly twice the sum she had originally expended. She did not once think of Anne in connection with this. Although she had given her authority to use the half-house, and had intrusted to her care her own key, it seemed almost impossible that the young girl would wish to use it. For was she not admirably established at Weston, with all the advantages of made moiselle's own name and position behind her?

And thus it was that only bare walls met Anne's eyes as, followed by Nora, she went from room to room, asking herself silently what she should do in this new emergency that confronted her. One door they found locked; it was the door of the store-room: there must, then, be something within. Li was summoned to break the lock, and nothing loath, he broke it so well that it was useless from that hour. Yes, here was something—the unsold articles, carefully placed in order. A chair, a kitchen table, an iron tea-kettle with a hole in it, and two straw beds—the covers hanging on nails, and the straw tied in bundles beneath; there was also a collection of wooden boxes, which mademoiselle had endeavored, but without success, to dispose of as "old, superior, and well-seasoned kindling-wood." It was a meagre supply of furniture with which to begin housekeeping, a collection conspicuous for what it lacked. But Anne, summoning courage, directed Li to carry down stairs all the articles, such as they were, while she cheered old Nora with the promise to buy whatever was necessary, and asked her to unpack the few supplies she had herself purchased on her way through the city. The kitchen stove was gone; but there was a fire-place, and Li made a bright fire with some of the superior kindling-wood, mended the kettle, filled it, and hung it over the crackling flame. The boy enjoyed it all greatly. He stuffed the cases with straw, and dragged them down stairs, he brought down the chair and table, and piled up boxes for a second seat, he pinned up Anne's shawl for a curtain, and then volunteered to go to the store for whatever was necessary, insisting, however, upon the strict allowance of two spoons, two plates, and two cups only. It was all like *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Swiss Family Robinson*, and more than two would infringe upon the severe paucity required by those admirable narratives. When he returned with his burden, he affably offered to remain and take supper with them; in truth, it was difficult to leave such a fascinating scene as two straw beds on the floor, and a kettle swinging over a hearth fire, like a gypsy camp—at least as Li imagined it, for that essence of vagrant romanticism is absent from American life, the so-called gypsies always turning out impostors, with neither donkeys, tents, nor camp fires, and instead of the ancient and mysterious language described by Borrow, using generally the well-known and unpoetical dialect that belongs to modern and Americanized Erin. At last, however, Li departed; Anne fastened the door. Old Nora was soon asleep on the straw, but not her young mistress, in whose mind figures, added together and set opposite each other, were inscribing themselves like letters of fire on a black wall. She had not expected any such outlay as would now be required, and the money she had brought with her would not admit it. At last, troubled and despairing, she rose from her hard couch, went to the window, and looked out. Overhead the stars were serenely shining; her mind went back to the little window of her room in the old Agency. These were the same stars; God was the same God: would He not show her a way? Quieted, she went back to her straw, and soon fell asleep.

In the morning they had a gypsy breakfast. The sun shone brightly, and even in the empty rooms the young day looked hopeful. The mistress of the house went in to the city on the morning train, and in spite of all lacks, in spite of all her trouble and care, it was a beautiful girl who entered the train at Lancaster station, and caused for a moment the chronically tired business men to forget their damp smelling morning papers as they looked at her. For Anne was constantly growing more beautiful; nothing had had power as yet to arrest the strong course of nature. Sorrow had but added a more ripened charm, since now the old child-like openness was gone, and in its place was a knowledge of the depth and the

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richness and the pain of life, and a reticence. The open page had been written upon, and turned down. Riding on toward the city, she was, however, as unconscious of any observation she attracted as if she had been a girl of marble. Hers was not one of those natures which can follow at a time but one idea; yet something of the intensity which such natures have—the nature of all enthusiasts and partisans—was hers, owing to the strength of the few feelings which absorbed her. For the thousand and one changing interests, fancies, and impulses which actuate most young girls there was in her heart no room. It was not that she thought and imagined less, but that she loved more.

Herr Scheffel received her in his small parlor. It was over the shop of a musical instrument maker, a German also. Anne looked into his small show-window while she was waiting for the street door to be opened, noted the great brass tubes disposed diagonally, the accordions in a rampart, the pavement of little music-boxes with views of Switzerland on their lids, and the violins in apotheosis above. Behind the inner glass she saw the instrument maker himself dusting a tambourine. She imagined him playing on it all alone on rainy evenings for company, with the other instruments looking on in a friendly way. Here Herr Scheffel's cheery wife opened the door, and upon learning the name, welcomed her visitor heartily, and ushered her up the narrow stairway.

"How you haf zhanged!" said Herr Scheffel, lifting his hands in astonishment as he met her at the entrance. "But not for the vorse, Fräulein. On the gontrary!" He bowed gallantly, and brought forward his best arm-chair, then bowed again, sat down opposite, folded his hands, and was ready for business or pleasure, as she saw fit to select. Anne had come to him hoping, but not expecting. Fortune favored her, however; or rather, as usual, some one had taken hold of Fortune, and forced her to extend her favor, the some one in this instance being the little music-master himself, who had not only bestowed two of his own scholars as a beginning, but had also obtained for her a trial place in a church choir. He now went with her without delay to the residence of the little pupils, and arranged for the first lesson; then he took her to visit the contralto of the choir, whose good-will he had already besought for the young stranger. The contralto was a thin, disappointed little woman, with rather a bad temper; but as she liked Anne's voice, and hated the organist and tenor, she mentally organized an alliance offensive and defensive on the spot, contralto, soprano, and basso against the other two, with possibilities as to the rector thrown in. For, as the rector regularly attended the rehearsals (under the mild delusion that he was directing the choir), the contralto hoped that the new soprano's face, as well as voice, would draw him out of his guarded neutrality, and give to their side the balance of power. So, being in a friendly mood, she went over the anthems with Anne, and when the little rehearsal was ended, Herr Scheffel took her thin hand, and bowed over it profoundly. Miss Pratt was a native of Maine, and despised romance, yet she was not altogether displeased with that bow. Sunday morning came; the new voice conquered. Anne was engaged to fill the vacant place in the choir. Furniture was now purchased for the empty little home, but very sparingly. It looked as though it would be cold there in the winter. But—winter was not yet come.

Slowly she gained other pupils; but still only little girls "for the sgales," as Herr Scheffel said. The older scholars for whom she had hoped did not as yet seek her. But the little household lived.

In the mean while Père Michaux on the island and Miss Lois at the springs had both been taken by surprise by Anne's sudden departure from Weston. They knew nothing of it until she was safely in the half-house. But poor Miss Lois, ever since the affair of Tita and Rast, had cynically held that there was no accounting for anybody or anything in this world, and she therefore remained silent. Père Michaux divined that there was something behind; but as Anne offered no explanation, he asked no question. In truth, the old priest had a faith in her not unlike that which had taken possession of Heathcote. What was it that gave these two men of the world this faith? It was not her innocence alone, for many are innocent. It was her sincerity, combined with the peculiar intensity of feeling which lay beneath the surface—an intensity of which she was herself unconscious, but which their eyes could plainly

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perceive, and, for its great rarity, admire, as the one perfect pearl is admired among the thousands of its compeers by those who have knowledge and experience enough to appreciate its flawlessness. But the majority bestows the crown. Many care for mere size in a pearl, others for a pear-like shape, and some even seek eccentricities of color. Thus the perfect one is guarded, and the world is not reduced to despair.

During these days in the city Anne had thought often of Helen. Her engagements were all in another quarter, distant from Miss Teller's residence; she would not have accepted pupils in that neighborhood. But it was not probable that any would be offered to her in so fashionable a locality. She did not allow herself even to approach that part of the city, or to enter the streets leading to it, yet many times she found herself longing to see the house in spite of her determination, and thinking that if she wore a thick veil, so that no one would recognize her, there would be no danger, and she might catch a glimpse of Miss Teller, or even of Helen. But she never yielded to these longings. October passed into November, and November into December, and she did not once transgress her rules.

Early in December she obtained a new pupil, her first in vocal music. She gave two lessons without any unusual occurrence, and then— Of all the powers that make or mar us, the most autocratic is Chance. Let not the name of Fate be mentioned in its presence; let Luck hide its head. For Luck is but the man himself, and Fate deals only with great questions; but Chance attacks all irrelevantly and at random. Though man avoids, arranges, labors, and plans, one stroke from its wand destroys all. Anne had avoided, arranged, labored, and planned, yet on her way to give the third lesson to this new pupil she came suddenly upon— Helen.

On the opposite side a carriage had stopped; the footman opened the door, and a servant came from the house to assist its occupant. Anne's eyes by chance were resting upon the group. She saw a lady lifted to the pavement; then saw her slowly ascend the house steps, while a maid followed with shawls and wraps. It was Helen. Anne's eyes recognized her instantly. She was unchanged—proud, graceful, and exquisitely attired as ever, in spite of her slow step and need of assistance. Involuntarily the girl opposite had paused; then, recovering herself, she drew down her veil and walked on, her heart beating rapidly, her breath coming in throbs. But no one had noticed her. Helen was already within the house, and the servant was closing the door; then the footman came down the steps, sprang up to his place, and the carriage rolled away.

She went on to her pupil's residence, and, quietly as she could, asked, upon the first opportunity, her question.

"A lady who was assisted up the steps? Oh yes, I know whom you mean; it is Mrs. Ward Heathcote," replied the girl-pupil. "Isn't she too lovely! Did you see her face?"

"Yes. Does she live in that house?"

"I am delighted to say that she *does*. She used to live with her aunt, Miss Teller, but it seems that she inherited this old house over here from her grandfather, who died not long ago, and she has taken a fancy to live in it. Of course *I* think all her fancies are seraphic, and principally this one, since it has brought her near *us*. I look at her half the time; just gaze and gaze!" Cora was sixteen, and very pretty; she talked in the dialect of her age and set. Launched now on a favorite topic, she rushed on, while the teacher, with downcast eyes, listened, and rolled and unrolled the sheet of music in her hands. Mrs. Heathcote's beauty; Mrs. Heathcote's wealth; Mrs. Heathcote's wonderful costumes; Mrs. Heathcote's romantic marriage, after a fall from her carriage; Mrs. Heathcote's husband, "*chivalrously* in the army, with a pair of *eyes*, Miss Douglas, which, I do assure you, are —well, *murderously* beautiful is not a word to express it! Not that he *cares*. The most *indifferent* person! Still, if you could *see* them, you would *know* what I mean." Cora told all that she knew, and more than she knew. The two households had no acquaintance, Anne learned; the school-girl had obtained her information from other sources. There would, then, be no danger of discovery in that way. The silent listener could not help listening while Cora said that Captain Heathcote had not returned home since his first departure; that he had been seriously ill somewhere in the West, but having recovered, had immediately returned to his regiment without coming

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home on furlough, as others always did, which conduct Cora considered so "perfectly grand" that she wondered "the papers" did not "blazon it aloft." At last even the school-girl's volubility and adjectives were exhausted, and the monologue came to an end. Then the teacher gave her lesson, and the words she had heard sounded in her ears like the roar of the sea in a storm—it seemed as though she must be speaking loudly in order to drown it. But her pupil noticed nothing, save that Miss Douglas was more quiet than usual, and perhaps more pale. When she went away, she turned eastward, in order not to pass the house a second time—the house that held Helen. But she need not have taken the precaution; hers was not a figure upon which the eyes of Mrs. Heathcote would be likely to dwell. In the city, unfashionable attire is like the ring of Gyges, it renders the wearer, if not invisible, at least unseen.

That night she could not sleep; she could do nothing but think of Helen, Helen, her once dearly loved friend—Helen, his wife. She knew that she must give up this new danger, and she knew also that she loved the danger—these chances of a glimpse of Helen, Helen's home, and—yes, it might be, at some future time, Helen's husband. But she conquered herself again. In the morning she wrote a note to Cora's mother, saying that she found herself unable to continue the lessons; as Cora had the manuscript music-books which Dr. Douglas had himself prepared for his daughter when she was a little girl on the island, she added that she would come for them on Monday, and at the same time take leave of her pupil, from whom she parted with regret.

Saturday and Sunday now intervened. At the choir rehearsal on Saturday a foreboding came over her; occult malign influences seemed hovering in the air. The tenor and organist, the opposition party, were ominously affable. In this church there was, as in many another, an anomalous "music committee," composed apparently of vestrymen, but in reality of vestrymen's wives. These wives, spurred on secretly by the tenor and organist, had decided that Miss Douglas was not the kind of soprano they wished to have. She came into the city by train on the Sabbath day; she was dressed so plainly and unfashionably that it betokened a want of proper respect for the congregation; in addition, and in spite of this plain attire, there was something about her which made "the gentlemen turn and look at her." This last was the fatal accusation. Poor Anne could not have disproved these charges, even if she had known what they were; but she did not. Her foreboding of trouble had not been at fault however, for on Monday morning came a formal note of dismissal, worded with careful politeness; her services would not be required after the following Sunday. It was a hard blow. But the vestrymen's wives preferred the other candidate (friend of the organist and tenor), who lived with her mother in the city, and patronized no Sunday trains; whose garments were nicely adjusted to the requirements of the position, following the fashions carefully indeed, but at a distance, and with chastened salaried humility as well; who sang correctly, but with none of that fervor which the vestrymen's wives considered so "out of place in a church"; and whose face certainly had none of those outlines and hues which so reprehensibly attracted "the attention of the gentlemen." And thus Anne was dismissed.

It was a bitterly cold morning. The scantily furnished rooms of the half-house looked dreary and blank; old Nora, groaning with rheumatism, sat drawn up beside the kitchen stove. Anne, who had one French lesson to give, and the farewell visit to make at the residence of Mrs. Iverson, Cora's mother, went in to the city. She gave the lesson, and then walked down to the Scheffels' lodging to bear the dark tidings of her dismissal. The musical instrument maker's window was frosted up to the top; but he had made a round hole inside with a hot penny, and he was looking through it when Anne rang the street bell. It was startling to see a human eye so near, isolated by the frostwork—an eye and nothing more; but she was glad he could amuse himself even after that solitary fashion. Herr Scheffel had not returned from his round of lessons. Anne waited some time in the small warm crowded room, where growing plants, canary-birds, little plaster busts of the great musicians, the piano, and the stove crowded each other cheerfully, but he did not come. Mrs. Scheffel urged her to remain all night. "It ees zo beetter cold." But Anne took leave, promising to come again on the morrow. It was after four o'clock,

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and darkness was not far distant; the piercing wind swept through the streets, blowing the flinty dust before it; the ground was frozen hard as steel. She made her farewell visit at Mrs. Iverson's, took her music-books, and said good-by, facing the effusive regrets of Cora as well as she could, and trying not to think how the money thus relinquished would be doubly needed now. Then she went forth into the darkening street, the door of the warm, brightly lighted home closing behind her like a knell. She had chosen twilight purposely for this last visit, in order that she might neither see nor be seen. She shivered now as the wind struck her, clasped the heavy books with one arm, and turned westward on her way to the railway station. It seemed to her that the city held that night no girl so desolate as herself.

As she was passing the street lamp at the first corner, some one stopped suddenly. "Good heavens! Miss Douglas—Anne—is that you?" said a voice. She looked up. It was Gregory Dexter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Loke who that....most intendeth ay
To do the generous deedes that he can,
And take *him* for the greatest gentleman."
—CHAUCER.

"ANNE! Is it you?" repeated Dexter.

"Yes," she replied, having seen that it was impossible to escape, since he was standing directly in her path. Then she tried to smile. "I should not have thought you would have known me in this twilight."

"I believe I should know you anywhere, even in total darkness. But where are you going? I will accompany you."

"I am on my way to X station, to take a train."

"Let me carry those books for you. X station? That is at some distance; would it not be better to have a carriage? Here, boy, run and call a carriage. There will be a half-dollar for you if you make haste."

He was the same as ever, prompt, kind, and disposed to have his own way. But Anne, who on another occasion might have objected, now stood beside him unopposing. She *was* weary, cold, and disheartened, and she *was* glad he was there. He had made her take his arm immediately, and even that small support was comforting. The carriage came, they rolled away, Anne leaning back against the cushions, and breathing in the grateful sense of being cared for and protected, taken from the desolate and darkening streets which otherwise she must have traversed alone.

"I only arrived in town to-day," Dexter was saying; "and, on my way to a friend's house where I am to dine, I intended calling upon Mrs. Heathcote. I was going there when I met you. I should have inquired about you immediately, for I have but just seen the account of the disposal of Miss Vanhorn's estate, and was thinking of you. I supposed, Miss Douglas, that you were to be her heir."

"No."

"She certainly allowed me to suppose so."

"I do not think she ever had any such intention," replied Anne.

"You are living near the city?"

"Yes; at Lancaster. I give lessons in town."

"And you come in and out on these freezing days, and walk to and from the station?"

"It is not always so cold."

"Very well; I am going as far as Lancaster with you," said Dexter. "I hope I shall be welcome."

"Mr. Dexter, please do not."

But he simply smiled and threw back his head in his old dictatorial way, helped her from the carriage, bought tickets, secured for her the best seat in the car, and took his place beside her; it seemed to Anne that but a few minutes had passed when they heard "Lancaster," and stepping out on the little platform, found the faithful Li in waiting, his comforter tied over his ears, and jumping up and down to keep himself warm. Anne had not ordered the red wagon, and he was not therefore allowed to bring it out; but the little freckled knight-errant had brought himself instead as faithful escort homeward.

"Is there no carriage here, or any sort of a vehicle?" said Dexter, in his quick, authoritative way. "Boy, bring a carriage."

"There ain't none; but you can have the red wagon. Horse good, and wagon first-rate. It 'll be a dollar," answered Li.

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"Go and get it, then."

The boy was gone like a dart, and in less time than any one else would have taken, he was back with the wagon, and Mr. Dexter (in spite of her remonstrance) was accompanying Anne homeward in the icy darkness. "But you will lose the return train," she said.

"I intend to lose it."

When they stopped at the gate, no light was visible; Anne knocked, but crippled old Nora was long in coming. When she did open the door, it was a room nearly as cold as the air outside into which the guest was ushered. As Li was obliged to return with the horse, his willing hands were absent, and the young mistress of the house went out herself, brought in candles and kindling-wood, and was stooping to light the fire, when Dexter took the wood from her, led her to a chair, seated her despotically, and made the fire himself. Then, standing before it, he looked all around the room, slowly and markedly and in silence; afterward his eyes came back to her. "So this is where you live—all the home you have!"

"It is but a temporary home. Some day I hope to go back to the island," replied Anne.

"When you have, by teaching, made money enough to live upon, I suppose. It looks like it *here*," he said, with sarcastic emphasis.

"It has not been so cold before," answered Anne. "The house has an empty look, I acknowledge; that is because I supposed it was furnished; but finding it bare, I decided to purchase only necessary articles. What is the use of buying much for a temporary home?"

"Of course. So much better to do without, especially in this weather!"

"I assure you we have not been uncomfortable until, perhaps, to-night."

"May I ask the amount, Miss Douglas, of your present income?"

"I do not think you ought to ask," said the poverty-stricken young mistress, bravely.

"But I do ask. And you—will answer."

"It has been, although not large, sufficient for our needs," replied Anne, who, in spite of her desire to hide the truth from him, was yet unable to put the statement into the present tense; but she hoped that he would not notice it.

On the contrary, however, Dexter answered instantly: "Has been? Then it is not now?"

"I have recently lost my place in a church choir; but I hope soon to obtain another position."

"And in the mean time you live on—hope? Forgive me if I seem inquisitive and even harsh, Miss Douglas; but you do not realize how all this impresses me. The last time I saw you you were richly dressed, a favorite in an exclusive and luxurious circle, the reputed heiress of a large fortune. Little more than a year passes, and I meet you in the street at twilight, alone and desolate; I come to your home, and find it cold and empty; I look at you, and note your dress. You can offer me nothing, hardly a fire. It hurts me, Anne—hurts me deeply—to think that all this time I have had every luxury, while *you* have suffered."

"No, not suffered," she replied. But her voice trembled. This strong assertive kindness touched her lonely heart keenly.

"Then if you have not suffered as yet—and I am thankful to hear you say it—you will suffer; or rather you might have suffered if I had not met you in time. But never again, Anne—never again. Why, my child, do you not remember that I begged you to be my wife? Shall she who, if she had willed it, would now have been so near and dear to me, be left to encounter toil and privation, while *I* have abundance? Never, Anne—never!"

He left his place, took her hand, and held it in his warm grasp. There was nothing save friendly earnestness in his eyes as they met her upward look, and seeing this, she felt herself leaning as it were in spirit upon him: she had indeed need of aid. He smiled, and comprehended all without another word.

"I must go on the ten-o'clock train," he said, cheerfully, coming back to daily life again. "And before I go, in some way or another, that good Irish goblin of yours must manufacture a supper for me; from appearances, I should say she had only to wave her broomstick. When I met you I was on my way to dine with some friends. What their estimation of me is at this moment I am afraid to think; but that does not make me any the less hungry. With your permission, therefore, I will take off this heavy overcoat, and dine here." As he spoke he removed his large shaggy overcoat—a handsome

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fur-lined Canadian garment, suited to his strong figure and the bitter weather, appearing in evening dress, with a little spray of fern in his button-hole. "Now," he said, "I am going out to plead with the goblin in person."

"I will go," said Anne, laughing, won from her depression by his buoyant manner.

"On the contrary, you will stay; and not only that, but seated precisely where I placed you. I will encounter the goblin alone." He opened the door, went through, and closed it behind him. Soon Anne heard the sound of laughter in the kitchen, not only old Nora's hearty Irish mirth, but Li's shriller voice added to it. For the faithful Li had hastened back, after the old horse was housed, in order to be in readiness if Miss Douglas, owing to her unexpected visitor, required anything. What Dexter said and did in that bare, dimly lighted kitchen that night was never known, save from results. But certainly he inspired both Nora, Li, and the stove. He returned to the parlor, made up the fire with so much skill that it shone out brightly, and then sat down, allowing Anne to do nothing save lean back in the low chair, which he had cushioned for her with his shaggy coat. Before long Li came in, first with four lighted candles in new candlesticks, which he disposed about the room according to his taste, and then, later, with table-cloth and plates for the dining-table. The boy's face glowed with glee and exercise; he had already been to the store twice on a run, and returned loaded and breathless, but triumphant. After a while pleasant odors began to steal in from the kitchen, underneath all the inspiring fragrance of coffee. At last the door opened, and Nora herself hobbled in, bringing a covered dish, and then a second, and then a third, Li excitedly handing them to her from the kitchen entrance. When her ambition was aroused, the old Irishwoman was a good cook. It had been aroused to-night by Dexter's largess, and the result was an appetizing although nondescript repast, half dinner, half high tea. The room was now brightly illuminated; the fire-light danced on the bare floor. Dexter, standing by the table, tall and commanding, his face full of friendliness, seemed to Anne a personification of kindly aid and strength. She no longer made any objection, but obeyed him smilingly, even as to where she should sit, and what she should eat. His sudden appearance, at the moment of all others when everything seemed to have failed, was comfort too penetrating to be resisted. And why should it be resisted? There was no suggestion in his manner of a return to the old subject; on the contrary, he had himself spoken of it as a thing of the past. He would not repeat his old request—would not wish to repeat it.

After the repast was over, and Nora and Li were joyously feasting in the kitchen, he drew his chair nearer to hers, and said, "Now tell me about yourself, and what your life has been since we parted." For up to this time, after those few strong words in the beginning, he had spoken only on general topics, or at least upon those not closely connected with herself.

Anne, however, merely outlined her present life and position, clearly, but without explanation.

"And Mrs. Heathcote does not know you are here?"

"She does not know, and she must not know. I have your promise, Mr. Dexter, to reveal nothing."

"You have my promise, and I will keep it. Still, I do not comprehend—"

"It is not possible that you should comprehend. And in addition to keeping my secret, Mr. Dexter, you must tell *me* nothing of her, or of any of the people who were at Caryl's."

"It is a great gulf fixed?"

"Yes."

He looked at her in silence; she was quiet and thoughtful, her gaze resting on the fire. After a while she said again, "You will remember?"

"Yes. I never had the talent of forgetting."

Soon afterward he went away, with Li as guide. As he took her hand at parting, he said, "Are you coming in to the city to-morrow?"

"Yes; I must see Herr Scheffel."

"Will you let me meet you somewhere?"

After a moment's hesitation, she answered, "I would rather not."

"As you please. But I shall come and see you on Wednesday, then. Good-night." He went out in the intense country darkness, preceded by Li, who had disposed his comforter about him in such a manner as to look as much as possible like the shaggy overcoat, which, in his

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eyes, was fit for the Czar of all the Russias in his diamond crown.

The next day was even colder. Anne went in to the city, gave one lesson, and then faced the bitter wind on her way down to Herr Scheffel's lodgings. Her heart was not so heavy, in spite of the cold, as it had been the day before, since between that time and this she had heard the cordial voice of a friend.

The musical instrument maker's window was entirely frozen over, the frost was like a white curtain shutting him out from the world; it was to be hoped that he found comfort in playing on his tambourine within. This time Herr Scheffel was at home, and he had a hope concerning a place in another choir. Anne returned to Lancaster cheered. As she walked homeward from the railway station down the hard country road, darkness was falling, and she wondered why the faithful Li was not there as usual to meet her. When she came within sight of the half-house, it was blazing with light; from every window radiance streamed, smoke ascended from the chimneys, and she could see figures within moving about as if at work. What could it mean? She went up the steps, opened the door, and entered. Was this her barren home?

Workmen were putting the finishing touches to what seemed to have been an afternoon's labor; Li, in a fever of excitement, was directing everybody. Through the open door Nora could be seen moving to and fro amid barrels, boxes, and bags. The men had evidently received their orders, for as soon as the young mistress of the house appeared they hastily concluded their labors, and, taking their tools, vanished like so many genii of the ring. Anne called them back, but they were already far down the road. Li and Nora explained together that the men and two wagon-loads of furniture had arrived at the door of the half-house at two o'clock, and that the head workman, showing Mr. Dexter's card, had claimed entrance and liberty to carry out his orders; he had a rough plan of the rooms, sketched by Dexter, and was to follow his directions. Li and Nora, already warm adherents, entered into the scheme with all their hearts, and the result was that mademoiselle's little house was now carpeted, and warmed, and filled from top to bottom. The bare store-room was crowded, the cupboards garnished; there were easy-chairs, curtains, pictures, and even flowers—tea-roses in a vase. The furniture was perhaps too massive, the carpets and curtains too costly for the plain abode; Dexter always erred on the side of magnificence. His lavishness had been brought up at Caryl's as a testimony against him, for it was a decided evidence of newness. But on this gloomy freezing winter night no one could have the heart to say that the rich fabrics were not full of comfort both to the eye and touch, and Anne, sinking into one of the easy-chairs, uncertain what to do, was at least not at all uncertain as to the comfort of the cushioned back; it was luxurious.

Later, in her own room, she sat looking at the unexpected gifts which faced her from all sides. What should she do? It was not right to force them upon her; and yet how like him was the lavish quick generosity! In her poverty the gift seemed enormous; yet it was not. The little home possessed few rooms, had seemed hardly more than a toy house to the city workmen who had hastily filled it. But to Anne it seemed magical. Books had been bought for her also, the well-proved standard works which Dexter always selected for his own reading. In his busy life this American had not had time to study the new writers; he was the one person left who still quoted Addison. After looking at the books, Anne, opening the closet door by chance, saw a long cedar case upon the floor; it was locked, but the key was in an envelope bearing her name. She opened the case; a faint fragrance floated out, as, from its wrappings, she drew forth an India shawl, dark, rich, and costly enough for a duchess. There was a note inside the case from Dexter—a note hastily written in pencil:

"DEAR MISS DOUGLAS,—I do not know whether this is anything you can wear, but at least it is warm. On the night I first met you you were shivering, and I have thought of it ever since. Please accept the shawl, therefore, and the other trifles, from your friend, G. D."

The trifles were furs—sable. Here, as usual, Dexter had selected the costly; he knew no other way. And thus surrounded by all the new luxury of the room, with the shawl and the furs in her hands, Anne stood, an image of perplexity.

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The next day the giver came out. She received him gravely. There was a look in her eyes which told him that he had not won her approval.

"Of course I do not intend to trouble you often with visits," he said, as he gave his furred overcoat to Li. "But one or two may be allowed, I think, from such an old friend."

"And to such a desolate girl."

"Desolate no longer," he answered, choosing to ignore the reproach of the phrase.

He installed himself in one of the new arm-chairs (looking, it must be confessed, much more comfortable than before), and began to talk in a fluent general way, approaching no topics that were personal. Meanwhile old Nora, hearing from Li that the benefactor of the household was present, appeared, strong in the new richness of her store-room, at the door, and dropping a courtesy, wished to know at what hour it would please him to dine. She said "your honor"; she had almost said "your highness." Her homage was so sincere that Anne smiled, and Dexter laughed outright.

"You see I am expected to stay, whether you wish it or not," he said. "Do let me; it shall be for the last time." Then turning to Nora, he said, "At four." And with another reverence, the old woman withdrew.

"It is a viciously disagreeable afternoon. You would not, I think, have the heart to turn out even a dog," he continued, leaning back at ease, and looking at his hostess, his eyes shining with amusement: he was reading her objections, and triumphing over them. Then, as he saw her soberness deepen, he grew grave immediately. "I am staying to-day because I wish to talk with you, Anne," he said. "I shall not come again. I know as well as you do, of course, that you can not receive me while you have no better chaperon than Nora." He paused, looking at her downcast face. "You do not like what I have done?"

"No."

"Why?"

"You have loaded me with too heavy an obligation."

"Any other reason?"

"I can never repay you."

"In addition?"

"It is not right that you should treat me as though I were a child."

"I knew you would object, and strongly; yet I hope to bring you over yet to my view of the case," said Dexter. "You say that I have placed you under too heavy an obligation. But pray consider what a slight affair the little gift seems to me. The house is very small; I have spent but a few hundreds; in all, with the exception of the shawl, less than five. What is that to an income like mine? You say you can never repay me. You repay me by accepting. It seems to me a noble quality to accept, simply and generously accept; and I have believed that yours was a noble nature. Accept, then, generously what it is such a pleasure to me to give. On my own side, I say this: the woman Gregory Dexter once asked to be his wife shall not suffer from want while Gregory Dexter lives, and knows where to find her. This has nothing to do with you; it is my side of the subject."

He spoke with much feeling. Anne looked at him. Then she rose, and with quiet dignity gave him, as he rose also, her hand. He understood the silent little action. "You have answered my expectation," he said, and the subject was at an end forever.

After dinner, in the twilight, he spoke again. "You said, an hour or two ago, that I had treated you as though you were a child. It is true; for you were a child at Caryl's, and I remembered you as you were then. But you are much changed; looking at you now, it is impossible that I should ever think of you in the same way again."

She made no reply.

"Can you tell me nothing of yourself, of your personal life since we parted? Your engagement, for instance?"

"It is ended. Mr. Pronando is married; he married my sister. You did not see the notice?" (Anne's thoughts were back in the West Virginia farm-house now with the folded slip of newspaper.)

"No; I was in the far West until April. I did not come eastward until the war broke out. Then you are free, Anne? Do not be afraid to tell me; I remember every word you said in Miss Vanhorn's little red parlor, and I shall not repeat my mistake. You are, then, free?"

"I can not answer you."

"Then I will not ask; it all belongs to the one subject, I suppose. The only part intrusted to me—the secret of your

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being here—I will religiously guard. As to your present life—you would rather let this Herr Scheffel continue looking for a place for you?"

"Yes."

"I will not interfere. But I shall write to you now and then, and you must answer. If at the end of a month you have not obtained this position you are hoping for—in a church choir, is it not?—you must let me know. Will you promise?"

"I promise."

"And bear in mind this: you shall never be left friendless again while I am on earth to protect you."

"But I have no right to—"

"Yes, you have; you have been more to me than you know." Here he paused, and looked away as if debating with himself. "I have always intended that you should know it some time," he continued; "perhaps this is as good a time as any. Will you listen?"

"Yes."

He settled himself anew in his chair, meditated a moment, and then, with all his natural fluency, which nothing could abate, with the self-absorption which men of his temperament always show when speaking of themselves, and yet with a certain guarded look at Anne too all the while, as if curious to see how she would take his words, he began:

"You know what my life has been—that is, generally. What I wish to tell you now is an inner phase. When, at the beginning of middle age, at last I had gained the wealth I always intended to have, I decided that I would marry. I wished to have a home. Of course, during all those toiling years, I had not been without what are called love affairs, but I was far too intensely absorbed in my own purposes to spend much time upon them. Besides, I had preserved an ideal.

"I do not intend to conceal or deny that I am ambitious; I made a deliberate effort to gain admittance into what is called the best society in the Eastern cities, and in a measure I succeeded. I enjoyed the life; it was another world; but still, wherever I went it seemed to me that the women were artificial. Beautiful, attractive women I could not help admiring, but—not like my ideal of what my wife must be. They would never make for me that home I coveted; for while I stood ready to surround that home with luxury, in its centre I wanted, for myself alone, a true and loving heart, a heart absorbed in *me*. And then, while I knew that I wanted this, while I still cherished my old ideal closely, what did I do? I began to love Rachel Bannert!

"You look at me; you do not understand why I speak in that tone. It is as well that you should not. I can only say that I worshipped her. It was not her fault that I began to love her, but it was her fault that I was borne on so far; for she made me believe that she loved me; she gave me the privileges of a lover. I never doubted (how could I?) that she would be my wife in the end, although, for reasons of her own, she wished to keep the engagement, for the time being, a secret. I submitted, because I loved her. And then, when I was helpless, because I was so sure of her, she turned upon me and cast me off. Like a worn-out glove!

"Anne, I could not believe it. We were in the ravine; she had strolled off in that direction, as though by chance, and I had followed her. I asked her what she meant: no doubt I looked like a dolt. She laughed in my face. It seemed that she had only been amusing herself; that she had never had any intention of marrying me; a 'comedy of the summer.' But no one laughs in my face twice—not even a woman. When, at last, I understood her, my infatuation vanished; and I said some words to her that night which I think she will not soon forget. Then I turned and left her.

"Remember that this was no boy whose feelings she had played with, whose respect she had forfeited; it was a man, and one who had expected to find in this Eastern society a perfection of delicacy and refinement not elsewhere seen. I scorned myself for having loved her, and for the moment I scorned all women too. Then it was, Anne, that the thought of *you* saved me. I said to myself that if you would be my wife, I could be happy with your fresh sincerity, and not sink into that unbelieving, disagreeable cynicism which I had always despised in other men. Acting on the impulse, I asked you.

"I did not love you, save as all right-minded men love and admire a sweet young girl; but I believed in you; there was something about you that aroused trust and confidence. Besides—I tell you this frankly—I thought I should succeed.

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I certainly did not want to be repulsed twice in one day. I see now that I was misled by Miss Vanhorn. But I did not see it then, and when I spoke to you, I fully expected that you would answer yes.

"You answered no, Anne, but you still saved me. I still believed in you. And more than ever after that last interview. I went away from Caryl's early the next morning, and two days later started for the West. I was hurt through and through, angry with myself, disgusted with life. I wanted to breathe again the freedom of the border. Yet through it all your memory was with me as that of one true, pure, steadfast woman-heart which compelled me to believe in goodness and steadfastness as possibilities in women, although I myself had been so blindly befooled. This is what you, although unconsciously, have done for me: it is an inestimable service.

"I was not much moved from my disgust until something occurred which swept me out of myself—I mean the breaking out of the war. I had not believed in its possibility; but when the first gun was fired, I started eastward at an hour's notice." Here Dexter rose, and with folded arms walked to and fro across the floor. "The class of people you met at Caryl's may smile and shrug their shoulders over what is called patriotism (I think they are smiling no longer), but the tidings of that first gun stirred something in *my* breast which is, I suppose, what that word means. As soon as I reached Pennsylvania, I went up to the district where my mines are, gathered together and equipped all the volunteers who would go. I have been doing similar work on a larger scale ever since. I should long ago have been at the front in person were it not that the Governor requires my presence at home, and I am well aware also that I am worth twenty times more in matters of organization than I should be simply as one more man on the field."

This was true. Gregory Dexter's remarkable business powers and energy, together with his wealth, force, and lavish liberality, made him the strong arm of his State, throughout the entire war.

He asked for no comment upon his story; he had told it briefly as a series of facts. But from it he hoped that the listener would draw a feeling which would make her rest content under his friendly aid. And he succeeded.

But before he went away she told him that while accepting all the house contained, she would rather return those of his gifts which had been personal to herself.

"Why?"

"I would rather do it, but I do not know how to explain the feeling," she answered, frankly, although her face was one bright blush.

"If you do not, I do," said Dexter, smiling, and looking at her with the beginnings of a new interest in his eyes. "As you please, of course, although I *did* try to buy a good shawl for you, Anne. Are you not very poorly dressed?"

"Plainly and inexpensively. Quite warmly, however."

"But what am I to do with the things? I will tell you what I shall do: I shall keep them just as they are, in the cedar box. Perhaps some day you will accept them."

She shook her head. But he only smiled back in answer, and soon afterward he went away.

The next day she sent the cedar case to his city address. She wrote a note to accompany it, and then destroyed it. Why should she write? All had been said.

Before the month was quite ended, Herr Scheffel succeeded in obtaining for her a place in another church choir. It was a small church, and the salary was not large, but she was glad to accept it, and more than glad to be able to write to Mr. Dexter that she had accepted it. New pupils came with the new year; she was again able to send money to Miss Lois, for the household supplies, so lavishly provided, were sufficient for the little family throughout the winter.

In February, being again in New York, Dexter came out to see her. It was a wild evening; the wind whistled around the house, and blew the hail and sleet against the panes. Most persons would have remained in the city; but after one look at Dexter's face and form, no one ever spoke to him about the weather. Anne had received a long letter from Jeanne-Armande; she showed it to him. Also one from Père Michaux. "I feel now," she said, "almost as though you were my—"

"Please do not say father."

"Oh no."

"Brother, then?"

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"Hardly that."

"Uncle?"

"Perhaps; I never had an uncle. But, after all, it is more like—" Here she stopped again.

"Guardian?" suggested Dexter; "they are always remarkable persons, at least in books. Never mind the name, Anne; I am content to be simply your friend."

During the evening he made one allusion to the forbidden subject. "You asked me to tell you nothing regarding the people who were at Caryl's, but perhaps the prohibition was not eternal. I spent an hour with Mrs. Heathcote this afternoon (never fear; I kept your sceret). Would you not like to hear something of her?"

Anne's face changed, but she did not swerve. "No; tell me nothing," she answered. And he obeyed her wish. In a short time he took leave, and returned to the city. During the remainder of the winter she did not see him again.

WITH THE VAN-GUARD IN MEXICO.

THE CATHEDRAL, CITY OF MEXICO.

ONE may go to Mexico from New Orleans, or Galveston, or Morgan City—all places feeling very much the new stimulus lately given to Mexican trade—by steamers which are comparatively small as yet for the rough usage they are apt to meet with in the Gulf, or he may sail to Vera Cruz by the line which touches, after Havana, at Progreso, Campeachy, and other points on the tropical coast, and so proceeds to its journey's end with considerable deliberation. It is possible, too, to cross the frontier at Matamoras, and traverse the whole length of the country by diligence; but that is only for the very adventurous, and those who deliberately choose to mix their pleasure with the greatest amount of risk and hardship. I shall not be guilty of the egotism of insisting, as the vice of some travellers is, that my own route was the best possible, but only that it was laid out

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with the design of combining comfort with expedition, and, above all, as much novelty of a sort allied with the main object of the journey as possible. I took the Cuba Mail Line's steamer *Newport* to Havana, spent somewhat more than a week at that capital and in the island, and took there the French mail-steamer, which calls on her way across the Atlantic to Vera Cruz.

They allowed us to sail out from the foot of Wall Street, and even blockaded us on the way down to it, as though there were nothing whatever of unusual moment under way. In the Babel of colossal interests there the new invasion of Mexico has its place, but it is a modest enough one as yet. It is seen through the small end of the telescope. The stocks and bonds of the new enterprises are being prepared in back offices, the loans cogitated over in bank parlors. Nothing is yet upon the market; no sign of the "boom" which is likely to attend upon further stages of a development which is phenomenal in its inception and character among the histories of peoples. It so happened that the *Newport* was not only a swift sailer, but the only American something or other—perhaps the only American-built ocean steamer sailing out of New York—so that we were allowed to take a patriotic pride in her merits. We had a heavy blow off the capes of Hatteras, but not more than sufficient to enable us to test the trustworthiness in adversity of our ship, without which that thorough-going respect which it would be desirable to pay to so much elegance of upholstery and expedition of movement could not have been had. As I am a veracious narrator, there was served to us off the Pan of Matanzas, with the thermometer at ninety degrees in the shade, a dish which called itself baked ice-cream, and was in fact an ice frozen as solid as one could demand, while a crust above it was brown and smoking.

It is of use to have seen Cuba, the mother colony, to note afterward the differences and resemblances in the old Spanish tradition which essentially possesses both countries. Havana, until the beginning of the present century, was hardly more than a stopping-place for Mexico, and was helped much by the independence of 1810. The Havanese still speak with great respect of what was once the richest and most populous of the Spanish possessions, and dwell upon the treasures of fine arts and the like to be found there. There is a fitness, too, in approaching for the new conquest of Mexico which each must make for himself—for there is no civilized country in these later times less written about and understood—by the same route as Cortez. It was in Cuba that the extraordinary man who is known in all traditions connected with the event as El Conquistador—the Conqueror—passed some years of a reckless youth not yet known to fame; and from Havana, like ourselves, that he dropped down with preparations still incomplete for the expedition which never ceases when contemplated to cause thrills of amazement.

The French mail-steamer has come a long journey of twenty days from St. Nazaire, touching at all sorts of alluring places such as Porto Rico and St. Thomas. All is as different as possible from an English steamer, and that is precisely the reason we have come aboard. The sailors go about in garments of two shades of blue cotton, and white canvas hats, as if equipped for some charming nautical opera. There was among the passengers a young Frenchman who had been back to his own country to marry a wife, and had brought her with him. There was a French engineer coming to report for his principals in Paris on Mexican mines; another who was the agent of a scheme for the establishment of a national bank. A young Italian of Novara, who had "Student" printed on his visiting card, had made an engagement in the capital for three years. An elderly Spaniard was coming over to look into the subject of forgotten heritages; another had obtained a position in the mines at Guanajuato; and there were commercial men, and a well-to-do Mexican family coming back from its travels. The stir of interest was by no means confined to Americans of the United States, it appeared; and it was possible in such a company to procure not a few details about the country in advance.

On the night of the third day out we had a "norther," and before sunset on the evening of the next were at Vera Cruz. The norther has a special importance in that when it blows, the Mexican harbors—so to call them—of the east coast can not be entered. The sea was still running down toward Vera Cruz as if it would overwhelm it. The sky was of an opaque gray above the low sand-hills, and afford-

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DOMES OF VERA CRUZ.

ed us no glimpse of the snow-clad peak of Orizaba, which is said to greet travellers at a distance from the coast on favorable occasions. The city itself, compact and solid, with a line of domes and steeples blackened with time, roofs of substantial red tiles, plentiful balconies, and bits of wall tinted blue, green, and pink, is like a little Venice. A large crane hangs out from the end of an iron pier, and the fancy hooks on to it at once—the terminus of the English railway which is to bear us away up the extraordinary slopes from the hot lands—the *tierras calientes*—to the mysterious interior and the capital.

There is a pleasant astonishment with the looks of the place, reputed so incorrigible a haunt of pestilence; one had expected very little from the land at this point. On the other hand, he had expected a good deal more from the water at the ancient port which receives nine-tenths of the commerce of a republic of ten millions of people, backward though they have been. No, there is no shipping under cover behind distant sand points; it is useless to search for it. All there is is a little cluster of sailing ships and steamers, of which we immediately proceed to make ourselves one, lying to buoys in a wide strait quite open to the north, and tolerably screened otherwise by the coral reef on which stands the fortress of San Juan d'Ulloa, half blackened with time and powder, and half newly whitewashed. Down to the south instead, on the sand, the sea is breaking over an English steamer, the *Chrysolite*, torn from her moorings and beached in the gale of the night before; and near by us is heard the painful creaking of the pumps, which barely keep afloat an American bark come disabled into port with logs from Alvarado. We meet the captain of this latter the next day, half disconsolate, half desperate, by turns, that there is no dry-dock for repairs. He can not procure the steam-pump with which he might proceed on his way, but must sit and see ship and cargo sold for a song where there are no bidders.

Not a year passes without a number of such instances, which justify the underwriters in charging five times as much insurance to Vera Cruz as to almost any other port. The price of a very few of them would pay the cost of the works needed to make the inhospitable roadstead a harbor. There are a few rudimentary preparations of absolute necessity before Mexico can enter upon the expected new period of prosperity, and this of the creation of harbors commensurate with the increase of routes of transportation, from which it is to arise, is one of them. A system of piers and breakwaters will no doubt have to be adopted, like those in use on the channel coasts of Europe and our own great lakes. At present, while those of the Pacific are too difficult of access from the interior for considerable use, of all the ports in use on the Atlantic side there is not one where a vessel can lie in safety, and where she is not obliged to transfer her effects, as we immediately proceed to do, to shore by lighters and small boats. It is gratifying to know that the importance of some measures of

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relief has impressed itself upon two of these places, Tampico and Vera Cruz, to the extent that they have very lately sought plans from our countryman Captain Eads, who finds himself in the country in connection with his unique scheme of the Tehuantepec ship railway.

In an existence of going on four hundred years, Vera Cruz has arrived at a population of seventeen thousand. The interior view of the place does not belie the promise of the first glimpse. The churches are of irregular, picturesque shapes, with nice bells. The principal one, in a little shaded plaza, has a dome of colored mosaic tiles, which shine in the sun—a style we shall see plenty of farther on. The principal shops have a well-furnished air, especially in the branches of groceries and heavy hardware, and the custom-house square is stuffed to repletion with cotton bales, railroad iron, and miscellaneous goods waiting transportation. The principal street is called De la Independencia, and leads to a short concrete promenade bordered with stone benches and palm-trees. It is early discovered that the Mexican is very patriotic. He names his streets after his battles, as particularly the Cinco de Mayo, fought at Puebla against the French, and even has a way of joining the names of his heroes to those of cities. Thus Puebla is Puebla de Zaragoza, commandant in the same great battle of the 5th of May; and Oaxaca is Oaxaca of (President) Juarez.

Grass grows in the joints of the stones in the minor streets, and open gutters run in the centre. One might be in some such Italian city as Mantua. The *zopilotes* of which travellers have written sit on long straight water-spouts projecting from the houses. They are large, raven black, dignified, and aloft there against the deep blue sky have an appearance of carved architectural ornaments. There are street-cleaning departments elsewhere which are far less ornamental, at any rate. Notices of a bull-fight for the coming Sunday are posted on the dead-walls. A tram car of a peculiar pattern runs out to the open fields, where there is a dancing place and ball ground. There is a view, in passing, of the cemetery, which should be a leading institution indeed at Vera Cruz; and yet when one is on the ground, as is apt to be the case, there are mitigations to be found even of the terrors of yellow fever. Pall-bearers in gloomy weeds are naturally expected to form a considerable part of the population, just as murderers and kidnappers of all sorts are expected to abound elsewhere. But an American resident assured me that in four years he had known but one of our countrymen to die of the *vomito*, as it is called, and very few to have it. Its chief havoc is among the poor and badly nourished. The American consul, himself a physician, and a resident of twelve years' standing, is strenuous in his views as to the harm done to the commercial interests of both countries by ignorance and misrepresentations on the subject. It is certain that the local authorities do not regard the disease as contagious, putting those afflicted side by side with surgical patients in the hospital; from which it seems that if the case were really looked into, there may be as little need of the annoying quarantine against yellow fever, at least of this variety, as if it were simple ague.

The train on the English railway puts out at eleven at night. There is but one train each way a day, and the journey consumes twenty hours. This journey over the first railway in Mexico, which rises 7500 feet in a total distance of 260 miles, has been sufficiently described as a great engineering feat to stimulate, but by no means to allay, curiosity. One may be a person of some intelligence, and yet not have the faintest idea of the character of the events that await him. The passengers in the third-class car began the night with singing and playing a harmonica. A car containing an escort of half a company of dusky Indian soldiers in dark blue uniform was coupled on. There climbed into the coach, divided into compartments and comfortably padded on the English plan, in which I had found a place with the French engineer come to examine mines, and the young Frenchman returning with his bride, so lawless and bizarre looking a person that the French engineer come to examine mines thought it the part of prudence to descend hastily and seek other quarters. It was the first glimpse of a personal aspect much affected by young Mexicans who aspire to a dashing air of fashion of a wholly national kind.

Our new friend wore a short black jacket, under which appeared a huge revolver; a red handkerchief knotted about his neck; tight pantaloons with broad

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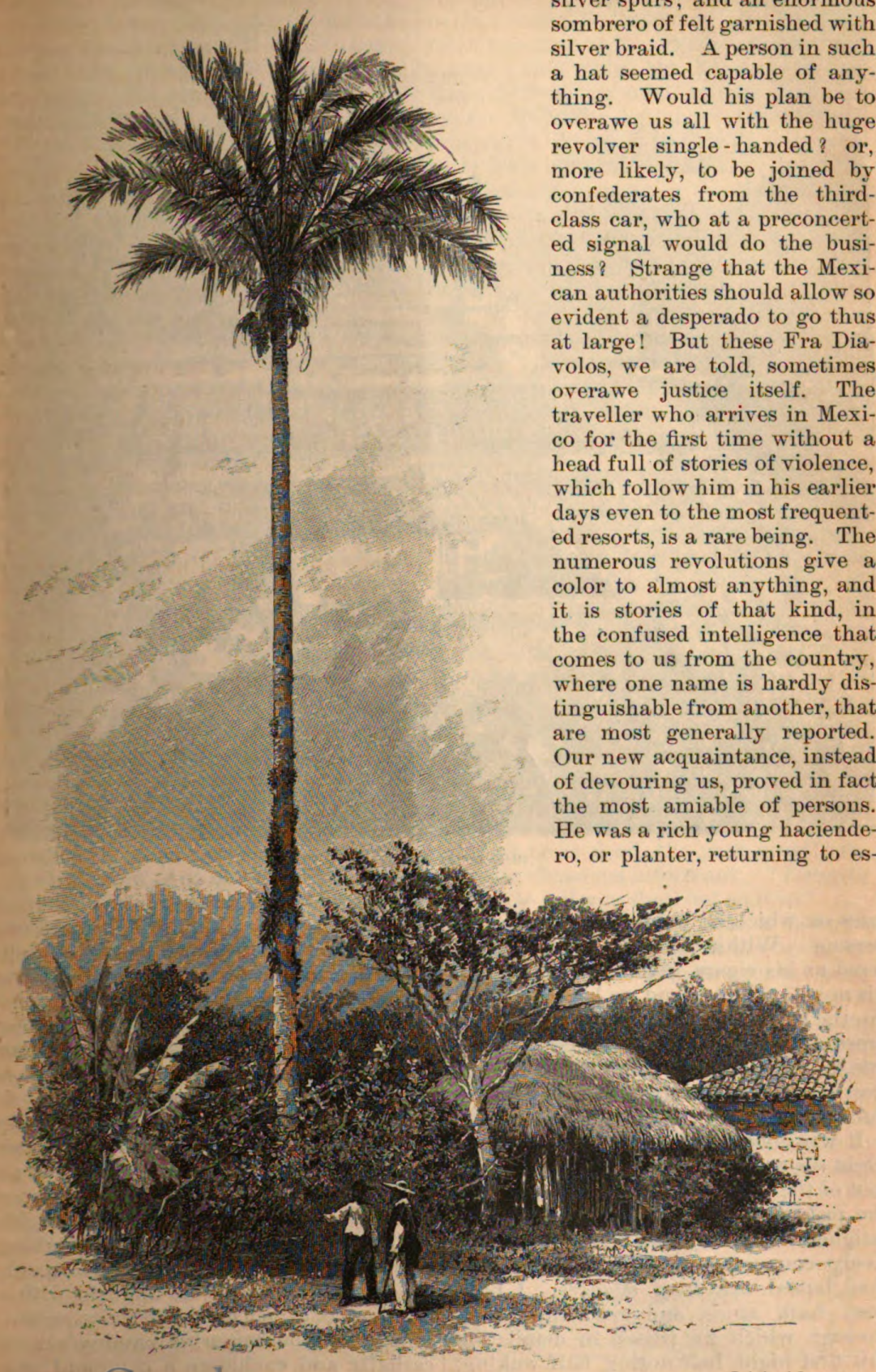
stripes of silver coins; immense silver spurs; and an enormous sombrero of felt garnished with silver braid. A person in such a hat seemed capable of anything. Would his plan be to overawe us all with the huge revolver single-handed? or, more likely, to be joined by confederates from the third-class car, who at a preconcerted signal would do the business? Strange that the Mexican authorities should allow so evident a desperado to go thus at large! But these Fra Diavolos, we are told, sometimes overawe justice itself. The traveller who arrives in Mexico for the first time without a head full of stories of violence, which follow him in his earlier days even to the most frequented resorts, is a rare being. The numerous revolutions give a color to almost anything, and it is stories of that kind, in the confused intelligence that comes to us from the country, where one name is hardly distinguishable from another, that are most generally reported. Our new acquaintance, instead of devouring us, proved in fact the most amiable of persons. He was a rich young hacendero, or planter, returning to es-



THE HOT LANDS.

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HILL OF EL BORRAJO.

tates on which he employed six hundred persons. Within no long time he had offered us his cigars, given us details upon his novel costume; and we had even tried on, the bride and all, the formidable sombrero, and learned that the price of such a one in the market (a favorite piece of Mexican extravagance) is from twenty to thirty dollars.

It was moonlight, and sleep on such a night seemed out of the question. Not a foot of the country ought to be lost. But the padded coach was comfortable; the fatigues of the day had been severe; the lively conversations became fitful, and then lapsed into long silences. I have been back since, and seen the places through which we passed in detail; but this first night, half dozing, half waking, sometimes even slightly, driven by curiosity, is wholly like a troubled dream, the waking part stranger than the sleeping. Palms and bananas and the dense coffee shrubbery, with hamlets of thatched cottages sleeping peacefully among them; a glimpse of cataract; an Indian mother singing to her baby; perfumes coming in at the window; statuesque, silent men in blankets, and Moorish-looking women offering fruits; stations from the outer door of which when reached no town was visible, but only an immense darkness; persons taking coffee in lighted interiors; the dusky soldiers laughing with loud guffaws in their compartment; a few startling words in English, with a Southern or even a good Hibernian accent, as some of the imported employés meet casually and exchange a comment, generally unfavorable, upon their situation

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in the country—these are the petty incidents that fix themselves in the memory.

As soon as the first gray of daylight appears, it seems incumbent on us to begin to admire the country. We are not far past Cordova, the centre of the most important coffee-growing interest.

"*Pouf!*" says our friend the hacendero.

He will not take the trouble yet to look out of the window. It is apparent that he expects something very much better. We have, in fact, passed some remarkable things in the night, but the best is still before us, and presently it begins.

At a little station called Fortin we commence to wind along the side of one of the vast sudden gorges which impede travel in the country, the *barranca* of Metlac. There are horseshoe curves which almost permit the traditional feat of the brakeman on the rear car lighting his pipe at the locomotive. We pass tunnels and trestle bridges, see our route above and below us on the hills in such parallel traces that it is hardly possible to understand that these are not so many different roads instead of the same. There is a point above Maltrata which is distant but two and a half miles in a direct line, but must be reached by twenty miles of zigzagging by rail. The history of this road, from the political point of view, presents hardly fewer obstacles and vicissitudes than those opposed by nature to its engineers. It passed under the rule of forty different presidencies, lost and recovered its charter, and, though of so moderate a length, required thirty years and thirty millions of dollars to build it.

The passengers are seen running out at the small stations for flowers, of which the hedges are full. We give the bride in our carriage roses, sprays of fragrant jasmine, and the splendid large scarlet tulipan, which may well pass as the type of tropical beauty. The sun came up and lighted Orizaba, rearing its 17,375 feet of altitude beside us to the right, making it first rosy red, then golden. The peak is a perfect sugar-loaf in form, with nothing splintered and savage about it as in the mountains of Switzerland. It seems almost too tame at first, a sort of drawing-master's mountain, but by degrees one takes it from its own gentler point of view. Its white top above the tropical prospect is like snow in sherbet. Orizaba itself is an important small city, the scene of a dashing surprise of the Mexicans by the French at the hill of the Borrajo. It has charming torrents, which furnish water-power for cotton and paper mills. One of them, conveyed on the arches of an aqueduct, turns the machinery of the sugar *ingenio* of Jalapilla, which was once a summer residence of Maximilian.

A delegation of relations who had come down the night before awaited our bridal couple here. What embracing and chattering! A Mexican embrace is of a character of its own. The parties to it fall upon each other's breasts as we are accustomed to see it done on the stage. It takes place, too, between mere acquaintances, almost with the commonness of shaking of hands. A vivacious sister-in-law gives the new-comer an idea of what is before her in her future home. "I have such flowers growing in the court," she said; "oranges, camellias, azaleas, all that you have there, and more. Ah! yes, indeed. I should think so!"

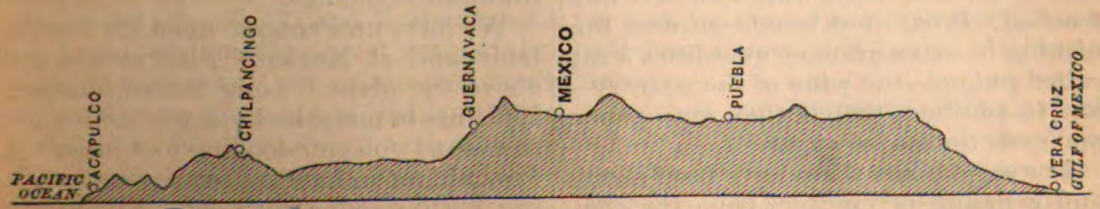
"And Jack?" inquires the husband, who is addressed as Prosper, "how always goes it with Jack?"

"Ah! he is dead, the poor beast!" replies the vivacious informant. "I regret to have to tell you that, but so it is."

It appears that Jack was a favorite monkey, and for a moment his untimely fate casts a shade of sadness over the company.

From the heights villages and their garden patches in small valleys nestled below appear like those plans in relief prepared for international exhibitions.

Mexico is one long mountain slope from the sea to the capital, and down again to the sea on the other side. At the top and



TRANSCONTINENTAL PROFILE OF MEXICO.

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THE RAILWAY JUDAS.

some other points on the way are levels —breathing-places, as it were, in the ascent. These are the table-lands, the chief seats of population, and they are utilized as far as possible by the projected new railways. This steep formation accounts for the absence of navigable streams and for the existence of climates verging from tropical to temperate, so often adverted to, so nearly side by side. The sharpness of the contrasts of climate is to be appreciated better by the more leisurely voyager. Besides, the really tropical vegetation is succeeded by a kind which to the eye of the American of the North is quite as exotic. Banana and cocoa-nut are followed by a hardy kind of date-palm; nopal or prickly-pear, as large as apple-trees with us; the tall, straight organ-cactus, greatly in use for hedges; and particularly the remarkable maguey, or century plant. What would American conservatories give, or a certain famous New York club, to possess some of these splendid specimens of the century plant eight and ten feet high! It is the typical production of the central table-land, which we have now reached. It has most beneficent uses, furnishing in extraordinary quantities a sap called *pulque*—the wine of the country—and in addition, thatch, fuel, rope, paper, and even tissues for apparel.

For some hours there have been shouts and a fizzing of crackers from the commoner cars, and we see mule teams and their loads fantastically decorated. We learn that it is the *Sabado de Gloria*, the day preceding Easter, and an occasion of importance. It is devoted by custom to the particular revilement of Judas, who is made a Guy Fawkes of, and caricatured in every possible way. Venders parade the streets, and children at this time estimate their good fortune by the number of grotesque Judases they possess, just as at the season of All-Souls the object is to procure cakes, gingerbread, and even more substantial viands, moulded into the forms of death's-heads and cross-bones and coffins. We meet at the junction of Apizaco a merry excursion train for Puebla, flying with rosettes and streamers, and provided with two mammoth Judases stuffed with fire-works, one on the locomotive, the other on a baggage-car. The former is blown up in our presence amid hilarious rejoicings.

We have now entered upon the central table-land of Mexico. Fine clouds roll above the plain. Long, dotted, perspective lines of maize and maguey stretch out to distant volcanic-looking foot-hills. A few cultivators in white cotton are ploughing with wooden ploughs. At the stations squads of mounted rural police, in

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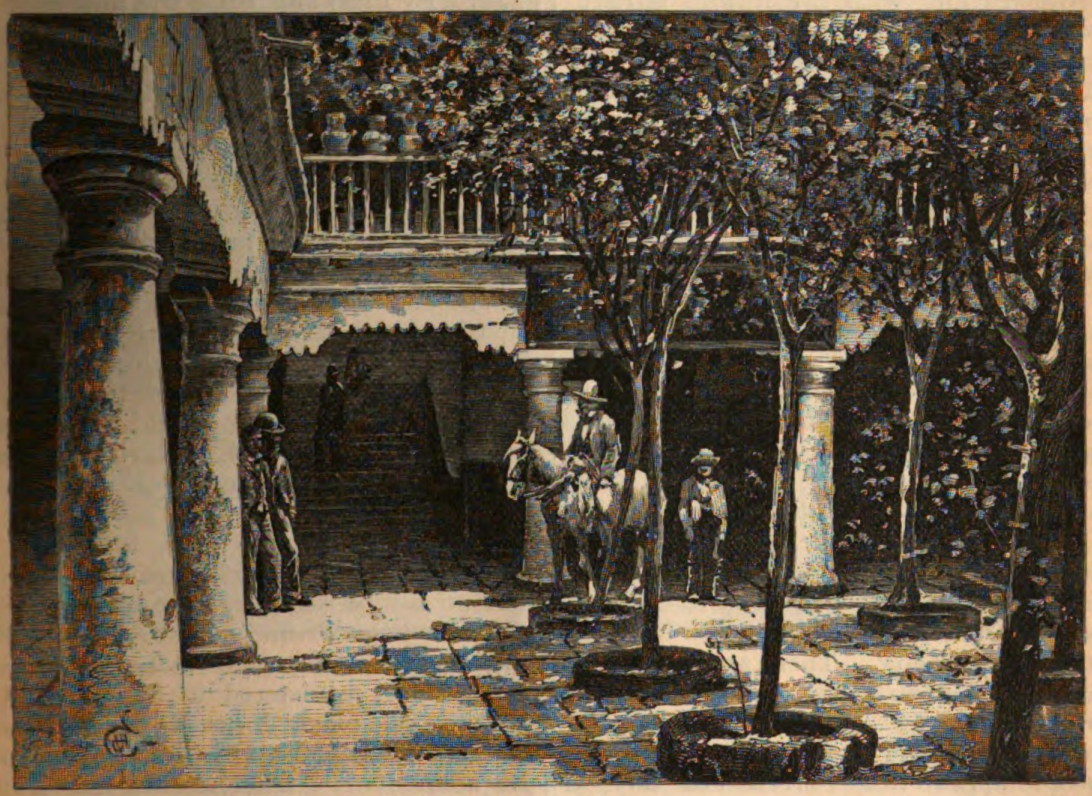
leather uniforms and sashes which make them a reminiscence of Cromwell's cavaliers, salute the train. The sparse towns consist of a nucleus of excellently designed old churches in environments of mud-colored unburned brick. A thousand dollars' worth of whitewash would work a miracle in each one of them. Neither these plains nor the valley of Mexico where vestiges remain of an ancient city that was ruined even in the time of the Aztecs, a glimpse is had of the first real pagan teocallis—the pyramids of the Sun and Moon—though we have been continually thrilling with the discovery of them all along in the symmetrically shaped foothills, which imitate their forms perfectly.

Evening draws on. We are travel-



COURT-YARD OF HOUSE OF THE LATE PRESIDENT JUAREZ.

are the verdant terrestrial paradise that has been represented, but parched and brown, which is accounted for by our being at the end of the rainy season. Columns of dust whirled up like water-spouts are a regular feature in the landscape. A stage-coach going along the road is marked by its dust as a locomotive by its steam. Isolated houses there are none, with the exception, at long intervals, of a gloomy, square, fort-like hacienda, with straw-stacks and some flocks and herds near it. At Apam, the Bordelais, as it were, of the *pulque*, new-comers are accustomed to essay and make grimaces at this beverage, poured out for them from a sheep-skin bag in its natural shape. It does not commend itself to favor on a first acquaintance. At San Juan Teotihuacan, stained and weary, but the great moment approaches. Can it be possible that these shallow pools, without sail or skiff, are the lakes on which Cortez launched his brigantines? And where are the floating gardens? Deposits of salt and alkali whiten the lonesome shores. Well, everything in due time. We shall see. We run out upon a low causeway between marshes. Other causeways, a bit of aqueduct, and dilapidated adobe walls are seen. It is a disillusionment like approaching Venice at low tide. We are at Mexico.

There is another custom-house, which is partly municipal, at the Buena Vista station. Every State charges dues at its frontiers, and the towns still collect revenue at their gates. Hackney-coaches are

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one of the few things that are cheap in Mexico. One of them conveys us by what seems a long ride to the principal hotel. This was once the palace of the Emperor Iturbide, and should have something stately about it, and so it has. There is a high sculptured doorway, with an Aztec touch in the design, though not in the details, and long grotesque water-spouts project into the street. Within is a large dark arcaded court, with a café and billiard-room, the leading resort of the leisurely youth of the town. The office is a dark little box of a place, with two serious men in it, who have no idea of welcoming the visitor. The gorgeous and affable hotel clerk of Northern latitudes is unknown. In the rear are more courts, not arcaded, and around all of these the rooms are ranged.

It is not so late on the evening of our arrival but that the traveller, after dining, may still take a stroll. He will be apt to fancy at first from the quietude that reigns that his hotel is not on a principal street; but it is in fact in the most central part of the city, and on the street on which, with three others running parallel say for half a mile, and the included cross streets, the principal retail traffic is transacted. One of the early discoveries is that Mexico is a serious and by no means a gay city. There are no crowds upon the sidewalks, no eating of ices in public, no *cafés chantants*, nothing Parisian. By nine or ten o'clock the good people appear to have retired already, to be up betimes in the morning for the work of the day. A military band plays three evenings in the week, but even this, except on Sundays, is so sparsely attended that the men seem to be discoursing their music for their own amusement. Policemen are found stationed at short intervals in the quiet streets, with their lanterns set in the middle of the roadway. They are obliged by the regulations to signal their whereabouts every quarter of an hour, and the sound of their whistles, which have a shrill, doleful note, like November wind, may be heard repeated from one to another all the night through.

As the place does not expect tourists, there are almost none of the appurtenances for their enlightenment to be met with elsewhere. While this may have its annoyances, if the demands of an ardent curiosity remain too long unanswered, the freedom from responsibility to a Baedeker or a Murray has advantages of its own. The visitor with an eye for the picturesque dips into a delicious feast of novelties, makes discoveries on every hand, and may have the pleasure of testing the value of his own unaided conclusions. By daylight, with its bright colors upon it, and its normal stir of life, the famous remote capital is a very different place. By little and little the misapprehensions of the night are shaken off. From the first moment of disappointment we like it always more instead of less.

Here at length is the great central plaza, in which events of much moment have been transacted. We may actually sit down upon an iron bench at a corner of a little garden in the midst of it, the Zocalo, and make ourselves as comfortable as if we had always been used to it. The imposing cathedral piles up pyramid-shape from this point of view on the spot where stood the pyramid of the Aztec war god. These stones should be ankle-deep for all the blood of various sorts that has been spilled upon them. For the moment we are fanatic reactionists. One would gladly see again for a brief instant old Hutzilopotchli, the war god, aloft on his terrace, hear the beat of the lugubrious war-drum, and watch the dismal procession of captives winding up to the sacrifice, ministered to by the wild priests with black locks flowing upon their shoulders. Except that at the precise moment—we trust we are merciful enough for that—before it was too late, we think we should insist upon charging up the steps of the edifice with Cortez, sword in hand, to their delivery. "San Jago and Spain! when was it ever known that Castilians turned their backs upon a foe?" Down goes old Hutzilopotchli, broken into a dozen fragments, and howl as our Aztec adversaries may at the unheard-of desecration, those captives are saved.

But really it is hard to imagine desperate conflicts in this bright sunshine, with the multitudes of pretty, novel sights and sounds about. At one side is a beneficent institution, the National Loan Establishment, where once was the palace of Cortez; on another, the long white monotonous National Palace, which is on the site of that of Montezuma. The cathedral, like most of the earlier architecture, is of the Renaissance style, run far

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A FLOWER SHOW IN THE ZOCALO.

into the vagaries of rococo; but it is saved by its massiveness, except in respect to the terminations of its towers, which are in the shape of immense bells, from any appearance of finicality. Adjoining, and forming now a part of it, is another church, in a rich dark red volcanic stone, with a front that recalls the fantastic façades of Portuguese Belem. What a water-color the mass would make, and especially if it could be taken on one of the perfect moonlight nights, which bring out every line of the sculpture softly, and display it all like a lovely vision! There are book-stalls about the foot of it, and gay booths devoted to the sale of refreshing drinks—*aguas nevadas*. The large simple jars and pitchers in which these are contained are fine specimens of ceramic ware. With a characteristic taste in decoration, the Indian occupants frequently cover the whole front with flowers. Dusky Juanas and Josefas, with straight black braids of hair down their backs, are seen forming inscriptions in letters of pink and blue corn-flowers.

Figures go by whose blankets one burns to take from them for portières. The men of the poorer sort wear or carry universally the *serape*—a blanket with a slit in the centre for the insertion of the head. Apart from its artistic patterns, it is a useful garment in many emergencies. It is not the most improbable thing in the world that, in the course of the Mexican revival, we may yet see it introduced in the States, and running the course of popularity of the Ulster. The corresponding national garment of women is the *rebozo*, a shawl or scarf, generally of blue cotton, which, crossed over the head and lower part of the face, gives a Moorish appearance. The background of life is more like opera than sober existence. Two other sides of the square are occupied by long arcades, among the merchants of which, protected from the sun and rain, one may wander by the hour, watching the shrewd de-

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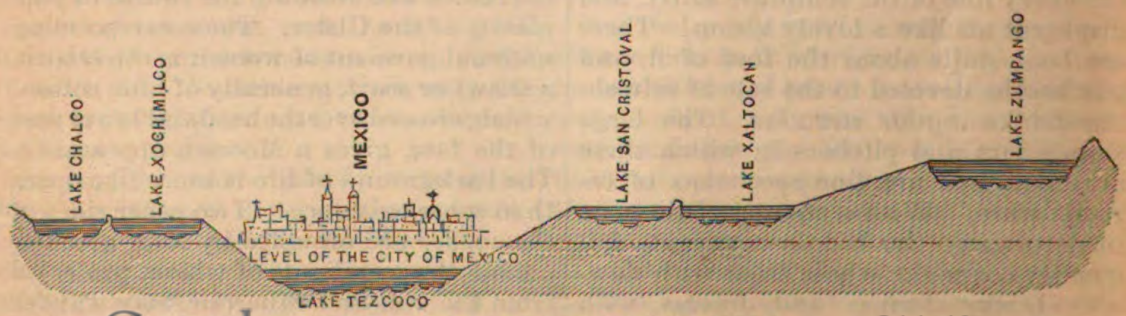
vices of trade, and picking up those knick-knacks, trifling in the country of their origin, which are certain to be curiosities elsewhere. From time to time pass across the view, dark and Egyptian-like in appearance, in a peculiar dress of their own, and trudging under heavy burdens, Indians who have best preserved the traditions of their race. These have affected me as the most impressive of all. Followed to their homes, they are found to dwell among ruined walls in the outskirts, in adobe huts which can have changed very little in aspect since the Conquest.

These Indians have peculiar, pleasant voices, rather in contrast to the Spanish voice, which is apt to be harsh. Their manners, too, are above their surroundings. It is a favorite Mexican expression to say, "This is your house," and I have had them on being introduced say, "Well, remember number so-and-so of such a street is your house." So, in the same way, it happened to me once, on looking with curiosity into one of these abodes, to ask an elderly woman who stood near by, by way of making talk, if it were hers. "Yes," she replied at once; "and yours also, sir."

The trees neither in the Zocalo nor the Alameda (a park occupying somewhat the position of the Common in Boston) have the hoary antiquity one would expect in such time-honored places. But it appears that the setting out of the trees, and the formation of the Zocalo entirely, is largely of modern date, and the work of Maximilian, a monarch who in his short, ill-fated reign had many excellent ideas. The centre of the Zocalo is occasionally allowed to be inclosed, for some select festivity orations were delivered there on the national festival of the 5th of May. Again there was a charming flower show, to which came the ladies of the upper society, the young ones in charge of their chaperons, and almost all in the graceful mantilla instead of the bonnet.

Tramways run out of the plaza in many directions. The city early utilized this invention, and boasts of having one of the most complete existing systems. Their inscriptions have an attractive look. One is enticed to take all the different routes at once. Patience! it is all accomplished in time—to Guadalupe Hidalgo, with its treasures and its miraculous virgin; Tacubaya, with its villas; Dolores, with its cemetery; La Viga, with its picturesque canal giving access to the *chinampas* of flowers and vegetables—the floating gardens, which after all really do exist; the gates of Belem and Niño Perdido, familiar in the story of the American capture of the city; and particularly—yes, above all—to Chapultepec, theatre of vaunted exploits of American valor, and of moving events in every historic epoch.

Mexico is extraordinarily flat, and its streets laid as regularly at right angles as in our own most symmetrical town. At the ends of all of them, in whatsoever direction, the view is closed by mountains. Its flatness, together with its position in reference to the adjoining series of lakes, is one of the circumstances which have occasioned the greatest solicitude in the past, and still call for almost as much. Bad odors beset the nostrils, and stagnant gutters, neglected heaps of garbage, the sight, of the wayfarer about the interesting streets. The situation in this particular is a crying shame. The citizens of Mexico should stop, as if an enemy were at their gates, and devote themselves to its remedy. Not another railroad should be built, not another dollar voted to any public purpose, till it is attended to. Rich Americans and others who are expected to make their winter residence here will not do it under such conditions. It is neither merciful nor politic to any one to mince the matter.



SECTION OF COMPARATIVE LEVELS OF LAKES.

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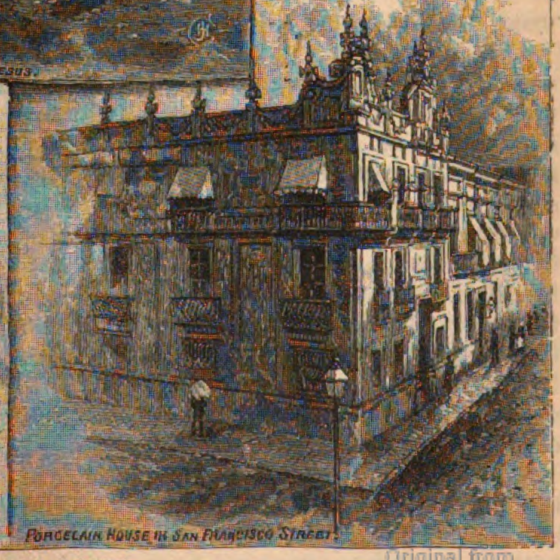
The drainage problem of the city, divested of the mystery with which it has been surrounded in learned treatises, is simply this. When the vast slope from the sea has been surmounted, and the Valley of Mexico—of the height of the Swiss pass of St. Gothard—reached, it is found to form a shallow cup-like depression containing six lakes. These are of many different levels. Tezcoco is the lowest. On the edge of this, or even in the midst of it, like another Venice, with canals for streets, the ancient Mexico was built. Tezcoco as the lowest formerly received the drainage of the others. On the slightest accession of water, therefore, the city, which is even now, after a considerable shrinkage in all the lakes, but a little more than six feet, at its central portion, above the mean surface of Tezcoco, was inundated. To obviate this the waters of the three upper lakes, San Cristoval, Xaltocan, and Zumpango, were turned backward (as has been done to the river at Chicago in these

SEMI-VILLA ON THE PASEO OF BUCARELLI.

OLD SPANISH PALACE IN THE CALLE DE JESUS.

THE MODERN STYLE.



PORCELAIN HOUSE IN SAN FRANCISCO STREET.

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late years) by a great Spanish work of the early seventeenth century—the Cut of Nochistongo—through the mountains, and got rid of in the direction of the Atlantic.

But Tezcoco itself has no outlet, and, as experience has proved, with only Chalco and Xochimilco to be taken care of, is liable to flood the city yet. With the desired relief from this peril is inseparably bound up also the drainage problem. The fall is so slight at best that even with Lake Tezcoco preserved at a normal level, and kept from backing up into the sewers, there is no destination for the refuse received by it but to lie a festering mass of corruption in the stagnant water. With all the rest is complicated also the question of irrigation for the valley. No end of plans have been offered to resolve the whole or a part of these difficulties. The history of them would make an interesting chapter in itself. Some have proposed to pump out the lake by steam; others, to intercept the waters running into it, and allow it to dry; another, to exhaust it by a great siphon, built of stone and cement. But the judgment of most has been in favor of establishing a current by means of a direct canal to some point lower than the lake itself. The mountains in the neighborhood have been ransacked for the most favorable point of exit. Such a plan was officially adopted, in fact, and a considerable beginning made, under the direction of an able engineer of foreign education, Don Francisco Garay. But the works were allowed to languish. Neither government nor community seemed more than half-hearted in the effort to get rid of evils to which they had so long been used, and at present all is at a stand-still.

Choosing streets at random where all are attractive, and proceeding to their terminations in this direction and in that, you arrive now at a *cul-de-sac*, now at a city gate, now at vestiges of adobe fortifications, and a moat. Few vehicles apart from the coaches are seen, but plenty of troops of laden donkeys, and everywhere the cotton-clad natives themselves bearing loads the beasts of burden might refuse. There is a story that when wheelbarrows were first introduced on the railroads, the peons filled them in the usual way, and then carried them on their backs.

Each separate establishment of the minor traffic has its distinctive marks. The butcher, who is elsewhere a personage with no great taste for ornament, here has crimson banners, and his brass scales bedecked with rosettes. A mule trotting along with quarters of beef or carcasses of mutton on each side hung from hooks brings him his supplies. But it is especially the *pulque* establishments, corresponding to our corner liquor stores, which devote themselves to decoration. Not one so poor as to be found without its ambitious fresco of a battle scene, or subject from mythology or romance. They delight in such titles as "The Ancient Glories of Mexico," "The Famous St. Lorenzo," "The Terrestrial Paradise," and even "The Delirium."

On the tramways pass not only passenger-cars, but platforms carrying freight—moving the household goods of a family, for instance. There are impressive catafalques and mourning-cars also, running smoothly along, for funeral processions. Both of these might be advantageous ideas for suburban lines of our own. Presently comes by a more expeditious funeral yet—a couple of peons at a jog-trot bearing a black coffin on their shoulders. Battered old churches and convents on a great scale, and of a grandiose architecture, now for the most part devoted to other purposes, are encountered with extraordinary frequency. But for the sequestration acts, Mexico must have become, if it were not already, one vast ecclesiastical edifice. Supposing only the operation of common causes, it is easily seen how the Church corporations—repositories of the gifts of the faithful, moved by no feverish haste of speculation, and with no reckless heirs to spend their gains—must in the lapse of time become possessed of an enormous share of the goods of the communities in which they exist.

There is no lack of sculptured old rococo palaces of the conquerors and their near successors either. Many of these are in the peculiar rich red stone before mentioned. Many have carved escutcheons. There is one with immense water-spouts in its cornice, cut in the shape of field-pieces, with half the diameter of the wheels projecting. But infinitesimal quantities of vacant building land exist within the circuit of the city. All is compact. The Continental system of *portes cochères* and interior court-yards prevails. How many glimpses, both pleasing and curious, we get into these interiors, through the open doors! What a pity that the severity of our winters prevents some essays in build-

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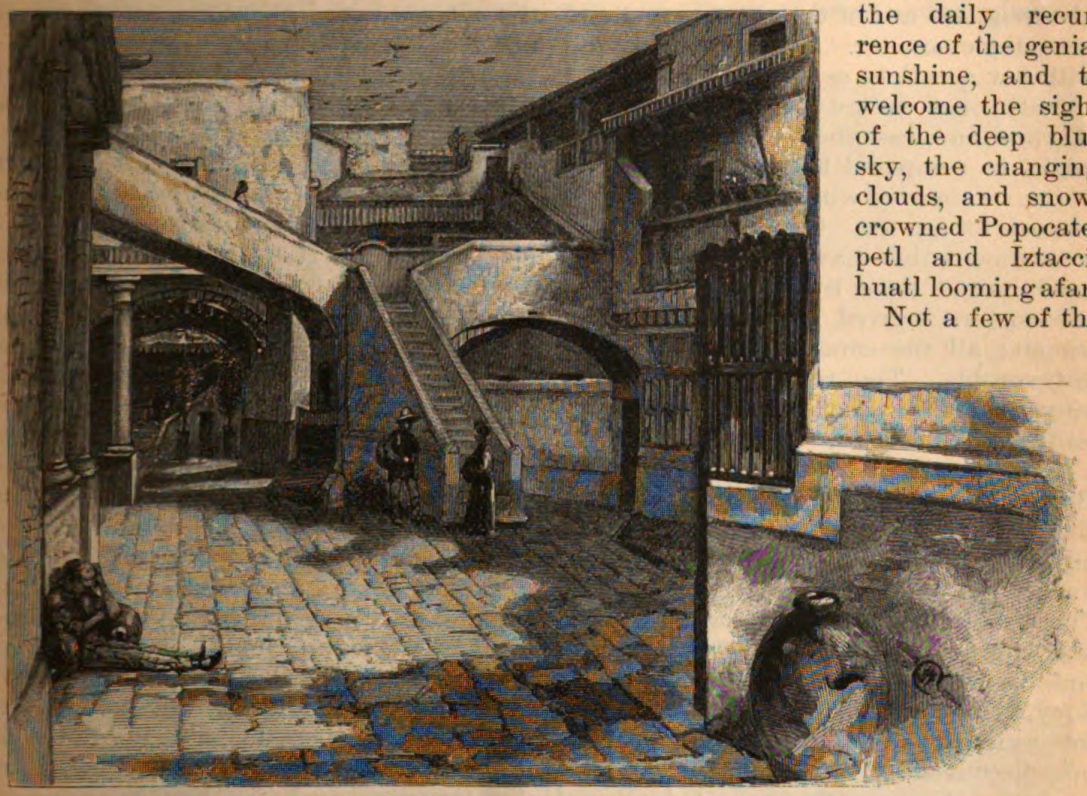
ing in a style which would be so admirably adapted to our summers! At the entrances of some, which are apparently tenement-houses, are placed pious dedicatory signs, as "Casa de la Santisima," "Casa de la Divina Providencia." From



ENTRANCE TO TENEMENT-HOUSES.

our hotel is visible a mansion entirely faced (inside as well as out) with colored tiles—a china house as piquant as if it belonged in a fairy tale.

Back at the hotel, meanwhile, the courtyard of the deceased Emperor Iturbide is full of Americans or of English-speaking foreigners, sitting about, discussing their projects. For the most part, when off duty, they grumble a little. They do not find themselves exactly right in health. They have dizziness and loss of appetite, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere. They accommodate themselves ill to the delays interposed by lack of familiarity with the language, and to the different manners and customs. But this is only a temporary stage, and it is a pity that any should go away before the month or so is past which is necessary in order to become used to the peculiarities of the climate. Mexico extends her friendship and favors [illegible]like all those friendships perhaps which are best worth having—only gradually and by easy stages. Noting for a considerable time—since a few agreeable days are to be had anywhere—the extraordinary evenness of the temperature, one begins to appreciate, first with wonder, then with admiration, the daily recurrence of the genial sunshine, and to welcome the sight of the deep blue sky, the changing clouds, and snow-crowned Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl looming afar.

Not a few of the figures in these gossiping groups have a national and even more than a mere national reputation. Most familiar among them is Grant, who has certainly done nothing unworthy of his great fame in lending a part of it to the development of the resources of a much-suffering people. Does he ever reflect in these historic halls, one wonders in passing, on the meteoric career of the Emperor Iturbide? Has all the talk on Cæsarism ever put the idea the least in the world in his head? Rumors, mischievous to the cause of amity and progress, run of late that it is in Mexico, not in the United States, that he desires to found his empire. Certainly it would be difficult to imagine so unmelodramatic a figure in the robes and stars and crosses in which Iturbide caused himself to be arrayed, after the pattern of Napoleon. Iturbide wrote in his memoirs—which for a naïve display of egotism are highly interesting reading—one sagacious sentence:

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"Devotees of theories are apt to forget that in the moral as in the physical order only a gradual progress can be expected." But the fallacy was in the application. The empire can never educate the citizen for the republic.

The projects in the mouths of the circle of foreigners are of the most varied and sweeping character. It is a phenomenon with few parallels, as has been said.

Only once before, on the coming of Maximilian, was there something that might be compared to the present stir of life in a country which the century has seemed to ignore. Could a permanent government then have been established, much might have been done. But the new-comers arrived as masters, not as friends; all the conditions were wholly unfavorable. The real substantial improvements, too, apart from the mere glitter for the comfort of the throne, were but a faint presage of those proposed to-day. Here the more efficient lighting of the city is discussed; here the working of coal mines; here the establishment of sugar refineries, shoe factories, and cotton mills. There are constructors of telegraph lines, and engineers about starting out on reconnoissances. This person has come down to look into coffee plantations; that, into establishing a line of steamers. This one discourses of the tranquillity of the country. He asserts that three ploughs are now sold to one revolver, and names prominent bandits who have become peaceable hacienderos. Another has come up from the interior with a great scheme of a colony and mines, much too rose-colored, one would say, with which he will start back to New York to organize a syndicate. Of mines of gold and silver there is no lack. These are one of the specialties of the country. But it is to be said of them that they present fully the uncertainties by which mining is characterized elsewhere, and are perhaps the least promising of the investments offering. But it is the business of railroad-building and of procuring charters and subventions from the government that as yet throws all else into the shade. Five great lines, two of which have already made long strides forward, are to traverse the country from north to south, and more than twice as many from east to west, connecting the oceans. There were said, a short time ago, when but a portion of this work was laid out, to be six hundred American engineers in Mexico. These are often young graduates of Cornell and other well-known polytechnic schools. In the capital the engineers and employés form settlements in boarding-houses of their own; make resorts of certain economical restaurants where little but English is heard. They associate little with the natives, but go about their work rough and ready in appearance, postponing finicalities of adornment till the heat and burden of the campaign are over, and a respite may legitimately be taken.

The point is, or one of the leading points at least is, whether the capital itself is going to be a great city. It seems impossible to doubt it. It can be seen what cities have sprung up from nothing at the mere junction of railroads. Here is one with a population of 250,000 people already, a seat of government and of schools, colleges, museums, and galleries of fine arts, with three hundred and sixty years of existence and traditions of great fascination behind it, an admirable climate, and extraordinary scenery. There are to come into it (and already built in portions) the Mexican Central, the National, and the International through the heart of the country, the Mexican Oriental on the eastern sea-board, and the Occidental on the western, and General Grant's road, the Mexican Southern—all these to have interoceanic branches and feeders; the Morelos road, the Acapulco road, the English road to Vera Cruz, another, now constructing, to the same point by Puebla and Jalapa, and a number of shorter lines of only relatively less importance. But a small portion of this would be sufficient to create a new metropolis outright, while Mexico, as we have seen, has grown to a certain greatness with no advantages at all, not even tolerable wagon-roads. It seems its manifest destiny, with its central position in the country, and on the transcontinental line, and its existing prestige, to become the central depository and place of exchange for the products of the whole country. It ought to become a favorable point, too, for manufactures, and the metropolitan residence of the wealthy from the cities of the interior, who have come rarely to the capital heretofore, and, like the Senators and Deputies, never even thought of bringing their families, owing to the barbarous state of the roads. The existing difficulties in the way of communication can hardly be conceived. There are perfectly authentic accounts of persons having

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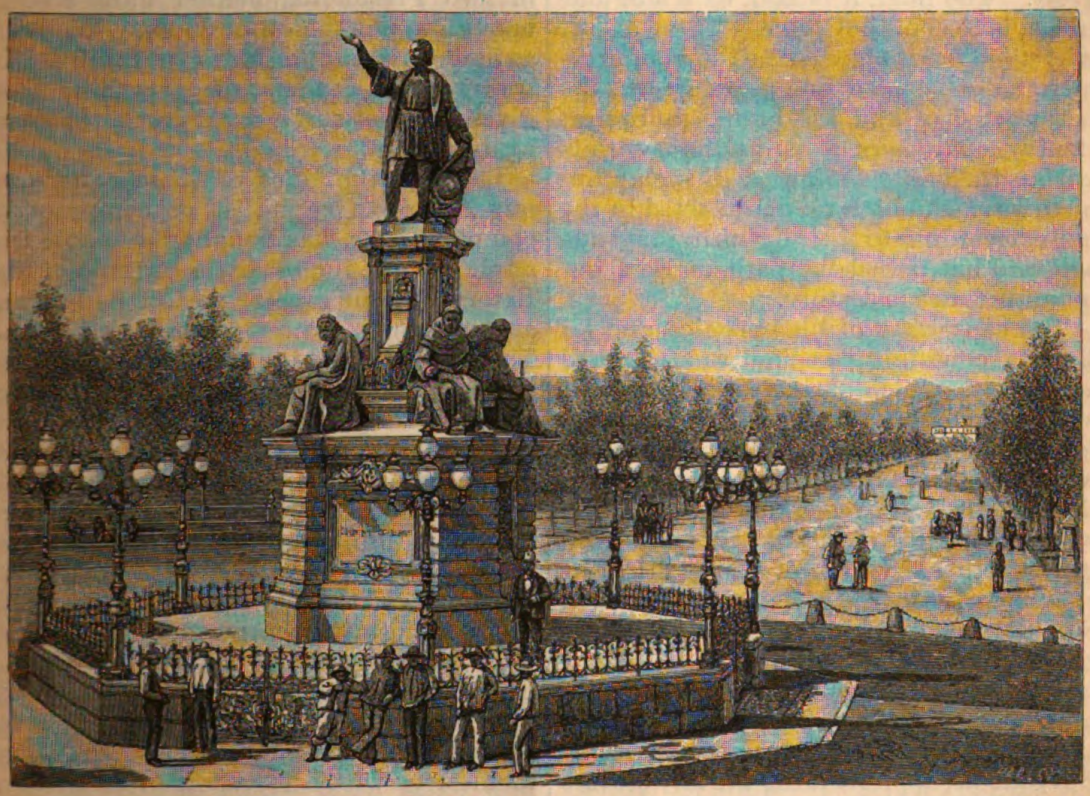
gone down from Mexico to Vera Cruz, from there to New York, from there across the plains to San Francisco, and thence by Pacific mail-steamer to Acapulco, rather than make the direct journey of 300 miles on muleback over the sierra.

One shrewd American among the rest, at any rate, sitting about with our much-spur. This was the intelligent forecast of Maximilian, a ruler more gifted in the elegant arts of life than in the ferocities of Mexican war and statecraft. He made Chapultepec his summer palace also, and laid out to it the handsome Calzada, or Boulevard, of the Reform, which has become the afternoon drive and promenade,



THE DRIVE TO CHAPULTEPEC.

occupied friends in the Iturbide arcade, counting upon some such development, has bethought him of an enterprise almost at the very door which seems more promising than many of the gold mines and railway charters. When the map is studied, there appears, owing to present compactness of building, and the low and un desirable character of the land on the other sides, but one direction in which the city can progress. The city of the future, the new Mexico, must, on all accounts—drainage, scenery, convenience of access—advance up the gentle rise toward the west, to the slope of the foot-hills of which the famous Chapultepec, ex-palace of the Montezumas and of the viceroys, ex-military school, ex-fortress, and now observatory, commanding one of the most charming views of the valley, is the foremost

the Central Park and Bois de Boulogne, of fashionable Mexico. It is an avenue nearly two miles long, from a certain famous equestrian statue of Charles IV. of Spain, which was the first bronze statuary cast in this hemisphere—and excellent work it is still—and 200 feet wide, with double rows of trees—eucalyptus and ash—shading its sidewalks. The Mexican equestrian dandy should be observed as he curvets his horse along it of an afternoon among the fine carriages. He wears not only his weighty spurs and silver-braided sombrero now, but a cutlass at his saddle-bow, and a larger revolver than before. It is not that there is need of them, since a couple of mounted carbineers, of whom there is no great need either, are stationed at nearly every hundred yards, but as a part of his peculiar form of display. And

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in this, too, some of our young Americans, of those who have become residents of the country, out-Mexican the Mexicans themselves, carrying all their customs to an exaggerated extreme.

There are to be six great circles spaced at intervals along the way. The first, containing a fine Columbus, is finished; and Guatemozin, for the second, is in progress. The next, it is said, by a singular irony, is to contain Cortez. There at last will stand face to face, since their countrymen have become one people now, the heroic savage and his heroic murderer, the two characters of contradictory traits within themselves mingled in such a human way, who both no doubt acted in the main according to their lights in that rude age, and but traced the path marked out by an inevitable destiny.

The causeways of La Veronica and La Romita, containing ancient small arched aqueducts, which bring water to the city, branch off from Chapultepec, and form two sides of an obtuse triangle, which has the Calzada de la Reforma in the middle. It was along these causeways that the Americans came running in that other invasion of a very different character in 1847. It is told that when Shields was charging along that to the right, after the fall of the castle, Scott, fearing imprudent haste, sent to detain him. The aide had got as far as, "General Scott presents his compliments—" But Shields, apprehending the unwelcome purport of the message, cut him short with, "I have no time for compliments just now," and hurried on where he could not be overtaken. Do the Mexicans bear us a grudge for all this? They seem amiably to have forgotten every trace of it; and far be it from us to revive such memories in any boasting spirit. It was a wretched piece of business at best. There is a behind-the-scenes to it here, when one is upon the ground. It is almost pathetic, and by no means calculated to add to self-complacency, to read the Mexican account of what took place, in the small history, for instance, studied in the schools. The almost unbroken series of rebuffs, after which they went up time after time without a hope of success to the slaughter, are frankly admitted. The country was torn by internal dissensions. The generals went back from the field to put down or sustain the government, refused to aid one another in their operations, and availed themselves of the troops given them to combat the Americans to put themselves in power. There were not less than eleven changes of government, chiefly violent, during the short course of the war. In February and March of the year in which the invaders made their entry there was fighting in the streets of the capital for well-nigh a month between the forces of two Presidents, neither quite strong enough to put the other down. Want of gallantry is not a Mexican failing. It was want of leaders, of everything that gives steadiness in a great crisis, that was against them.

Between the lines of these aqueducts our American capitalist, or company, if company it be, has bought the whole triangle of land, inclosing the Calzada of the Reform for the greater part of its length, at one sudden swoop, for building upon. There it lay vacant, except for use as pasture, and nobody had thought of taking it for such a purpose. For one reason, it has not been safe, till the establishment of the excellent law and order which all concede to prevail under the last and the present administrations, to live too far remote from the thickly settled districts. For another, the city itself has furnished room enough till the present for most of those who desired to find a place in it. But what accommodations will be needed now that these days of effervescence have arrived, and imaginations are regaling themselves with the vision of so great a future, is not at all an easy matter to determine.

Villas are spoken of, to be built by the company, and restricted rights, so as to preserve a select and park-like aspect. The surveyor has already begun his imposing maps, and districting into blocks and streets. There are to be more than enough front lots on the fashionable Calzada alone to pay the absurdly modest first cost. By the Mexican law property is not taxed, except upon such revenue as it produces. A piece of land, or a house or shop, might be improving in value, if untenanted, till it was worth an immense sum without paying one cent—a condition which would seem to make Mexico, for real estate speculation, the most glorious country in the world. There are already Artesian wells for fountains and gardens; excellent building stone from the old Spanish quarries—with the old Spanish towers upon them still standing—is so

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near to the proposed extension of the city that it may be drawn upon the ground with the greatest expedition. A grand hotel, to eclipse anything on the continent, is also talked of in the enthusiasm of the moment as one of the feature of the scheme.

If it do but surpass, or even equal, some of our better hotels of the second grade, it will be a boon to the place to be heartily thankful for. It will receive the American travellers, whose tastes are now so little consulted, to a unit; and it may expect by no means a few of the Mexicans themselves, who are not slower than the rest of the world in recognizing a good thing when it is presented to them. Here in their grand hotel, or in their villas among their gardens, watching the equipages of wealth and fashion drive by, and looking off to the vast snow volcanoes on the horizon, it is promised that the well-to-do Americans who come to pass the winter, the magnates who have made great fortunes in the new enterprises, and those of the country who will have learned how better to enjoy those they already possess, will be found.

Ten years is about the period allotted, within which we shall see what we shall see. There are probably 30,000 men working on railroads throughout the country, and the first American line will be completed to the frontier in two years. What clouds may come over the smiling prospect in a decade! This mysterious Mexican character, so different from our own, who can say of what it will yet be capable? These are the schemes that greet the observer on every hand. One might be in Chicago or Omaha. This is the new wine; this is the fresh turmoil of ideas amid the old, old scenes and traditions, that makes it worth while to be with the van-guard of the American movement in Mexico.

JOURNALISTIC LONDON.

Fourth Paper.

IT is only about twenty years since my father laid down one of the first printing-machines and started the first penny newspaper in Derbyshire, in sight of George Stephenson's windows at Tapton. I ought, therefore, not to have been surprised, one day this year, to find the founder of the cheap press alive and well. Almost my first recollections are of country barns and pastoral gateways bearing the printed legend, *Lloyd's Newspaper*. Recently, as I made my way to Salisbury Square, dim visions of a boyhood when reform riots and bread riots and Chartist riots were talked about by grown men filled my mind and started many speculations as to the author of the *Lloyd's Newspaper* which those same grown men used to speak of, some with admiration, some with contumely and contempt. It was always a strong, outspoken, Liberal paper, this pioneer of the cheap press. Had the originator written to me, or was "Edward Lloyd" his son? Should I really see the mutilator and idealizer of the king's penny in the flesh, or merely the inheritor of his penny property? Was ever the power of pence so splendidly demonstrated as in the penny press? After inquiring for Mr. Lloyd at the palatial offices of *The Daily Chronicle*, I was directed to 12 Salisbury Court, and there in an unpretentious little room I found Mr. Edward Lloyd, a hale, hearty, middle-aged, florid-complexioned, white-haired gentleman. He introduced me to his son, a stalwart young fellow, who was amused at the surprise I expressed at not finding the head of the firm a tottering old gentleman of the aspect usually thought characteristic of Father Time and the venerable Parr. Mr. Lloyd is old enough to have originated the cheap press, and young enough to be vigorously occupied in establishing the newest daily paper. Responding to a remark about the literary interest of the locality in which I found him, he said, "This house was Richardson's printing-office; in this room he wrote *Pamela*, and here Oliver Goldsmith acted as his reader." The old familiar story: you are treading on historic ground every foot you move in London, historic not in a mere antiquarian sense, nor in the narrow meaning of age being historic, but in the breadth of human interest and universal fame. There is not a court hereabouts but it is linked with the history of all that is great and glorious in English letters, from Shakspeare to Hood, from Fielding to Thackeray, from Caxton, the first printer, to his great successors, and

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from *The English Mercurie* to *The Daily News*. "I can show you Richardson's lease of these very premises," said Mr. Lloyd presently, and turning over the deeds which convey to him a large extent of the local freeholds (now strangely

EDWARD LLOYD.
[Photographed by Fradelle, 246 Regent Street, London.]

connected by passages and subways from Salisbury Court to Whitefriars), he handed me the parchment. It was a lease dated 30th May, 1770, from Mrs. Jennings to Mr. Richardson, the printer-novelist's signature a bolder one than would seem characteristic of the gentle tediousness of *Pamela*. Mr. Lloyd's freeholds and leaseholds are a curious mixture of properties, extending into Whitefriars, under streets and over streets, and they are all devoted to the mechanical requirements of *Lloyd's Newspaper* and *The Daily Chronicle*. The very latest inventions in the generation and use of steam, the newest ideas of Hoe in the way of printing, are pressed into the service of these two papers. Colonel Hoe is Mr. Lloyd's ideal machinist; Mr. Lloyd is Colonel Hoe's ideal newspaper proprietor.

"Have you ever been to America?" I asked.

"No; I had once made up my mind to go, and had fixed upon the ship," Mr. Lloyd answered—"the *Arctic*, I think she was called. Douglas Jerrold was against my going, and persuaded me all he could not to venture upon it. 'But,' said he, 'if you must go, give this play into Jim Wallack's own hands.' He gave me the manuscript of *The Rent Day*, which had been produced at Drury Lane. The object of my going was to see Hoe, and arrange for two machines on certain revised terms, so that if one broke down, I should have another to fall back upon. Just before the time for sailing I received a letter from Hoe telling me that I could have just all I wanted. In consequence of that letter, I did not go. The ship I was booked for went to the bottom."

Mr. Lloyd's story has never been quite exactly told. Briefly it is this. As early as 1829, when he was only fourteen, he was strongly imbued with Liberal opinions, and with the idea of starting a "free and independent newspaper" for their advocacy. There was a fourpenny stamp duty on each paper, and in due time Edward Lloyd labored hard with others in the direction of its reduction. He started a newspaper, and issued it without a government stamp; so likewise did other London printers; but after a short struggle they succumbed to legal proceedings for their suppression. In order to keep the question of unstamped papers before the public, Mr. Lloyd started a monthly unstamped journal, believing he could legally issue such a publication; but the Stamp-office authorities stifled it with crushing promptitude, though it turned out afterward that he was within the law, Mr. Charles Dickens having, at a later date, issued a monthly paper on similar lines. In September, 1842, Mr. Lloyd published *Lloyd's Penny Illustrated Newspaper*, consisting chiefly of reviews of books, notices of theatres, and literary selections, thus keeping, as he thought, just outside the pale of what the law designated a *newspaper*. Within three months the Stamp-office discovered what they regarded as a few lines of news in the literature of the journal, and they gave the proprietor notice that he must either stamp his paper or stop it. He chose the former course, and continued the paper at twopence until January, 1843, when he enlarged it to eight pages of five columns each (about the size of an eight-page *Echo*), called it *Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper*, and charged twopence-halfpenny for it. During the same year he again increased its size, and sold it at threepence. At this time the general price of newspapers was sixpence, and they carried a penny stamp duty. Mr.

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Lloyd's innovation met with the determined opposition of the news agents. They one and all refused to sell the paper unless the owner allowed them the same profit per sheet which they obtained on the sixpenny journals. An offer of thirty per cent. was scoffed at, and the trade entered into a conspiracy to put down the threepenny weekly. The sale was considerably retarded by this opposition, but Lloyd pushed it by advertisement and otherwise, and the excellence and cheapness of the newspaper were attractions the trade could not annihilate. One of Lloyd's methods of making it known was ingenious, not to say daring. He had a stamping machine constructed for embossing pennies with the name and price of his journal, and the fact that it could be obtained "post free." The announcement was made in a neat circle round the coin on both sides. The machine turned out two hundred and fifty an hour, and Lloyd used up all the pennies he could lay his hands on. *The Times* drew attention to the defacement of his Majesty's coinage, and thus gave the paper a cheap and important advertisement. Parliament passed an act against the mutilation of the currency. The affair helped to make the threepenny paper known, and in spite of "the Trade," which continued to oppose it, holding meetings and combining against it in every way, it progressed in circulation and influence. From a sale of 33,000 in 1848, it rose year by year to 90,000 a week in 1853. Two years later than this, Lloyd had lived to see the most ardent desire of his life accomplished—the passing of an act abolishing the stamp duty, and the establishment of a really free and unfettered press. From this period dates the enormous success of *Lloyd's Newspaper*. The question of production was the next serious question. Mr. Lloyd put himself in communication with Messrs. Hoe and Co., of New York, which led to his introduction of their rotary printing-machine. The success of this new invention, exemplified in Lloyd's offices, elicited a general acknowledgment of its superiority over all others, and "the Hoe" was at once adopted, not only in the chief London offices, but by the leading newspaper proprietors of the country, and in Ireland and Scotland. Wherever there was a journal with a large circulation, there "the Hoe" became a necessity.

From a sale of 97,000 in June, 1855, *Lloyd's Newspaper* rose to 170,000 in September, 1861. In anticipation of three halfpence per pound being taken off the price of paper, though it made a very trifling difference on a single sheet, Mr. Lloyd determined to reduce the price of his paper from twopence to a penny, depending upon an enormous sale and his advertisements for profit. "The Trade" foretold his ruin now, and looked forward to it as a certainty. There is no institution so pig-headed as what is called "the Trade" in England. Happily there are always a few irreconcilables outside the ring, or adventurers who can not be bound by ordinary rules, or "the Trade" might stop all progress. It was "the Trade" that stood in George Stephenson's way for long weary years. But when once "the Trade" is fairly conquered, there is among the members of it just as much unanimity in accepting the new order of things as in the original opposition; this, and the renegades who keep open a sort of by-way to success, constitute the ultimate safety of good enterprises.

At a penny, Mr. Lloyd's paper went up in circulation from 170,000 a week in 1861 to 347,000 in 1863, to 383,489 in 1864, and to 412,080 in 1865, and so on, until Hoe's splendid machinery no longer kept pace with the demand. Accordingly the ingenuity of the firm was once more taxed, not by competition with other makers, but to eclipse their own good work. They were equal to the occasion. The result was the production of the first great web machine, printing from a reel of paper two sheets of *Lloyd's Newspaper*. Again complete success attended Hoe's work, and machines on the new system were at once ordered by *The Daily Telegraph* and *Standard*, and three additional ones were made for Mr. Lloyd, the four printing at the rate of 90,000 copies per hour. In 1879, the extraordinary sale of *Lloyd's Newspaper* was announced, in a certified declaration of Turquand, Youngs, and Co., famous London accountants, to have reached an average of 612,902 copies a week; and notwithstanding the competition of the daily press, the sale goes on increasing. Mr. Lloyd set the example of extensively advertising a newspaper, and has often spent as much as £300 a week in "posting and billing." During the Lancashire cotton famine a subscription list was opened for the receipt of small sums by *Lloyd's*;

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and the profits on the "extra sale," beyond the average circulation, for the weeks ending December 7, 14, and 21, 1862, were announced as contributions to the fund. They reached £200, and the fund in all, from September, 1862, to July, 1863, amounted to £3676 14*s.* 9*d.*

Douglas Jerrold's association with this remarkable journal materially added to its popularity and strength. The announcement of his name was made in the seventh number of *Lloyd's London Weekly Newspaper* in these terms: "The editorial department will be confided to a gentleman whose pen, we doubt not, will be speedily recognized and cordially welcomed by his old friends the masses." On the death of Jerrold, his son Blanchard came to the editorial throne, and his name still occupies the place of his father's on the title-page of the paper. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is among the most industrious

BLANCHARD JERROLD.
[Photographed by H. Leuthall, 222 Regent Street, London.]

journalists and authors of his time. There is hardly a paper or periodical in which he has not at some time or other done excellent work. He is the author of quite a library of books, historical, political, and imaginative. *The Christian Vagabond* is characterized by a sweet and gentle philosophy which, contrasted with the political vigor of some of the author's other works, gives evidence of a rare and marked versatility of style. I don't think his father had a very lively faith at first in the success of the newspaper which his name and work were destined so materially to advance. Could he revisit the glimpses of the moon, what would he say to the fact that Mr. Lloyd not only makes the paper on which he prints, but grows it? In the office where Richardson used to stimulate the early rising of his printers by hiding half-crowns among the type, and also distributing fruit to the earliest comers, there hangs a large photograph of Lloyd's Algerian grass farm, with laborers busy gathering and packing the "esparto" for his paper mills at Bow. Even *The Times* does not make its own paper. *The Telegraph* has a mill of its own; but the enterprise of Mr. Lloyd in this direction has no parallel in the world. The grass is imported here in ships chartered by Mr. Lloyd. The vessels are unloaded in dock, near Blackwall, into barges which navigate the river Lea, the cargoes being finally deposited on Lloyd's paper-mill wharf at Bow. Here the esparto is stored in enormous stacks. The mill embodies the newest systems of manufacture. It represents a long story and an interesting train of thought—the conversion of a bundle of African grass lying for shipment in Algeria into a bundle of newspapers on a news agent's counter in England.

The very name of *Lloyd's Newspaper* opens up a wide field of interest touching the class of weekly journals that register enormous circulations in London and the provinces, such as *The Dispatch*, *The Weekly Times*, and *The News of the World*. There is a paper called *The Budget*, which is hardly seen in London, but sells hundreds of thousands of copies in the north of England. In the United States the daily journals are published on Sundays, with the addition of supplements that make their Sunday editions immensely attractive. The English dailies, on the other hand, do not appear on Sunday. They leave the market open to *The Observer*, a thoughtful, high-class political journal, edited by Mr. Edward Dicey; *The Sunday Times*, a journal largely devoted to literature and criticism, and counting upon its staff such men as Mr. Joseph Knight, Henry Dunphie, and Ashby Sterry; *The Referee*, a sporting and dramatic journal, edited by Mr. Sampson, formerly of *Fun*, and having as its principal contributor Mr. George R. Sims, whose social and domestic ballads have materially advanced its circula-

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JOSEPH KNIGHT.
[Photographed by Twyman and Son, High Street, Ramsgate.]

tion. Some of the weekly journals before mentioned publish Sunday editions, as also does *The Era*, a paper which is often spoken of as "the actor's Bible." It was founded by Mr. Ledger, whose son has succeeded him in its management. The principal critic of *The Era* is Mr. E. L. Blanchard, a gentleman of ripe theatrical experience and taste.

The class journals which have sprung up of late years are innumerable, representing all branches of art, trade, and industry; and if we counted in the "story papers" as belonging to journalism proper, the list would present some very curious features. They have increased of late years not only in numbers but in circulation—a remarkable fact, seeing that nowadays, chiefly through the enterprise of Mr. Tillotson, of Bolton, "purveyor of fiction" to the provincial press, hardly a weekly paper appears in the country that has not among its general contents a continuous story, written by popular authors of the rank of Wilkie Collins, Miss Braddon, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Manville Fenn, and Mr. Farjeon.

The polemical religious and church papers are a numerous class. At the head of them may be counted the semi-clerical *Guardian*, carefully written and scholarly publication, sub-edited in its way as well as the defunct *Express*, an evening paper formerly issued by the *Daily News*.

The most notable of the class papers of London is *The Athenæum*, conducted by the proprietor, Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, M.P., and formerly edited by the late Mr. Hepworth Dixon. *The Athenæum* is an acknowledged mentor in the literary and art world. Its responsible director has made a considerable mark in politics. He is best known in America for his two volumes recording the results of his visit to the United States and other English-speaking countries. *Greater Britain* had a large sale on both sides of the Atlantic. His chief legislative work has been the direct election of school boards by the rate-payers, which he carried as an amendment to Mr. Forster's famous Educational Bill; the conferring of the municipal franchise on women; and the extension of the hours of polling at Parliamentary elections in London. Sir Charles, though a baronet, has expressed himself in favor of a republican form of government in preference to that of a constitutional monarchy. He has been attacked for this declaration, and it was made the chief ground of opposition to his

SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE.
[Photographed by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company.]

re-election for Chelsea. His success at the head of the poll was therefore regarded by many as more than usually significant of the spread of extreme radical views in

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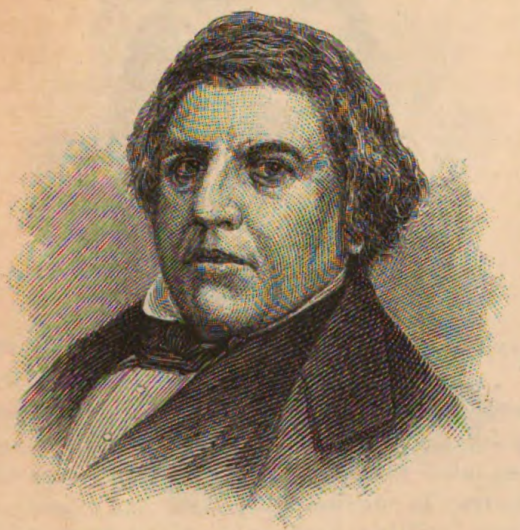
England. Mr. Joseph Cowen, the member for Newcastle, has always been known for his republican sentiments, but he recently took an opportunity to express an opinion that the constitution of England, as at present established and interpreted, is sufficient for the widest aspirations of freedom. These are not his words, but they represent the spirit of them, and Sir Charles Dilke would probably agree with Mr. John Bright that monarchy in the reign of Queen Victoria needs no defense. There is only one man in the three kingdoms who has ever refused election to Parliament because he could not conscientiously take the oath of allegiance to the Queen, and that is Mr. Davitt, the Fenian agitator. Mr. Bradlaugh tried to take his seat without subscribing the ordinary recognition of God and Queen, and found "lions in his path." Sir Charles Dilke is proprietor of *The Gardener's Chronicle*, *The Agricultural Gazette*, and *Notes and Queries*, and journalism is honored in his active association with the press. Mr. McColl is his able and responsible second in command on *The Athenæum*.

A volume might be written on illustrated journalism, and another on the history of caricature in the Victorian era, with illustrations from the comic and satirical press. The pictorial press of London originated with *The Illustrated London News* in 1842. The projector and founder of this popular paper was Mr. Herbert Ingram. He was a news agent at Nottingham. Occasionally, to accentuate notable events, murders particularly, the local press published a picture. The engraving was as crude as the printing of it was unsatisfactory, but success always attended the special edition of the journal that contained an illustration. The Nottingham news agent was of an inquiring and observant turn of mind. Taking note of the great extra sale attending even the poorest kind of newspaper engraving, it occurred to him to speculate upon the prospects of a journal that should be full of pictures.



HERBERT INGRAM.

The idea of an illustrated newspaper thus sprang up in his mind, and he never rested until he started for London and put it into shape. Of course he was told that his scheme was foolish, that it would never succeed. People in all ages have generally been so self-satisfied and so deeply impressed with their own wisdom that they have never encouraged changes, and they have invariably obstructed almost every description of improvement and reform. The worst of it is, this kind of national stupidity seems to continue. Just as the public ridiculed gas, so they have discounted electricity; and the strangest thing is that experts have notoriously been the first to decry advances in directions they have been supposed to know most about. Dr. Lardner ridiculed the idea of ocean steamers crossing the Atlantic. Mr. Charles Knight characterized Ingram's notion of an illustrated newspaper as a "rash experiment" which would prove a disastrous failure. Mr. John Gilbert (Sir John to-day) lent the scheme his countenance, and what was more, drew on the wood for it (and he has been called in compliment Sir Bois Gilbert), while other capable artists were found willing to adorn the letterpress of the new venture. The paper was not an immediate success. Indeed, for a time there seemed every probability of Mr. Knight's forecast coming true. Mr. Ingram's capital was limited. If he had entered upon the business backed as men usually are who start newspapers in these days, he would never once have had cause to be anxious. But he was spending his own money, and for a time it disappeared like the material in Chatmoss during the railway-making, and with as little apparent result. The time came, however, when "foot-hold" was secured; and eventually Ingram stood upon the new-made ground, master of the situation.

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Mr. Bailey was the first editor of *The Illustrated London News*. He had had some experience as a journalist, but was best known as the author of certain sentimental songs, notably "I'd be a Butter-

J. L. LATEY.
[Photographed by James Monte, 313 City Road, London.]

fly," and "The Soldier's Tear." Dr. Mackay was for some years its editorial chief. He was succeeded by Mr. Stewart, author of *Footsteps Behind Him*. The present editor is Mr. J. L. Latey. During several years Mr. Mark Lemon acted as Mr. Ingram's secretary and adviser; and I remember his describing to me one of Ingram's difficult questions of management. The advertisements would increase in spite of the charges being often and continuously augmented. When one thinks of the struggles of journals because advertisements do not come in, it is pleasant to hear of cases where no amount of obstructive charges will keep them out. *Lloyd's*, *The Telegraph*, *The Graphic*, are among these fortunate papers, while postponements of columns of advertisements are common in *The Times* office and *The Standard*. *The Illustrated London News* directors have wisely adhered to the originator's principle of allowing only a limited space for advertisements, the charge for which is now, I believe, in some positions, as high as five shillings a line. When Mr. Herbert Ingram died (drowned in an American lake), he was member of Parliament for his native town of Boston, Lincolnshire, the honor of representing which for some years was conferred upon his eldest son, Mr. Walter Ingram, who now takes an active share in the management of the paper. Mr. M. Jackson is the art editor—a position he has filled for many years with distinguished success. Recently he wrote for *The Illustrated London News* an instructive and entertaining sketch of the rise and progress of pictorial journalism. Mr. Jackson is a north-country man, born and bred in the neighborhood where George Stephenson and Bewick the wood-engraver first saw the light. With the strong individual characteristics of the "north countrie" he combines the southern artistic taste, and his administrative powers have been of the greatest value to the establishment, where he is held in the highest estimation. Mr. Leighton, the printer of the paper, is a man of considerable reputation among the craft. His color-printing has been an important factor in building up the large fortune which *The Illustrated London News* has earned for its proprietors. Of his "Little Red Riding-Hood" (after Millais), 600,000 copies have been sold. Where have you *not* seen this familiar picture? I have come across it in the strangest places—on the walls of a nobleman's fishing-box, and in the cottage of a Durham pitman; I have seen it hanging over the stove of an Indian cottage in the civilized settlement of Lorette, beyond Quebec, and adorning a screen in

M. JACKSON.
[Photographed by W. and D. Downey, London.]

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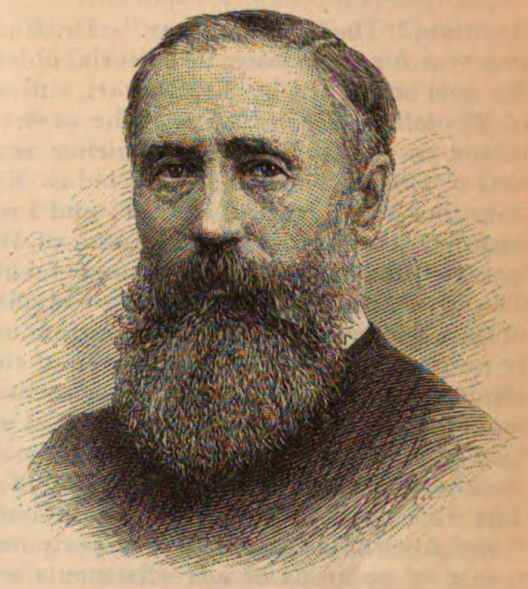
S. READ.
[Photographed by W. Cobb, Ipswich.]

a Mayfair drawing-room. Mr. Jackson speaks of the wide circulation of illustrated papers. "To a certain extent, independent of language," he says, "they are prized alike by the civilized foreigner and the untutored savage." Among the subscribers to *The Illustrated London News*, for example, is the King of Siam. The British troops found copies of the paper in King Coffee's palace at Coomassie. Polar explorers in search of Sir John Franklin have picked it up in the huts of the Esquimaux. Travellers on Chinese rivers and in the heart of Africa have been cheered by finding the picture paper in the most unexpected places.

The "special artist," like the "special correspondent," may be said to date from the Crimean war. When an outbreak seemed imminent, Mr. S. Read was sent by *The Illustrated London News* to Constantinople and the Black Sea, and he is still on the staff of the paper. Mr. E. Goodall and the late J. W. Carmichael went out during the war, one sending home sketches from the Baltic, the other from the Crimea. Mr. F. Vizetelly was at Solferino and Magenta, and carried his portfolio into the conquest of Sicily by Garibaldi. The late R. T. Landells was in the war between Denmark, Prussia, and Austria. S. Read and T. A. Wilson sketched the more pleasant scenes of the coronation of the present Emperor of Germany at Königsberg. The American civil war had a pictorial delineator in Mr. F. Vizetelly. The Abyssinian expedition was attended by Mr. W. Simpson. During the Franco-German war *The Illustrated London News* was graphically served in the field by Messrs. R. T. Landells, W. Simpson, T. H. Andrews, and S. J. Staniland. Mr. Prior did excellent work for the paper in the Ashantee conflict. The Russo-Turkish war was illustrated by Messrs. J. Bell, M. Prior, M. Hale, C. Carbould, J. Montague. Mr. J. R. Wells's pencil told the adventures of Cleopatra's Needle. Mr. W. Simpson went to the Œcumenical Council at Rome, to the opening of the Suez Canal, and to the Emperor of China's marriage at Pekin. On the latter occasion he made a journey round the world. He also represented the paper on the Prince of Wales's Indian tour.

Many of the first artists of the day, Royal Academicians, living and deceased, have drawn for *The Illustrated London News*, and among the present permanent staff may be mentioned Messrs. R. C. Woodville, W. H. Overend, F. Dodd, A. Hunt, and C. Robinson. The machinery is of the newest and most improved kind, the latest addition being the Ingram rotary



WILLIAM SIMPSON
[Photographed by Maull and Company, 187 Piccadilly, London.]

press, which prints both sides of the illustrated sheet at once, cuts each number to its proper size, folds it, and turns it out completed at the rate of 6500 per hour, which for pictorial work is a remarkable advance on the machines hitherto in use.

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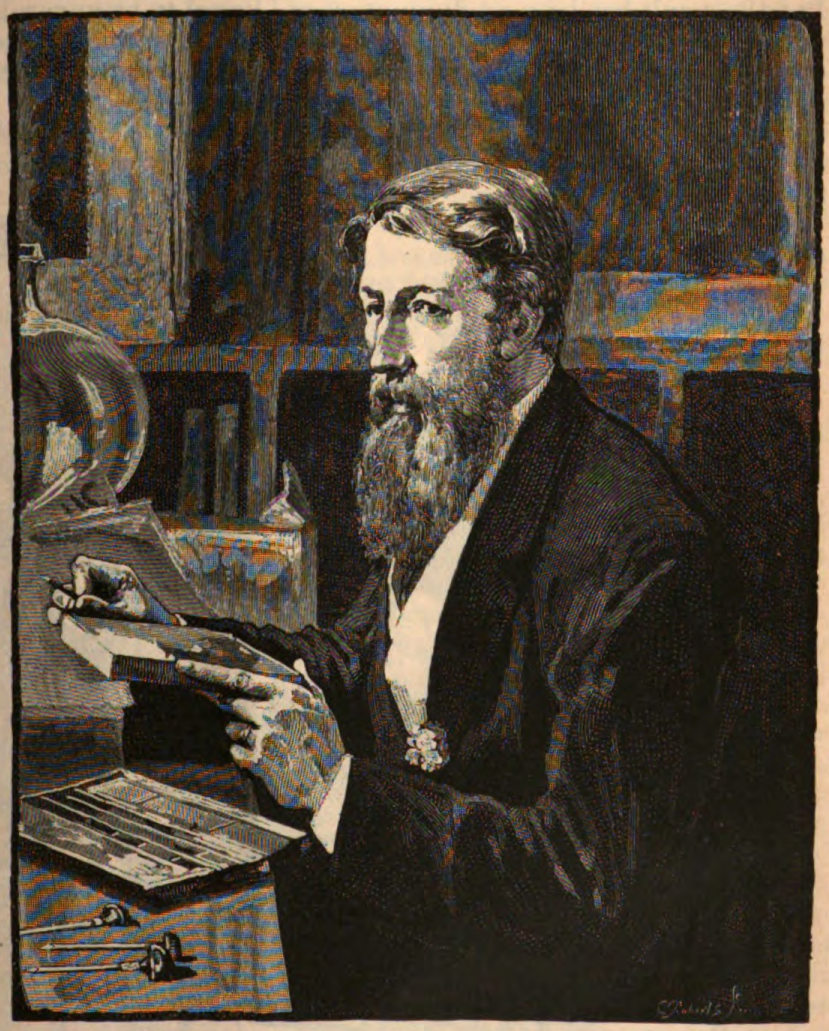
In the December of 1869 appeared *The Graphic*, an entirely new advance in pictorial journalism. It was projected and produced by Mr. William L. Thomas, who is still its chief director. His firm administrative hand may be traced in every department, literary, artistic, and commercial. At the outset he obtained the assistance of Mr. N. Cooke, who was for a time the partner of Mr. Herbert Ingram, of *The Illustrated London News;* and in addition to this valuable co-operation, Mr. Thomas obtained the financial alliance of his brother, the late Mr. Lewis G. Thomas, who was much respected as a merchant in the Brazils, and who induced many of his friends connected with that country to take a pecuniary interest in the venture. The paper at once obtained great public favor. *The Graphic* was not only a new departure in pictorial journalism; it was fresh, it was progressive; there was no other paper like it. There was no servile imitation of existing weeklies either in its matter or its pictures, and both being good, the public soon began to like it, and to patronize it liberally.



WILLIAM L. THOMAS.

The two principal objects of the originator of *The Graphic* were, not to confine the illustrations, as had hitherto largely been the case in illustrated papers, to a special staff of draughtsmen on wood, but to welcome any artist of talent, no matter what medium he used, the result being that he obtained the assistance of such accomplished painters as Luke Fildes, Herkomer, Frank Hall, Mrs. Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson), Miss Paterson (now Mrs. Allingham), E. I. Gregory, W. Small, Charles Green, Sydney Hall, and many others of note. Secondly, the conductors were not satisfied to fill their pages with mere news and sub-editorial work; they arranged with eminent literary men of the day to write original essays and stories, Anthony Trollope, Victor Hugo, Wilkie Collins, Tom Taylor, Charles Reade, having been among the contributors. Then in due course came "wars and rumors of war," and *The Graphic* (as well as *The Illustrated London News*) became a necessity, seeing that it supplemented the current news of the dailies with faithful pictures of the exciting events of the time. The Franco-German war sent up the circulation of *The Graphic* by many thousands a week, and Mr. Thomas well deserved the success which now lifted his ideal illustrated journal into

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a great prosperity. When some established journal is rivalled by a new-comer, public gossip predicts trouble for one or the other, and as *The Graphic* grew, this shallow forecasting, which does not count progress in its calculations, predicted the eclipse of *The Illustrated London News*. But the result has been no diminution of prosperity at the old house, while the new one has extended the taste for pictorial illustration so much that many other weekly papers now find a certain amount of advantage in pictorial adornment. The two extra numbers of *The Graphic*, issued in the summer and at Christmas, are now printed entirely in colors, and such is the popularity of these holiday editions that they have to be commenced nearly twelve months in advance, that they may be printed in time to supply the demand for them. Four hundred and fifty thousand copies were printed of Mr. Millais's "Cherry Ripe," and yet the orders from the news agents were so far in excess of that number that the publisher had to return them upward of three thousand pounds for orders he could not execute. This is believed to be unparalleled in the annals of the newspaper trade. It is very commonly supposed that *The Graphic* is amalgamated or interested in other illustrated papers. This is not so. From the commencement it has stood alone. Its first editor was Mr. Sutherland Edwards. Mr. Arthur Locker (brother of the lyrical poet of that name) is now the literary chief. Among the leading artists whose work is frequently seen in its pages are Mr. Sydney Hall, Mr. Charles Green, Mr. H. Herkomer, A.R.A., Mr. Luke Fildes, A.R.A.,

C. Green. S. P. Hall. E. J. Gregory. H. Woods. S. L. Fildes, A.R.A. J. Nash.

H. Herkomer, A.R.A. G. Durand. F. Hall, A.R.A. W. Small.

ARTISTS OF THE LONDON "GRAPHIC."

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Mr. Godfroi Durand, and Mr. E. I. Gregory.

It is fitting that I should conclude these notes on London journalism with the newest of the penny dailies and a few general reflections. The newest penny daily is, oddly enough, the oldest and most aristocratic of journals, *The Morning Post*. While I am writing, the machinery is being erected at the well-known offices in Wellington Street, Strand, to meet the increased demand which is expected for the organ of the fashionable world. Sir Algernon Borthwick, its accomplished chief, has maintained the high character and efficiency of *The Post* in spite of many disadvantageous circumstances. His connection with the paper dates from his earliest days. He has edited it for nearly twenty years. Son of a father who represented Evesham in Parliament, Sir Algernon comes of a good old family, and possesses many special advantages in the conduct of his paper. Always having welcome admission to the highest society at home and abroad, he has been enabled to inspire *The Post* with the best authenticated information of courts, parliaments, and embassies. He was intimately acquainted with the late Lord Palmerston, and was the medium selected by the late Premier for conveying to the ex-Empress Eugénie the saddest intelligence of the latter days of the Zulu war. In many international affairs Sir Algernon's advice has been sought and acted upon by both foreign and English ministers. He is a man of frank and courtly manners, and his generous disposition has endeared him to a large circle of friends. For twenty years, as I have said, he has edited *The Post*, at the same time possessing a partnership interest in it. During the last five years he has been proprietor as well as editor, and it is quite a general sentiment that his journal, which has hitherto been so successful, will enter upon a new lease of prosperity at its new and popular price. Sir Algernon Borthwick, notwithstanding his ripe experience, is still a young man, with the gait and manner of a young man, though his journalistic career commenced as Paris correspondent under the rule of the Prince President, and his acquaintance with politics began in the salons of Lady Normanby and the Duchess of Grammont in the exciting days of 1851. His residence in Eton Place is one of the best known of society houses. Lady Borthwick (a niece of the late Lord Clarendon, and allied to the families of Villiers and Russell) as a leader in "the great world" possesses special qualifications for the position. A linguist, an artist, a musician, she is popular in the best sense of the term. Royalties, the aristocracy of birth and genius, "the salt of the earth," meet in her drawing-rooms, and never find her receptions dull.

Sir Algernon Borthwick is of all men in the world the best chief for *The Morning Post*, the history of which is a combination of the most characteristic traditions of the English press, and the policy of which has always been inspired by a high sense of journalistic responsibility. *The Post* was established on the 2d of November, 1772. It consisted of a folio sheet of four pages. It was at first published without a stamp, and at the price of one penny. *The Post* might therefore call itself the oldest instead of the newest penny daily. After the first thirteen numbers, however, it succumbed to the pressure of the Stamp-office, and came out with the official mark. "And," to quote the announcement of the period, "although every paper stands the proprietors in a *penny* extraordinary, the various publishers will now be established in every part of the town, where it will be regularly sold for the moderate price of three halfpence." In those days *The Post* had five metropolitan contemporaries, *The Morning Chronicle*, *The Public Advertiser*, *The Public Ledger*, *The London Packet*, and *The Gazetteer*. *The Morning Chronicle*, a first-class newspaper, failed to reach its centenary. It may be said to have died from the suspicion of a French subsidy. *The Times*, published originally under the title of *The Daily Universal Register*, was not established until thirteen years after *The Morning Post*. The Rev. H. D. Bate was one of the first editors of the paper. He was a type of the dashing, fighting, fox-hunting parson of the period, and had an affair with a Captain Stoney, in which he showed great personal courage; and he died, as stated in a previous sketch, a knighted dean of a probably benighted Irish parish. His patron was the Prince Regent, whose cause he espoused in *The Morning Herald*. In later years *The Post* included among its writers of prose and poetry Charles Lamb, Southey, Coleridge, Sir James Mackintosh, Arthur Young, Wordsworth, Thomas Moore,

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James Jerdan, Mackworth Praed, and James Stephen, M.P.—a wonderfully brilliant list of contributors. Wordsworth's political sonnets in *The Post* created a good deal of stir in society. Many of Tom Moore's most charming lyrics appeared in *The Post*. Coleridge was regularly engaged on the paper. Fox declared in the House of Commons that "Coleridge's essays in *The Morning Post* had led to the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens." When the illustrious author of the "Ancient Mariner" heard of this, he said, "I am not, indeed, silly enough to take as anything more than a violent hyperbole of party debate Mr. Fox's assertion, or I should be proud to have the words inscribed on my tomb." Coleridge at this time lived in King Street, Covent Garden. He began to write for the paper in 1797, and continued to do so until 1802. It has been said, with truth, that "the first band which bound Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, and Wordsworth in an indissoluble union was a column of *The Morning Post*."

The Pitt administration found a stanch advocate in *The Post*. Mr. Nicholas Byrne, the proprietor, was a rich descendant of a Tory family. His life was twice attempted, and on the second time he was fatally stabbed. The event occurred about fifty years ago. Mr. Byrne was sitting alone in his office. A man suddenly entered wearing a mask. Rushing upon the unarmed editor, he stabbed him twice with a dagger. The office was besieged and the windows smashed by a Radical mob on the occasion of Sir Francis Burdett's liberation from the Tower. No journal has had more litigation. The proprietors have fought numerous libel suits in the interest of the liberty of the press, and at considerable cost. As an enterprising collection of news, *The Post* has always held a foremost place. The late Lieutenant Waghorn, "the pioneer of expresses," organized its agencies. At a time when submarine cables did not exist, it was the first to announce the capture of Ghuznee and the fall of Kars. In recent days its foreign intelligence has been remarkably accurate, and it has forecast many important political events which the excellent opportunities and prescience of its chief enabled him to foresee. Judging from its general tone, its politics may be described as Liberal-Conservative, with a strong and distinct leaning to what is called "imperialism" in foreign affairs. A collaborator with Sir Algernon Borthwick in the direction of the paper is Mr. Hardman, who also finds time for the magisterial duties of chairman of Quarter Sessions. Among the leader-writers are Mr. James Knowles, son of the eminent playwright, and Mr. Baker-Green, who recently contested, without success, an Irish borough, while several members of Parliament, on both sides of the House, contribute occasional editorials. The reviewing staff is a considerable one, much attention being given to literature. This department is under the direction of Mr. Henry Dunphie, while his brother, Mr. Charles J. Dunphie (author of *The Splendid Advantages of being a Woman*, and other volumes of essays) is the dramatic critic. One of its foreign correspondents was Mr. Edward Legge, who is now the proprietor and editor of *The Whitehall Review*. The paper has for many years been printed and published in palatial premises opposite the Lyceum Theatre, Wellington Street, Strand, but at its original price of one penny it is likely to be removed to still more extensive buildings.

The vastness of the empire of Queen Victoria and the various and wide-spread character of "British interests" are proved in a remarkable way, not by what the metropolitan daily papers contain, but by what they do not contain. There is no London daily journal in the local sense; no paper that represents the great city as the dailies of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, represent theirs. The English provincial paper gives a full and ample record of local news, as the American journals do. But the London papers cover the empire, and deal with events of foreign cities sometimes more fully than with the incidents of their own. If "imperialism" had not become a by-word with certain party organs, one might be tempted to call the London journals imperialistic in their character and policy. The London editor sits in the midst of a telegraphic organization which brings St. Petersburg as near to him for all practical purposes as his own suburban residence. He has a special and private wire under the Channel to Paris. He knows the latest scandal in the gay city, the last intrigue at Constantinople, Bismarck's most recent *mot*, the last ministerial move at Athens, the price of bacon in Chicago, the loss of

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life from the floods in Holland, what the Pope said to his cardinals about Ireland, how the Emperor of China feels toward his exported subjects in California; but how little he knows of the daily romances and tragedies of the London Streets!

Then there are the learned societies, literary, scientific, historical, geographical, antiquarian, social, religious, medical, legal, artistic; they are meeting all the year round to read papers and discuss the great questions of the time that belong to their several lines of study or general usefulness. Men of European fame speak to these associations, often on the great current topics of the time. But only when a Livingstone, a Stanley, or a Schliemann comes among us is the bull's-eye of the press turned upon the learned societies. Mr. Huxley often delivers valuable addresses without being reported; yet editors of periodicals and publishers of books will pay him anything to write for them. At the annual dinners and meetings of the learned societies speeches are made by men of the highest eminence, and the affair is dismissed by the daily papers in a few lines, and often not mentioned at all. There is a mine of journalistic wealth in these interesting gatherings for a local London newspaper. London is governed by many public bodies, including the City Corporation, the Board of Works, and the vestries. All kinds of social and political problems are continually before these authorities, yet one rarely hears of them. The list of neglected subjects might be extended to quite a formidable length. Let it not be understood that any of them are put forward as a reproach to the seven morning and six evening papers of London, but rather as an illustration of the width and breadth of the interests they represent, and as showing how the doings of the world—its comings and goings, its trade and commerce, its tumults and wars, and its general pressure—are noted and registered at this centre of universal business, this half-way house to everywhere, this world within itself, this London, the headquarters of the Anglo-Saxon race.

THE JONCE TRAMMELL COMPROMISE.

I.

"THE difficulty about the drinkin' of sperrits," said old Mr. Spivey, "when onst a man git to knockin' of it too strong and reg'lar, is about this, that when he one time lays off, ef he don't lay off for good, when he *do* git back, it always seem as ef he wanted to make up for lost time, and so he go to knockin' of it stronger'n before—that is, providin' that you can't git him to compermise. I've saw it freckwent in my time, and I'm sixty-eight year old, a-goin' on to my sixty-nine, and which it have been ten year ago, and which there were Jonce Trammell, and which, upon my word, as to Jonce Trammell—"

But I conclude to give my own account of Mr. Trammell, as Mr. Spivey, especially after he had taken his own sweetened dram, was rather given to extended narrations, even without allowance of rests therein.

Johnson Trammell had married, some fifteen years before, with Miss Amelia Jones. It was considered a fair match. Both were good-looking—Meely, indeed, quite pretty. She was better educated than Jonce, but Jonce did not care for that, and felt himself competent to make up for it. They were very fond of each other, even after two matters, small in the beginning, had grown into serious importance in their conjugal life.

They resided a mile southeast of the town, near the hill called Pimple Hill, on the Augusta road. In spite of a stiff rocky soil, Jonce made good crops, whose proceeds and those of his wife's loom were judiciously invested. Of late, unfortunately, Jonce had become addicted to intemperate drinking, and the business of the farm began to suffer from the subtraction of his attention. Having been brought up to work, always a hard worker, Mrs. Trammell now worked the harder. Jonce remarked her increased devotion to household duties, and he remarked farther, and with alarm, a growing sadness upon her face, a stooping in her figure, and a general oldening.

The work that she was best at, that she liked the best, that seemed most important to her family, was weaving. Almost all the clothing worn by the family, Sundays as well as week-days, was woven by herself. Then she made counterpanes and stripes that were famous, and that

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brought in many a nice little sum, not only from neighbors, but from persons miles away, even across the Ogeechee. It would not be going too far to say that Mrs. Trammell, at least in her younger and more cheerful, not to say ambitious, time, had been proud of this talent. Jonce was always avowedly so, until at last he came to the conclusion that she was carrying it too far.

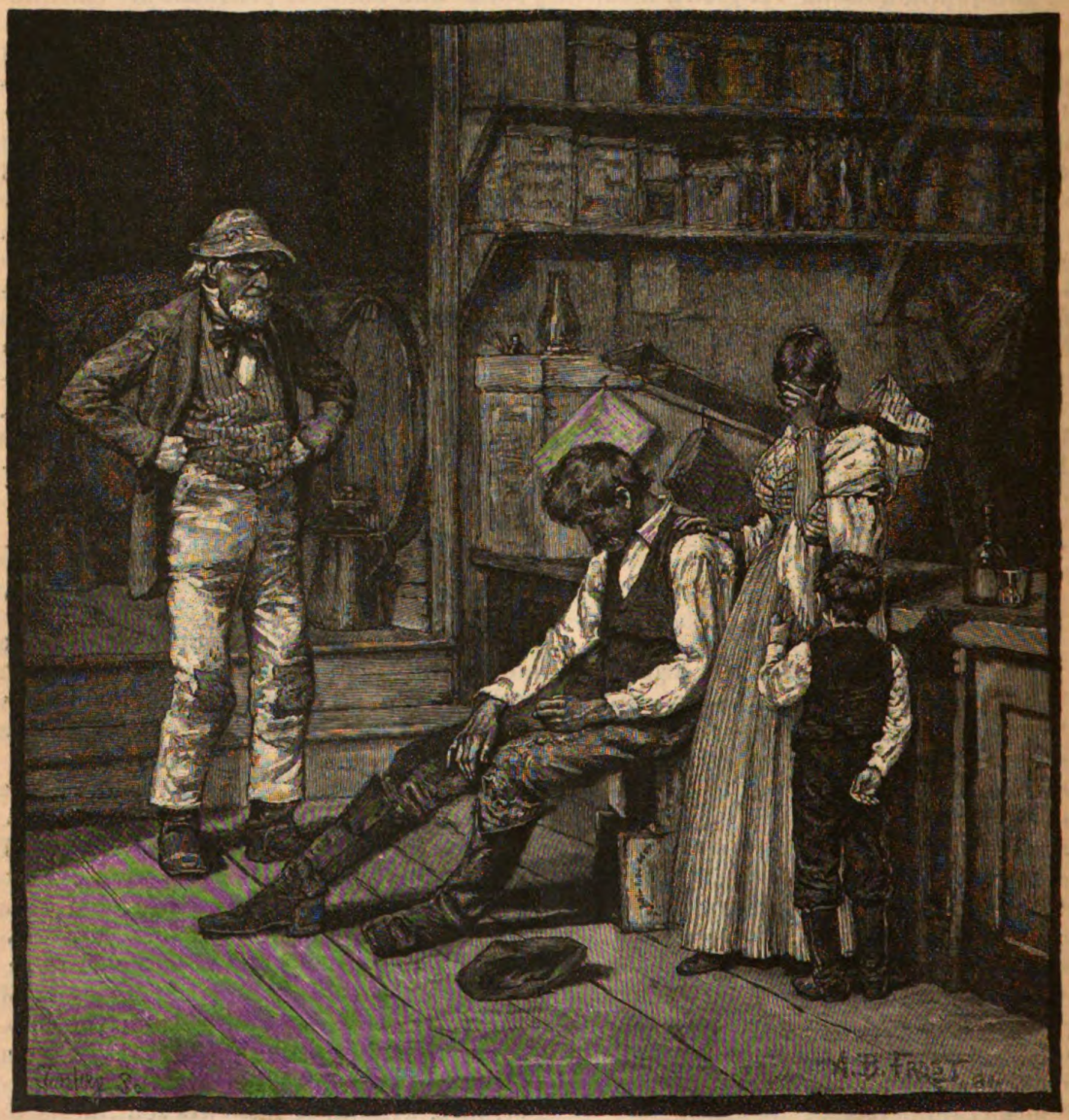
"There's warious kinds of intemper'nce, Meely," said Jonce one night, as, after the supper things were put away, she resumed her seat on the loom bench.

"I didn't suppose there was but one," she answered, letting the shuttle fly.

"Oh yes; a body can be intempert in eatin' as well as drinkin', and Dr. Lewis say there's more people dies from that than t'other; and you know he's the smartest doctor in all this country."

Jonce knew the strength of that authority; for this physician, who had tended his wife in more than one spell of dangerous illness, was regarded by her with intense admiration and gratitude.

"Dr. Lewis, I suppose, ought to know, Jonce; but anyhow that kind of intemperance don't bring the distress that the other does, and I can't see how a man can get his consent to kill himself with either one, or with any kind of intemperance."



"THEN MRS. TRAMMELL BROKE INTO SOBS."—[SEE PAGE 243.]

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"How about women, Meely?"

"Or women either; but I don't suppose that Dr. Lewis ever knew of such a case."

"How about intemper'nce in workin'?" asked Jonce, with the look of one who was going to the main point with great caution.

"Intemperance in working, Jonce? What are you talking about?"

"Meely," said her husband, now with painful seriousness, "I'm a-talkin' about of a woman's killin' of herself by a-weavin' of herself to death, and which Dr. Lewis has told you pretty much the same thing, and he told me pine-blank to-day, and he said I ought to stop it."

She paused from her work, and laid her weary head against the post of the spinning-wheel that stood beside the loom. She looked at her husband, and for the first time in her life spoke in a querulous tone to him.

"Jonce, how can I quit work, when work is needed by this family more than it ever was before?—and it looks like as if *my* work was going to be needed more and more as I grow older and less able to do it." Then she burst into tears. Jonce said no more upon the subject that night.

II.

These words of his wife cut Jonce Trammell more deeply than if they had been harsher, and she had directly complained of his increasing infirmity. He thought of taking a vow of total abstinence, but he could not see how he was to keep it. It had not been his habit to keep ardent spirits in his house, and it was only when he went from home that he took it. Whatever was his condition when in town, he had been always sure to return by nightfall; and it would be amusing as well as touching to observe his efforts to disguise his inebriety, sometimes with a seriousness entirely foreign to his nature when sober, at others by an affectionateness so gushing that he could but believe it sufficient to win and keep won the heart of a woman even far less responsive than his wife. Jonce understood this and other occasional remarks of his wife to contain a tacit proposal that if he would become more temperate and more attentive to the farm, she would recognize the diminished necessity of ruinous devotion to her loom. He was right; and when, after remaining at home two weeks, he found that she was far more temperate and, farther, more cheerful, he was almost sorry for the occurrence of an apparent necessity one afternoon that he should go to town on some farm business. Mrs. Trammell, though not urgently, suggested that their son Tommy, ten years old, might go in his stead. But Jonce, upon reflection, thought he would go himself.

"I sha'n't be gone long, Meely," said he as he rode off.

His business was at the blacksmith's, at the near end of the village. After getting his plough sharpened, it occurred to him that there was a little matter at Bland's store that he ought to attend to. He scarcely looked into Fann's grocery as he went up; but on his return, seeing Fann in the door (for Fann, though a mere grocery keeper, was a right good fellow), he paused for a little civil and harmless chat. Among other things said by Fann was this:

"I knowed you was oneasy 'bout your wife, Jonce, and I wants her to try my cherry-bounce that I've seasoned with cinnamon, 'specially for weak bresses. It's my own priperation, and I tell you now, Jonce, that I were studyin' 'bout your wife when the idee struck me."

Anybody who knew Jonce Trammell would have known to what such as that would lead. Some time after dark he reached home, and ashamed, remorseful, and inadequate for either the dignified or the affectionate, feeling that he could not endure the sight of the pain his conduct was inflicting, dismounting from his horse, he tottered around to the kitchen, wherein, drawing his hat over his eyes, he took a chair and sat down by the fire.

"Lor, Marse Jonce," said old Aunt Dilcy, the cook, "kitchen no place for white folks to set down in. Whint you go 'long in de big 'ouse 'long o' Miss Meely?"

"I'm so mean, Aunt Dilcy, so that I ain't fittin' to go into your Miss Meely's house. You go tell her I said so."

"Miss Meely weavin'. I hain't knowed her to weave befo'e of a night, not in two weeks. My po' mistiss goin' kill herself wid dat loom."

"My God A'mighty!" exclaimed Jonce, rising. At the kitchen door he met his wife, and without a word from either, suffered her to lead him into the house.

"Look here, Meely," said Jonce the next morning, "killin's killin', makes no odds whether it's done with a whiskey

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bottle or a shickle. If you'll quit weavin' for good and all, I'll not take another drink till the last day I'm a-livin' on top o' the ground, and I'm a-meanin' what I'm a-sayin'."

She had in her loom a woof that she was taking great pains with. It was a stripe for frocks for herself and her girls, and a neighbor who had expressed admiration for it. She regarded it as her masterpiece. She looked longingly at the loom, its fair handiwork awaiting and inviting to completion.

"You are in earnest, are you, Jonce?"

"I am," said Jonce, firmly, even solemnly.

"Then let it be so."

She rose, cut the cloth from the unfinished woof, folded it, and laid it away. Each drew a long breath, for each felt that faithful observance of the mutual pledges was to be at dear cost.

III.

The loom was removed into a shed room, and Susan, a bright negro girl, whom her mistress had been instructing in the art, was brought in to its continuous work. Dr. Lewis was right. What with the suspension of exhausting labor, and the thought that her husband was saved from ruin, the form of Mrs. Trammell straightened and filled, and the bloom came back to her cheek.

Hard as was her struggle, that of Jonce was harder. But he loved his wife dearly, and he struggled like a true man. Jonce thought sometimes that it might have been as well to modify the compact from one of total abstinence to moderate indulgence, but he was ashamed to say so.

So matters went on. Of late Jonce had rather persuaded himself that there was a suspicion somewhere in his mind—a suspicion which gave him less pain, however, than it ought. "Susan," said Jonce to himself—"Susan's a smart nigger, I know, that is, *fur* a nigger; but Susan's a-learnin' of weavin' powerful peert, that is, for a nigger. I'm a-speakin' o' Susan a-bein', and *as* bein' of a nigger, and I say that she's a-learnin' o' weavin' powerful peert. She's a-comin' o' the stripes, here lately I see. Susan's a-gittin' to be of a walible nigger, cert'n sure."

So Jonce began to ruminate in his mind, and to prowl about the house more than his wont, sometimes coming in at unexpected hours, and at the back instead of the front door. But he the while kept sober as a judge—more so than some judges.

"I don't think, Jonce," said Mrs. Trammell one day at dinner, "that I ever knew a girl to take to weaving as soon and as kindly as Susie."

"She do, do she?"

"Indeed yes. I've got her to weaving stripes already."

"Susan—that is, I'm a-speakin' of her bein', and *as* bein' of a nigger, and—appearantly a-gittin' on oncommon peert. I believe I'll go down to the low grounds, and see how the fence is 'twixt me and Tom Edwards sence the rain."

Jonce took his hat and walking-cane, and sallied forth from the back door. But he lingered in the house lot, and listened for the weaver's beam. When the dinner things were put away, he heard it, and the strokes seemed to him to be made by a person who knew what she was about. For the first time in his married life, Jonce Trammell did some creeping. This brought him to the window of the shed room, where—oh, faithless wife!—from her fair hands the weaver's shuttle was enacting the swiftness so expressive in the mouths of the holy prophets, while Susan was standing by, looking on with wonder and delight. Ashamed, but (as he afterward admitted) more for himself than his wife, Jonce crept away; but he had gotten only a few steps when his wife, who had risen from the loom, observed him. Her impulse was first to call to him, but this she resisted. She went into her own room, sat down, and then Mrs. Trammell on her part did some ruminating. In a few minutes Jonce, who had saddled his horse at the lot, rode up by the house, opened the gate, and turned toward town.

"Why, I thought you were going to the low grounds, Jonce," called his wife.

"Yes," answered Jonce, "but, Meely, you see you was mistakened."

IV.

Jonce Trammell had never, during any of his drinking frolics, staid from home at night. But now it seemed as if he was destined to illustrate the truth of old Mr. Spivey's saying about the making up for lost time in such cases. The grief of his wife was extreme, as alternately she sat up and walked the floor the night long. When the morning came, she adjusted her hair, re-dressed herself, and

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tried to look bright before her husband. But no Jonce, neither to breakfast nor at dinner-time. She knew he was at Fann's, for old Mr. Spivey had told her so the evening before, and he had told her further that in answer to his request to Jonce to come on home with him, Jonce had refused peremptorily, and had said that he did not know when he would.

"Jonce were mad, Meely; but he were drunker'n mad. I hope he'll git over it by mornin', and come on home. Don't be oneasy. Jim Fann 'll give him a bed."

The old man was uncle to Jonce. Riding from his own home, half a mile further down the road, about two o'clock in the afternoon, he came up to Jonce's house, and was surprised and distressed that Jonce yet lingered in town.

"Time sich as that were put a stop to in some ways or some ways else. I'm a-goin' in to Fann's, Meely. Ef I ain't back in two hours, you better come yourself. 'Tain't worth while to be mealy-mouthin' 'bout Jonce no longer."

He rode on into town. The old gentleman never had been to the grocery except on such or similar business, for though he habitually took his one sweetened dram a day, always, as he expressed it, "of a mornin' like," few held drunkenness in deeper disgust.

Jonce, though not deeply intoxicated, yet was in sad plight. In answer to the old man's entreaties to return home, he went many times over the case of his wife, the judgment of the doctor, his own repeated remonstration, and dwelt on the piteousness of how it was going to be when she, in spite even of her solemn pledge—such was the uncontrollability of her passion for the loom—should succeed in murdering herself in secret. His uncle, smothering his wrath, pitied Jonce—oh, very sweetly—but could not get Jonce's mind upon the subject of a return to his home; Jonce continued to harp upon his misfortune in thus losing the best of wives. In the midst of these pathetics, Mrs. Trammell, leading her little son Tommy, entered the room. The presence of such a fine woman made the poor place seem suddenly and unendurably disgusting to the men who were therein, and they slunk out of it; even Fann himself crept into his back room.

When Jonce saw his wife, at first he thought he must be in a dream.

"Jonce," she said, trembling, "I and Tommy have come for you."

Her eyes were red with unrest and weeping; but they exhibited no anger, or other passion than affection and sorrow.

"I know you are ashamed of me, Jonce, for coming into this place. But I could not live at home without you. Oh, my husband, I wish I had called you back yesterday. I started to do it, but I thought maybe you might not like it to find out that I knew you had been watching me. If I had, I don't think you'd have left me as you did, because I could have explained everything. Not that I blame you, my dearest Jonce, for watching me. That was my husband's right."

Old Mr. Spivey, famous peace-maker though he was, came near pouring forth an indignant dissent from this proposition. But fastening his jaws together, he looked with hypocritical fondness upon Jonce, who bowed his head with shame.

"Poor Jonce! poor fellow!" said Mr. Spivey, compassionating Jonce, it was not clear for what.

"When I agreed with you, Jonce, not to do any more weaving, I didn't think you'd count what little I did in showing Susan. The whole of it, as God is my judge, I don't believe would have made a single yard."

"My! my! Jonce Trammell," said Mr. Spivey; "I thought from your talk that Meely was a-killin' of herself."

"And so she were," said Jonce, doggedly; "the doctor said so." Jonce looked as if he had been wounded in his very tenderest sensibilities.

"Ah, Uncle Adam," said Mrs. Trammell, "that was three months ago, and then I quit that work, although everybody knows how necessary is work for our family. But I quit it. Oh, it was a strange bargain; but I made it for the sake of my husband. I took delight in my loom, but I gave it up to oblige him, and save if possible—"

Then Mrs. Trammell broke into sobs.

V.

"Right thar," Mr. Spivey used to say, in recounting this scene, "I don't think I were ever madder or 'shameder, not only of Jonce Trammell, but o' my whole sect; and I come nigh o' bein' of nonplushed, sich were my feelin's; but I were for a compermise, and I hid 'em. I come nigh of a-tellin' of Jonce that he were the tri-

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flin'est, low-flungest, suck-eggest hound that ever was beat out of a hen-'ouse; but I hilt in, because I were after a compermise."

Let us hear what the old hypocrite said as he wiped his eyes, or rather, as he pretended, his nose, with his great bandana.

"Oh, now, now, Meely! They is two sides of every question."

Jonce turned his eyes appealingly to the old man.

"And which now, Meely, if it's a question of killin' of yourselves—jes' so, Meely—ahem!—and which I has no idee that nary one of you's desires is to do that, leastways out o' spite agin one another. But killin's killin', Meely, as Jonce say, and I'm obleeged to agree with Jonce thar, Meely; and ef Jonce 'spicions that your intentions is to run agin both him *and* Dr. Lewis, right intoo the jaws o' death, why, you see, Meely, Jonce mout, as a 'fectionate husband, try to git in before you, as it were, and not a-wishin' and a-desirin' of a-bein' of a widderer, as it were—"

Here Jonce broke into loud lamentation.

"Ah, now," said the old man, with profoundest sympathy, "you see how 'flicted the poor fellow air. In co'se he's a-goin' 'long home with us, and I'm a-goin' to git you and him to compermise this case, for it's a case that can't be settled 'ithout a compermise. So you go on home, Meely, and Jonce and me'll come on amegiantly. I see from his looks that he's a-goin', and which if he don't, why, in co'se you can come back *and put up here at Fann's*, and see Jonce through, and which in co'se it would be a pity for Jonce to die in a grocery (though I got nothin' to say agin Fann), and not have his wife to smooth his dyin' piller, and ketch his partin' words, and see him breathe of his life out sweetly thar, as it were."

She went out with her son. Jonce was sobered enough by what had transpired to be made to listen to reason. He rose, washed his face and hands in a basin in the back room of the grocery—Fann the while aiding and expediting eagerly—brushed himself, and came forth with his uncle. When Mrs. Trammell saw them fairly out, and not before, she mounted her horse, took up her son behind, and rode slowly on.

On the way, Mr. Spivey's talk, the smoothest he could invent in the beginning, roughened gradually as they approached Jonce's residence, and he felt that he could let out some of his vial upon him.

"And I am glad to hear you say, Jonce," he continued, uninterruptedly, after constant previous discourse—"I am glad to hear you acknowledge that you have a far jeweld of a wife"—Jonce, I observe parenthetically, had not opened his mouth, not, indeed, having had the opportunity—"which go to show that you ain't the fool and the scoundrel you would be if you didn't acknowledge it; and, Jonce"—the house was now fairly in view—"jes' to come down to the bottom, Jonce, I'm not a-talkin' of your gittin' of drunk, but that yistiday business; *I'm* a powerful 'shamed of it, Jonce, as your own blessed uncle; and I never knowed a feller, make no odds how bad he wanted of a drink o' sperrits, to grabble lower to git it; that is, Jonce, a-providin' that were your objec'."

"It weren't, Uncle Adam," said Jonce, humbly; "I did want a drink, but I were mad because I thought Meely were a-foolin' of me."

"Yes, and you found that you was a-foolin' o' yourself. Jonce Trammell, you are a child o' my own sister that's dead and goned, and I want to tell you this: when a man have to go to grabblin' in the dirt—for that's what I can't but name it—makes no odds what kind o' wife, but 'specially with sich a wife as you've got, when he have to sneak about and peep through winder-shetter cracks to watch her, and 'specially when she's a-workin' for him and his childern, it's a pity somebody weren't thar to poke a p'inted stick through that crack, and punch out at least one of his eyes out; and then ef—providin' he want to die, and which wouldn't be a onreason'ble wish in them circum'ances—to lead up *to* him, and to back *on* him, a mule, and let *him* kick him to death. Now as for the drinkin' o' sperrits—I'm a-talkin' now, Jonce Trammell, of one drink a day, and which I means a sweetened dram of a mornin' like, and which it ain't a-goin' to kill nobody; and ef he'll confind hisself to that, he'll never feel like a-prowlin' of around his own house, like a suck-egg dog around of hen-nesseses, and git liable to have his hide walloped, and a few o' his bones broke with a bar'l stave or a bean pole. And furthermore, Jonce Trammell—yes, I mout add, furthersomemoreover—"

But they had now reached the horse-

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block, where Mrs. Trammell had just alighted, and the artful, aged peace-maker felt that he must change the tone of his remarks in the hearing of the other party. Without a moment's pause he continued: "And furthermoresomeover, Jonce, I agree with you *intirely*, Jonce, that when a feller git oneasy when the doctor have expressed his 'pinions about his wife, and 'specially, as you say, when he have the jeweld of a wife you've got, and which everybody know that weavin' a-bein' of a leanin'-over kind o' work, and be liable to pejuce bres complaints; and so as you've got back home once more, I'm a-goin' to stop, maybe git a bite o' supper with you and Meely, and compermise this troublesome business; and it won't take but a very few words, a-providin' that a man have exper'ence to know how and whar to put 'em; and which, upon my soul, Jonce, you and Meely both looks a hunderd per cent. better jes' at the idee."

VI.

By this time they were in the piazza. Mr. Spivey had not paused a single moment in his talk. Like an experienced lawyer who will brook no interruption by his client, he went on in his deliberate way, as if, after due submission of the case by the parties and careful preparation, he was proceeding to a formal settlement.

"And which Jonce and you, Meely, as I understand, it's your desires to compermise this case, which have give anexity on top of anexity to you both, and which I'm Jonce's uncle, and your'n too as the wife o' Jonce, and proud o' *that*, as Jonce Trammell know; and I'm sixty-eight year old, goin' on my sixty-nine; and I've knowed cases *and* cases that would 'a got worse *and* worse ef they hadn't 'a been compermised; and which, Meely, I would ask you, as the party of the first part, the follerin' question, jes' for the fillin' of the blanks o' this compermise, as it war, and which it is, how much, or about how much, more or less, now nigh as you can come at it, Meely, a woman to work not too rapid, but reasonable—how much weavin' ought she to do before breakfast of a mornin' like?"

The old gentleman made at this point his first pause, rather, it is probable, for a momentary rest, than to await Mrs. Trammell's answer. She could but smile at the question, understanding as she did its purport.

"Ah ha!" said the good man, triumphantly. "There it is. You see, Jonce, and which I understand Meely to say, about half a yard; not *over* half a yard. I'm goin', Meely, to respect Jonce's feelin's, and his desires, and his anexities, and fetch you down to a half a yard a day; and which, as Jonce Trammell's uncle, I say to him, it's a far and a reason'ble cornsideration for the party of the first part, and which I hain't the first idee that he won't say so; and which now for the said party o' the second part, and which I know that, as a general thing, females don't come in, not as quick as men, I mean, and understan' compermises, yit, as in co'se they have got to be a cornsideration in every compermise, I hain't the least idee but that Meely Trammell, the said party o' the first part, will agree that the said Jonce Trammell, of the second part, and which I would say, *one dram a day;* and as both the parties knows that a compermise have to have stated words, and not leave no loop-holes, I put it—ahem!—to one sweetened dram, in a modert-size tumbler, and of a mornin' like—"

"But, Uncle Adam," interrupted Mrs. Trammell, "I don't think a wife has any right to limit her—"

"Cert'nly not," Mr. Spivey broke in, with, for him, surprising quickness—"cert'nly not, Meely; it's your husband a-limitin' of hisself. I understand you, Jonce Trammell, to say that it air the said party o' the second part that's a-limitin' of hitself to one sweetened dram of a mornin' like. And now"—rising, and taking slyly, but with triumphant smiles, a bottle, which he set upon the sill of the window—"I've fotch this bottle along, and I puts it on the winder-shelf here, for Meely to make the first toddy with her own captiwatin' hands, and, as it war, open the ball and cap the climax o' the compermise, arfter both o' the parties has had a good night's sleep; and I will say that I'm sixty-eight year old, a-goin' *on* my sixty-nine, and I've been witness when people has made many of a compermise; but I will say I never were witness to one that was farrer for both parties than what Jonce Trammell and Meely Trammell has now called on me to witness, and I never heerd two people talk farrer or more reasonable than both the said parties, and—"

"But, Uncle Adam," tried to urge Jonce.

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who had not been able to get in a word, though constantly so desirous and repeatedly endeavoring—"but, Uncle Adam—"

"I understand you, Jonce, perfectly," persistently refusing to be interrupted, the old gentleman continued, "and I stand by what you say, that a compermise couldn't be farrer for both parties; and I'm sixty-eight year old, a-goin' on to my sixty-nine, and both the parties will say so a long arfter I'm in my grave."

Without another word from any of the three, Mr. Spivey left the house, mounted his horse, and rode away.

When he had gone, Mrs. Trammell rose and walked to where her husband sat, with his hands covering his eyes.

"Jonce, I don't want you to consider yourself bound by anything that has been said by Uncle Adam. I have no right, and Uncle Adam had no right—"

Jonce arose with passion, and looked upon her whom he loved more than his own life.

"Meely," said he, "I DO! and may Godamighty strike me dead if I—"

She placed her hand upon his lips, put herself in his arms, and wept upon his breast.

For full forty years Jonce Trammell kept his part. The only deception his wife ever practiced upon him afterward was when she saw him abstaining from his morning dram, knowing the reason why, to make a show of working at her loom. She died first. From the first day of her sickness until his own death, a year after, he could never be induced to take spirits of any sort.

The great peace-maker, as long as he lived, regarded the Trammell Compromise his masterpiece of work in this his favorite line.

"You see," he would often say, "when two things has got to be fotch together in a compermise that's as fur apart as weavin' and the drinkin' o' sperrits, and which one is a wertu in a female person, and the tother a wice—I'm not a-speakin' of one sweetened dram of a mornin' like, but sich as Jonce Trammell's drinkin' when he got fa'rly sot in, and which is a wice in a male person—it take a man o' exper'ence *and* obserwation to do it. You see, *I* never let nary one of 'em talk. *I* done the talkin', and afore they scarcely knowed it, I had the papers signded, as it war, and which I had drawed 'em so close and particklar that nary one of 'em couldn't never find a place to pick a hole in 'em."

WHO WERE THE PILGRIMS?

THE Pilgrims were Separatists from the English Church, and the offspring of Puritanism. Puritanism was the child of the Reformation. It may be well in a few preliminary words to follow the various prominent steps by which that stage of the Reformation was reached from which the passage to Puritanism and thence to Separatism became easy and natural.

As early as the year 1350, Bradwardine, the chaplain of Edward the Third, somewhat infected with the doctrine of Walter Lollard, who was burned for heresy at Cologne in 1322, induced his royal master to resist the encroachments of Clement the Sixth on the religious liberties of England, by passing what was called the Statute of Provisors, by which imprisonment or banishment was decreed for all who should procure from the court of Rome any presentation of benefices in the English Church.

In 1377, Wycliffe, a professor of divinity in the University of Oxford, came out in open rebellion against the authority of the Pope, and not only quickened the sluggish blood of the ancient establishment of the English Church, then well-nigh dead, but increased its current, and enlarged the channels through which it flowed. In 1393, under Richard the Second, the Act of Provisors was renewed, and it was also enacted that whoever should bring into England, receive, publish, or execute there any papal bull, excommunication, or other like document, should be out of the King's protection, and forfeit goods, chattels, and liberty. This was called the Statute of Præmunire, which signified a statute fortifying the royal power against foreign assault. Thus for a time the supremacy of the Pope was technically overthrown in England. During the succeeding reigns of the houses of York and Lancaster, papal intrigue succeeded in rendering these statutes a dead letter, and the old encroachments and usurpations again crept in. It is doubtful whether these encroachments would

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have been resisted by Henry the Eighth if they had not placed obstacles in the way of his divorce from Catherine. But owing to the determination of Clement to oppose his wishes in this respect, Henry shook off allegiance to Rome, and declared himself the head of the Church. Afterward, provoked into new attitudes of hostility to the Pope, and finally exasperated by a retaliatory excommunication, he extended the breach between himself and Rome, already too wide to be healed, until the last span was broken in the bridge which connected them. Monasteries were suppressed, saintly shrines were demolished, the worship of images was disallowed, and Wolsey, a prince of the Roman Church, was arrested under the Act of Præmunire, and tried for treason. The clergy were dismayed at these royal acts, but opposed them in vain. The arrest of their cardinal brought them to terms, for the acts of which he had been found guilty had been shared by them, and their only safety lay in a recognition of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the King.

But Henry remained a Catholic nevertheless, and though he had overthrown the power of Clement within his realm, he was practically the Pope himself. He issued a bull, whose provisions in 1538 became a law, called the Statute of the Six Articles, or Bloody Statute, or the Whip with Six Strings. This article declared:

1. That if any one denied that the bread and the wine of the sacramental supper were the real body and blood of Christ, he should be burned alive, without the privilege of abjuring.

2. That the bread is both the body and the blood, and that the wine is both the body and blood, of Christ, so that partaking of either is sufficient.

3. That priests ought not to marry.

4. That vows of chastity are perpetually binding.

5. That private masses ought to be continued.

6. That confession to a priest is necessary to forgiveness.

It was added that whoever should deny either of the last five articles should forfeit—even if he should recant—all his goods and chattels, and be imprisoned as long as the King pleased; and if he continued obstinate, or, after recanting his disbelief, relapsed, he should be put to death.

But though Henry remained a Catholic, as averse as ever to the doctrines of the Reformation, his warfare with the Pope could not fail to let in a little sunlight on the seeds of Protestantism about him, and swell them into vegetation and growth. In order that the minds of the people might be turned against Rome, the Bible, translated into English by Tyndale a few years before, and smuggled as a prohibited book into England from the Continent, was permitted to be printed at home, and thus the popular use and reading of the Scriptures became the corner-stone on which the structure of religious freedom was destined to be built.

Thus the reign of Henry the Eighth ended, in 1547, and that of his son, Edward the Sixth, began. Sir Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, and eldest brother of Queen Jane, the mother of Edward, who had been named as one of the executors, was created Duke of Somerset, and made Lord Protector of the realm. Having been a friend of the Reformation, he had secured John Cheeke, a Greek lecturer at the University of Cambridge, and Richard Cox, as preceptors of the prince, who had instructed their pupil with great care in the Protestant faith. Edward immediately after his accession favored the Reformation, and urged the religious instruction of the people. The Statute of the Six Articles was repealed, and a new liturgy, or Book of Common Prayer, was drawn up. The mass was changed into the communion; confession to the priest was left optional; but the sign of the cross in baptism, in confirmation, and in anointing the sick was retained. The English Bible was placed in every church, marriages by the clergy were permitted, the removal of all images and pictures from the churches was ordered, and the ceremonies of bearing palms on Palm-Sunday, candles on Candlemasday, ashes on Ash-Wednesday, and some of the rites used on Good-Friday and Easter, were forbidden. Cranmer and Ridley and other prominent leaders in the Reformation were, however, too timid to venture upon a thorough reform, lest they might shock the prejudices of the people, and finally failed in their attempted work. Thus in framing the new liturgy many Popish superstitions were retained, and the Roman manual was to a great extent adopted as its model. But as in every reform the most speedy and thorough

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eradication of old errors is the surest and safest method, so the timid policy of Somerset and Cranmer not only failed to appease the opponents of reform, represented by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Tonstal, Bishop of Durham, but also fell far short of meeting the requirements of the reformers, who were panting for the entire demolition of the Roman establishment.

The result of this policy was Puritanism, and the first Puritan was John Hooper. An Oxford scholar at the time of the passage of the Statute of the Six Articles, Hooper was severe in its denunciation, and in consequence was obliged to leave the university. Afterward, further persisting in his opposition to the ecclesiastical tyranny of Henry, he fled to Germany, where he pursued his studies in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and became a learned scholar and divine. Returning to London early in the reign of Edward, he was permitted by Somerset to preach, and recommended by him to the King. He was afterward commanded by his Majesty to continue his labors, and on the 5th of February, 1550, received orders from the King and Council to preach before the court once a week during Lent. In 1550 he was appointed Bishop of Gloucester, but declined it on account of the oath, and the habits worn by the bishops. The oath of supremacy was made in the name of God and the saints and the Holy Ghost, which Hooper thought impious, because God alone ought to be appealed to. The King, becoming convinced of this, struck the offensive words out of the oath; but the scruples of the new bishop concerning the habits were not so easily reconciled. The King and Cranmer were inclined to dispense with them, but a majority of the Council said, "The thing is indifferent, and therefore the law ought to be obeyed." After a contest of nine months, in the course of which Hooper suffered a short imprisonment for his contumacy, a compromise was effected, by which he consented to be robed in his habits at his consecration, and when he preached before the King or in any public place, but at all other times they should be dispensed with.

Pending the settlement of this vexed question the Reformation went on. The doctrine of the Church was yet to be remodelled. Under the direction of Archbishop Cranmer and Bishop Ridley, forty-two articles were framed upon the chief points of Christian faith, which, after correction and approval by other bishops and divines, received the royal sanction. These articles are, with some alterations, the same as those now in use, having been reduced to thirty-nine at the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. The final work of reformation in Edward's reign was a second revision of the Book of Common Prayer, by which some new features were added, and some of those which had proved oppressive to advanced reformers struck out. Thus ended, in 1553, the reign of Edward, the boy King, whose death at the age of sixteen dashed the well-grounded hopes of the nation for a gradual but in the end a thorough reform.

It is unnecessary to speak of the reign of Bloody Mary. Of course the reformatory laws of Edward were repealed, and Romanism was once more triumphant; but only for a season. Her reign was short—of only five years' duration—and perhaps by the persecutions which characterized it was in one respect the means of advancing the Protestant cause more vigorously than would have been possible if Edward had continued on the throne. It is doubtful whether, in the progress of that gradual abandonment of Romish doctrine and Romish forms upon which Edward had entered, the ritual prescribed by him would not have been finally divested of enough of its objectionable features to make it acceptable to the whole body of reformers. But on the accession of Mary, Protestants were forced in large numbers into exile, and subjected in other lands to new and potent influences. The current of Protestantism which flowed toward the Continent to escape her persecutions became divided there by the opposite teachings of Frankfort and Geneva, and flowed back after the accession of Elizabeth in separate streams, one to buoy up and sustain the English Church with all the forms with which the new Queen had invested it, and the other to sweep away, if possible, every vestige of Romanism in its ritual. The contumacy of John Hooper was but a single Puritan wave, which met a yielding barrier and disappeared. With the return of the exiles from Geneva a new tide of Puritanism set in, with an ocean of resolute thought behind it, which no royal hand could stay. It began its career, as was the case with Hooper, with a simple protest against forms of worship

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—a protest which, when conformity was demanded by the bishops, gradually extended to a denial of the power which demanded it. The more urgent the demand, the greater the resistance, until at last, like blows on yielding metal, which only serve to weld and harden it, persecution converted objection to a ritual into a conscientious contempt of prelatical power. Nor did it stop here. The sword which had been sharpened for the necks of the Catholics became two-edged in the hands of Elizabeth, and was wielded with equal force against nonconforming Protestants. Barrow and Greenwood and Ap-Henry felt it to-day, and to-morrow the Romish priests Ballard and Maud suffered a martyr's death. To-day the death of Mary was demanded to protect a Protestant throne from the insidious attacks of Philip of Spain, and to-morrow Thomas Settle and Peter Wentworth were sent to prison to quench the spirit of Protestant liberty, which threatened the foundations of ecclesiastical power.

It is not necessary to describe in detail the oppression and persecution of the Puritans under Elizabeth. The great body of them, however, remained in the Church, simply protesting against its objectionable features, but tolerating them as long as they were prescribed by law. The result was a natural one. As the demands of the bishops had given birth to a protest against prelatical tyranny, so the bloody hand of the Queen at last inaugurated a denial of regal supremacy in the affairs of the Church. Hence, though the great body of Puritans remained within the ranks of episcopacy, desirous only of its reform, here and there were those who claimed the right to set up churches of their own, with their own church government, their own pastors and elders, subject to no control or interference either from the bishops or the crown.

The first separation from the Church worthy of note took place in 1567. After the failure of a new attempt in Parliament to pass a bill "touching reformation of matters of religion and church government," a body of worshippers, to the number of a hundred or more, occupied a hall in London, in Anchor Lane, belonging to the company of the Plumbers, and held service in accordance with their own methods. The clergymen present were John Benson, Christopher Coleman, Thomas Rowland, and Robert Hawkins, all of whom had been deprived of their livings for nonconformity. Among the prominent laymen was William White, who is described as a "sturdy citizen of London, and a man of fortune." The inquiry naturally suggests itself whether William White, the *Mayflower* Pilgrim, may not have belonged to the same family, and been perhaps his son. The discovery, however, by the writer of this article, some years since, in Doctors' Commons in London, of the will of Bishop John White, dated 1621, in which allusion is made to an unnamed son, who had left his country and his Church, suggests a more probable parentage of the father of the infant Peregrine. Thirty-one of these worshippers were sent to prison, and the next day carried for examination before the commissioners of the Queen. At the close of the examination the prisoners were exhorted to forbear their religious assemblies; but it being evident that they would not yield, they were sent to Bridewell prison at the command of the Queen. After ten and a half months' imprisonment they were warned of greater severity should they repeat their factious and disorderly behavior, and then discharged.

But the dispersion of these devoted Separatists far from extinguished the fire they had kindled. In 1576, John Copping, Elias Thacker, and Robert Brown, all clergymen of the Established Church, who had been deprived of their livings by the bishops, appeared on the scene, and by their zeal re-enforced the growing sentiment of Separatism. Brown was a man of high family, related to Lord Treasurer Burleigh, and chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk. Brown fled to Holland, where he became pastor of a Separatist congregation composed of English exiles. He there wrote two books, one entitled *A Book which showeth the Life and Manners of all true Christians, and how unlike they are unto Turks, and Papists, and Heathen Folk*, and the other, *A Treatise of Reformation without tarrying for Any; and of the Wickedness of those Preachers who will not reform Themselves and their Charge because they will tarry till the Magistrate command and compel Them.* These books, laying down substantially the platform on which seceding Separatists planted themselves, though exhibiting something of the exuberant zeal which characterized their author, were surreptitiously

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distributed in England, to the infinite annoyance of the Queen and her councillors. At the time of their publication Copping and Thacker were in prison for nonconformity, and in some way managed to aid in their circulation. For this offense they were transferred from the hands of the bishops to the secular power, and tried in June, 1593, under a charge of sedition. In the same month both died on the gallows, and thus while the dissenting flame was burning with increasing zeal, two sparks only were extinguished by royal power. In 1585 Brown returned to England, relying for immunity from punishment on those kind offices of his relation, Lord Burleigh, which had often before stood him in need. In 1588 he underwent the sentence of excommunication in a bishops' court for contempt in not responding to a citation, whereupon he suddenly recanted, and submitting himself to the order and government established in the Church, was restored to good standing, and in 1591 was the recipient of a living at the hands of those whose power he had so long denied and resisted. During his eventful career he had stamped on his followers the name of Brownists, which was applied, without regard to minor differences of opinion in matters of doctrine and church government, to all who had separated themselves from the Established Church. It was disgust at his recantation and not opposition to his views which led Robinson at a later day to warn his followers to throw off and reject the name.

But the fate of Thacker and Copping, while it perhaps deterred the timid like Brown who were not made of martyrs' stuff, failed to check the onward movement of Separatism. The martyrdom of Barrow and Greenwood and Ap-Henry followed soon after, and added fuel instead of water to the flame, for resistance to prelatical tyranny found ampler justification in the cruelty with which the tyrannical hand dealt its blows.

Henry Barrow was a graduate of Cambridge, a member of the legal profession in London, and "was sometime a frequenter of the court" of Queen Elizabeth. John Greenwood, also a graduate of Cambridge, had been ordained in the Church, and had served as chaplain in the family of Lord Rich, a Puritan nobleman of Rochford in Essex. John Ap-Henry, or Penry, as he is generally called in history, was a Welshman, who took his first degree in Cambridge, and the degree of Master of Arts at Oxford. They had all passed rapidly through the mild stage of Puritanism, which they found no fit resting-place, and by pen and voice had entered with zeal into the cause of Separatism.

As Separatism grew, Puritanism grew also, and the nonconforming Puritan, though denouncing Separatism as a schism, and hating schism as a sin, at last found himself in the outer circle of the whirlpool, where, all unconscious of his destination, he was drifting irrecoverably into the vortex of Independentism. In illustration of this, the career of Francis Johnson, a noted convert to Separatism, was a singular one. A determined Puritan, but a bitter enemy of Separatism, he was the pastor of an English congregation at Middelburg, in Zealand, when the fact came to his knowledge that a book written by Barrow and Greenwood in prison, entitled *A Brief Discovery of the False Church*, was in the hands of the printers there with a view to illicit distribution in England. As a loyal though Puritan minister of the English Church, he became alarmed at the thought of the harm its circulation might cause, and notified the English ambassador of the danger. He was at once employed to intercept the publication, and performed his commission so thoroughly as to accomplish the destruction of the whole edition, excepting two copies, which he preserved, one for himself and one for a friend. "When he had done this work, he went home, and being set down in his study, he began to turn over some pages of this book, and superficially to read some things here and there as his fancy led him. At length he met with something that began to work upon his spirit, which so wrought with him as drew him to this resolution, seriously to read over the whole book, the which he did once and again. In the end he was so taken, and his conscience was troubled so, as he could have no rest in himself until he crossed the sea and came to London to confer with the authors, then in prison." The result of his conversion was the organization, in 1592, of a Separatist congregation in Southwark, which was the original starting-point of a society now living and flourishing. In 1616 Henry Jacob became pastor of this church, followed by John Lathrop, who

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came to America in 1634, and was settled over the church in Scituate. The Southwark church was until recently under the charge of Rev. John Waddington, who for many years has been assiduous in his efforts to trace back the current of Pilgrim history. Francis Johnson, soon after the organization of his church, was banished from England, and became pastor of a banished church in Amsterdam, and there "caused the same books which he had been an instrument to burn to be new printed and set out at his own charge."

But in this onward movement of Separatism it may be asked, what was the attitude of Puritanism? It must not be supposed, because Separatists were Puritans, that Puritans were Separatists, or that there was the slightest sympathy or friendship between the two. The Separatists pushed to the extremes of reform, and denounced those who tarried by the way. The Puritans, loyal to the Church establishment, while protesting against objectionable forms, were waiting for their correction in conformity with law, and the Separatists found no opponents more vigorous or hostile than those within their ranks. In the Parliament of 1593, in which the Puritan element predominated in the Commons, the most direct and positive law was enacted which the Separatists encountered in the whole history of their persecutions. In that Parliament the spiritual lords, who held the control in the Upper House, sent down to the Commons an act imposing the severest penalties on all Nonconformists, which the Puritans succeeded in so far modifying as to exclude themselves from its operation, and to substitute for the Separatist the punishment of banishment. Up to that time persecutions had been conducted under a forced construction of the act of 23 Elizabeth, intended, when enacted, to apply to papists only, which made writing or speaking against the bishops the same as seditious matter against the Queen. The odium incurred by the bishops in consequence rendered, in their opinion, a new law necessary, which should have a direct application to that class of recusants, who in the progress of time had become more dangerous than the papists to the stability of the Church. It has been claimed, in defense of the Puritans, that this act was a compromise with the House of Lords, and really substituted in behalf of the Separatists the milder punishment of banishment for that of a felon's death. But it was really no compromise at all. The new law was a direct and positive enactment, purporting to explain, but not repeal, the old law. The old law remained in force, and would have been as potent as ever if the Queen and the bishops had seen fit to use it as an instrument of persecution.

The new law, passed by a Puritan Commons, contributed in no small degree to swelling the flood of oppression, which was destined to sweep Separatism out of England. The Puritans could not tolerate any opposition to the old idea of ecclesiastical unity, and were willing to go as far as the farthest in suppressing it. They held that the National Church, though perhaps in some respects corrupt and unscripturally organized, contained within itself a true Church of Christ, and therefore they abhorred separation from its worship and communion as a sinful schism. They believed that Parliament might rightfully enact laws for ecclesiastical government, and for the punishment of ecclesiastical offenders. Their approval of this law, therefore, was not inconsistent with their attitude of hostility to the Separatists, and should always be borne in mind by the reader as measuring the difference between two distinct bodies of reformers, which have been ignorantly and persistently mingled and confounded.

The next independent church established in England was that of John Smith, organized at Gainsborough in 1602. Mr. Smith shortly after removed with his congregation to Amsterdam, where dissensions among his people embarrassed his work. Though a learned man, he was unstable and capricious, as appears by his own confession in the preface to one of his books, in which he desires that his last writings may always be taken for his present judgment. He afterward became a Baptist, and moved with his disciples to Ley, where he soon afterward embraced the views of Arminius, which he ably defended in a book answered by John Robinson in 1611. In early life he had been a pupil of Francis Johnson, and was at one time connected with the Southwark church. This church, which is claimed by Mr. Waddington to have inspired the movement which resulted in the Pilgrim church at Scrooby, has certainly a memorable record. Francis Johnson was its first pastor, John Greenwood its first teacher, Dan-

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iel Studley and George Kniston its first elders, and Christopher Bowman and Nicholas Lee its first deacons. Henry Jacob and John Lathrop, its pastors at a later day, complete the list of those known to have been connected with it in its earliest years. Surely every true son of New England should hold the old church of Southwark, the parent of Congregationalism in England, only less dear to his heart than the old Plymouth church, the child of the Pilgrim church at Scrooby.

The date of the formation of the Separatist church at Scrooby has generally been considered the year 1602. What is now known to have been an error had its origin in a statement of Nathaniel Morton in his memorial, made without a reference to any authority. The discovery of Bradford's history has exposed this among other errors, and fixed the year 1606 as the true date. It is known that the departure of the congregation for Holland took place in the early part of the year 1608. Bradford says: "So after they had continued together about a year, they resolved to get over into Holland as they could, which was in the year 1607–8." He further says that Brewster died in 1643, and "that he had borne his part in weal and woe with this persecuted church above thirty-six years in England, Holland, and this wilderness."

The founder of this church was William Brewster, one who, in the language of an English antiquarian, "was the most eminent person in the Pilgrim movement, and who, if that honor is to be given to any single person, must be regarded as the father of New England." He was the son of William Brewster of Scrooby, who held the position of postmaster for many years. He was born in 1560, and having spent four years in the University of Cambridge, entered in 1584 the service of Sir William Davison, who had recently returned from a two years' embassy in Scotland. At that time Philip of Spain was at war with the Netherlands, and Elizabeth had been importuned to save the United Provinces from his grasping hand. Davison was immediately intrusted with a mission to prepare the way for such substantial aid as might rescue the Netherlands from Catholic despotism. Brewster attended him as secretary, and in this and a subsequent mission rendered important service. The port of Flushing, with important fortresses in Holland and Zealand, were transferred to Elizabeth as security for men and money loaned, and held as cautionary towns. The keys of Flushing were placed by Davison in the hands of Brewster, and held by him until the arrival of Sir Philip Sidney, who was appointed to its permanent command. On the eve of the return of Davison to England he was presented with a golden chain in recognition of his valuable services, which he placed on the neck of Brewster, requesting him to wear it until their arrival at court. This request was doubtless in token of his high esteem of the fidelity with which his secretary had performed his duties. Davison the ambassador was now made a Secretary of State, and one of the Privy Council, and Brewster continued to act as his secretary.

While these scenes were enacting, Mary Queen of Scots was in prison, awaiting deliverance or death. Repeated and urgent petitions to Elizabeth to send her to the block were met neither by rejection nor approval, and the mind of the Queen wavered between a desire to save her cousin and a conviction that her death alone could suppress the plots which, with or without her connivance, her adherents were hatching against the Protestant throne. In one of her severer moods she sent for Davison, and ordering him to procure a death-warrant, signed it, and required him to bear it to the Lord Chancellor for affixing the great seal. With the seal appended, Davison delivered it to the Council, who sent it at once to the officials to whom it was directed, and the execution followed. When the information of the death of Mary reached the Queen, she manifested extreme indignation at the haste which had been used, and declared that though the warrant had been signed and sealed, it was not to have been enforced until after further orders. The indignation of the Queen, feigned or real, was visited on Davison, and he was committed to the Tower, and carried before the Star Chamber Court for trial. The court, though pronouncing him to be "a good, able, and honest man," yet, wishing to shield the Queen, fined him ten thousand marks, and committed him to the Tower during her Majesty's pleasure. His public career had reached an abrupt conclusion, and after a life of honorable retirement, he died in 1608, in the very year in which Brewster and his church were leaving England for Holland.

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Thus ended the life at court which Brewster had begun with such brilliant promise. Had Queen Mary died in prison, or had Davison by any other dispensation been retained at court, it is probable that Brewster would have become a courtier or statesman instead of a hunted Pilgrim. Brewster followed the fallen fortunes of his patron, faithful in his friendship to the last. Queen Mary was executed on the 8th of February, 1586–7, and Davison was committed to the Tower six days afterward. Brewster probably moved to Scrooby about the year 1588, to take charge of the business of his father, who was in poor health. It is known that his father died in the summer of 1590, and that he then claimed, in his application for the appointment to fill the vacancy, that he had performed the duties of the office for a year and a half. It seems to be certain that though Davison had been deposed and imprisoned, he had not lost the respect and influence which he had formerly possessed. Sir John Stanhope, who was appointed Postmaster-General by letters patent bearing date June 20, 1590, wrote a letter, now extant, to Davison, whom he styles Secretary, dated August 22d in that year, in reply to his recommendation of his old secretary for the appointment. There seems to have been some misunderstanding on the part of Sir John, under which he had made another appointment, which he expresses himself in his letter as willing to revoke. At any rate, it is known that on the 1st of April, 1594, William Brewster was in full possession of the office, and remained its incumbent until September 30, 1607.

To Scrooby, then, in 1588, William Brewster went—a small village on the borders of Nottinghamshire, about two miles from Austerfield, in Yorkshire, with the river Idle flowing between. He occupied the old manor-house of the bishops, which as far back as William the Conqueror had been a possession of the Archbishops of York. Here slept Margaret, Queen of Scotland, daughter of Henry the Seventh, on her way to that kingdom, in 1503; here Cardinal Wolsey, when dismissed by his King, passed several weeks; and here also Henry the Eighth halted on his journey north in 1541. Nothing now remains of the ancient grandeur of the spot but a portion of the building, incorporated into a farm-house, and an old mulberry-tree planted by the great cardinal. Here Brewster lived, as Bradford says, "doing much good in promoting and furthering religion, not only by his practice and example, but by procuring good preachers to all places thereabouts, and drawing in of others to assist and help forward in such a work, he himself most commonly deeply in the charge, and sometimes above his ability." Here he remained a mild Nonconformist at first, and, as Bradford again says, "doing the best good he could, and walking according to the revealed light he saw, until the Lord revealed further unto him." Finally, owing to the more and more stringent demands of the bishops, to the tyranny of Whitgift, increased rather than diminished by his successor, Bancroft, and to the unyielding temper of James, of whose liberality high hopes had been raised, he determined to throw off all allegiance to the Church, and organize a congregation independent of its teachings and rule. Sabbath after Sabbath they met in the manor-house, at first under the ministrations of Richard Clyfton, and afterward of John Robinson. Clyfton had been vicar of Marnham, and afterward rector of Babworth, and when deprived of his living by reason of his nonconformity, he took charge of the little congregation at Scrooby. He went with them to Holland in 1608, but remained in Amsterdam when they removed to Leyden, and died in 1616.

Soon after the pastorate of Clyfton began, John Robinson became associated with the band of worshippers in the manor-house—a man who by his character, influence, and writings won the title of Apostle of Independency. Born in Lincolnshire in 1576, he entered Emanuel College in 1592, took the degree of M.A. in 1600, and B.D. in 1607. He began his ministerial labors in Mundham, where, participating in the opposition to the ceremonies enforced by the hierarchy, he was at length suspended from his functions. He afterward retired to Norwich, where he gathered about him a small congregation of Puritans, with whom he labored until he finally renounced all communion with the Church. In Hanbury's memorials the following passage is quoted from Ainsworth's answer to Crashaw: "Witness the late practice in Norwich, where certain citizens were excommunicated for resorting unto and praying with Mr. Robinson, a man worthily reverenced of all the city for the grace of God in him,

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as yourself also will acknowledge." He is afterward spoken of by Ephraim Pagitt as "one Master Robinson, who, leaving Norwich malcontent, became a rigid Brownist." Robinson himself said "that light broke in upon him by degrees, that he hesitated to outrun those of his Puritan brethren who could still reconcile themselves to remain in the Establishment," but that continual persecution drove him to the extremes of separation. His high character was well attested by Baillie, one of the opponents of Separatism, who calls him in his writings "the most learned, polished, and modest spirit that ever that sect enjoyed."

William Bradford was another of the original Scrooby church. His grandfather, William Bradford, was living at Austerfield, a small town about two miles from Scrooby, in 1575. He had three sons, William, Thomas, and Robert, of whom William, the father of Governor Bradford, married Alice Hanson, the daughter of John Hanson. William Bradford, afterward the Governor, was born in 1589, and was consequently about seventeen years of age at the time of the formation of the Scrooby church. His father died in his infancy, and he was reared and educated under the care of his uncle Thomas. The house in which it is said he lived, and the church in which he was baptized, are still standing, and in the latter his baptismal record may now be seen. Though springing from the ranks of the yeomanry, he became a man of learning, and found time afterward in Holland to master the language of the country, to which he added a knowledge of French, Latin, Greek, and even Hebrew, which he studied "that he might see with his own eyes the ancient oracles of God in all their native beauty." That so young a man should, in opposition to the wishes of his uncle and guardian, have cast his lot for conscience' sake with the outlawed church of the Pilgrims, is an evidence of that native courage and independence which afterward, when fully developed, made him the staff and hope of the Plymouth Colony. In answer to all remonstrances he replied: "To keep a good conscience, and walk in such a way as God has prescribed in His word, is a thing which I shall prefer above you all, and above life itself."

The registry of the Austerfield church records also the baptism of George Morton, February 12, 1598. An attempt has been made to identify him with the father of Nathaniel Morton, the secretary of Plymouth Colony, who came to New England in the *Ann*, in 1623. The discovery of his marriage record in Leyden has been made, however, by Henry C. Murphy, late United States Minister at the Hague, in which he is described as "George Morton, of York, in England, merchant." It is probable that the Southworths and Carpenters were members of the Scrooby church, and the probability is re-enforced by the tradition that there had been an attachment between Bradford and his wife Alice (Carpenter) Southworth before Bradford left England. The tradition adds that her parents were opposed to the union on the ground of inequality of position, and she married Southworth. Bradford heard in America that she was a widow, and after the death of his first wife proposed anew by a letter, recently, if not now, in existence, and after accepting his proposal, she came in the *Ann* in 1623, and was married. The baptism of William Butten, son of Robert Butten, is also recorded in the Austerfield registry, under date of September 12, 1589, and that of William, son of William Wright, under date of March 10, 1589. Butten was probably the servant of Samuel Fuller, who started in the *Mayflower*, and was drowned on the passage. Wright was doubtless the same William Wright who was among the passengers in the *Fortune* in 1621, and both Butten and Wright, it is safe to presume, were members of the Scrooby church.

But this church was not to remain long unmolested. James the First had come to the throne in 1603. Whitgift, as Bacon calls him, "the conscientious and therefore relentless persecutor of Nonconformity," had closed his career almost simultaneously with Elizabeth, and had been followed by Bancroft, whose intolerant spirit was neither guided nor regulated by conscientiousness or timidity. Smith had already planted himself with his congregation in Amsterdam, the London church had gone, and the free land of Holland was sprinkled with scattered exiles.

The story of the attempted departure of the Pilgrim church in the autumn of 1607, the treachery of the captain who was to take them on board his vessel at Boston, their detention and imprisonment, and their final arrival at Amster-

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dam, is a familiar one. Why their departure should have been interfered with, when the penalty of the offense of Separatism was banishment, many are unable to understand. But the King had issued a proclamation against emigration to the English colony of Virginia without a royal license, and a suspicion was entertained, either real or feigned, that such was the destination of the Scrooby band. It was intended at first to make Amsterdam their home, but the dissensions in the congregation of Smith, which they feared might become contagious, induced them to remove in 1609 to Leyden, and that place for eleven years they made their residence.

In Leyden, then, from 1609 to 1620, the Pilgrims lived, joined at various times by William White, Isaac Allerton, Samuel Fuller, Degory Priest, and Edward Winslow, from London, Robert Cushman from Canterbury, George Morton from York, and John Carver and other exiles from various parts of England. Of these, Winslow, a man probably of university education, or at least of liberal culture, the son of Edward Winslow, of Droitwich, in Worcester, joined the Pilgrims not many years before their embarkation for America. He married in Leyden, in 1618, Elizabeth Barker, of Chester, England, and became, as is well known, one of the staffs and supports of the Plymouth Colony. At a subsequent period he was appointed by Cromwell one of the three commissioners to determine the value of English ships destroyed by the King of Denmark, and afterward a member of the commission to accompany Admiral Penn and General Venable on the expedition against Hispaniola. While engaged in this enterprise he died, and was buried at sea.

Miles Standish also joined the Pilgrims at Leyden, probably not on account of any religious affinity, but because his bold and adventurous nature was tempted by the enterprise on which they were about to embark. His great-grandfather was a younger brother of the house of Standish of Dokesbury Hall, of which it is believed John Standish, knighted by Richard the Second, was the founder. Compelled to seek his fortune, he chose the profession of arms, and served with the troops sent by Elizabeth to assist the Dutch against the arms of Spain. During the armistice, which began the year of the arrival of the Pilgrims in Leyden, he fell in with some of their number, and finally cast in his lot with them.

Richard Clyfton having concluded to remain in Amsterdam, John Robinson was chosen pastor, and at his house, probably, the congregation met on the Sabbath. If they had any church, its situation is unknown. The house of Mr. Robinson, on Clock Alley, in the rear of St. Peter's Church, was 156 feet west of Heeren Street, and had a frontage of 25 feet 6 inches, and a depth of 75 feet. Here he lived from the 5th of May, 1611, the date of the deed of the premises, until his death, in 1625. The records of the church of St. Peter show that he was buried under its pavement, and that the sum of nine florins was paid for the right of burial. This sum only secured a place of deposit for the term of seven years, and it is probable that at the end of that time either his coffin was removed to an unknown grave, or his ashes were scattered in the burial of others. Robinson was connected with the University of Leyden, one of whose professors, Arminius, died about the time of his arrival. Episcopius followed Arminius in the support of his peculiar doctrines, and Robinson, as a man of recognized ability and learning, was selected to defend the tenets of old Calvinism in discussions with that eminent scholar. But though an earnest opponent of Arminian doctrines, he felt no sympathy with those acts of the Synod of Dort which resulted in the death of Barneveldt and the imprisonment of Grotius, the story of whose escape, as told by Motley, is as full of interest as the most stirring fiction or drama. In addition to ministrations in his church, he took on himself also the labors of authorship. He published in 1610 *A Justification of Separation from the Church*, a copy of which, once belonging to Governor Bradford, and containing his autograph, may be seen in the Plymouth Registry of Deeds. *Of Religious Communion* appeared in 1614; *Apologia Justa et Necessaria*, in 1619; and a *Defense of the Doctrine of the Synod of Dort*, in 1624, the year before his death. His posthumous publications were *Essays and Observations, Divine and Moral*, in 1628; and a *Treatise on the Lawfulness of Learning of the Ministers in the Church of England*, in 1634. A sweet and liberal spirit pervaded his life, and the community of men and women chastened by

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his teachings had no room in their hearts for that bigotry with which by the ignorant they have been credited, but from which their whole career, shaped and directed in obedience to his teachings, was always free. A spirit of charity, toleration, and love characterized the Plymouth colonists, purified as they had been by the fires of persecution and the hardships of exile, until overrun by the narrower Puritan spirit of Massachusetts Bay, the harshness and severity of which, however, it served to mitigate and soften.

Brewster, obliged like the rest to seek some occupation for a livelihood, at first engaged in teaching the English language to students in the university. Being familiar with the Latin, the language of the schools and the court at that day, he was eminently fitted for the task. He afterward opened a publishing house, being assisted with capital by Thomas Brewer, an Englishman, who was a member of the university. Of course, under the circumstances, he engaged in the publication of books in the advocacy of Church reform, destined for circulation in England. In 1616 he published a commentary in Latin on the Proverbs of Solomon, by Cartwright, with a preface by Polyander. There are three copies of this work in Plymouth, one owned by the First Church, one by William Hedge, Esq., and another by the Pilgrim Society. In 1618 he published *A Confutation of the Remish Translation of the New Testament*, also by Cartwright, without, however, the name of the publisher on the title-page. When the Remish (Romish) translation appeared, Secretary Walsingham requested Cartwright to undertake its refutation, and sent him one hundred pounds to aid him in his work. Archbishop Whitgift, learning what Cartwright was doing, prohibited his proceeding further. Cartwright at first desisted, but afterward perfected the work as far as the fifteenth chapter of Revelation. The manuscript lay many years neglected, until at last, defaced and worm-eaten, it came into the hands of Brewster, and was given by him to the world. A copy also of this work is in the library of the Pilgrim Society. A treatise in Latin on the true and genuine religion, and Ames's reply to Grevinchovius on the Arminian controversy, also in Latin, followed, and other works, which fully occupied his time until his departure for New England.

The appearance of these books did not fail to alarm King James, who gave orders to Sir Dudley Carleton, English Ambassador at the Hague, to prevent their further publication, and if possible to secure the arrest of the publishers. Brewster was sought for, but at that time was in England engaged in negotiations with the Virginia Company, and could not be found. Brewer was arrested, but being a member of the university, was, under its charter, exempted from the liability of being sent to England. He consented, however, to go of his own accord, the university making it a condition of his going that he should be treated as a free man and not a prisoner, that he should be well used, and after his examination be suffered to return without charge to himself. He was afterward discharged, and the abandonment by Brewster of his business in anticipation of his departure prevented further trouble.

But the Pilgrims were not destined to remain in Holland. Their residence there had begun at the beginning of the twelve years' truce between Holland and Spain, and it was not unreasonably feared that a renewal of hostilities might result in the triumph of Philip, and a persecution of the little band more serious than any they had before encountered. They were also gradually losing their identity among strange people with strange language and habits, with whom, like a river flowing to the sea, they might be merged and lost. Having determined, then, to leave Leyden, their place of destination became the subject of serious and prolonged discussion. Virginia, however, was decided upon, and arrangements were at once made for their departure. It is unnecessary to trace their progress further; the story of their voyage is a familiar one. The little band, which disappeared from the eyes of the world, as what is mortal in man enters the valley of the shadow of death, has like his risen spirit emerged into a glorious immortality. The manor-house where they worshipped has gone to ruin; their sanctuary in Leyden is unknown; of the little house on the hill in Plymouth where their first prayers in the New World were uttered, no relic remains; but the little one has become a thousand, and wherever in this happy land a modest tower or spire rears its head above the trees, there may be found a Scrooby church.

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Yeares! & Age! farewell:
Behold I goe,
Where I do know
Infinitie to dwell.

And these mine Eies shall see
All Times, how they
Are lost i'th' Sea
Of vast Eternitie

O Fway
Where neuer Moone shall
The Starres, but She
And Night, shall be
Drowned in one Endles Day.

Herrick

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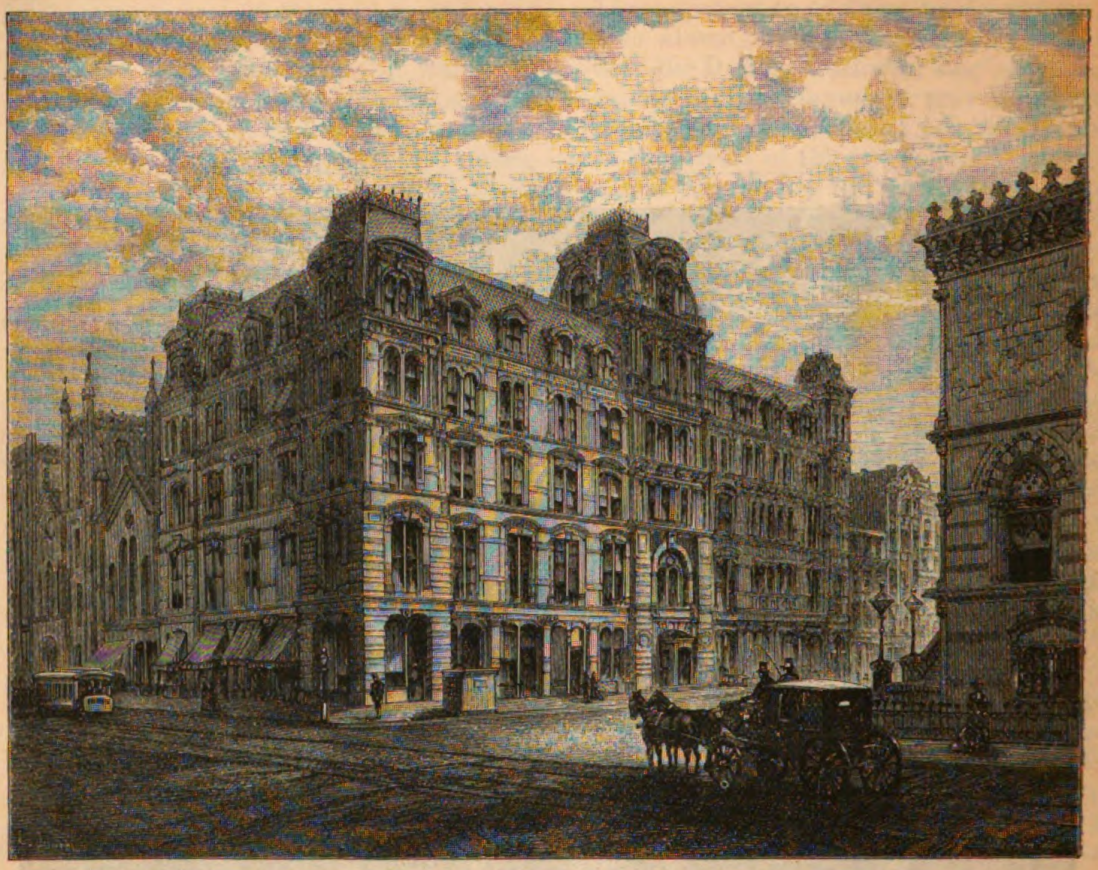

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, NEW YORK.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

GOETHE, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, outlines a scheme of a union of men engaged in practical and artist work, who, held together by the ties of fellowship, shall be a brotherhood spread over all lands. He weaves about his pretty plan the flowers of poetry and song; the members are in constant motion, but as they flit to and fro they sing:

> "From the mountains to the champaign,
> By the glens and hills along,
> Come a rustling and a tramping,
> Comes a motion as of song;
> And this undetermined roving
> Brings delight, brings good heed;
> And thy striving be it with loving,
> And thy living be't in deed."

But how unlike poetry is to fact! The busiest Bund or union of men engaged in artisan toils is the dreaded *International*, whose fittest symbols are the explosive shell and the torch. It has in past years met in Geneva, but only to take counsel how to overturn society; and yet in this same city was effected in 1878 the combination of the Young Men's Christian Associations which made them a fellowship for the world. In August, 1881, the convention of associations for all lands, held in London, compacted this world-wide organization. Here, then, we have a new force, which from the simplest beginnings has grown to be most efficacious in promoting good order, good morals, and religion. It is well to place these two "Internationals" side by side in our thoughts, and to dwell upon the possibilities of each. Every force which helps to conserve society is welcome to the citizen and the statesman; and nothing is so effective in conserving social order as the Christian religion.

Briefly stated, a Young Men's Christian Association is a company of men, under forty years of age, holding the principles usually called evangelical, who aim to bring other young men to share in the faith which they cherish. To effect this end, in addition to the direct inculcation of truth, advantage is taken of social ap-

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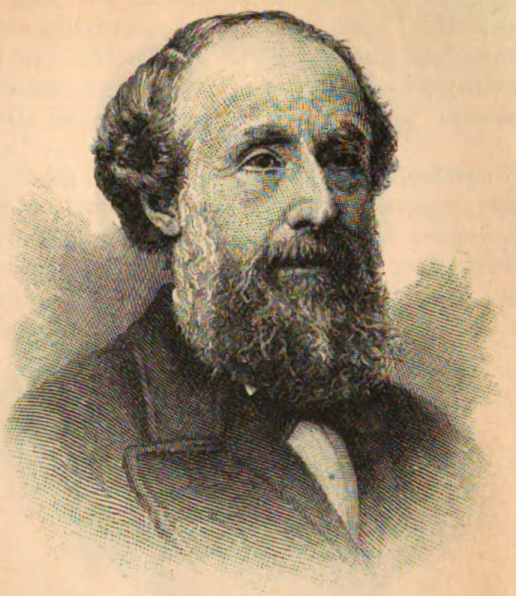
pliances. Music, song, lectures, gymnastics—all that makes the pure and innocent life of the young is utilized for a sacred purpose. Christianity becomes common-sensible, real, personal. Religion is taught as much as possible without the formality of a platform. Teacher and disciple meet on the common ground of the fellowship of youth. Personal interest in young men is the key used to open the heart, and to prepare the way for the admission of the highest truth.

What an advance this is upon the customary formal modes of Christian teaching one can well imagine. The formal method is vital, indispensable; it is the necessary consequence of the existence of the Christian Church as a permanent institution. And yet it has its limitations. It addresses all who come to be taught, but, looking only to the secular interests of society, it is important that the lessons of Christianity should be carried to those who do not come to be taught. Now a Christian Association might readily become a close corporation, limited to young men who have, as one might say, the pass-word, who have already within them the sympathies which an active Christian faith always inspires. To escape this, which would be a fatal error, the members are divided into two classes, the active and the associate. The active are members of evangelical Churches; the associate, young men of good moral character. The one class controls the association, the other enjoys its privileges. The associate members are of all shades of faith; Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Christian, are alike welcome, provided only the one condition, a good moral character, is met. If men in society, according to the old saying, are as pebbles shaken in a bag till all their rough edges are worn away, surely in such a union the asperities and angularities of sectarianism will rapidly disappear. The criticism upon the narrowness of sects has edge and truth, but to the Young Men's Christian Association it hardly applies.

To bind together such a congeries of societies, and to inform them with a common life, has required tact, patience, and uncommon good judgment. The associations are an example of business shrewdness applied to Christian aims. For once worldly wisdom in the best sense has entered into league with Christian simplicity. One can not read the instructions for



GEORGE WILLIAMS, THE FOUNDER OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.
[Photographed by Maull and Co., 62 Cheapside, London.]

the formation of associations without tracing the marks of this wisdom. Some of them run in this wise: "Begin quietly, without mass-meetings." "Avoid debt." "Do not run a race with a lyceum, or any like institution: strike out into new paths." "Build a house that beats the public-house." "Keep out the talking, office-seeking men who are ready to seize upon a new movement so long as it adds to their popularity or gratifies their vanity." "At conventions 'show men' are not needed, nor persons simply who can make a good speech." "Do not depend on large and ambitious meetings to sustain interest in your work." "Put your association room not higher than the second floor, and furnish it as a parlor, and not in a formal manner as a public hall." "Do not engage as an organization in measures of political reform." Such instructions reveal a patient study of the difficulties which are met in the path of every movement, and of the methods by which they are to be overcome. There is a touch of satire in the advice to keep clear of the windy, talking man. What village in our land does not know him? Carlyle, in his *Stump-Orator*, advises that a bit of his tongue be cut off every time he talks without doing. The associations have learned that "all deep talent is a talent to do, and is intrinsically of silent nature." They have a short word

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W. E. SHIPTON.—[SEE PAGE 262.]
[Photographed by A. Debenham, Ryde, Isle of Wight.]

for the fussy orator: "Much-talking man, you may go down; your gift is not wanted here."

Let it not be supposed, however, that worldly prudence is the chief quality in the management of these associations. It plays a subordinate part only; underneath it is a fervid zeal for the spiritual welfare of young men. To justify the term "Christian" as a part of their name, the associations have been compelled to frame strict definitions. They have been asked to make good moral character the sole condition of active membership. This is, upon the surface, very reasonable; for what is better than a union of young men of good morals? The proposal has nevertheless been deliberately rejected, and the reasons therefor seem to be sound and convincing. The phrase "good moral character" is vague, to begin with. An applicant for a tavern license must in many of the States be certified to be a person of "good moral character," and such certificates are procured every year by the thousand. As a description it is purely a negation, and is compatible with qualities which unfit one to be a member of a charitable or reformatory body. The young men say well: "An avowed infidel may be a man of good moral character; indeed, there are many such to whose outward lives none can take exception. Yet the whole influence of such men is diametrically opposed to the chief purpose of our association." How, for instance, could John Stuart Mill and William E. Gladstone have been fellow-members of a society designed to lead men to become Christians? Or William E. Dodge and the most distinguished of American positivists? Unions grow out of some common sentiment, principle, or faith, and in a Christian Association the sentiment, or principle, or faith, relates to Jesus Christ. These societies contemplate a bringing together of young men on the basis of a certain relation of each one to Christ—a relation governed by the revelation of His person which they believe to be found in the Scripture. If this view is held by many Christian Churches, then a union on the basis of it is not unreasonable. And if, besides, this view of Jesus does work out purification of morals, self-control, and active charity, then society is the gainer by its wide-spread acceptance. The more we can persuade men to submit to the power of some divine passion, the more perfectly do we deliver them from the dominion of base passions. We are governed by sentiment, whether domestic, patriotic, or charitable, through the whole gamut of feeling. The love of a national flag is a profound and at times overwhelming sentiment; but the love of the Cross has proved itself for eighteen centuries to be still stronger. Even skeptics must give a recognized place to the primary emotions of Christianity as powerful motors in the advancement of society. If they do not share in them, they can and do treat them with respect.

After several essays at a definition of faith which should serve as a basis, the International Convention held in Portland in 1869 adopted a statement which has been found sufficiently explicit for practical purposes. It is in these words: "As these organizations bear the name of Christian, and profess to be engaged directly in the Saviour's service, so it is clearly their duty to maintain the control and management of all their affairs in the hands of those who profess to love and publicly avow their faith in Jesus, the Redeemer, as Divine, and who testify their faith by becoming and remaining members of Churches held to be evangelical. And we hold those Churches to be evangelical which, maintaining the Holy Scriptures to be the only infallible rule of faith and practice, do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ (the only begotten of the Father,

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King of Kings and Lord of Lords, in whom dwelleth the fullness of the Godhead bodily, and who was made sin for us, though knowing no sin, bearing our sins in His own body on the tree) as the only name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved from everlasting punishment." Here is a summary of the elementary principles of the Protestant Reformation. Luther could have accepted it, and so could Melanchthon, and so could Zwingle, Calvin, Cranmer, and Knox. It is the basis on which the original American commonwealths (if we except Maryland) were founded, and it can not fairly be charged with narrowness, for it embodies the prevalent faith of Protestantism to-day. The basis does undoubtedly exclude many young men from participation in the control of the associations; but the advantages are offered, as before stated, to young men of all faiths, or of no faith. The good-will of the associations is as broad as humanity itself.

For our part, we are disposed to commend in the young men this manly and, withal, sufficiently modest assertion of their principles. Practically it has been found that attempts to form successful associations in disregard of the assertion of distinctive ideas have been failures. Cohesive power has been lacking; good-nature and easy-going kindliness have been found insufficient to compact the union. Some power which works upon the conscience can alone carry men through the vicissitudes of Christian work. The disposition to fall off after a few spasmodic efforts, the tendency to disintegration which is found in every voluntary society, the heart-sinkings verging to despair, can only be overcome by the energy of some overmastering conviction. Guizot calls it "a divine passion for souls"; many men of the world call it a delusion. Call it what we will, it is a force which excites to sustained exertion for the welfare of others, and should have a place in every complete and philosophic view of modern society. These young men fearlessly avow their faith: they hoist their flag, and nail it to the mast; nothing could be better. The world always respects manliness, even when it is not convinced; and if the associations did not foster that quality in young men, they would be entitled to no respect. One therefore reads with pleasure in the series of instructions to beginners in association work this one: "Ask for that you need in a manly, straightforward, Christian way." It is as if one said: "Just as we are, and just what we are, we wish to be seen. No Jesuitism will be encouraged or practiced among us."

Such results as have been reached could only have been achieved through the working of strong elements of personal character. And when results are world-wide, the personal elements must be carefully adjusted to each other. Carlyle, among his many vagaries of thought, counsels a young man of this age to eschew the babblement of the world, and to nourish in solitude his inner life. The thought is a pretty one, but very unsubstantial. The typical heroic man, according to the Carlylean formula, is a John the Baptist, reared in the wilderness, clothed in coarse cloth, and an eater of locusts and wild honey. He comes like an apparition, has no contact with the world save as a reprover of its sins, and vanishes suddenly from sight. But it is found practically that the world's work is done by men, young and old, who are much with their fellows, and who are sensible that their bare individualism is insufficient for the tasks on which their hearts are set. Wesley begins the reformation of England by forming a club; Coleridge, South-

CEPHAS BRAINARD, CHAIRMAN OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE.
[Photographed by Bogardus, New York.]

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F. VON SCHLUEMENBACH, GERMAN INTERNATIONAL SECRETARY.
[Photographed by Washburn, New Orleans.]

ey, and Wordsworth dream in their early days the dream of a Pantisocracy to be established on the banks of the Susquehanna; the Tractarians of Oxford are banded together by the glowing enthusiasm of youth. The future statesmen of England are now, and always have been, found in the debating-rooms of the great universities. The heroisms of the age are wrought out by men who are dressed in broadcloth. "Where men are, are manners," said the ancient Romans, and men of our age whose attention to decorum gives them an aspect of commonplaceness prove themselves capable of broad views, burning enthusiasm, and administrative skill. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that the founders of the Christian Associations did not foresee the end from the beginning. Their first thought was to meet a present need. A few clerks in one branch of trade in London sought each other's fellowship for daily prayer and counsel. The history has often been traced—an informal gathering became an organized association, and spread first to America, and next to the continent of Europe, until it has become an adjunct of all Protestant life.

The date of this beginning was 1844, and Mr. George Williams, the founder, lives, a hale and vigorous man, old, as years are counted, but still youthful in his Christian zeal. The original association in London has owed much of its growth to the energy of its long-time secretary, Mr. Shipton, who, now retired from duty, can look back with pleasure upon the fruit of his manifold toils. The example of England was quickly copied on this side of the ocean, and in 1851 there was one formed in Montreal; New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities rapidly followed. In tracing this history we find that brain, the ardor of Christian zeal, and business experience have worked together. For instance, in the city of New York, merchants, bankers, and professional men, such as Cephas Brainard, James Stokes, Jun., Elliot Monroe, William E. Dodge, Jun., have been closely linked with others whose entire lives have been surrendered to this service. But to no one can more be ascribed in the developing of associations in the United States than to Robert R. McBurney, the New York secretary. He wields an unseen power by suggestion, which reaches to the farthest limits of association interests. He may be classed as one of the best examples of quiet, persistent energy. Many will remember the modest quarters of the association in the Bible House in former years. Through the confidence which Mr. McBurney's executive abilities have inspired, the funds have been collected for the erection of the Association Building, which is every way worthy of the conspicuous position it occupies in the city. Here, too, the International Committee have their head-quarters, and from this point as a centre radiates the work among the railway men, the college students, among Germans, in the South and West, and among the Freedmen.

All of these branches from the parent stock have grown without human prevision. Some one has appeared fitted for a special service, the service has called for the man, and the managers have had the sagacity to heed the call. The life of F. Von Schluemenbach, who has charge of the associations among German young men in the United States, has the same romantic interest as that of William Nast, the founder of the German Methodist Episcopal churches. Nast was a fellow-student with Strauss, was infected with the Straussian skepticism, came to the United States, led for a time an aimless, unsettled life, was led by simple-hearted Christians to doubt his doubt, and to a hearty acceptance of Christian faith. Von

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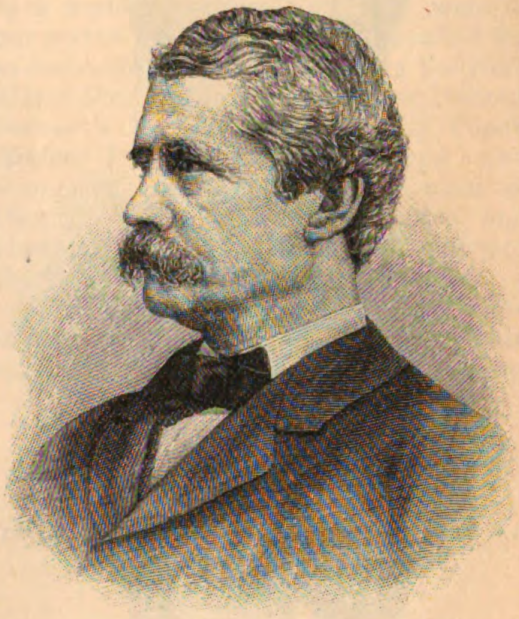
Schluemenbach had adopted an epicurean, atheistic philosophy, had become a leader among like-minded young men of German nationality, but through the earnest expostulation of the late General Albright, of Pennsylvania, and the awakening of the recollections of early years in the father-land, was brought to a better mind. General Albright, who was in war a fearless soldier, and at all times a fearless Christian, introduced the German atheist to his Sunday-school at Mauch Chunk in these terms: "Here is my dear friend Captain Von Schluemenbach—an infidel, by-the-way, who says there is no God—and he is going to speak to you, and tell you there is no God, and to prove it to you." This was a trying position for the German; the songs of the children had awakened tender feeling, and his speech became a confession that he could not believe there was a God, but that if the children knew better than he, they might as well pray for him as for others. Led gently step after step by the general and his wife into the truth, he began a new life.

It is characteristic of the associations that they develop lay activity. General Albright was a lawyer, a bank president, and a man of affairs. New York has given an example of a physician and professor in a medical school who is also one of the most successful of Bible teachers. Dr. William H. Thomson for eleven years has had before him every Sunday afternoon in Association Hall an audience varying from five hundred to seven hundred persons, who have listened to his explanations of the meaning of Scripture. His qualifications for the task of an expositor are unusually good. He is son of the Rev. Dr. William M. Thomson, the author of *The Land and the Book*. His early life was spent in Syria, and as the East has for centuries been unchangeable, he can furnish out of the stores of his memory abundant illustrations of Scripture history. Seated beside a table, on which his arm carelessly leans, using colloquial tones, which derive no advantage from any power of voice, not at all fluent, but, on the contrary, hesitating in utterance, Dr. Thomson has nevertheless learned the secret of holding his audiences. One of the causes of this success is that the lecturer has something to say; another, that he does not "orate." Dr. Thomson believes that Bible history may be made as interesting as any other. "Take," he says, "the history of the founding of the Christian Church as it is given us in the Acts, and illustrated in the Epistles, and if that subject can not be made more interesting than the history of Greece or of the American Revolution, it will be solely due to the mental vacuity



DR. WILLIAM H. THOMSON.
[Photographed by Rockwood, New York.]

of the teacher himself, who has been emptied by a liturgical reading of the Bible till his ears are dull of hearing." Preachers who speak to nearly empty pews Sunday after Sunday may learn something to their advantage by attending the lectures of Dr. Thomson.

The members of Goethe's poetic Bund were pledged never to spend more than three days in one place. Their law was motion. They learned to sing as they wandered,

> "In each land the sun does visit
> We are gay, whate'er betide."

But Goethe did not live to see the full growth of our modern system of life, especially, if we may so say, the *creation* of classes of men whose whole being is movement. For instance, the commercial travellers already number one hundred thousand in the United States; the railway men, eight hundred thousand. For each of these large classes there is a special association secretary, who acts

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under the direction of the Young Men's International Committee. One device adopted is a ticket issued to commercial travellers who are members of Christian

E. D. INGERSOLL, INTERNATIONAL RAILROAD SECRETARY.
[Photographed by E. Decker, Cleveland.]

Associations, through which they are admitted to the privileges of the associations everywhere. Such a ticket is, in a higher than a money sense, a letter of credit. The commercial traveller does not tarry long enough anywhere to make firm ties of fellowship possible; what is done for his behoof must be done instantly. We have the impression that this part of the general scheme of association work is still inchoate, and that the methods now tried have not been well tested. The service given to railway men has the advantage of the support of the great railway corporations. Drill a man, if you will, into a machine, still he must depend, in the last resort, on his own intelligence and will. Sobriety and moral principle contribute their quota toward the production of dividends, and a good workman who is also a good man counts for something in financial estimates. It is important that the hand on the throttle-valve be not guided by a brain muddled with drink. No position, not even leadership in battle, calls more imperatively for firm nerves, well-poised faculties, and entire self-command. Railway corporations have souls enough to know what affects their purses, but we should fail to do justice to many of the managers of the great lines if we did not concede to them a sincere interest in the welfare of their men. When Mr. William H. Vanderbilt distributed one hundred thousand dollars among the servants of the company of which he is the head, as a token of his appreciation of their fidelity during the week of the riots, he showed his sense of the value of moral principle in men who work for daily wages. There are instances of heroism in the lives of these men, and often in their dying. Bret Harte has told the story of Guild, the engineer on the Boston and Stonington line, who preferred death at his post to an escape with added risk to the lives of the passengers. Guild had been in the habit of signaling to his wife as he passed each midnight by his own house near Providence. The signal was well known to and understood by the people of the city. As Harte tells the story,

"And then one night it was heard no more,
From Stonington on Rhode Island shore;
And the folks in Providence smiled, and said,
As they turned in their beds, 'The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer.'
One only knew,
To his trust true,
Guild lay under his engine dead."

Heroism is heroism in men begrimed with oil and smoke as well as in men who carry swords and wear epaulets. And if the Christian Associations address the better side of the natures of this large and growing class of workers, they will render an essential service to society. The interest in their welfare has taken a very practical form. Cleveland is the centre from which the work has sprung, although tentative efforts had been made in St. Albans, Vermont, as early as 1854, and in Canada in 1855; its success dates from 1872. Mr. Lang Sheaff became conspicuous in it at Cleveland; in 1877 Mr. E. D. Ingersoll was appointed secretary of the Railway Branch of the Young Men's Christian Associations. So rapidly has this Christian enterprise grown that in 1879 a Convention of the Railway Young Men's Christian Associations was held at Altoona, Pennsylvania. There are now reading-rooms for railroad men at thirty-three railroad centres, of each of which a secretary has charge. An aggregate of $30,000 is annually appropriated by the companies for this truly Christian labor.

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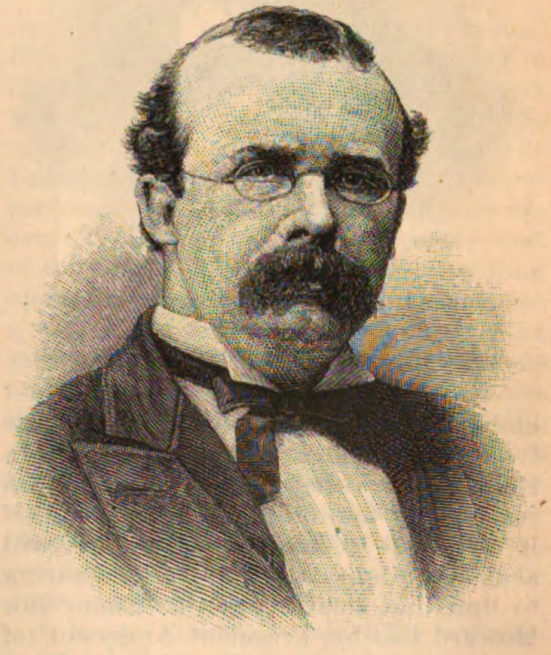
"Mr. Ingersoll," says a leading railway manager, "is indeed a busy man. Night and day he travels. To-day a railroad president wants him here; to-morrow a manager summons him there. He is going like a shuttle back and forth through the country, weaving the web of the Railway Associations."

In Indianapolis twelve railroad companies aid in the support of this work of benevolence. "In Chicago the president of one of the leading roads, the general manager of another, the general superintendent of another, and other officials, have served and are serving actively on the Railway Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association." The stuff these men are made of may be seen from some of their reports to the Altoona Convention. One spoke thus: "About twelve years ago we organized in Stonington, Connecticut, a midnight prayer-meeting of railroad men. It was the hour before the starting of the steamboat night train. The first night one man was soundly converted, and continues to-day a living witness to the truth. After a while the meetings were suspended, and I heard nothing more about railroad meetings until Mr. Ingersoll, the railroad secretary of the International Committee, came down that way. I run a midnight train from Providence, and speak almost every Sunday, and many of our railroad men attend. I am forty-six years of age, and have been twenty-seven years on the road, and four years at sea. My engineer is a Christian man; I feel safe behind him." Are the passengers of the midnight train the worse off because the engineer and conductor are such men as these are? A railroad secretary who represented Indianapolis said: "A member of our association was killed last week, and I was called on to bury him. It was a very sad duty. He was a Christian boy, and there are men here who have heard him pray. Going home from the funeral, one of the boys, not a Christian, said, 'The Railroad Christian Association is doing more for our railroad men than anything else in the world.'"

Some may suppose that the books provided in the railroad reading-rooms are wholly of the goody-good species. The Bible is there, and is made the text-book in the Bible classes, and devotional works do their precious office. But these men have active brains, and are Americans. A secretary says of them: "One of the first things they call for is railroad works. I am surprised to find how many inquire for mechanical works, and for that reason I am particular to have railroad papers, the *Scientific American*, etc., on our tables. These are read more than the dailies. If the men know they are going to get something that will help in working up to a higher position, they will come to our rooms." Among the books called for as desirable for the libraries are Bourne's *Hand-Book of the Steam-Engine*, Balfour Stewart's *Conservation of Energy*, Pope's *Modern Practice of the Telegraph;* and along with these such strong meat as Henry's *Commentary*, Conybeare and Howson's *St. Paul*, Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, etc.

"Wherever there are young men, there is our field," appears to be the formula under which the Christian Associations



L. D. WISHARD, COLLEGE INTERNATIONAL SECRETARY.
[Photographed by Alman and Co., New York.]

work. Of all young men those in colleges are the most important to the future of the world. They are the predestined leaders in church and state. How to obtain access to colleges might have been a puzzling problem, but the initiative was assumed by students themselves. About the close of 1876, the Philadelphian Society of Princeton became, by a change in its constitution, a Young Men's Christian

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Association, and took the lead in inviting college delegates to the International Convention which was held in Louisville in 1877. Mr. L. D. Wishard graduated in Princeton that year; twenty-two colleges were represented in the convention, and their delegates asked for Mr. Wishard's appointment as college association secretary. Here was an entry into a new world, a world governed by its own laws,

THOMAS K. CREE, TRAVELLING INTERNATIONAL SECRETARY.

[Photographed by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.]

and separated by its peculiar inner life from the greater world without. In reaching the colleges the association has reached the fountains of thought, and if it can help to keep them pure, it will achieve a mighty result. It is re-assuring to find that such leaders as Chancellor Howard Crosby, President Anderson (of Rochester), and Chancellor Haven (of Syracuse) agree in the opinion that essential Christian belief has not declined in American colleges. President Anderson says: "I find no weakening of Christian belief among the young men in our colleges. There is undoubtedly less reverence for the mere scholastic and dogmatic forms which were of old identified with Christianity; but I believe that young men are as responsive to moral and religious motives and considerations as they were when I was in college." One who looks only at the extremes of American college life, at the enthusiasm for physical culture, at the boat-racing, with its excessive excitements, at the craze for the production of mere animal vigor, would hesitate to accept President Anderson's cheerful diagnosis. We have gone far from the simple maxim of Isocrates, "Exercise not for strength, but for health." Fond parents expend thousands, under the fostering care of wise professors, to be sure, for the production of brawn and muscle, plus a degree of A.B. The brawn and muscle can be more than rivalled at the nearest butcher's stall, and the diploma ought, if it were candid, to state that the *ingenuus juvenis* can outrow any sailor or fisherman on river or coast, and that his ever-to-be-venerated Alma Mater certifies to that fact. In truth, we have rushed from the one extreme of neglect of physical culture to its opposite. Perhaps before long we may hit the golden mean, and send out from the colleges, not sporadically, but continually, men in whom intellectual vigor is braced by solid muscles and well-hardened nerves. Schools of learning exist for the breeding of scholars, for the increase of culture, and he alone is worthy of the laurel who has excelled in the liberal arts. The Christian Association can do an essential service to our colleges by allying itself with what there is in them of earnest moral purpose, and by invigorating that purpose through the sanctions of religion.

Let us, however, be just. In the American colleges there are thirty thousand students who are avowed Christians; that is, who accept the obligations of Christian duty. The college Christian Associations now number one hundred and twenty. And when we add to the colleges the State normal schools and the professional schools, it will be perceived that the field is broad enough to employ the utmost energy of all the Christian workers found therein.

It might be suspected that the wide extension of these labors would end in a breaking down of the system by its own weight. So far, organizing talent has not failed; indeed, the skill with which this intricate interlacing of associations is kept from entanglement is one of the surprises of the student of association history. It would be strange if the associations had not made an effort to help toward the solution of the great problem of American life in the present time—the raising up of

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the freedmen to intelligent self-control. Throughout this field the work is in its incipient state. The secretary for colored young men is Mr. H. E. Brown, a graduate of Oberlin College, Ohio, who has also spent some years as a teacher among his people at Talladega College, Alabama. It augurs well for the success of his mission that he relies for success upon the teaching of the Bible. Not by windy oratory, not by filling the imaginations of the freedmen with impossible hopes, can they be lifted to the plane on which we wish to see them as American citizens stand. The statesman may supply favorable conditions, but the Bible teacher only is the bearer of the truth which can quicken them into intellectual and moral life. Mr. Brown is in his method quiet and didactic, but also sympathetic, and succeeds in arousing enthusiasm for Bible study among colored young men. But labor in the South is not confined to colored young men. Long before the exasperation between North and South had subsided, a venture was made to reach Southern young men, and was successful. The secretary was welcomed; a convention, in which fraternal feeling was aroused on both sides, was held in Richmond. Since then a secretary, Mr. Thomas K. Cree, has been constantly employed in the Southern States. There are now associations in many of the principal cities from Louisville to New Orleans. In 1879 the association in New Orleans distinguished itself by the devotion of its members to the sufferers from the yellow fever. In 1870 there were but three associations between Virginia and Texas; now there are one hundred and forty-five, and the number still goes on increasing.

The progress of our civilization across the continent carries along on its front, as does the flooded Western river, the scum and drift-wood. The uneasy, the restless, the outlawed, are quickly caught up and swept along. Wherever the railway is planting its foot of iron in the wilderness, there the worst elements of American life are gathered about it. It would be strange if Christian enterprise did not follow hard after, and establish in each newly opened world the institutions of Christianity. In the year 1868, Mr. S. A. Kean, of Chicago, urged the Detroit Convention to send a secretary to the young men employed on the line of the Pacific Railroad. A graduate of a Pennsylvania university, Mr.

RICHARD C. MORSE, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
[Photographed by Sarony, New York.]

Robert Weidensall, was found working in the shops of the Pacific Railroad Company at Omaha. He had intended to enter the ministry, but his health had failed, and he had turned to manual labor. The secretaryship for the Pacific Railroad soon became a secretaryship for the States west of the Ohio. In thirteen years a striking change has been wrought. Then throughout this vast area there were thirty-nine associations, now there are two hundred and fifty; then there were no association buildings, now there are six. In 1868 the sum of $29,000 was contributed to support the thirty-nine associations; in 1881 the sum of $130,000 was contributed. Now there are also State committees, State secretaries, and all the mechanism of a complete organization.

It is now time to consider the methods by which these results have been attained. Enthusiasm alone will not account for them. A brief outburst of Christian zeal may form an association of young men, but the cohesive force of the bond is very slight. In point of fact, moral societies, outside of churches, fall to pieces very easily; the wonder is that many of them live from year to year. That the Christian Associations have lived for a generation, and have grown so steadily, is due to two facts: they meet a permanent want, and they have been brought into unity with unusual skill. According to their

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CHARLES FERMAUD, GENERAL SECRETARY.
[Photographed by Émile Pricam, Geneva.]

own account, their history is divisible into three periods. The first is called the period of confederation, and extends from 1854 to 1861. The former date marks the first annual Convention of the associations of the United States and the British Provinces, held at Buffalo. This was the time of infancy; the associations were experiments, and were learning what could and what could not be done. The second period is that of the civil war, from 1861 to 1864. The war changed at once the labors of the associations; the army, which absorbed the young men of the country, became the objective point. Army committees were formed, first for Christian labor among the recruits encamped about the city of New York, and then for service in the field. A convention of delegates from the Young Men's Christian Associations formed the United States Christian Commission, which, as has been well said, was one of the most beneficent agencies ever devised to alleviate the miseries and horrors of war. "It served as the medium by which the Christian homes, churches, and communities of the country sent spiritual and material comfort to the soldiers in the field and the hospital." In the four years of war it expended for the benefit of the soldiers two and a half millions in cash, and nearly three millions in stores. To have originated this agency is one of the crowning glories of the Young Men's Christian Associations. They modestly disclaim any credit for its wonderfully wise administration; that belongs to Mr. George H. Stuart and his associates. But the history confirms what Lord Bacon says of young men, that "their invention is more lively than that of old men, and imaginations stream into their minds better, and as it were more divinely." The third period, from 1865 to the present, is the period of development. In 1869 the test of membership was adopted, which led to a sifting, but as well to a closer unity. But the most capital device, which dates from this period, was the formation of an "International Executive Committee," as the organ of the International Conventions. This committee has its head-quarters in New York, and has the supervision of association work throughout America. Its circulars describe the field to be covered in this fashion:

60,000 College Students.
100,000 Commercial Travellers.
500,000 German-speaking Young Men.
500,000 Colored Young Men.
800,000 Railroad Men.
The Young Men in States west of Ohio.
The Young Men of the South.
The Young Men in Canada.
The Young Men's Christian Associations in North America.

A broad field, certainly; and for all its breadth it is occupied; the young men have entered it bravely, and intend to hold it, as they commonly say, "for their Lord and Master." Since 1866 "the committee has brought up to each successive International Convention a careful report of what has been accomplished under its superintendence, and has submitted a plan, with estimates of cost, for the coming year. After deciding on the general features of the work to be undertaken, the Convention refers it to the Executive Committee, with instructions to perfect the plan in detail, and to carry out its provisions as far as the necessary funds are furnished by the associations and the friends of the cause." Thus far the committee have had but one chief secretary, Mr. Richard C. Morse. Mr. Morse is a graduate of Yale, has the quick, nervous energy peculiar to American young men, and is full of enthusiasm. He believes it to be possible to girdle the globe with Young Men's Christian Associations, and most likely expects to live long enough to see it done. But the International Executive Committee reaches still further.

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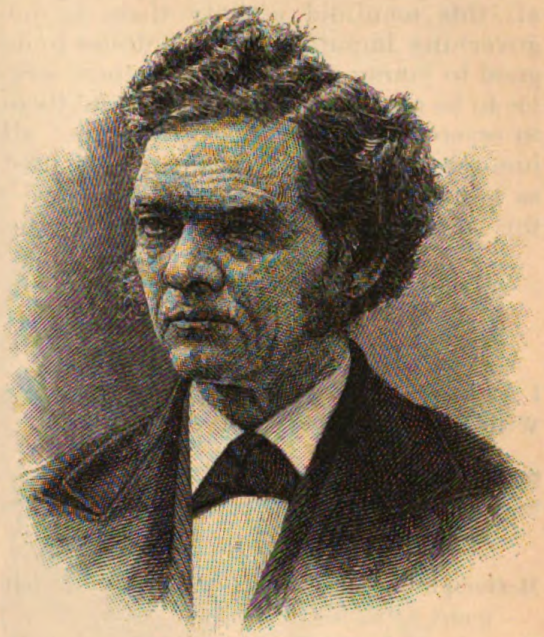
In each State of our Union and in each province of Canada it has a corresponding member, through whom it reaches State and provincial associations. Under its inspiration, State and provincial conventions are held. Each State is urged to employ a secretary, and each local association a general secretary, both to devote all their time to association labors.

Of course only the strongest associations can afford to support paid agencies. Still there are already one hundred and twenty-one general secretaries and assistants, twelve State secretaries, and eight international secretaries, making one hundred and forty-one in all. Sixty associations in America have buildings, and thirty-seven have building funds and real estate. When Mr. Morse entered upon his duties in 1870, there was but one agent employed by the International Committee; it had no more than $4700 in hand for all expenditures. It now employs eight special secretaries and three office assistants, and expended in 1880 the sum of $24,444. This for young men, who are supposed to be remarkably impulsive, is an admirable exhibition of executive power. The many threads are not entangled together, but run up to the few hands of the chosen men of the International Conventions. Each worker has his place, and knows where he is responsible.

But New York is not the sole centre from which association enterprises radiate. Chicago shares this honor. In that city Mr. D. L. Moody began, in the service of the Christian Association, the marvellous evangelism which has spread over Europe and America. In all his diversified labors, Mr. John V. Farwell, of Chicago, the president of the Association, has been his counsellor and friend; the great merchant and the evangelist have been co-workers in city missions; their names have been honorably coupled together in the recent religious history of the Northwest. Geneva, too, the historic city of the Protestant reformers, is a greater centre still. Here is the seat of the World's Central Committee, which aims to link together the system of Christian Associations throughout the world. The secretary of the committee is Mr. Charles Fermaud, who in order to execute the duties of the office has surrendered brilliant business prospects, has travelled over the field in Europe and America, and made his first report to the World's Convention of All Associations, held in London, in August, 1881. The work put in charge of the Central Committee is both comprehensive and practical. In the schedule we



J. V. FARWELL, PRESIDENT OF CHICAGO ASSOCIATION.

notice one item which is certainly original: "To create an international agency of information for young men." That will be much to do: the associations have so uniformly accomplished what they have taken in hand that one need not despair of their success here. Mr. Fermaud has spent three years in examining the associations of French and German Switzerland, America, England, Scotland, and Ireland, France, Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine, Prussia, and finally Spain. One gets a glimpse of European life in the incidental statement that while thus occupied in official duty Mr. Fermaud had to obey the summons to perform military service for two months, in accordance with the requirements of Swiss law.

These are some of the outgrowths of the little union of young men effected by Mr. George Williams in 1844. Few men have lived to see for themselves such an outcome from the beginnings they have themselves made. We can best show the fruit by coming back to one association building—that of New York. Every secular day more than eight hundred persons enter its open doors. To the reading-room over one hundred thousand persons come every year; into the library and

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gymnasium, one-third as many. Over two thousand meetings, religious or secular, are held in the same space of time—that is, six each day. It is a busy scene; there is no haste, but there is no rest. In all this manifold activity there is one governing impulse only: the desire to do good to young men. That the best service to be rendered to them is to lead them to revere and love Jesus Christ; that all innocent and rational means may be used as ministrant to this highest ministry—this is the simple creed of the Young Men's Christian Associations. In this vast complexity of agencies not one of them is employed with a malevolent purpose. If selfishness creeps in, it is an alien; for it is rebuked by the lofty ideal which the young men have set before them. To the gospel of selfishness they can oppose a better. To every young man they do, in point of fact, present the appeal:

"And thy striving be it with loving,
And thy living deed on deed."

THE SEARCH.

I HAD a vision of a maiden fair,
With lilies garlanding her sunny hair.

Such gracious loveliness I ne'er had seen,
Such thoughtful tender smiles, such eyes serene.

Methought a voice, thus: "Win her for your guest,
For where she dwells, the roof-tree shall be blest."

Thenceforth I sought her, tireless, yet in vain,
And all my quest but brought me deeper pain.

I toiled for gold and won it, for I thought
That thus her favor might perhaps be bought.

A stately palace rose at my command,
Its fair proportions hope and fancy planned;

Gems, pictures, statues, all the world calls fair,
In 'wildering profusion gathered there.

Lawn, wood, and terrace added beauty lent
To grace this fair domain. Long hours I spent

In fruitless watching—she I longed to claim,
Beneath its sculptured doorway never came.

So all distasteful grew my palace then,
And to the busy world I turned again.

But now for place, for power, alone I sought,
And keen endeavor favoring answer wrought.

Honors and titles woke my hopes anew,
"For she," I said, "shall share these honors too."

Alas! she never deigned to share my throne,
And triumphs I reached when enjoyed alone.

Once more I strove, but Fame allured me now:
I coveted the bay leaves for my brow.

The way was rough, was steep, but fearlessly
I climbed, until my guerdon I could see.

Then as I seized it, on my raptured sight
One moment shone her garments soft and bright.

One moment only, for the passing gleam
Faded so fast I thought it all a dream.

Worn now with striving, saddened by defeat,
Wealth, rank, and fame proved useless, incomplete,

I left the fruitless search so long pursued,
And hid my grieving heart in solitude.

Little by little, as the years went past,
They soothed and strengthened me, till at last

I could forget myself, and so could see
What duties waited for my ministry.

Each day among the sick and poor I went,
Till all my thoughts on others' cares were bent,

And all my tears on others' griefs bestowed,
If haply I might share the heaviest load.

Homeward I hastened once at close of day,
Brightly the sunset glory lit my way;

Still when I reached my humble cottage door
A rare effulgence touched whate'er I saw;

And in the midst—oh! joy almost too bright!—
I saw the graceful figure, pure and white,

The flower-crowned tresses and the glance serene,
And knew that I had found my longed-for queen!

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PASTOR DANKWARDT.

POMERANIA, 1807.

"AND STROVE THE MAIDS TO WIN."

'Twas in the Northern German land,
Fast by the Baltic Sea,
When the French Emperor sent his troops
To bend the people's knee,

And dwell within their houses,
Feasting on wine and corn,
Till German hearts should learn to feel
The might of foreign scorn.

They came to Bodenstede,
A hamlet green and still,
With fountain in the market-place,
Where maids their pitchers fill.

They overran the village street,
They overran the inn,
They stole the peasants' ripening crops,
And strove the maids to win;

And up and down throughout the night
They sang their ribald song,
While hidden evils darted forth
To join the lawless throng.

How fair was Bodenstede!
But deeds the Frenchmen wrought
Among her pleasant summer fields
No peaceful harvest brought.

The people seized the soldiers,
And bore them to the strand,
And shipped them to a barren shore
Within a hostile land,

And then returned rejoicing;
But he, the nations' fate,
Quickly dispatched a mightier corps
To hold the conquered state.

Alas for Bodenstede!
How sad the sun uprose
That day the foreign flags returned
Before his golden close!

Rode forth Commander Mortier:
"Seize all the men," he cried,
"Who rule in Bodenstede,
And place them side by side;

"And at the signal given,
Shoot each man where he stands.
They that remain shall live to see
Their blazing homes and lands."

Then forward stepped the pastor;
His eyes were bright as flame:
"If any man is shot, shoot me!
Mine is the guilt and shame."

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"IF ANY MAN IS SHOT, SHOOT ME."

"I bade the people to revolt,
And drag the men away;
I sent them to the Swedish shore;
'Twas I urged on the fray.

"Hear me, O sire, how innocent
These people surely are;
I pray thee burn my guilty roof,
But all these others spare."

The stern Commander Mortier
Heard what the pastor said,
One moment stood irresolute,
Then turned his horse's head;

And putting spurs to flank, they rode
Out from the wondering town;
And as they passed, the word was given,
"These fishermen's huts burn down!"

A few poor sheds where no man dwelt!
No blood that day was spilled.
And thus Commander Mortier
The Emperor's law fulfilled.

Those battle-fields are overgrown,
Dim is their glory now;
But Virtue ever wakeful shines;
The stars are on her brow.

The pastor in his flowing gown,
Before the armèd host,
Joyfully giving life and home
If he may save the lost:

Deep in the German father-land
This rooted memory grows,
And safe within the children's heart
The living picture glows.

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THE Greeks would never have gained their freedom, and the Greek Kingdom would never have been constituted, had it not been for philhellenism in England and France. But interest in Greece and sympathy with Greek aspirations for increase of territory had greatly diminished in England in recent years. In consequence of the Crimean war, England had taken upon herself the heavy load of sustaining Turkey. The Turkish debt was mostly owned in England, and not only did the supposed interests of the bondholders forbid any acquisition of territory by Greece, which could only take place at the expense of Turkey, but with the natural disposition to discover virtues in those to whom we render service, the courage, truthfulness, and dignity of the Turks were much dwelt upon, and the Sultan was as popular in London as Napoleon III. The Turkophiles belonged to the same class, and expressed their feelings with the same intensity, as the sympathizers with the Southern cause in our late war.

No one man had more influence in keeping alive the depreciatory spirit with which the Greeks were regarded in England than the late eminent historian Mr. George Finlay. Himself a philhellene, who went in early manhood, immediately on the completion of his studies at Edinburgh and Göttingen, to take part in the Greek struggle for independence, and who resided thenceforth for a period of nearly fifty years at Athens, his opinions were naturally felt to carry great weight. His long fortnightly letters in the London *Times*, dwelling on the instances of misgovernment, on the waste in collecting revenues, on the indifference to public improvements, perhaps on the lack of public safety, were the more damaging because the facts which they contained were unimpeachable. But those who knew Mr. Finlay well were justified in saying that whether from a constitutional bias of mind, or from domestic infelicities, or from his long occupation with the gloomy and discouraging annals of the Byzantine Empire, he had contracted such a habit of dwelling upon the dark side of whatever he described that his pictures were not and could not be trustworthy.

English dislike and contempt for Greece culminated in 1870. Mr. Erskine, then the English minister at Athens, made the defects of the Greeks the staple of his conversation. "English and European championship of them had been a mistake from the beginning. They had been lifted to a position for which they were not fit. Sooner or later, a Greek would disappoint every one who intrusted anything to him."

Of course the dreadful tragedy, beginning with the capture at Marathon and ending with the slaughter at Oropos of three representative Englishmen by a band of brigands, strengthened the antipathy already so pronounced. The wish was expressed in the London daily papers that Greece could be swept of its present inhabitants, and be peopled by another race.

Since 1870 a remarkable change in public feeling has certainly taken place, both in England and on the Continent. Nor has this been without justification. The Greeks have honestly tried to destroy brigandage, and they have so far succeeded that for more than ten years there has been no case of organized λησταία (brigandage) within the boundaries of the Hellenic Kingdom. The discipline of the rank and file of the army has improved, and, what was especially needed, officers have been held more strictly to their posts in frontier duty. Remarkable industrial and material progress has been made within the kingdom. Athens, which scarcely numbered 40,000 inhabitants in 1870, has now a population of 80,000. The growth of the Piræus has been even more rapid. The heights surrounding the harbor of Mounychia, then utterly bare and valueless, are now occupied by beautiful villas, and have become valuable property. The growth of the towns, by providing a steady market for products, has given that stimulus to agriculture which nothing else could supply, and already there are seen a marked rise in the value of farms within easy distance of the cities, and plain signs of that attention to agriculture which gloomy observers like Mr. Finlay declared the Greeks would never exhibit.*

* The neglect of agriculture and indifference as to roads, bridges, etc., have been repeatedly emphasized as capital defects of the modern Greeks. One may deplore the fact, but its remedy will come by the development of centres of trade and manufacturing, and of frequented resorts. The Greeks are not averse to agriculture; they merely decline to fol-

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An important fact in this connection is the increasing market for Peloponnesian currants in Marseilles. The Greek currant is a seedless grape, which has nowhere been successfully cultivated except in Southern Greece and in the Ionian Islands, to which it has brought, in certain sections, great prosperity. For several years, however, the production has exceeded the capacity of the rest of the world to consume, as the only use to which the currants were applied was to furnish an ingredient in plum-puddings, cake, and the like. But it has been recently discovered that these grapes can be employed to great advantage, when dried, in the manufacture of wine, and a new demand for them for this purpose has begun in France, which may prove unlimited. From my own knowledge of the Peloponnesus, the capacities of its soil, its supply of water, the industry and thrift of its inhabitants, I do not regard it as impossible that many of those who read this article may live to see the day when it will be as carefully cultivated, acre for acre, as Switzerland. It would not be surprising if the lofty terraces and slopes of Mount Cyllene, the beautiful and varied precincts of the Convent of Megaspelaion, the heights near Ithome at the head of the Messenian Gulf, should become much-frequented resorts of health and pleasure seekers from every country of Europe and from America.

But these considerations are only preliminary to our special theme.

low it so long as they can do better at other callings. They like good roads, but as long as the wonderful natural water communication makes them not indispensable, they delay building them.

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During the recent Russo-Turkish war the Greeks were restrained from a movement to occupy territory in Thessaly and Epirus, at a time when the Turks were too closely pressed by the Russians to have been able to prevent at least a temporary occupation, by positive assurances from England, then under the Premiership of Beaconsfield, that the claims of Greece should receive, at the proper time, full recognition. It marked an advance in the strength of the government and in the self-control of the people that, in view of the anticipation of greater good in the future, outbreaks and incursions over the frontier were prevented. It was not strange, after this, that the Greek nation looked forward with sanguine hopes to the meeting of the Congress of Berlin in the summer of 1878. They felt, and with reason, that their conduct had been such as to entitle them to that substantial increase in territory which they had been led to expect. Great, accordingly, was the disappointment and the discouragement when this Congress, which dealt in many respects so arbitrarily with the remains of the Turkish Empire, contented itself, as regarded the claims of Greece, with the simple recommendation that Greece and Turkey might come to a new arrangement respecting the boundary line. For it was perfectly well understood that no recommendation of this sort, even though accompanied by the suggestion that the valleys of the Kalamas (Thyamis) and the Salamryas (Peneios) would furnish good natural boundaries, would have effect, but that it simply left matters *in statu quo*. No one was, accordingly, surprised that the two conferences held between representatives of the Turkish and Greek governments, nominally to give effect to the recommendation of the Congress, resulted in nothing. But it sometimes proves that scanty justice at first, or justice at first withheld, is followed by fuller justice at last; and England, to whom the existence of the Greek Kingdom was largely due, grown as weary of the guardianship of the Turkish Empire as of the administration of Lord Beaconsfield, became really ashamed of the treatment of Greece by English diplomatists. Mr. Gladstone was able to complete, on the verbal basis laid down by Lord Beaconsfield in the Congress of Berlin, an adjustment of the boundary which, had it been carried into effect, would have accorded to Greece all that she had hoped for, and perhaps even more. I refer to the award of the Conference of Berlin at its meeting in June, 1880.* Mr. Gladstone's object in this Conference was to bring to bear upon Turkey the pressure of what he called the "European concert." This pressure, exerted by means of the assemblage of the united fleet of the great powers at Ragusa, compelled the Sultan to cede Dulcigno to Montenegro. This same influence Mr. Gladstone wished again to employ in the matter of the Greek boundary. How bold and apparently how hopeless such an attempt was will appear when we reflect that the Conference was composed of representatives of Russia, Austria, Germany, France, Italy, and England. That the influence of England in originating and guiding the Conference might be less conspicuous, it was arranged that the formal request for it should come from the German Empire, through Count Münster, the German ambassador at London, and Berlin was selected as the place of meeting. Its members were the diplomatic representatives of the great powers accredited to the German court. Prince Bismarck had presided at the Berlin Congress, and it was desired and expected that he would preside at the sessions of the Conference. This would have helped to give to the later assembly the character of a continuation of the earlier, convened to complete its work. But Bismarck's health did not permit him to be present, and his place was taken by Prince Hohenlohe. The protocolists, or secretaries, were the same who had acted as such in the Congress of Berlin—Count de Mouy and Dr. Von Busch, of the French and German Foreign Offices respectively. As soon as preliminaries were disposed of, the French ambassador explained the views of his government, and made the following proposition:

"The frontier will follow the thalweg† of the Kalamas from the outfall of that

* The "Blue-book" containing the full text of the proceedings of the Conference of Berlin was presented to Parliament in August, 1880. It is entitled, "Greece, No. 3 (1880)," and is an interesting exhibition of diplomatic skill exerted to the best ends, or of true state-craft. It is easy to read between the lines sufficiently to see that England was not only the occasion of calling this Conference, but shaped its entire proceedings.

† Thalweg, or *valley road*, is a German geographical term, employed in the records of the Congress of Berlin, which designates the line of lowest level formed by the two opposite slopes of a valley. It is practically equivalent to the term river boundary.

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river in the Ionian Sea up to its source; then the summits which form the line of separation between the basins of the Voioussa (Aous), of the Haliachma (Haliacmon), and their tributaries, to the north, and those of the Kalamas (Thyamis), of the Arta (Arachthus), of the Aspropotamus (Achelous), of the Salamryas (Peneios), and their tributaries, to the south, so as to arrive at Olympus, the summits of which it will follow to the eastern termination of the mountain on the Ægean Sea."

After the French ambassador had made this proposition, the Italian ambassador declared that it had the full support of his government. Then Lord Odo Russell followed, speaking third and not first, and, after dwelling upon the desire of the British government that there should be no forcible annexation of an unwilling Mussulman population, said that after a careful consideration of the proposed boundary line, with the help and advice of General Sir Lintorn Simmons, the British technical expert, he had come to the conclusion that the line proposed by his French and agreed to by his Italian colleague would also correspond with the views of the English government, and could lead to a practical solution of the question to be decided. The Austrian and Russian representatives next expressed their general approval, subject to further consideration; and all the members of the Conference except the president having informally given utterance to their opinions, opportunity was given for a statement of the wishes of Greece and Turkey, though these powers were not represented in the Conference. Their arguments were presented in writing, and were read by the president. Of them it is enough for the present purpose to say that the line proposed by the Greeks was substantially the same as that recommended by the French ambassador, with the addition that it included the strip of territory opposite Corfu on the west coast, and the northern slopes of Mount Olympus on the east coast. The line urged by the Turkish government ran from the northern point of the Gulf of Volo (Pagasæ) on the east to the northern point of the Gulf of Arta (Ambracia) on the west, *i. e.*, was practically the same as the boundary established by the powers in 1832, save that it conceded the control of the two gulfs, that of Pagasæ and that of Ambracia. These counter propositions received some attention, particularly that of Greece, which was favored by the Russian ambassador, but the line proposed at the opening of the Conference by the French ambassador was finally adopted by a unanimous vote by the representatives of the six great powers.

Was this boundary line a conscientious interpretation of the language of the thirteenth protocol of the proceedings of the Berlin Congress? This is an interesting and not an easy question. It was certainly a possible interpretation, otherwise it would never have received the unanimous support of representatives of powers of so varied interests. It was also an interpretation made with a certain latitude, and in a sense favorable to Greece. This latitude consisted in so interpreting the words of the protocol above referred to as to substitute, throughout the entire eastern portion of the boundary, instead of the thalweg or line of lowest level of the valley of the Salamryas (Peneios), its extreme northern border, or the watershed dividing this valley from the waters flowing to the north. Such a latitude of interpretation was justified on account of the difficulties of carrying out literally the thirteenth protocol. Its language, taken literally, did not decide to which country Joannina, the intellectual centre of Epirus, and as closely connected with the revival of Greek nationality and the Greek struggle for independence as any place in Greece, should belong. Another not less important question was respecting the assignment of Metsovo, a thriving town on Mount Pindus, the backbone of the Greek peninsula, which commands the travelled road between Joannina and Larissa, and substantially controls intercourse between Thessaly and Epirus. This place lies neither in the valley of the Kalamas nor in that of the Salamryas, but between the head-waters of both. The fact was that public opinion in England and in Europe justified the claim of Greece to the three places, Joannina, Larissa, Metsovo—the capitals respectively of Epirus and Thessaly, and the fortress commanding the passage between them. Hence the language of the protocol was construed in a sense favorable to the Greeks.

The thalweg, or valley bed, of the Kalamas, may be said, loosely speaking, to form a dividing line between Albanians and Greeks, different in race, language, and

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religion. Here, therefore, the precise indications of the Congress of Berlin were followed. But the case was far different on the east of Mount Pindus. The northern slope of the valley of the Salamryas is as much Greek as the southern. And how great would be the absurdity of according to Greece a part of Thessaly and withholding Mount Olympus, the home of the Greek gods!

The award of the Berlin Conference, agreed to a little more than a year ago, assigned to Greece an increase of territory equal to four-sevenths of her area, and the fertility of the Thessalian plain, as a whole, far exceeds that of any equal number of acres in the Hellenic Kingdom. The added population would be some 600,000—about one-third of the population of Greece according to the last census.

After this decision the policy of Turkey was one of expostulation and delay. Well aware of the difficulty of maintaining a "European concert" among six powers with interests so diverse, the Porte reasoned that the carrying into effect of the decision of the Conference would be easily frustrated could its execution be delayed. Accordingly all the resources of diplomacy—an art in which the Turkish government has no superior—were directed toward postponement. These efforts were in a measure successful, for Austria, France, and Germany indicated a willingness to accept a compromise. This led, last spring, to the Conference of Constantinople, the decision of which, accepted by the Greek and Turkish governments, awards to Greece the northern shore of the Gulf of Arta (Ambracia), and the southern part of Thessaly to the Peneios, including Larissa, and excluding, of course, Joannina and Metsovo. Military representatives of the powers were appointed to witness the transfer of territory. This transfer was in progress for some two months, and was completed on Monday, August 22, 1881.

Greece has gained more by this conclusion of the matter than might at first appear. She has, too, escaped great dangers. An army of 60,000 men, the largest force she has ever raised, had been recruited, and was ready last spring to proceed to the occupation of the territory assigned to her by the Berlin Conference. But the European concert had come to an end, and it was impossible to tell what consequences might ensue from a collision precipitated in the Greek peninsula without the full support of the European powers. Hence England plainly informed Greece that she would give her no support if she involved herself in a war with Turkey. Any one who reflects that the Greek soldiery have never faced fire, and that there is no reason to expect great ability in leadership from Greek officers, will see that a general engagement with Turkish troops schooled in the recent war with Russia could have resulted in nothing else than a crushing defeat for Greece. Greece is too small to win, or to hope to win, in any single-handed struggle with Turkey, moribund though the latter be. She did well, therefore, to heed the caution of England; and though she was declared at the time by enthusiastic philhellenes, and even by so kind and wise a friend as the London *Spectator*, to have missed her opportunity, she did well to hold back. And she may be no less thankful that she is succeeding in quietly reducing her army, and that no outbreaks on the frontier and no cases of brigandage are reported. On the whole, she has passed through a dangerous crisis with credit. Every one recognizes that Turkish sway, and even Turkish foot-hold in Europe, must in a few years be a thing of the past. As soon as the utter collapse comes, the question will arise, To how much territory is Greece entitled? Then the decision that was made in accordance with considerations of topography, ethnography, and religion, and was unanimously concurred in by representatives of six great powers, will be remembered. The administration of the territory which Greece has just received will, we may hope, be sufficiently creditable to justify her claim to assume the entire area awarded to her in 1880, which I doubt not will be given her. Crete is already practically conceded to Greece—has been several times conditionally offered by the Porte. It has been stated that England would not be unwilling to cede Cyprus. The annexation of Cyprus, the remotest of the Greek islands, would naturally carry with it that of all the islands of the Ægean. Thessaly and Epirus, the early cradles of the Greek race, Cyprus and Crete, and the lesser islands, furnish as large an added domain as Greece need aspire to. Whether such dependencies should be held by a looser or by a firmer tie, the circumstances of each case would decide.

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In some respects Greece is not well prepared to assume the management of a large added territory. The Greek Kingdom presents the anomaly of a constitution exceedingly democratic, but an administration highly centralized. The constitution was the result of the revolutions of 1843 and 1861. The administration is a legacy of King Otho and his Bavarian advisers. Such an administration can be neither efficient nor economical. A gradual decentralization, then, is the thing to be desired. Nor need the possibility of this be doubted. No trait of the Greek character is more conspicuous, in both ancient and modern times, than the strength of local attachment. This is attested by the multitude of schools founded in different parts of Greece, and amid the Greek population of Turkey, by Greeks who, having left their native town in youth, have devoted to it a part of the wealth acquired in foreign lands. Evidently love for the native locality, pride in it, willingness to labor and sacrifice for it, are the elements of true public spirit, and the foundations of a prosperous village life. The difficulty with the present system of administration is twofold: first, local magistrates have not sufficient independence of action; and second, they are not responsible to the towns in which they perform their duties. But these defects can easily be corrected. They are not connected with the name of the government. They can readily be eliminated while Greece remains a monarchy; they might remain though she became a republic. The King of Greece has conducted himself with much discretion, and, democratic in feeling as the people are, they recognize the advantage of having a nominal head of the state who is placed above the envy and intrigue which are so rife at Athens. The King understands the people well, has shown perfect loyalty to the constitution, and would place no obstruction in the way of needed reforms in administration. The Swiss Confederation furnishes a good example of what such reforms should be. There is needed a field for practice in self-government, and a tie, strong but not irksome, by which all the provinces shall be united into one Greek state.

IN THE SOUTHEAST BASTION.

I WAS standing in the inner court of the old fortress of San Marco, in St. Augustine. I had made, or thought I had made, a discovery. Ever since I had first visited it I had taken the greatest interest in this ancient pile, begun three hundred years ago by the Spaniards, and the oldest edifice of the kind in our country. I was thoroughly acquainted with its demi-lunes, its barbican, its terre-plein, its portcullis, its moat, its dungeons, and everything known and seen by the general public. But now I hoped I knew and should see something unknown and unseen by the general public.

The young man who assisted the old sergeant in charge of the fort approached me. "It is time to shut up, sir," he said.

It was true. The sun was setting. I walked through the great entrance-hall, casting a longing look leftward as I did so, crossed the draw-bridge, and went into the town. I had not walked a dozen yards on the broad sea-wall which skirts the water-front of the old city when I saw riding toward me on the road a lady on a sorrel horse. She rode directly up to the wall, and we both stopped.

"Good-evening," said she, with a pleasant smile. "Just from San Marco, I suppose. Have you found anything new?"

This seemed to me a curious question to come at such a time. I was wildly anxious to tell some one of what I had discovered, and why should I not tell Miss Mallette? This young lady was the daughter of one of our great Western farmers, and was my most intimate friend in the town. We had walked together on moonlight nights on the sea-wall, we had sailed together on the broad waters of the Matanzas, we had rambled over the old fort, had danced together at the hops, and had taken many a ride along the shell road and into the beautiful rose gardens of the suburbs. She had told me of the ten-thousand-acre fields of wheat upon her father's farm, and of the long gallops she took and the strange life she led upon that vast domain. I in turn had told her everything about myself I thought she would like to know; and why should I not tell her this thing, in which she would feel more interest than in anything I had spoken of before?

"I believe," I said, "I have found out something new."

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"Oh, delightful!" she cried. "Just stand where you are, and tell me all about it. Your head is so high that I don't have to bend down a bit. What have you found?"

"You remember the dungeon in the northeast bastion?" I said.

"Where the skeletons and the iron cages were found? Oh yes, of course I remember it; and when I visit Washington I am going to see if one of those skeletons really is in the Smithsonian Institution. I don't believe the people here know anything about it."

"Well," I continued, "I have always considered that in the southeast bastion there must be something of the same kind, for it is not to be supposed that the Spaniards would have built a bastion which for more than fifty feet from its outer corner should be of solid masonry."

"Yes, I remember that we talked about that. But you don't suppose they put skeletons in every corner?"

"Oh no," I said, "I have no reason to suppose there are any more skeletons, but I feel sure there is a room or dungeon within that bastion."

"We have supposed all that before," said Miss Mallette, "but what have you found out?"

"That is what I am going to tell you," I replied. "You remember two rooms which open to the right as you go into the entrance-hall of the fort?"

"Certainly," said she. "One of them was the kitchen of the Indian prisoners, where that horrid murderous squaw presided."

"Well, then," I said, "you remember there is a third room, completely dark, beyond these?"

"Oh yes. I've often stood at the open door and tried to look into it with lighted matches and papers; but I could never see more than a few feet, it was so pitchy black inside. The old sergeant never takes anybody in there, does he?"

"No," I replied; "for some reason or other he never investigates this room. He always says there is nothing in it, and passes on."

"I should like ever so much to go in there," said Miss Mallette.

"I've been in," I answered, "and have gone all over the room."

"How on earth did you do that?" she exclaimed. "I should have been afraid of wells and pitfalls. Please tell me all about it. But are you not tired of standing?"

"Not a bit," I answered. "I have long wished to explore this room, because beyond it lies the unknown fifty feet of the southeast bastion. I was afraid to take a lantern into the room, for if the old sergeant or any one else saw me groping about there, he would interfere with my investigations, which I wished to keep to myself; so I determined to go in and cautiously feel my way about the place. I tapped the ground before me with a cane as I walked, so that I should not step into any hole. After I had been in there ten or fifteen minutes, it is astonishing how my eyes became accustomed to the darkness. I could actually see, though very dimly, the inner walls as I approached them. And here I made a discovery."

"Oh! what was it?" cried Miss Mallette, greatly interested.

"It was a hole two or three feet square, in the eastern or farthest wall of the room."

"And did you go through?" cried the lady.

"No, I have not got so far as that yet. In fact, it is now impossible to go through it. It is nearly filled with sand or fine earth, and this must be dug out before any one can enter it."

"What do you intend to do about it?" said Miss Mallette, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "And where do you think it leads to?"

"I feel confident," I replied, "that it leads to some chamber in the southeast bastion, and I intend to dig through and see what is beyond."

"If I were a man," said the lady, "I should like nothing better than to do that. But are you sure that you have really discovered this thing? Perhaps there is some one who can tell you all about it."

"I thought of that," I said, "and I asked the old sergeant. If anybody knows anything about the fort, he does. When I told him I had found this hole, he looked amazed, and expressed a great deal of surprise at my exploring the dark chamber. I found he did not want to talk about the matter at all; but as I rather pressed him with questions about the hole in the wall, he told me briefly that it had been made by some prisoners who were in that apartment. They had thought to get out by cutting through that wall; but

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when they made the hole, it instantly filled up with sand which came from the other side. I asked him who the prisoners were, but he was very short about it. 'I wasn't one of 'em,' he said; 'nayther did I put 'em there. I just tell the tale as it was told to me.' And off he walked. From what he said I am sure that nothing has been discovered beyond that hole, but I am afraid I have made him suspicious of me, and I must be very careful in what I intend to do."

"Can't you get permission from somebody to explore the place?" asked Miss Mallette.

"Oh no!" I exclaimed. "If the authorities did anything at all in the matter, they would take it up themselves, and all the fun of the discovery would be lost to me."

"Then what are your plans?" she asked.

"Here comes young Norton," I answered, "and I can't tell you now. But if you will walk with me to-morrow to the fort, I shall have worked out my plans, and will tell you all about them. We will go in the middle of the day, when there are few people there."

The next day I took her to the fort, and told her all I intended to do. I would come there late in the evening, go unobserved into the dark chamber, and be shut up in the fort for the night. I would take some candles and tools with me, and dig out the sand from the hole. In the morning I could slip out unobserved. I would do this every night until I had penetrated into the chamber I was looking for.

"I think that is dreadful," said Miss Mallette. "You will take your death of cold in that damp place; the sand will cave in on you and bury you, and you'll have to sleep all day, which will give you no time for riding or anything else. Besides, how are you going to get shovels and such things into the fort without their seeing you?"

"I shall want but a few tools," I said, "and I have thought of a way to get them in. Late this afternoon I am going to lower a rope from some northern point on the barbette, where few people ever go, down to the moat. It won't be noticed; and then to-morrow I'll bring some tools in a boat, tie them to the lower end of the rope, and cover them over with brushwood. Then, after I have been shut up to-morrow night I'll haul them up."

"To-morrow night!" she exclaimed. "So soon as that?"

"Yes," I said; "if the thing is to be done, it might as well be done at once."

The next day, despite a good deal of discouragement from Miss Mallette, I carried out my plan. Late in the afternoon she went with me to the fort. There were a good many visitors about, and it was some time before I had an opportunity to slip into the dark chamber. I took leave of her at the door.

"It's a perfectly horrid place!" said she, looking in, "and I wish you would give up the whole thing this minute."

"I wish you took more interest in it," I said. "But I must not keep you here any longer. Good-night."

Thus virtually dismissed, Miss Mallette walked quietly away, while I slowly groped inch by inch to the interior of the sombre cavern, where I felt for a corner, in which I deposited the candles and other necessary articles I had brought in my pockets. I had not been here long before I heard the sound of approaching voices, and in a few moments a group of tourist visitors made their appearance at the open door. To my amazement, Miss Mallette was one of them. At first I thought she had betrayed me, and had brought these people to laugh at me. But I soon perceived that my suspicions were unworthy ones. The ladies and gentlemen peered through the door, exclaiming at the dreariness of the place. Then one of them lighted a paper, as many a visitor had done before, and tried to peer into the interior. The flame lighted up their faces, and I could see that that of Miss Mallette was filled with a painful anxiety lest I should be discovered. But I knew this could not be, and it amused me to stand there and look at them, feeling certain they could not see me.

"What a perfectly horrible hole!" said one of the ladies. "Not a window or place for any light to come in! And this outer room is so dim there is no spare light to go in at the door."

"What could it have been used for?" asked one.

"It must have been a prison," a gentleman answered.

"Impossible," said another. "No one could live in it a day. The very darkness would drive a person crazy."

The anxiety on Miss Mallette's face now grew deeper, and I wished I could assure

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her that the darkness would not drive me crazy. The burning papers soon went out, and I wished the people would go away, for I was obliged to remain perfectly motionless and still. If I had groaned or spoken, I believe I should have frightened some of them into convulsions. Miss Mallette was the last to leave. Evidently she did not know the party, and had only joined them when she saw them approaching the dark room. She turned her face toward the interior of the room, and by the light in the doorway, which was now very dim, I could see she made some sort of sign with her head and hands. The other people were not very far away, and I did not dare to speak.

When all was quiet, and I was sure that the fort had been closed for the night, I lighted a couple of candles, which I stuck in a little mound of sand upon the ground, ate some luncheon I had brought, and then, it being quite dark outside, I lighted myself through the rooms into the courtyard, went up on the barbette, and drew up my tools, made my way to the chamber, where I had left one candle burning, took off my coat, and speedily set to work.

My theory was that beyond the inner wall of this chamber, distant only a few feet, was the wall of the dungeon in the southeast bastion which I was looking for. The space between the walls was probably filled with sand in order to mislead and deter any one who should attempt to penetrate through the wall of the room I was in, and this had stopped the work of the prisoners who had tried to escape. It was certainly ridiculous to suppose that the whole interior of the great bastion was either solid stone or filled with sand.

I dug, and I dug, and I dug; I shovelled and hoed a vast mass of sand from the hole into the room in which I stood, but still it came down from above. I knew, however, that there must be a limit to this continual caving in, and that if I shovelled and hoed long enough, I must eventually make a passage through the sand.

Although strong, I was unused to such labor as this, and before long I became very tired. I lay down to rest upon a small rubber blanket I had brought, and in a few minutes I was fast asleep. I did not awake until the next morning. My candles had burned out, and I could see the distant daylight through the door of the room. I found myself no worse for my sleep, for the air of the place was dry. I did not dare to go out of the room until I heard the sound of voices and visitors, for it would not be prudent for me to make my appearance before any one had entered the fort.

I had waited about an hour—perhaps I had taken another little doze—when I heard some one approaching. In a few moments I saw Miss Mallette at the open door. Before I could speak, she had called to me in a low tone, which had something of anxiety in it. I instantly answered, and went to her. As soon as I entered the other room she cordially shook me by the hand, and said, laughing, "I really am glad to find you alive; I did not know what might have happened to you in this dreadful place."

"Nothing happened," I answered, "and I did not find the place at all dreadful."

"Well, I hope you got through with your work," she said. "What did you discover?"

"I have discovered nothing yet, and I have only begun my work."

"You are mistaken there," she said, very decidedly. "Your work in that dark hole is finished. If you did not do last night all that you wanted to, you will have to leave the rest undone. I have made up my mind that you shall not pass another night in that place. I could hardly sleep last night for thinking of it; and when I came here this morning, I did not know but that I should have to go back for people to dig you out from a pile of fallen sand."

"But I must go on with the work," I said. "You don't know how I long to get into the outer chamber which I know is in this bastion."

"All that does not matter at all," she said. "If you stay in here to-night, I am going to tell the sergeant."

She said this with a laugh, but I knew she meant it. "That is pretty hard on me," I remarked.

"Not hard at all," she said, lightly, touching my arm with the point of her parasol. "You can get somebody to do the work for you; some one who is better able to dig and to stay in a place like this than you are; some one who will come in here at night and work just as you intended to, and who can easily be persuaded to keep the thing quiet till the work is done. After you have made the discovery, of course you will want everybody to know. And now let me drive you home."

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We went out together, met nobody, and she drove me to my lodgings. That afternoon, when I called upon Miss Mallette, I found her filled with an idea.

"You know Madame Tonnin, the little French teacher?" said she.

I knew Madame Tonnin very well. She came every day to give French lessons to my landlady's little boy.

"If anybody can tell who will be a good person to do your work for you, she can," said Miss Mallette. "She knows all about the Minorcans and other white people of the place—of course you don't want a blundering negro—and she herself is the very person to keep a secret. Let us walk round to her house and tell her about it. You know you have *got* to tell somebody, or the thing can't be done."

I did not wish to give up my original idea, but at last I consented. I had become convinced I could not do the necessary digging, and if the matter was to be carried on at all, I must get somebody to help me.

We put on our hats and started for the house of Madame Tonnin. Before we had gone half way, we met her. In St. Augustine you meet everybody every time you go out. We took the little lady to a retired seat in the Plaza, and there I told her my plans. I did not exactly desire to communicate these to the French lady, but Miss Mallette had talked with such practical force on the subject that I really had no arguments with which to answer her. If she had been a man, I should not have allowed her to take command in this way.

Madame Tonnin listened with great interest, wagging her little head in affirmation at every sentence. "Ze ex-plor-as-ze-own, ze ex-cav-as-ze-own, zat is right, I 'ave ze man. He is my nephew, Monsieur Seemon. He is at my house at zis time. He is an excavateur par excellence. Zat is ze dream of his soul. You will find he is ze man for whom you search. He is like ze rocks, ze stones, ze"—looking around for further similes—"ze bench of wood. His lips is—gummed up."

"Sealed, you mean," said Miss Mallette.

"Yes, sealed," said the little lady, with a wag of her head.

We found Monsieur Simon at the house of his aunt. The house was a very small one, with the front door opening directly into the parlor. Monsieur Simon was seated at a back window reading a very old copy of a French newspaper. He was a small man with a bald head, a shining, animated face, and a rusty coat of bombazine. We were duly introduced, and after a few preliminaries and injunctions I told him my plans and desires. As I spoke the eyes of Monsieur Simon sparkled, and when I finished he sprang to his feet.

"Archæolo-gie, my friend, is that which possesses me. It fills me up. It floats me into thin air abuf the misaries of life." He spoke better English than his aunt, merely peppering his sentences with French accents and pecularities sufficiently to give them a foreign flavor. "I follow in my soul those great leaders Belzoni, Layard, and even that execrable Schliemann. Gif me the money and the men, sir—"

I hastened to stop him at this point, endeavoring to make him understand my real intentions. I had no money—at least none of any importance—and wanted no men. I intended to make no archæological researches. I merely wished to dig into a comparatively modern structure, not quite three hundred years old. I told him that in fact I was afraid I had made a mistake. I did not wish a man of science. I was merely looking for a trustworthy person who could dig. Monsieur Simon looked disappointed; then his face sparkled again.

"I will be that man. I will work for you—for—for—for three dollars a day. And when the discoveries are made, I shall share with you the glory."

I told him that after I had entered and examined the chamber in the southeast bastion, he might have three-quarters of the glory, or all of it if he chose. As for the three dollars a day, I thought it pretty high pay for a man who had not the strength and ability of a regular laborer; but I felt sure the work could not continue very long, and I agreed to pay it. After all, the element of intelligence should not be disregarded. Monsieur Simon was therefore engaged for the work of exploration. I gave him full explanations and directions, Miss Mallette occasionally adding a shrewd suggestion, and Madame Tonnin wagging her head in continual affirmation. He agreed with me in my hypothesis of the interval between the two walls being filled in with sand, and was certain he could soon dig away enough to leave a passage to the inner wall; but he differed with me in regard

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to the means of making an entrance through this inner wall. I had provided some large chisels and a mallet, which I had left with the other tools in the dark chamber, but he thought it would be better to make use of some of the modern inventions. With one or two cartridges of dynamite, he said, we could blow a hole through the wall in an instant, whereas it would take hours to cut one with chisel and mallet. But this I absolutely forbade. I wanted no explosions to wake up the people in the vicinity, and to blow, perhaps, my Frenchman into atoms. Monsieur Simon insisted that as the dwelling of the old sergeant was some little distance outside the fortress, he would not hear a slight explosion; but I remained firm in my prohibition of dynamite, and he consented to break through the wall in the way I desired.

Operations were to begin immediately, and that evening Monsieur Simon and I went to the fort, and seizing a favorable opportunity, I conducted him into the dark chamber. I took him by the hand, and cautiously led him to the inner wall. I made him feel with his hands the hole I had discovered, led him to the corner where I had placed the tools, and left him supplied with matches, candles, and food, and a little bottle of wine.

For two nights Monsieur Simon worked at his explorations. Each morning I visited him at his house, and received a report. No one had noticed his ingoings or outcomings, he said, and on the second day he reported that he had made a passage which extended some feet. All the sand which had fallen from above he had removed and scattered over the floor of the dark chamber, and he confidently expected in two or three nights more to reach the inner wall. I then strictly enjoined him, as I had done before, that when he had reached this wall, he was not to make the hole through it, as I intended to be present when that was done. I wished to be the first to make the discoveries in this hidden chamber.

On the morning of the third day I went to the house of Madame Tonnin. She was not in, and neither was Monsieur Simon. A girl handed me a letter from the latter personage. I opened it and read it in the little parlor. Then, with the open letter in my hand, I walked, or rather ran, to the cottage of the Mallettes.

Miss Mallette was sitting on the front porch. She ran down the steps to meet me. "What is the matter?" she said.

"I want you to read this letter with me," I answered; "I can scarcely understand it."

And so we sat down on the steps of the porch and read the letter together. I shall not give the words of Monsieur Simon's epistle. It was long, and was written in English considerably worse than that which he used when speaking. This is the purport of it. The night before, he had penetrated into the chamber in the southeast bastion. He had unexpectedly reached the wall of the chamber, and had been unable to resist the temptation of cutting a hole through it. Then, with a candle in his hand, he had entered the hidden dungeon. The wonders of the place were more than he could describe. Against the northern wall were three iron cages, each containing a skeleton; on the outstretched hand of one of these was a massive ring. Against the eastern wall stood two skeletons, chained in an upright position. On a square stone in the centre of the room was a bronze jar partly filled with ancient coins and medals. By the side of the jar was a roll of manuscripts tied together with leathern thongs.

At this point in the letter Miss Mallette looked at me without saying a word. I looked at her, and we went on.

There were other objects in the room, which the writer had not time to examine; but in the southwest corner, to the right of the hole he had made, there stood a most wonderful figure. It was a tall mummy, completely clad in armor.

"A mummy in armor!" exclaimed Miss Mallette, with a burst of laughter. I could not help joining in her merriment, though I did not feel a bit jolly.

"The bombazine humbug!" I exclaimed. "What does he take me for?"

"A lover of antiquity," said Miss Mallette. "That is evident enough."

"Worse than that," I replied. "Let us read on."

It was impossible, Monsieur Simon continued, to allow any one person, and especially a person like myself, who had had no active part in the enterprise, to enjoy all the advantages of such a discovery. He had taken steps, therefore, to secure to himself something more than the mere glory of the affair. The movable things, such as the coin, the medals, and the jar, the manuscripts, and the ring

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from the finger of the skeleton, he had taken from the dungeon, and they were now in his possession. He had replaced the stones in the hole he had made, and had piled sand against them. He had also thrown sand into the hole of the wall in the dark chamber, so as to give it as much as possible its appearance when I discovered it. In the sand, he took occasion to mention, he had placed two dynamite cartridges, with which he had provided himself in case the inner wall should prove too hard for his chisels.

"The outrageous impostor!" exclaimed Miss Mallette.

"You don't believe he buried any dynamite in the sand?" I said.

"Not a bit of it," she answered, promptly.

Monsieur Simon then proceeded to say that he had gone with his valuables to Tallahassee, from which place he should immediately proceed to a spot he knew of, where he could remain entirely unobserved for any length of time, and where he would have ample opportunity to classify and describe the coins, and to decipher the manuscripts.

"Decipher the manuscripts!" I exclaimed, in contempt. "Any one who knows old Spanish could read them."

"Old Spanish!" laughed Miss Mallette. "I believe you really think there are such manuscripts."

"I forgot," I said. "I was only thinking what a humbug he is."

"His story has had an effect upon your imagination," she said; "but let us go on."

The rest was purely practical. Monsieur Simon said that if I would send a hundred dollars to his address at Tallahassee, a friend would receive it for him, and take it to him in his secure retreat. He then would send me thirty of the coins and two of the manuscripts, in order that I might assure myself of the truth of his statements. After this we could make further arrangements with regard to our mutual advantage.

"The clearest case of attempted swindling," I said.

"I don't believe he dug into the hole at all," said Miss Mallette. "I suppose he found some comfortable place and slept all night."

"I shall go and see if he really made any excavations," I said.

"Don't you do it!" Miss Mallette exclaimed, putting her hand on my arm. "You'll get yourself blown up with that dynamite."

I had been for some time sitting on a bench in the court-yard of the fort on the next day after the receipt of Monsieur Simon's letter, when Miss Mallette walked into the yard.

"I thought I should find you here," she said. "You haven't been poking around in that hole in the wall, have you?"

"No; I promised you I would not do that."

"I know you promised, but I was afraid the attraction would be too strong. I am glad you are so good. Don't you want to go out on the water-battery? I haven't had any real sea-breeze to-day."

I hesitated a moment. "If you don't mind," I said, "I prefer going up on the barbette. I have made a discovery, and I want to tell you about it."

"Another discovery!" she said, with a laugh. "You are one of the greatest discoverers of the age. Is it another mummy in armor?"

I said nothing to this, and we walked up the stone incline that led to the upper portions of the fort. Miss Mallette did not show the same interest in the matter that she had done before. She stopped when we reached the wide stone surface of the barbette.

"If you really have made any discoveries," she said, "you ought to tell the people at the barracks. They would be able to investigate the matter properly."

"I don't want anybody to investigate my discoveries but myself," I said.

"Then why do you tell me?" she asked.

"Oh, you are different. I hoped you would take some interest in the matter."

"Well," she said, with a little air of submissive endurance, and seating herself on the broken edge of one of the ramparts.

I stood before her, and began: "I have made a discovery which to me is very important."

The countenance of Miss Mallette looked a little disturbed, and then she said: "I don't think you ought to tell me your important discoveries. You know I can't help you the least bit. Do you know it is nearly lunch-time?" she added, taking out her watch.

"You can help me," I said, firmly, "and I must tell you."

"You discovered it here?" she asked, quickly.

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"Yes," I said, "in this fort."

Her face turned hard and a little pale. "There are some things people think they discover, when there is really nothing to discover," she said. "It was the same way with that other thing. I must really go now." And she slipped down from the rampart.

"Miss Mallette," I said, quickly, "you really ought not to go until I tell you what I have to say. I have discovered that I love you."

At these words she looked up at me, and another change passed over her features. If I could read what was passing in her mind, it seemed to be a delightful feeling of relief. Her face turned rosy, her eyes sparkled, and then she looked down, and said nothing. I could not understand her.

"Did you think that this was the discovery I had made?" I said, directly.

"No," she answered, looking up for a moment. "I thought—and I didn't like it a bit—that you had discovered that I loved you."

POLITICAL ASPECTS OF MORMONISM.

IN a singularly interesting depression of that basin or trough which lies between the Sierras of the Pacific and the great chain of the Rocky Mountains lies the much-discussed Territory of Utah. The largest proportion of its water-shed drains into Great Salt Lake, which itself has no outlet to the sea. The rain-fall of the Territory is very slight, and the cultivation of its lands depends almost exclusively upon irrigation from the streams fed by the melting snows of the eastern mountains. Its climate has great variations of temperature, though its average is not much different from that of Baltimore. It embraces about 80,000 square miles, and it is one-fifth larger than the whole of New England. Its irrigating rivers are not very numerous, and it is incapable of supporting a large population from the products of its own soil.

As the great seat and centre of Mormonism it has been celebrated for more than thirty years, and it still presents the unsolved problem in political government of the eradication of polygamous institutions consolidated into one community, consistently with republican theories of government and with Anglo-Saxon notions concerning the trial of persons accused of crime. It is quite unnecessary to discuss at this day the Mormon theories of polygamy as a part of a religious institution, and as being therefore entitled to immunity. Public opinion, acts of Congress, and decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States have put this question in the category of things finally decided. Assuming polygamy, then, to be a crime against the political institutions of our country, the serious question of how to get rid of it remains to be settled. Measures of violence by neighboring communities acting under a sense of outrage at the practices of the Latter-day Saints have not been found adequate to the destruction of the institution, to say nothing of the evil character and consequences of that method of rectifying wrong. When assailed and broken up in one State, they migrated to another, and when their temples were destroyed there, they sought refuge a thousand miles westward in the then uninhabited heart of the continent, and established once more, and more firmly than ever, their institutions. Isolation, indeed, has appeared to be the most favorable condition for the development and increase of Mormon institutions, and if such isolation and development were not to end in placing the Mormons in the centre of a great family of civilized States, it might be open to question how far measures of repression or destruction of any kind could be resorted to consistently with modern ideas of the rights of separate and independent communities. But such is not the case. The Mormon Church, as a concentrated, coherent, and growing force, is now found, not in the almost inaccessible valley of Great Salt Lake, as it was thirty years ago, but in the centre of the greatest thoroughfare across the continent. The institutions of modern civilization, morality, and progress have travelled across the great plains, and enveloped the distant oasis where in 1847 the Mormons finally established themselves. The problem must now or in the near future be solved, and the irrepressible conflict between polygamous Mormonism and the social and political systems of the people of the rest of the United States must have a decisive issue. It is the object of the Mormons, as shown by repeated and persistent efforts,

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to set up for themselves and maintain an exclusive political domination in the Territory of Utah, and to so frame and administer laws as to encourage rather than repress polygamy. Since their final settlement in the valley of Great Salt Lake, their policy has been consistent and steady, always looking to the establishment of a State controlled by a hierarchy, and resting in all its parts on the special ideas of Mormonism, and these people have plainly seen that once established as a State in the Union, their domestic concerns, including polygamy and every revolting practice which they might choose to set up, would be absolutely beyond the legal reach of the people of the other States.

Within two years after the first settlement a memorial was sent to Congress asking for a State government, and all the preliminary steps to its establishment were taken. On the 9th March, 1849, Brigham Young was elected Governor; Richards, Secretary of State; Whitney, Treasurer; Kimball, Chief Justice; Wells, Attorney-General, etc. Congress did not accede to the demand for a State government, but on the 9th September, 1850, passed an act organizing Utah Territory, and in October Brigham Young was appointed Governor. The organic act itself was all that the Mormons could have wished. It left everything to their own management, and in effect allowed them to authorize or even require polygamy if they chose. The administration of the affairs of the Territory was so conducted as to discourage Gentile immigration, and to cause nearly all development to be that of the Mormon Church.

In March, 1856, another attempt was made to establish a State. A constitution was adopted, and a memorial sent to Congress asking for the creation of a State. Young continued Governor until July, 1857, when a Gentile Governor was sent out, and so strong was the opposition of the Mormons to this step that it was thought necessary to send a heavy military force to support the new Governor. He found, as all his successors have, that he possessed very small means for overcoming the exclusive policy of the Mormon leaders; and it was not until July 1, 1862, that Congress took any positive step for the punishment of polygamy, or for the rectification of various laws and ordinances of the Legislature of the Territory which had been passed in aid of the polygamous policy of the Church. In the same year the Mormons made another effort for the admission of Utah as a State. The Congressional prohibition of polygamy, the building of the Pacific Railroad, and the discovery of rich and extensive mines had by 1870 produced a large increase of the Gentile population of the Territory, and there came to be considerable danger that the Mormons would be outvoted, and the Territorial Legislature and the minor officers might be anti-Mormon. Accordingly the Mormon Legislature passed a woman suffrage bill, which, of course, added enormously to the voting force of the Mormons. Again in 1872 a fresh effort was made to establish a Mormon State, but without success. In the last ten years efforts have been made at nearly every session of Congress to provide such regulations for the administration of law in that Territory as to enable effective steps to be taken for the punishment of polygamy, and particularly with a view to the prevention or discouragement of further polygamous marriages. But very little success has attended such efforts. For one cause or another, acts that would have gone far toward the accomplishment of this end have been repeatedly defeated, and the difficulty in procuring convictions for polygamy under existing laws has been found almost insuperable. This difficulty lies mainly in two points of legal procedure. The first is in the nature of the constitution of juries. On the theory prevalent in the United States, a jury must be unanimous in order to convict. If, therefore, a single Mormon be a member of a jury in a given case, it is impossible to obtain a verdict, for he believes, or professes to believe, that polygamy is a divine institution, and that they who practice it are rendering obedience to God, and so he thinks, or professes to think, that prosecutions for that offense are the most wicked tyranny, and he will not find a verdict of guilty under any circumstances. And it has been found, too, naturally enough, that the process of challenging for bias is generally ineffectual in such cases. But if in some rare instances it has been found possible to obtain an impartial jury in the only correct sense—that is, a jury who, as responsible members of the community, believe in the necessity of the execution of its laws,

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and who are willing to find verdicts accordingly upon fair proof—a second difficulty has at once presented itself in the inability of the prosecution to prove the fact of polygamous practice, although every Mormon privately and publicly out of court admits its existence and defends it. This difficulty of proof grows out of the rule of the law of procedure, which it has been insisted required record or other direct evidence of the two or more marriages. The Supreme Court has lately held, however, that proof of the admissions, etc., of the accused can be given in evidence, which may make convictions possible. These marriages, it seems, are made by the Mormons, latterly at least, in secret, and however august may be the ceremonial, and however numerous the witnesses, the event takes place with closed doors and under the most stringent obligations of secrecy, so that when a Mormon witness is called to prove the fact, he has no scruple usually in denying any knowledge of it.

Under such circumstances the institution continues to flourish, and the proportion of polygamous marriages is probably now considerably greater than it was fifteen years since. The Mormon population of Utah in 1866 is estimated to have been about 60,000. In that population the proportion of "plural marriages" is believed, from certain testimony taken in that year by a committee of Congress, to have been not less than one-third of the whole number of married males.

From the evidence taken by this committee, and from the whole course of events in that Territory since the passage of the act of 1862 denouncing polygamy as a crime, there is strong reason to believe that the institution has been more and more promoted by the Mormon leaders, and has become almost a cardinal test of Mormon faith. The present population of Utah purports, by the census returns of 1880, to be 143,963, more than 73,000 of which are under eighteen years of age. The official statistics do not show the number of polygamous marriages, or the number of persons practicing polygamy, or the number of children of such marriages, but carefully collected unofficial information furnishes good reason to believe that the number of polygamists and their children in the Territory greatly exceeds the whole anti-Mormon population. The reader will, it is thought, soon be able to correct this estimate by data of substantial precision.

Down to the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Reynolds, in the winter of 1878–9, the Mormons professed to vindicate their opposition to the law against polygamy and their refusal to obey it on the ground of its unconstitutionality, as prohibiting the free exercise of religious faith. That case having finally exploded this pretension, it might have been expected that the institution of polygamous marriages would be abandoned, but such does not appear to have been the case. Delegations of Mormons visited Washington for the purpose of appealing to Congress for such legislation as might annul or mitigate the effect of the law as declared by that decision, and some committees of Congress were disposed, for the protection of innocent women and children, to take such measures as would legitimize the children of such marriages born within a year after the promulgation of this decision, and to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate females who had been the victims of these practices, but accompanied by provisions adequate, so far as legislation could go, for the absolute suppression or punishment of future polygamous marriages. But these measures were not at all satisfactory to the Mormon interest, which seemed to demand not only "indemnity for the past," but "security for the future"; and, for reasons not easy to explain, Congress failed to make any provision upon the subject.

There is no reason to suppose that the final settlement of the rightful power of Congress to provide for punishing polygamy, notwithstanding it may be exercised under a claim of religious duty, has had any effect to deter Mormons from a continuation or even increase of the practice.

Notwithstanding the difficulties attending prosecutions for this crime growing out of the laws regarding the formation of juries, technical rules of evidence, and the falsehood of witnesses, there is fair reason to suppose that if Congress should choose to enact suitable legislation to meet the case, and the Executive department should endeavor to enforce such legislation with the same vigor that it exercises in punishing illicit distilling, the practice of polygamy might in a very few years be entirely broken up. But judging from a dozen years of effort and fail-

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ure to pass laws in this direction, the hope of immediate legislation can not be considered as very well grounded. Even with the law as it now stands, a sincere and persistent Executive policy, and with judicial courts in the Territory that will hold it to be the same duty to administer the law against polygamy as against other crimes, it is probable that a decided check to the growth of the institution could be established. If the people of the United States are really in earnest in desiring to prevent the establishment of a powerful polygamous State in the heart of the continent, whose chief institution is so in opposition to the social institutions and moral ideas of all the other States, and which (Utah once becoming a State with it) can never be lawfully broken up by the national power, it will be easy to accomplish the extinction of polygamy by lawful and by just means.

The encouragement of non-Mormon immigration, and the discouragement of the appropriation—which has been extensively practiced—of large tracts of the most valuable lands to or for the benefit of the Mormon Church, would have a valuable effect in the right direction. Another effectual disposition of the subject might be made in the annexation of different parts of the Territory to the contiguous States and Territories, by which the concentrated strength of the voting power of the hierarchy would be broken, and political Mormonism would find itself in a minority in the making and administration of local laws. If no measures of legislation are to be resorted to, and if the administration of existing laws continues to be feeble, lax, and intermittent, Mormonism in Utah, with its cardinal doctrine polygamy, may no doubt count on a pretty long career. Is it not quite time that in one direction or the other a definite and living policy be adopted and put in practice? If the polygamy of Mormonism is to be considered as within the category of crimes that every well-ordered government is bound to prevent and punish, then the sooner the real strength of public opinion and the law is exerted, the better for all concerned. The intrinsic evils of crime are sufficiently great always, but the evils of crime against which laws denounce penalties that are never or but rarely enforced are infinitely greater, for there is brought into play the constant lesson of disregard for law which people everywhere are but too ready to learn. If, on the other hand, polygamous Mormonism is to be considered by public opinion, and by those intrusted with the making and execution of the laws, either as a local institution the regulation of which ought to belong to the community itself, or as a mere venial and sentimental offense that is only to be condemned because it is out of the fashion of the rest of civilized mankind, and so ought not to be punished by the persistent power of the law, and only discouraged through the sermons of clergyman, debates in Congress resulting in no legislation, and messages of the Executives followed by no vigor of administration, would it not be far better, on the whole, for the government of the United States to renounce its dominion of the subject, and remit its treatment to the Mormon hierarchy itself?

Either course is unquestionably open to practical accomplishment by the people and the government of the United States. If we really mean to exterminate polygamy in Utah, it can easily be done by lawful and just means, and without doing an injury even (but rather a good) to all morally innocent persons involved in the practice, and their children.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

O'ER the hills night shadows steal;
Scarce a light breeze stirs;
See the Virgin mild
Clasps her new-born Child!
Round the manger shepherds kneel—
Humble worshippers.
Hark! angels sing
Round their heavenly King!
'Tis for man, and not for them,
Sleeps the Babe in Bethlehem.

Thou whose head to earth is lowly
Bowed in woe and shame,
When no help seems nigh
To thy piteous cry,
Think! it was not for the holy
The Redeemer came.
Hark! angels sing
Round their heavenly King!
For earth's sinful and defiled
Comes to-night the Saviour Child.

He who to the cradle brings
One pure, generous thought,
To the infant there
Brings a gift more rare
Than the gold and myrrh the kings
Of the Orient brought.
Hark! angels sing
Round their heavenly King!
'Tis for man, and not for them,
Sleeps the Babe in Bethlehem.

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A LAODICEAN.

BOOK THE SIXTH.—PAULA.

CHAPTER I.

"I HAVE decided that I can not stay here; I shall go away," said Paula, on the evening of the next day, as she lay on her bed in a flushed and highly strung condition, though a person who had heard her words without seeing her face would have assumed perfect equanimity to be the mood which expressed itself with such quietness. This was the case with her aunt, who was looking out of the window at some idlers from Markton walking round the castle with their eyes bent upon its windows, and she made no haste to reply.

"Those people have come to see me, as they have a right to do when a person acts so strangely," Paula continued. "And hence I am better away."

"Where do you think to go to?"

Paula replied in the tone of one who was actuated entirely by practical considerations. "Out of England, certainly. And as Normandy lies nearest, I think I shall go there. It is a very nice country to ramble in."

"Yes, it is a very nice country to ramble in," echoed her aunt, in moderate tones. "When do you intend to start?"

"I should like to cross to-night. You must go with me, aunt; will you not?"

Mrs. Goodman expostulated against such suddenness. "It will redouble the rumors that are afloat, if, after being supposed ill, you are seen going off by railway perfectly well."

"That's a contingency which I am quite willing to run the risk of. Well, it would be rather sudden, as you say, to go to-night. So we'll go to-morrow night instead." Under the influence of the decision she bounded up like an elastic ball, and went to the glass, which showed a light in her eye that had not been there before this resolution to travel in Normandy had been taken.

The evening and the next morning were passed in making arrangements for the journey, and in commissioning Havill to take advantage of their absence by emptying certain rooms of their furniture and repairing their dilapidations—a work which, with that already in hand, would complete the section for which he had been engaged. Mr. Wardlaw had left the castle; so also had Charlotte, by her own wish, her residence there having been found too oppressive to herself to be continued for the present. Accompanied by Mrs. Goodman, Milly, and Clémentine, the elderly French maid, who still remained with them, Paula drove into Markton in the twilight, and took the train to Budmouth.

When they got there they found that an unpleasant breeze was blowing out at sea, though inland it had been calm enough. Mrs. Goodman proposed to stay at Budmouth till the next day, in hope that there might be smooth water; but an English sea-side inn being a thing that Paula disliked more than a rough passage, she would not listen to this counsel. Other impatient reasons, too, might have weighed with her. When night came their looming miseries began. Paula found that in addition to her own troubles she had those of three other people to support; but she did not audibly complain.

"Paula, Paula," said Mrs. Goodman from beneath her load of wretchedness, "why did we think of undergoing this?"

A slight gleam of humor crossed Paula's not particularly blooming face as she answered, "Ah, why indeed?"

"What is the real reason, my dear? For God's sake tell me!"

"It begins with S."

"Well, I would do anything for that young man short of personal martyrdom; but really when it comes to that—"

"Don't criticise me, auntie, and I won't criticise you."

"Well, I am open to criticism just now, I am sure," said her aunt, with a green smile, and speech was again discontinued.

The morning was bright and beautiful, and it could again be seen in Paula's looks that she was glad she had come, though, in taking their rest at Cherbourg, fate consigned them to a hotel breathing an atmosphere that seemed specially compounded for depressing the spirits of a young woman; indeed, nothing had particularly encouraged her thus far in her

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somewhat peculiar scheme of searching out and expressing sorrow to a gentleman for having believed those who traduced him; and this *coup d'audace* to which she had committed herself began to seem somewhat formidable. When in England, the plan of following him to Normandy had suggested itself as the quickest, sweetest, and most honest way of making amends; but having arrived there, she seemed further off from his sphere of existence than when she had been at Stancy Castle. Virtually she was, for if he thought of her at all, he probably thought of her there; if he sought her, he would seek her there. However, as he would probably never do the latter, it was necessary to go on. It had been her sudden dream, before starting, to light accidentally upon him in some romantic old town of this romantic old province, but she had become aware that the recorded fortune of lovers in that respect was not to be trusted too implicitly.

Somerset's search for her in the south was now inversely imitated. By diligent inquiry in Cherbourg during the gloom of evening, in the disguise of a hooded cloak, she learned out the place of his stay while there, and that he had gone thence to Lisieux. What she knew of the architectural character of Lisieux half guaranteed the truth of the information. Without telling her aunt of this discovery, she announced to that lady that it was her great wish to go on and see the beauties of Lisieux.

But though her aunt was simple, there were bounds to her simplicity. "Paula," she said, with a no-nonsense air, "I don't think you should run after a young man like this. Suppose he shouldn't care for you by this time?"

It was no occasion for further affectation. "I am *sure* he will," answered her niece, flatly. "I have not the least fear about it; nor would you, if you knew how he is. He will forgive me anything."

"Well, pray don't show yourself forward. Some people are apt to fly into extremes."

Paula blushed a trifle, and reflected, and made no answer. However, her purpose seemed not to be permanently affected, for the next morning she was up betimes and preparing to depart; and they proceeded almost without stopping to the architectural curiosity-shop which had so quickly interested her. Nevertheless, her ardent manner of yesterday underwent a considerable change, as if she had a fear that, as her aunt suggested, in her endeavor to make amends for cruel injustice, she was allowing herself to be carried too far.

On nearing the place she said: "Aunt, I think you had better call upon him; and you need not tell him we have come on purpose. Let him think, if he will, that we heard he was here, and would not leave without seeing him. You can also tell him that I am anxious to clear up a misunderstanding, and ask him to call at our hotel."

But as she looked over the dreary suburban erections which lined the road from the railway to the old quarter of the town, it occurred to her that Somerset would at that time of day be engaged in one or other of the mediæval buildings thereabout, and that it would be a much neater thing to meet him as if by chance in one of these edifices than to call upon him anywhere. Instead of putting up at any hotel, they left the maids and baggage at the station, and hiring a carriage, Paula told the coachman to drive them to such likely places as she could think of.

"He'll never forgive you," said her aunt, as they rumbled into the town.

"Won't he?" said Paula, with dry repose. "I'll see about that."

"What are you going to do when you find him? Tell him point-blank that you are in love with him?"

"Act in such a manner that he may tell me he is in love with me."

They first visited a large church at the upper end of a square that sloped its gravelled surface to the western shine, and was pricked out with little avenues of young pollard limes. The church within was one to make any Gothic architect take lodgings in its vicinity for a fortnight, notwithstanding that it was just now crowded with a forest of scaffolding, by reason of repairs in progress. Mrs. Goodman sat down outside, and Paula, entering, took a walk in the form of a horseshoe, that is, up the south aisle, round the apse, and down the north side; but no figure of a melancholy young man sketching met her eye anywhere. The sun that blazed in at the west doorway smote her face as she emerged from beneath it, and revealed real sadness there.

"This is not all the old architecture of the town, by far," she said to her aunt,

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with an air of confidence. "Coachman, drive to St. Jacques'."

He was not at St. Jacques'. Looking from the west end of that building, the girl observed the end of a steep narrow street of antique character, which seemed a likely haunt. Beckoning to her aunt to follow in the fly, Paula walked down the street.

She was transported to the Middle Ages. It contained the shops of tinkers, braziers, bellows-menders, hollow-turners, and other quaintest trades, their fronts open to the street beneath stories of timber overhanging so far on each side that a slit of sky was left at the top for the light to descend, and no more. A blue misty obscurity pervaded the atmosphere, into which the sun thrust oblique staves of light. It was a street for a mediævalist to revel in, toss up his hat in, shout hurrah in, gloat over; send for his luggage, come, and live in; die in, be buried in. She had never supposed such a street to exist outside the imaginations of antiquarians. Smells direct from the sixteenth century hung in the air in all their original integrity, and without a modern taint. The faces of the people in the doorways seemed those of individuals who habitually gazed on the great Francis, and spoke of Henry the Eighth as the king across the sea.

She inquired of a coppersmith if an English artist had been seen here lately. With a suddenness that almost discomfited her he announced that such a man had been seen sketching a house just below—the "Vieux Manoir de François premier." Just turning to see that her aunt was following in the fly, Paula advanced to the house. The wood frame-work of the lower story was black, and varnished; the upper story was brown, and not varnished; carved figures of dragons, griffins, satyrs, and mermaids swarmed over the front; an ape stealing apples was the subject of this cantilever; a man undressing, of that. These figures were cloaked with little cobwebs, which waved in the breeze, so that each figure seemed alive.

She examined the wood-work closely; here and there she discerned pencil-marks which had no doubt been jotted thereon by Somerset as points of admeasurement, in the way she had seen him mark them at the castle. Some fragments of paper lay below; there were pencilled lines on them, and they bore a strong resemblance to a spoiled leaf of Somerset's sketch-book. Paula glanced up, and from a window above protruded an old woman's head, which, with the exception of the white handkerchief tied round it, was so nearly of the color of the carvings that she might easily have passed as of a piece with them. The aged woman continued motionless, the remains of her eyes being bent upon Paula, who asked her in Englishwoman's French where the sketcher had gone. Without replying, the crone produced a hand and extended finger from her side, and pointed toward the lower end of the street.

Paula went on, the carriage following with difficulty, on account of the obstructions in the thoroughfare. At bottom, the street abutted on a wide one with customary modern life flowing through it; and as she looked, Somerset crossed her front along this street, hurrying as if for a wager.

By the time that Paula had reached the bottom, Somerset was a long way to the left, and she recognized to her dismay that the busy transverse street was one which led to the railway. She quickened her pace to a run; he did not see her; he even walked faster. She looked behind for the carriage. The driver, in emerging from the sixteenth century street to the nineteenth, had apparently turned to the right, instead of to the left as she had done, so that her aunt had lost sight of her. However, she did not mind it, if Somerset would but look back! He partly turned, but not far enough, and it was only to hail a passing omnibus, upon which she discerned his luggage. Somerset jumped in, the omnibus drove on, and diminished up the long road. Paula stood hopelessly still, and in a few minutes puffs of steam showed her that the train had gone.

She turned and waited, the two or three children who had gathered round her looking up sympathizingly in her face. Her aunt, having now discovered the direction of her flight, drove up and beckoned to her.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Goodman, in alarm.

"Why?"

"That you should run like that, and look so woe-begone."

"Nothing: only I have decided not to stay in this town."

"What! he is gone, I suppose?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Paula, with tears of vexation in her eyes. "It isn't every

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man who gets a woman of my position to run after him on foot and alone, and he ought to have looked round! Drive to the station; I want to make an inquiry."

On reaching the station, she asked the booking clerk some questions, and returned to her aunt with a cheerful countenance. "Mr. Somerset has only gone to Caen," she said. "He is the only Englishman who went by this train, so there is no mistake. There is no other train for two hours. We will go on then—shall we?"

"I am indifferent," said Mrs. Goodman. "But, Paula, do you think this quite right? Perhaps he is not so anxious for your forgiveness as you think. Perhaps he saw you, and wouldn't stay."

A momentary dismay crossed her face, but it passed, and she answered: "Aunt, that's nonsense. I know him well enough, and can assure you that if he had only known I was running after him, he would have looked round sharply enough, and would have given his little finger rather than have missed me. I don't make myself so silly as to run after a gentleman without good grounds, for I know well that it is an undignified thing to do. Indeed, I could never have thought of doing it if I had not been so miserably in the wrong."

CHAPTER II.

THAT evening when the sun was dropping out of sight they started for the city of Somerset's pilgrimage. Paula seated herself with her face toward the western sky, watching from her window the broad red horizon, across which moved scattered trees shrouded to human shapes, like the walking forms in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. It was dark when the travellers drove into Caen.

She still persisted in her wish to casually encounter Somerset in some aisle, lady-chapel, or crypt to which he might have betaken himself to copy, and learn the secret of the great artists who had erected those nooks. Mrs. Goodman was for discovering his inn, and calling upon him in a straightforward way; but Paula seemed afraid of it, and they went out in the morning on foot. First they searched the church of St. Sauveur; he was not there; next the church of St. Jean; then the church of St. Pierre; but he did not reveal himself, nor had any verger seen or heard of such a man. Outside the latter church was a public flower garden, and she sat down to consider beside a round pool in which water-lilies grew and gold-fish swam, near beds of fiery geraniums, dahlias, and verbenas just past their bloom. Her enterprise had not been justified by its results so far; but meditation still urged her to listen to the little voice within and push on. She accordingly rejoined her aunt, and they drove up the hill to the Abbaye aux Dames, the day by this time having grown hot and oppressive.

The church seemed absolutely empty, the void being emphasized by its grateful coolness. But on going toward the east end they perceived a bald gentleman close to the screen, looking to the right and to the left as if much perplexed. Paula merely glanced over him, his back being toward her, and turning to her aunt, said, softly, "I wonder how we get into the choir?"

"That's just what I am wondering," said the old gentleman, abruptly facing round; and Paula discovered that the countenance was not unfamiliar to her eye. Since knowing Somerset she had added to her gallery of celebrities a portrait of his father, the Academician, and he it was who now confronted her.

For the moment embarrassment, due to complicated feelings, brought a slight blush to her cheek; but being well aware that he did not know her, she answered, coolly enough, "I suppose we must ask some one."

"And we certainly would if there were any one to ask," he said, still looking eastward, and not much at her. "I have been here a long time, but nobody comes. Not that I want to get in on my own account; for though it is thirty years since I last set foot in this place, I remember it as if it were but yesterday."

"Indeed. I have never been here before," said Paula,

"Naturally. But I am looking for a young man who is making sketches in some of these buildings, and it is as likely as not that he is in the crypt under this choir, for it is just such out-of-the-way nooks that he prefers. It is very provoking that he should not have told me more distinctly in his letter where to find him."

Mrs. Goodman, who had gone to make inquiries, now came back, and informed them that she had learned that it was neces-

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sary to pass through the Hôtel Dieu to the choir, to do which they must go outside. Thereupon they walked on together, and Mr. Somerset, quite ignoring his troubles, made remarks upon the beauty of the architecture; and in absence of mind, by reason either of the subject or of his listener, retained his hat in his hand after emerging from the church, while they walked all the way across the Place and into the Hospital gardens.

"A very civil man," said Mrs. Goodman to Paula, privately.

"Yes," said Paula, who had not told her aunt that she recognized him.

One of the Sisters now preceded them toward the choir and crypt, Mr. Somerset asking her if a young Englishman was or had been sketching there. On receiving a reply in the negative, Paula nearly betrayed herself by turning, as if her business there, too, ended with the information. However, she went on again, and made a pretense of looking round, Mr. Somerset also staying in a spirit of friendly attention to his countrywomen. They did not part from him till they had come out from the crypt, and again reached the west front, on their way to which he additionally explained that it was his son he was looking for, who had arranged to meet him here, but had mentioned no inn at which he might be expected.

When he had left them, Paula informed her aunt whose company they had been sharing. Her aunt began expostulating with Paula for not telling Mr. Somerset what they had seen of his son's movements. "It would have eased his mind at least," she said.

"I was not bound to ease his mind at the expense of showing what I would rather conceal. I am continually hampered in such generosity as that by the circumstance of being a woman."

"Well, it is getting too late to search further to-night."

It was indeed almost evening twilight in the streets, though the graceful freestone spires to a depth of about twenty feet from their summits were still dyed with the orange tints of a vanishing sun. The two relatives dined privately, as usual, after which Paula looked out of the window of her room, and reflected upon the events of the day. A tower rising into the sky quite near at hand showed her that some church or other stood within a few steps of the hotel archway, and saying nothing to Mrs. Goodman, she quietly cloaked herself and went out toward it, apparently with the view of disposing of a portion of a dull, dispiriting evening. The church was open, and on entering it she found that it was only lighted by seven candles, burning before the altar of a chapel on the south side, the mass of the building being in deep shade. Motionless outlines, which resolved themselves into the forms of kneeling women, were darkly visible among the chairs, and in the triforium above the arcades there was one hitherto unnoticed radiance, dim as that of a glow-worm in the grass. It was seemingly the effect of a solitary tallow candle behind the masonry.

A priest came in, unlocked the door of a confessional with a click which sounded loud in the silence, and entered it; a woman followed, disappeared within the curtain of the same, emerging again in about five minutes, followed by the priest, who locked up his door with another loud click, like a tradesman full of business, and came down the aisle to go out. In the lobby he spoke to another woman, who replied, "Ah, oui, Monsieur l'Abbé!"

Two women having spoken to him, there could be no harm in a third doing likewise. "Monsieur l'Abbé," said Paula, in French, "could you indicate to me the stairs of the triforium?" and she signified her reason for wishing to know by pointing to the glimmering light above.

"Ah, he is a friend of yours, the Englishman?" pleasantly said the priest, recognizing her nationality; and taking her to a little door, he conducted her up a stone staircase, at the top of which he showed her the long blind story over the aisle arches which led round to where the light was. Cautioning her not to stumble over the uneven floor, he left her and descended. His words had signified that Somerset was here.

It was a gloomy place enough that she found herself in, but the seven candles below on the opposite altar, and a faint sky-light from the clear-story, lent enough rays to guide her. Paula walked on to the bend of the apse; here were a few chairs, and the origin of the light.

This was a candle stuck at the end of a sharpened stick, the latter entering a joint in the stones. A young man was sketching by the glimmer. But there was no need for the blush which had prepared itself beforehand: the young man was Mr.

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Cockton, Somerset's youngest draughtsman.

Paula could have cried aloud with disappointment. Cockton recognized Miss Power, and appearing much surprised, rose from his seat with a bow, and said, hastily, "Mr. Somerset left to-day."

"I did not ask for him," said Paula.

"No, Miss Power; but I thought—"

"Yes, yes; you know of course that he had been my architect. Well, it happens that I should like to see him, if he can call on me. Which way did he go?"

"He's gone to Étretat."

"What for? There are no abbeys to sketch at Étretat."

Cockton looked at the point of his pencil, and with a hesitating motion of his lip, answered, "Mr. Somerset said he was tired."

"Of what?"

"He said he was sick and tired of holy places, and would go to some wicked spot or other, to get that consolation which holiness could not give. But he only said it casually to Knowles, and perhaps he did not mean it."

"Knowles is here too?"

"Yes, Miss Power, and Bowles. Mr. Somerset has been kind enough to give us a chance of enlarging our knowledge of French Early Pointed, and pays half the expenses."

Paula said a few other things to the young man, walked slowly round the triforium as if she had come to examine it, and returned down the staircase. On getting back to the hotel she told her aunt, who had just been having a nap, that next day they would go to Étretat for a change.

"Why? There are no old churches at Étretat."

"No. But I am sick and tired of holy places, and want to go to some wicked spot or other, to find that consolation which holines can not give."

"For shame, Paula! Now I know what it is; you have heard that he's gone there. You needn't try to blind me."

"I don't care where he's gone!" cried Paula, petulantly. In a moment, however, she smiled at herself, and added: "You must take that for what it is worth. I have made up my mind to let him know from my own lips how the misunderstanding arose. That done, I shall leave him, and probably never see him again. My conscience will be clear."

The next day they took the steamboat down the Orne, intending to reach Étretat by way of Havre. Just as they were moving off, an elderly gentleman under a large white sun-shade, and carrying his hat in his hand, was seen leisurely walking down the wharf at some distance, but obviously making for the boat.

"A gentleman!" said the mate.

"Who is he?" said the captain.

"An English," said Clémentine.

Nobody knew more, but as leisure was the order of the day, the engines were stopped on the chance of his being a passenger, and all eyes were bent upon him in conjecture. He disappeared and re-appeared from behind a pile of merchandise, and approached the boat at an easy pace, whereupon the gangway was replaced, and he came on board, removing his hat to Paula, quietly thanking the captain for stopping, and saying to Mrs. Goodman, "I am nicely in time."

It was Mr. Somerset the elder, who by degrees informed our travellers, as sitting on their camp-stools they advanced between the green banks bordered by elms, that he was going to Étretat; that the young man he had spoken of yesterday had gone to that romantic watering-place instead of studying art at Caen, and that he was going to join him there.

Paula preserved an entire silence as to her own intentions, partly from natural reticence, and partly, as it appeared, from the difficulty of explaining a complication which was not very clear to herself. At Havre they parted from Mr. Somerset, and did not see him again till they were driving over the hills toward Étretat in a carriage and four, when the white umbrella became visible far ahead among the outside passengers of the coach to the same place. In a short time they had passed and cut in before this vehicle, but soon became aware that their carriage, like the coach, was one of a straggling procession of conveyances, some mile and a half in length, all bound for the village between the cliffs.

In descending the long hill shaded by lime-trees which sheltered their place of destination, this procession closed up, and they perceived that all the visitors and native population had turned out to welcome them, the daily arrival of new sojourners at this hour being the chief excitement of Étretat. The coach which had preceded them all the way, at more or less remoteness, was now quite close, and in passing

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along the village street they saw Mr. Somerset wave his hand to somebody in the crowd below. A felt hat was waved in the air in response, the coach swept into the inn yard, followed by the idlers, and all disappeared. Paula's face was crimson as their own carriage swept round in the opposite direction to the rival inn.

Once in her room, she breathed like a person who had finished a long chase. They did not go down to the *table d'hôte*, but when it was almost dark Paula begged her aunt to wrap herself up and come with her to the shore hard by. The beach was deserted, everybody being at the Casino. The gate stood invitingly open, and they went in. Here the brilliantly lit terrace was crowded with promenaders, and outside the yellow palings, surmounted by its row of lamps, rose the voice of the invisible sea. Groups of people were sitting under the veranda, the women mostly in wraps, for the air was growing chilly. Through the windows at their back an animated scene disclosed itself in the shape of a room full of waltzers, the strains of the band striving in the ear for mastery over the sounds of the sea. The dancers came round a couple at a time, and were individually visible to those people without who chose to look that way, which was what Paula did.

"Come away! come away!" she suddenly said. "It is not right for us to be here."

Her exclamation had its origin in what she had at that moment seen within—the spectacle of Mr. George Somerset whirling round the room with a young lady of uncertain nationality but pleasing figure. Paula was not accustomed to show the white feather too clearly, but she soon had passed out through those yellow gates, and retreated till the mixed music of sea and band had resolved into that of the sea alone.

"Well," said her aunt, half in soliloquy, "do you know who I saw dancing there, Paula? Our Mr. Somerset, if I don't make a great mistake."

"It was likely enough that you did," sedately replied her niece. "He left Caen with the intention of seeking distractions of a lighter kind than those furnished by art, and he has merely succeeded in finding them. But he has made my duty rather a difficult one. Still, it was my duty, for I very greatly wronged him. Perhaps, however, I have done enough for honor's sake. I would have humiliated myself by an apology if I had found him in any other situation, but of course one can't be expected to take *much* trouble when he is seen going on like that."

The coolness with which she began her remarks had developed into something like warmth as she concluded.

"He is only dancing with a lady he probably knows very well."

"He doesn't know her—I can see he doesn't know her. We will go away tomorrow. This place has been greatly overpraised."

"The place is well enough, as far as I can see."

"He is carrying out his programme to the letter. He plunges into excitement in the most reckless manner, and I tremble for the consequences. I can do no more. I have humiliated myself into following him, believing that in giving too ready credence to appearances I had been narrow and inhuman, and had caused him much misery. But he does not mind, and he has no misery; he seems just as well as ever. How much this finding him has cost me! After all, I did not deceive him. He must have acquired a natural aversion for me. I have allowed myself to be interested in a man of very common qualities, and am now bitterly alive to the shame of having sought him out. I heartily detest him. I will go back. Aunt, you are right; I had no business to come.... His light conduct has rendered him uninteresting to me."

CHAPTER III.

When she rose the next morning the bell was clanging for the second breakfast, and people were pouring in from the beach in every variety of attire. Paula, whom a restless night had left with a headache, which, however, she said nothing about, was reluctant to emerge from the seclusion of her chamber, till her aunt, discovering what was the matter with her, suggested that a few minutes in the open air would refresh her; and they went down stairs into the hotel gardens.

The clatter of the big breakfast within was audible from this spot, and the noise seemed suddenly to inspirit Paula, who proposed to enter. Her aunt assented. In the veranda under which they passed was a rustic hat-stand in the form of a

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tree, upon which hats and other body-gear hung like bunches of fruit. Paula's eye fell upon a felt hat to which a small block-book was attached by a string. She knew that hat and block-book well, and turning to Mrs. Goodman, said, "After all, I don't want the breakfast they are having: let us order one of our own as usual. And we'll have it here."

She led on to where some little tables were placed under the tall shrubs, followed by her aunt, who was in turn followed by the proprietress of the hotel, that lady having discovered from the French maid that there was good reason for paying these ladies ample personal attention.

"Is the gentleman to whom that sketch-book belongs staying here?" Paula carelessly inquired, as she indicated the object on the hat-stand.

"Ah, no!" deplored the proprietress. "The hotel was full when Mr. Somerset came. He stays at a cottage in the Rue Anicet Bourgeois: he only has his meals here."

Paula had taken her seat under the fuchsia-trees in such a manner that she could observe all the exits from the *salle à manger;* but for the present none of the breakfasters emerged, the only moving objects on the scene being the waitresses who ran hither and thither across the court, the cook's assistants with baskets of long bread, and the laundresses with baskets of sun-bleached linen. Further back, toward the inn yard, stablemen were putting in the horses for starting the flies and coaches to Les Ifs, the nearest railway station.

"Suppose the Somersets should be going off by one of those conveyances?" said Mrs. Goodman, as she sipped her tea.

"Well, aunt, then they must," replied the younger lady, with composure.

Nevertheless, she looked with some misgiving at the nearest stableman as he led out four white horses, harnessed them, and leisurely brought a brush with which he began blacking their yellow hoofs. All the vehicles were ready at the door by the time breakfast was over, and the inmates soon turned out, some to mount the omnibuses and carriages, some to ramble on the adjacent beach, some to climb the verdant slopes, and some to make for the cliffs that shut in the vale. The fuchsia-trees which sheltered Paula's breakfast table from the blaze of the sun also screened it from the eyes of the outpouring company, and she sat on with her aunt in perfect comfort, till among the last of the stream came Somerset and his father. Paula trembled at being so near the former at last. It was with sensible relief that she observed them turn toward the cliffs and not to the carriages, and thus signify that they were not going off that day.

Neither of the two saw the ladies; and when the latter had finished their tea and coffee, they followed to the shore, where they sat for nearly an hour, reading and watching the bathers. At length footsteps crunched among the pebbles in their vicinity, and looking out from her sunshade, Paula saw the two Somersets close at hand.

The elder recognized her, and the younger, observing his father's action of courtesy, turned his head. It was a revelation to Paula, for she was shocked to see that he appeared worn and ill. The expression of his face changed at sight of her, increasing its shade of paleness, but he immediately withdrew his eyes and passed by.

Somerset was as much surprised at encountering her thus as she had been distressed to see him. As soon as they were out of hearing, he asked his father quietly: "What strange thing is this, that Lady De Stancy should be here, and her husband not with her? Did she bow to me, or to you?"

"Lady De Stancy—that young lady?" asked the puzzled painter. He proceeded to explain all he knew; that she was a young lady he had met on his journey at two or three different times; moreover, that if she were his son's client—the woman who was to have become Lady De Stancy—she was Miss Power still; for he had seen in some newspaper, two days before leaving England, that the wedding had been postponed on account of her illness.

Somerset was so greatly moved that he could hardly speak connectedly to his father as they paced on together. "But she is not ill, as far as I can see," he said. "The wedding postponed? You are sure the word was postponed? Was it broken off?"

"No; it was postponed. I meant to have told you before, knowing you would be interested as the castle architect, but it slipped my memory in the bustle of arriving."

"I am not the castle architect."

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"The devil you are not! What are you, then?"

"Well, I am not that."

Somerset the elder, though not of penetrating nature, began to see that here lay an emotional complication of some sort, and reserved further inquiry till a more convenient occasion. They had reached the end of the level beach where the cliff began to rise, and as this impediment naturally stopped their walk, they retraced their steps. On again nearing the spot where Paula and her aunt were sitting, the painter would have deviated to the hotel; but as his son persisted in going straight on, in due course they were opposite the ladies again. By this time, Miss Power, who had appeared anxious during their absence, regained her self-control. Going toward her old lover, she said, with a smile, "I have been looking for you."

"Why have you been doing that?" said Somerset, in a voice which he failed to keep as steady as he could wish.

"Because—I want some architect to continue the restoration. Do you withdraw your resignation?"

Somerset appeared unable to decide for a few instants. "Yes," he then answered.

For the moment they had ignored the presence of the painter and Mrs. Goodman, but Somerset now made them known to one another, and there was friendly intercourse all round.

"When will you be able to resume operations at the castle?" she asked, as soon as she could again speak directly to Somerset.

"As soon as I can get back. Of course I only resume it at your special request."

"Of course." To one who had known all the circumstances it would have seemed a thousand pities that, after again getting face to face with him, she did not explain, without delay, the whole mischief that had separated them. But she did not do it—perhaps from the inherent awkwardness of such a topic at this idle time. She confined herself simply to the above-mentioned business-like request, and when the party had walked a few steps together, they separated, with mutual promises to meet again.

"I hope you have explained your mistake to him, and how it arose, and everything?" said her aunt, when they were alone.

"No, I did not."

"What, not explain, after all?" said her amazed relative.

"I decided to put it off."

"Then I think you decided very wrongly. Poor young man, he looked so ill!"

"Did you, too, think he looked ill? But he danced last night. Why did he dance?" She turned and gazed regretfully at the corner round which the Somersets had disappeared.

"I don't know why he danced; but if I had known you were going to be so silent, I would have explained the mistake myself."

"I wish you had. But no; I have said I would, and I must."

Paula's avoidance of *tables d'hôte* did not extend to the present one. It was quite with alacrity that she went down; and with her entry the antecedent hotel beauty, who had reigned for the last five days at that meal, was unceremoniously deposed by the guests. Mr. Somerset the elder came in, but nobody with him. His seat was on Paula's left hand, Mrs. Goodman being on Paula's right, so that all the conversation was between the Academician and the younger lady. When the latter had again retired up stairs with her aunt, Mrs. Goodman expressed regret that young Mr. Somerset was absent from the table. "Why has he kept away?" she asked.

"I don't know—I didn't ask," said Paula, sadly. "Perhaps he doesn't care to meet us again."

"That's because you didn't explain."

"Well, why didn't the old man give me an opportunity?" exclaimed the niece, with suppressed excitement. "He would scarcely say anything but yes and no, and gave me no chance at all of introducing the subject. I wanted to explain—I came all the way on purpose—I would have begged George's pardon on my knees if there had been any way of beginning; but there was not, and I could not do it."

Though she slept badly that night, Paula promptly appeared in the public room to breakfast, and that not from motives of vanity; for, while not unconscious of her accession to the unstable throne of chief beauty in the establishment, she seemed too preoccupied to care for the honor just then, and would readily have changed places with her unhappy predecessor, who lingered on in the background like a candle after sunrise.

Mrs. Goodman was determined to trust

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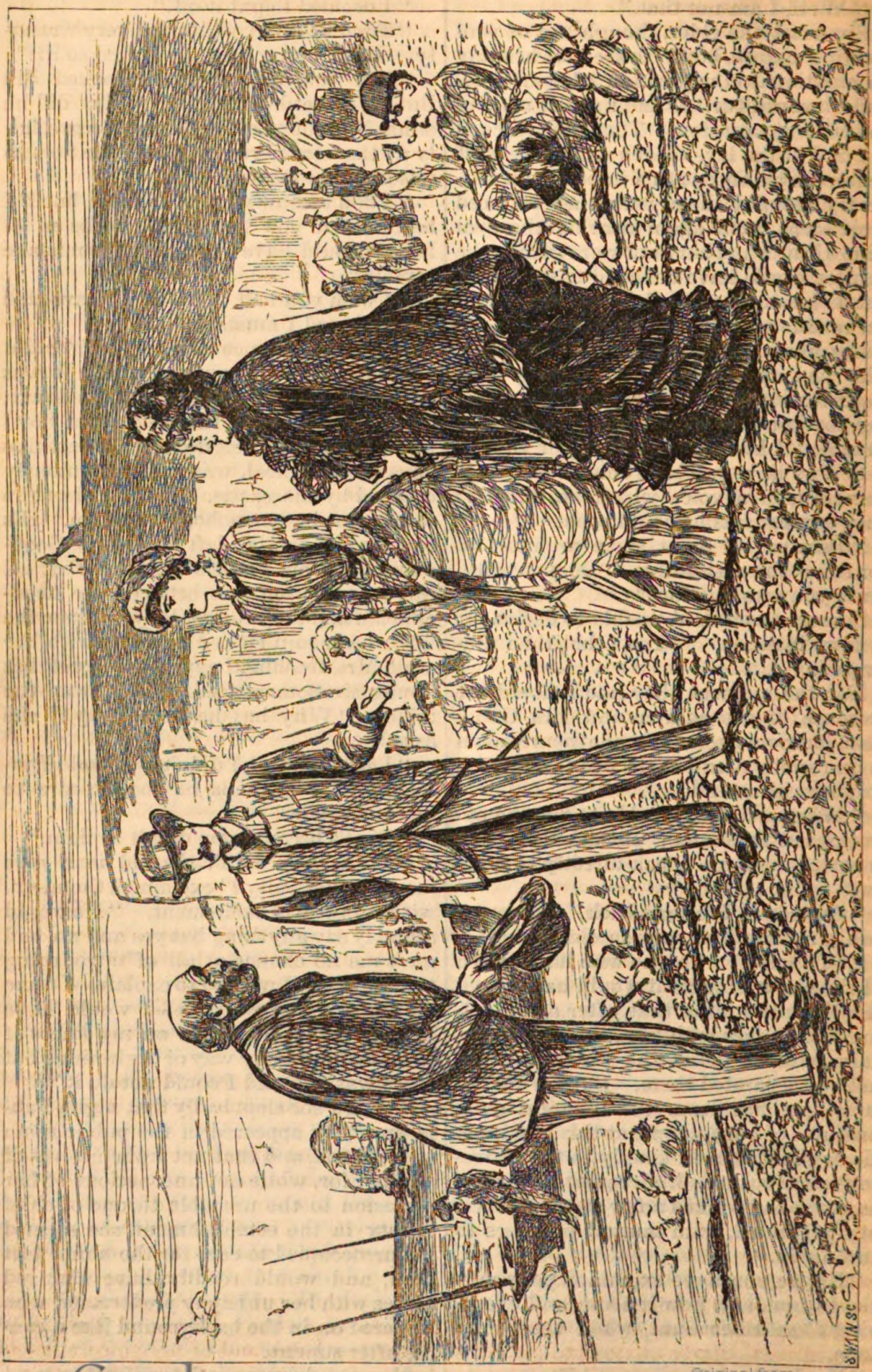

"SOMERSET NOW MADE THEM KNOWN TO ONE ANOTHER."

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no longer to Paula for putting an end to what made her so restless and self-reproachful. Seeing old Mr. Somerset enter to a little side table behind for lack of room at the crowded centre tables, again without his son, she turned her head, and asked point-blank where the young man was.

Mr. Somerset's face became a shade graver than before. "My son is unwell," he replied; "so unwell that he has been advised to stay in-doors and take perfect rest."

"I do hope it is nothing serious?"

"I hope so too. The fact is, he has overdone himself a little. He was not well when he came here; and to make himself worse he must needs go dancing at the Casino with a young American lady who is here with her family, and whom he met in London last year. I advised him against it, but he seemed desperately determined to shake off lethargy by any rash means, and wouldn't listen to me. Luckily he is not in the hotel, but in a quiet cottage a hundred yards up the hill."

Paula, who had heard all, did not show or say what she felt at the news; but after breakfast, on meeting the landlady in a passage alone, she asked with some anxiety if there were a really skillful medical man in Étretat, and on being told that there was, and his name, she went back to look for Mr. Somerset; but he had gone.

They heard nothing more of young Somerset all that morning; but toward evening, while Paula sat at her window looking over the heads of fuchsias upon the promenade beyond, she saw the painter walk by. She immediately went to her aunt and begged her to go out and ask Mr. Somerset if his son had improved.

"I will send Milly or Clémentine," said Mrs. Goodman.

"I wish you would see him yourself."

"He has gone on. I shall never find him."

"He has only gone round to the front," persisted Paula. "Do walk that way, auntie, and ask him."

Thus pressed, Mrs. Goodman acquiesced, and brought back intelligence to Miss Power, who had watched them through the window, that his son did not positively improve, but that his American friends were very kind to him.

Having made use of her aunt, Paula seemed particularly anxious to get rid of her again, and when that lady sat down to write letters, Paula went to her own room, hastily dressed herself without assistance, asked privately the way to the cottage, and went off thitherward unobserved.

At the upper end of the lane she saw a little house answering to the description, whose front garden, window-sills, palings, and door-step were literally ablaze with nasturtiums in bloom. She entered this inhabited nosegay, quietly asked for the invalid, and if he were well enough to see Miss Power. The woman of the house soon returned, and she was conducted up a crooked staircase to Somerset's modest apartments. It appeared that some rooms in this dwelling had been furnished by the landlady of the inn, who hired them of the tenant during the summer season to use as an *annexe* to the hotel.

Admitted to the outer room, she beheld her architect looking as unarchitectural as possible, lying on a small couch which was drawn up to the open casement, whence he had a back view of the window flowers, and enjoyed a green transparency through the under sides of the same nasturtium leaves that presented their faces to the passers without.

When the latch had again clicked into the catch of the closed door, Paula went up to the invalid, upon whose pale and interesting face a flush had arisen simultaneously with the announcement of her name. He would have sprung up to receive her, but she pressed him down, and throwing all reserve on one side for the first time in their intercourse, she crouched beside the sofa, whispering with playful solicitude, her face not too far from his own: "How foolish you are, George, to get ill just now when I have been wanting so much to see you again! I am so sorry to see you like this. What I said to you when we met on the shore was not what I had come to say."

Somerset took her by the hand. "Then what did you come to say, Paula?" he asked.

"I wanted to tell you that the mere wanton wandering of a capricious mind was not the cause of my estrangement from you. There has been a great deception practiced—the exact nature of it I can not tell you plainly just at present; it is too painful—but it is all over, and I can assure you of my sorrow at having behaved as I did, and of my sincere friendship now as ever."

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"There is nothing I shall value so much as that. It will make my work at the castle very pleasant to feel that I can consult you about it without fear of intruding on you against your wishes."

"Yes, perhaps it will. But—you do not comprehend me."

"You have been an enigma always."

"And you have been provoking, but never so provoking as now. I wouldn't for the world tell you the whole of my fancies as I came hither this evening, but I should think your natural intuition would suggest what they were."

"It does, Paula. But there are motives of delicacy which prevent my acting on what is suggested to me."

"Delicacy is a gift, and you should thank God for it; but in some cases it is not so precious as we would persuade ourselves."

"Not when the woman is rich and the man is poor?"

"Oh, George Somerset, be cold, or angry, or anything, but don't be like this! It is never worth a woman's while to show regret for her injustice, for all she gets by it is an accusation of want of delicacy."

"Indeed I don't accuse you of that—I warmly, tenderly thank you for your kindness in coming here to see me."

"Well, perhaps you do. But I am now in I can not tell what mood—I will not tell what mood, for it would be confessing more than I ought. This finding you out is a piece of weakness that I shall not repeat; and I have only one thing more to say. I have served you badly, George, I know that; but it is never too late to mend; and I have come back to you. However, I shall never run after you again, trust me for that, for it is not the woman's part. Still, before I go, that there may be no mistake as to my meaning, and misery entailed on us for want of a word, I'll add this: that if you want to marry me as you once did, you must say so, for I am here to be asked."

It would be superfluous to transcribe Somerset's reply, and the remainder of the scene between the pair. Let it suffice that half an hour afterward, when the sun had almost gone down, Paula walked briskly into the hotel, troubled herself nothing about dinner, but went up stairs to their sitting-room, where her aunt presently found her upon the couch, looking up at the ceiling through her fingers. They talked on different subjects for some time, till the old lady said, "Mr. Somerset's cottage is the one covered with flowers up the lane, I hear."

"Yes," said Paula.

"How do you know?"

"I've been there.... We are going to be married, aunt."

"Indeed!" replied Mrs. Goodman. "Well, I thought this might be the end of it: you were determined on the point; and I am not much surprised at your news. Your father was very wise in entailing everything so strictly after all upon your offspring; for if he had not, I should have been driven wild with the responsibility."

"Aunt, now that the murder is out," continued Paula, passing over that view of the case, "I don't mind telling you that somehow or other I have got to like George Somerset as desperately as a woman can care for any man. I thought I should have died when I saw him dancing, and feared I had lost him. He seemed ten times nicer than ever then. So silly we women are, that I wouldn't marry a duke in preference to him. There, that's my honest feeling, and you must make what you can of it; my conscience is clear, thank Heaven!"

"Have you fixed the day?"

"No," continued the young lady, still watching the sleeping flies on the ceiling. "It is left unsettled between us, while I come and ask you if there would be any harm—if it could conveniently be before we return to England."

"Paula, this is too precipitate."

"On the contrary, aunt. In matrimony, as in other things, you should be slow to decide, but quick to execute. Nothing on earth would make me marry another man. I know every fibre of his character, and he knows a good many fibres of mine, so as there is nothing more to be learned, why shouldn't we marry at once? On one point I am firm: I will never return to that castle as Miss Power. A nameless dread comes over me when I think of it—a fear that some uncanny influence of the dead De Stancys would drive me again from him. Oh, if it were to do that," she murmured, burying her face in her hands, "I really think it would be more than I could bear."

"Very well," said Mrs. Goodman; "we will see what can be done. I will write to Mr. Wardlaw."

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CHAPTER IV.

On a windy afternoon in November, when more than two months had closed over the incidents previously recorded, a number of farmers were sitting in a room of the King's Arms Inn, Markton, that was used for the weekly ordinary. It was a long, low apartment, formed by the union of two or three smaller rooms, with a bow-window looking upon the street, and at the present moment was pervaded by a blue fog from tobacco pipes, and a temperature like that of a kiln. The body of farmers who still sat on there was greater than usual, owing to the cold air without, the tables having been cleared of dinner for some time, and their surface stamped with liquid circles by the feet of the numerous glasses.

Besides the farmers there were present several professional men of the town, who found it desirable to dine here on market-days for the opportunity it afforded them of increasing their practice among the agriculturists, many of whom were men of large balances, even luxurious livers, who drove to market in elegant phaetons drawn by horses of supreme blood, bone, and action, in a style never anticipated by their fathers when jogging thither in light carts, or afoot with a butter basket on each arm.

The buzz of groggy conversation was suddenly impinged on by the notes of a peal of bells from the tower hard by. Almost at the same instant the door of the room opened, and there entered the landlord of the little inn at Sleeping Green. Drawing his supply of cordials from this superior house, to which he was subject, he came here at stated times like a prebendary to the cathedral of his diocesan, afterward retailing to his own humbler audience the sentiments which he had learned of this. But curiosity being awakened by the church bells, the usual position was for the moment reversed, and one of the farmers, saluting him by name, asked him the reason of their striking up at that time of day.

"My mis'ess out yonder," replied the rural landlord, nodding sideways, "is coming home with her fancy-man. They have been a-gaying together this turk of a while in foreign parts. Here, maid!—what with the wind, and standing about, my blood's as low as water—bring us a thimbleful of that that isn't gin and not far from it."

"It is true, then, that she's become Mrs. Somerset?" indifferently asked a farmer in broadcloth, tenant of an estate in quite another direction than hers, as he contemplated the grain of the table immediately surrounding the foot of his glass.

"True?—of course it is," said Havill, who was also present, in the tone of one who, though sitting in this rubicund company, was not of it. "I could have told you the truth of it any day these last five weeks."

Among those who had lent an ear was Dairyman Jinks, an old gnarled character, who wore a white fustian coat and yellow leggings: the only man in the room who never dressed up in dark clothes for marketing. He now asked: "Married abroad, was they? And how long will a wedding abroad stand good for in this country?"

"As long as a wedding at home."

"Will it? Faith, I didn't know. How should I? I thought it might be some new plan o' folks for leasing women, now they be so plentiful, so as to get rid o' 'em when the man's tired o' 'em, and hev spent all their money."

"He won't be able to spend her money," said the landlord of Sleeping Green. "'Tis her very own person's—settled upon the hairs of her head forever."

"Oh, nation! Then if I were the man, I shouldn't care for such a one-eyed benefit as that," said Dairyman Jinks, turning to listen to the talk on his other hand.

"Is that true?" asked the gentleman farmer in broadcloth.

"It is sufficiently near the truth," said Havill, in an *ex cathedrâ* tone. "There is nothing at all unusual in the arrangement; it was only settled so to prevent any schemer making a beggar of her. If Somerset and she have any children, which probably they will, it will be theirs; and what can a man want more? Besides, there is a large portion of property left to her personal use—quite as much as they can want. Oddly enough, the curiosities and pictures of the castle, which belonged to the De Stancys, are not restricted from sale; they are hers to do what she likes with. Old Power didn't care for articles that reminded him so much of his predecessors."

"Hey?" said Dairyman Jinks, turning back again, having decided that the con-

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versation on his right hand was, after all, the more interesting. "Well, why can't 'em hire a travelling chap to touch up the picters into her own gaffers and gammers? Then they'd be worth sommat to her."

"Ah, here they are! I thought so," said Havill, who had been standing up at the window for the last few moments. "The ringers were told to begin as soon as the train signaled."

As he spoke, a carriage drew up to the hotel door, followed by another with the maid and luggage. The inmates crowded to the bow-window, except Dairyman Jinks, who had become absorbed in his own reflections.

"What be they stopping here for?" asked one of the previous speakers.

"They are going to stay here to-night," said Havill. "They have come quite unexpectedly, and the castle is in such a state of turmoil that there is not a single carpet down, or room for them to use. We shall get two or three in order by next week."

"Two little people like them will be lost in the chambers of that wandering place," satirized Dairyman Jinks. "They will be obliged to have a ball every fortnight to keep the moth out of the furniture."

By this time Somerset was handing out the lady under discussion, and Dairyman Jinks went on: "That's no more Miss Power that was than my niece's daughter Kezia is Miss Power—in short, it is a different woman altogether."

"There is no mistake about the woman," said the landlord; "it is her fur clothes that make her look so like a caterpillar on end. Well, she is not a bad bargain. As for Captain De Stancy, he'll fret his gizzard green."

"He's the man she ought to have married," declared the farmer in broadcloth. "As the world goes, she ought to have been Lady De Stancy. She gave up her chapel-going, and you might have thought she would have given up her first young man; but she stuck to him, though by all accounts he would soon have been interested in another party."

"'Tis woman's nature to be false except to a man, and man's nature to be true except to a woman," said the landlord of Sleeping Green. "However, all's well that ends well, and I have something else to think of than new-married couples," saying which the speaker moved off, and the others returned to their seats, the young pair who had been their theme vanishing through the hotel into some private paradise to rest and dine.

By this time their arrival had become known, and a crowd soon gathered outside, acquiring audacity with continuance there. Raising a hurrah, the group would not leave till Somerset had shown himself on the balcony above, and then declined to go away till Paula also had appeared, when, remarking that her husband seemed a quiet young man enough, and would make a very good borough member when their present one misbehaved himself, the assemblage good-humoredly dispersed.

Among those whose ears had been reached by the hurrah of these idlers was a man in silence and solitude, far out of the town. He was leaning over a gate that divided two meads in the watery levels between Stancy Castle and Markton. He turned his head for a few seconds, then continued his contemplative gaze toward the towers of the castle, visible over the trees as far as was possible in the leaden gloom of the November eve. The military form of the solitary lounger was recognizable as that of Sir William De Stancy, notwithstanding the failing light and his attitude of so resting his elbows on the gate that his hands inclosed the greater part of his face.

The scene was inexpressibly cheerless. No other human creature was apparent, and the only sounds audible above the wind were those of the trickling streams which distributed the water over the meadow. A heron had been standing in one of these rivulets about twenty yards from the officer, and they vied with each other in stillness till the bird suddenly rose and flew off to the plantation in which it was his custom to pass the night with others of his tribe. De Stancy saw the heron rise, and seemed to imagine the creature's departure without a supper to be owing to the increasing darkness, but in another minute he became conscious that the heron had been disturbed by sounds too distant to reach his own ears at the time. They were nearer now, and there came along under the hedge a young man known to De Stancy exceedingly well.

"Ah," he said, listlessly, "you have ventured back?"

"Yes, Captain. Why do you walk out here?"

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"The bells began ringing because she and he were expected, and my thoughts naturally dragged me this way. Thank Heaven the battery leaves Markton in a few days, and then the precious place will know me no more."

"I have heard of it." Turning to where the dim lines of the castle rose, he continued, "Well, there it stands."

"And I not in it."

"They are not in it yet, either."

"They soon will be."

"Well, what tune is that you are humming, Captain?"

"*All is lost now*," replied the captain, grimly.

"Oh no; you have got me, and I am a treasure to any man. So thank God, and take courage."

"Ah, Will, you are a flippant young fool, wise in your own conceit; I say it to my sorrow. 'Twas your dishonesty spoiled all. That lady would have been my wife by fair dealing—time was all I required. But base attacks on a man's character never deserve to win, and if I had once been certain that you had made them, my course would have been very different both toward you and others. But why should I talk to you about this? If I cared an atom what becomes of you, I would take you in hand severely enough; not caring, I leave you alone, to go to the devil your own way."

"Thank you kindly, Captain. Well, since you have spoken plainly, I will do the same. We De Stancys are a worn-out old party—that's the long and the short of it. We represent conditions of life that have had their day—especially I. Our one remaining chance was an alliance with new aristocrats, and we have failed. We are past and done for. Our line has had five hundred years of glory, and we ought to be content. *Enfin les renards se trouvent chez le pelletier.*"

"Speak for yourself, young consequence, and leave the destinies of old families to respectable philosophers. This fiasco is the direct result of evil conduct, and of nothing else at all. I have managed badly; I countenanced you too far. When I saw your impish tendencies, I should have forsworn the alliance."

"Don't sting me, Captain. What I have told you is true. As for my conduct, cat will after kind, you know. You should have held your tongue on the wedding morning, and have let me take my chance."

"Is that all I get for saving you from jail? Gad! I alone am the sufferer, and feel I am alone the fool. . . . Come, off with you; I never want to see you any more."

"Part we will, then—till we meet again. It will be a light night hereabouts, I think, this evening."

"A very dark one for me."

"Nevertheless, I think it will be a light night. *Au revoir!*" Dare went his way, and after a while De Stancy went his. Both were soon lost in the shades.

CHAPTER V.

THE castle to-night was as gloomy as the meads. As Havill had explained, the habitable rooms were just now undergoing a scour, and the main blocks of building were empty even of the few servants who had been retained, they having, for comfort's sake, taken up their quarters in the detached rooms adjoining the entrance archway. Hence not a single light shone from the lonely windows, at which ivy leaves tapped like woodpeckers, moved by gusts that were numerous and contrary rather than violent. Within the walls all was silence, chaos, and obscurity, till toward eleven o'clock, when the thick immovable cloud that had dulled the daytime broke into a scudding fleece, through which the moon forded her way as a nebulous spot of watery white, sending light enough, though of a rayless kind, into the castle chambers to show the confusion that reigned there.

At this time an eye might have noticed a figure flitting in and about those draughty apartments, and making no more noise in so doing than a puff of wind. Its motion hither and thither was rapid but methodical, its bearing absorbed yet cautious. Though it ran more or less through all the principal rooms, the chief scene of its operations was the Long Gallery overlooking the Pleasance, which was covered by an ornamental wood and plaster roof, and contained a whole throng of family portraits, besides heavy old cabinets and the like. The portraits which were of value as works of art were smaller than these, and hung in adjoining rooms.

The manifest occupation of the figure was that of removing these small and

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valuable pictures from other chambers to the gallery in which the rest were hung, and piling them in a heap in the midst. Included in the group were nine by Sir Peter Lely, five by Vandyck, four by Cornelius Jansen, one by Salvator Rosa (remarkable as being among the few English portraits ever painted by that master), many by Kneller, and two by Romney. Apparently by accident, the light being insufficient to distinguish them from portraits, the figure also brought a Raffaelle Virgin and Child, a magnificent Tintoretto, a Titian, and a Giorgione.

On these were laid a large collection of enamelled miniature portraits of the same illustrious line; afterward tapestries and cushions embroidered with the initials De S.; and next the cradle presented by Charles the First to the contemporary De Stancy mother, till at length there arose in the middle of the floor a huge heap containing most of what had been personal and peculiar to members of the De Stancy family as distinct from general furniture.

Then the figure went from door to door, and threw open each that was unfastened. It next proceeded to a room on the ground-floor, at present fitted up as a carpenter's shop, and knee-deep in shavings. An armful of these was added to the pile of objects in the gallery; a window at each end of the gallery was opened, causing a brisk draught along the walls; and then the activity of the figure ceased, and it was seen no more.

Five minutes afterward a light shone upon the lawn from the windows of the Long Gallery, which glowed within with more brilliancy than it had known during the meridian of its Caroline splendors. Thereupon the framed gentleman in the lace collar seemed to open his eyes more widely; he with the flowing locks and turn-up mustachios to part his lips; he in the armor, who was so much like Captain De Stancy, to shake the plates of his mail with suppressed laughter; the lady with the three-stringed pearl necklace, and vast expanse of neck, to nod with satisfaction, and triumphantly signify to her adjoining husband that this was a meet and glorious end.

The light increased, and blown upon by the wind roared round the pictures, the tapestries, and the cradle, up to the plaster ceiling, and through it into the forest of oak timbers above.

The best sitting-room at the King's Arms in Markton was as cozy this evening as a room can be that lacks the minuter furniture on which coziness so largely depends. By the fire sat Paula and Somerset, the former with a shawl round her shoulders to keep off the draught which, despite the curtains, forced its way in on this gusty night through the windows opening upon the balcony. Paula held a letter in her hand, the contents of which formed the subject of their conversation. Happy as she was in her general situation, there was for the nonce a tear in her eye.

"MY EVER DEAR PAULA" (ran the letter),—"Your last letter has just reached me, and I have followed your account of your travels and intentions with more interest than I can tell. You, who know me, need no assurance of this. At the present moment, however, I am in the whirl of a change that has resulted from a resolution taken some time ago, but concealed from almost everybody till now. Why? Well, I will own: from cowardice; fear lest I should be reasoned out of my plan. I am going to steal from the world, Paula, from the social world, for whose gayeties and ambitions I never had much liking, and whose circles I have not the ability to grace. My home, and resting-place till the great rest comes, is with the Protestant Sisterhood at ——. Whatever shortcomings may be found in such a community, I believe that I shall be happier there than in any other place.

"Whatever you may think of my judgment in taking this step, I can assure you that I have not done it without consideration. My reasons are good, and my determination is unalterable. But, my own very best friend, and more than sister, don't think that I mean to leave my love and friendship for you behind me. No, Paula; you will *always* be with me, and I believe that if an increase in what I already feel for you be possible, it will be furthered by the retirement and meditation I shall enjoy in my secluded home. My heart is very full, dear—too full to write more. God bless you, and your husband! You must come and see me there: I have not so many friends that I can afford to lose you who have been so kind. I write this with the fellow pen to yours that you gave me when we went to Budmouth together. Good-by!

"Ever your own sister, CHARLOTTE."

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Paula had first read this through silently, and now, in reading it a second time aloud to Somerset, her voice faltered, and she wept outright. "I had been expecting her to live with us always," she said through her tears, "and to think she should have decided to do this!"

"It is a pity, certainly," said Somerset, gently. "She was genuine, if anybody ever was; and simple as she was true."

"I am the more sorry," Paula presently resumed, "because of a little plan I had been thinking of with regard to her. You know that the pictures and curiosities of the castle are not included in the things I can not touch, or impeach, or whatever it is. They are our own to do what we like with. My father felt in devising the estate that, however interesting to the De Stancys those objects might be, they did not concern us—were, indeed, rather in the way, having been come by so strangely, through Mr. Wilkins, though too valuable to be treated lightly. Now I was going to suggest that we would not sell them—indeed, I could not bear to do such a thing with what had belonged to Charlotte's forefathers—but to hand them over to her as a gift, either to keep for herself or to pass on to her brother, as she should choose. Now I fear there is no hope of it; and yet I shall never like to see them in the house."

"It can be done still, I should think. She can accept them for her brother when he settles, without absolutely taking them into her own possession."

"It would be a kind of generosity which hardly amounts to more than justice (although they were purchased) from a recusant usurper to a dear friend—not that I am a usurper exactly; well, from a representative of the new aristocracy of internationality to a representative of the old aristocracy of exclusiveness."

"What do you call yourself, Paula, since you are not of your father's creed?"

"I suppose I am what poor Mr. Woodwell said—by-the-way, we must call and see him—something or other that's in Revelation, neither cold nor hot. But of course that's a sub-species—I may be a lukewarm anything. What I really am, as far as I know, is one of that body to whom lukewarmth is not an accident, but a provisional necessity, till they see a little more clearly." She had crossed over to his side, and pulling his head toward her, whispered a word in his ear.

"Why, Mr. Woodwell said you were that too. You carry your beliefs very comfortably. I shall be glad when enthusiasm is come again."

"I am going to revise and correct my beliefs one of these days when I have thought a little further." She suddenly breathed a sigh, and added: "How transitory our best emotions are! In talking of myself I am heartlessly forgetting Charlotte, and becoming happy again. I won't be happy to-night, for her sake!"

A few minutes after this their attention was attracted by a noise of footsteps running along the street; then a heavy tramp of horses and lumbering of wheels. Other feet were heard scampering at intervals, and soon somebody ascended the staircase and approached their door. The head waiter appeared.

"Ma'am, Stancy Castle is all afire!" said the waiter, breathlessly.

Somerset jumped up, drew aside the curtains, and stepped into the bow-window. Right before him rose a blaze. The window looked down the street and along the turnpike-road to the very hill on which the castle stood, the keep being visible in the daytime above the trees. Here rose the light, which appeared little further off than a stone's-throw, instead of nearly two miles. Every curl of the smoke and every wave of the flame was distinct, and Somerset fancied he could hear the crackling.

Paula had risen from her seat and joined him in the window, where she heard some people in the street saying that the servants were all safe; after which she gave her mind more fully to the material aspects of the catastrophe.

The whole town was now rushing off to the scene of the conflagration, which, shining directly up the street, showed the burgesses' running figures individually upon the illumined road. Paula was quite ready to act upon Somerset's suggestion that they too should hasten to the spot, and a fly was got ready in a few minutes. With lapse of time Paula evinced more anxiety as to the fate of her castle, and when they had driven as near as it was prudent to do, they dismounted, and went on foot into the throng of people which was rapidly gathering from the town and surrounding villages. Among the faces they recognized Mr. Woodwell, Havill the architect, the rector of the parish, the curate, and many others known to them by sight. These, as soon as they

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saw the young couple, came forward with words of condolence, imagining them to have been burned out of bed, and vied with each other in offering them a lodging. Somerset explained where they were staying, and that they required no accommodation, Paula interrupting with, "Oh, my poor horses! what has become of them?"

"The fire is not near the stables," said Mr. Woodwell. "It broke out in the body of the building. The horses, however, are driven into the field."

"I can assure you, you need not be alarmed, madam," said Havill. "The chief constable is here, and the two town engines, and I am doing all I can. The castle engine unfortunately is out of repair."

Somerset and Paula then went on to another point of view, near the gymnasium, where they could not be seen by the crowd. Three-quarters of a mile off, on their left hand, the powerful irradiation fell upon the brick chapel in which Somerset had first seen the woman who now stood beside him as his wife. It was the only object visible in that direction, the dull hills and trees behind failing to catch the light. She significantly pointed it out to Somerset, who knew her meaning, and they turned again to the more serious matter.

It had long been apparent that in the face of such a wind all the pigmy appliances that the populace could bring to act upon such a mass of combustion would be unavailing. As much as could burn that night was burned, while some of that which would not burn crumbled and fell as a formless heap, whence new flames towered up, and inclined to the northeast so far as to singe the trees of the park. The thicker walls of Norman date remained unmoved, partly because of their thickness, and partly because in them stone vaults took the place of wood floors.

The tower clock kept manfully going till it had struck one, its face smiling out from the smoke as if nothing were the matter, after which hour something fell down inside, and it went no more.

Cunningham Haze, with his body of men, was devoted in his attention, and came up to say a word to our two spectators from time to time.

Toward four o'clock the flames diminished, and feeling thoroughly weary, Somerset and Paula remained no longer, returning to Markton as they had come.

On their journey they pondered and discussed what course it would be best to pursue in the circumstances, gradually deciding not to attempt rebuilding the castle unless they were absolutely compelled. True, the main walls were still standing as firmly as ever; but there was a feeling common to both of them that it would be well to make an opportunity of a misfortune, and leaving the edifice in ruins, start their married life in a mansion of independent construction hard by the old one, unencumbered with the ghosts of an unfortunate line.

"We will build a new house from the ground, eclectic in style. We will remove the ashes, charred wood, and so on, from the ruin, and plant more ivy. The winter rains will soon wash the unsightly smoke from the walls, and Stancy Castle will be beautiful in its decay. You, Paula, will be yourself again, and recover, if you have not already, from the warp given to your mind (according to Woodwell) by the mediævalism of that place."

"And be a perfect representative of 'the modern spirit'? she inquired; "representing neither the senses and understanding, nor the heart and imagination, but what a finished writer calls 'the imaginative reason'?"

"Yes; for since it is rather in your line you may as well keep straight on."

"Very well, I will keep straight on; and we'll build a new house beside the ruin, and show the modern spirit for evermore. . . . But, George, I wish—" And Paula repressed a sigh.

"Well?"

"I wish my castle wasn't burned; and I wish you were a De Stancy."

THE END.

MARY.

THE prettiest, tiniest little head
That ever sat on an ivory neck—
So smooth and so rounded, without a fleck,
That jewels were wasted such throat to deck—
In its muslin frill like pearl in its bed;
With a flood of soft rippling nut-brown hair,
Reflecting in gold the kiss of the air;
Ears small and so perfect—but by him seen,
Praxiteles' models they might have been
To complete his statue of Beauty's queen;
And eyes like turquoise and sapphire mingled:
A voice as when silver bells are tingled—
And withal so saucy! There's not a grace
But finds a fit home in that charming face.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE drought of the autumn of 1881 was a memorable one, and chiefly for its threatened water famine in the city of New York. The summer had been unusually hot and dry, and the autumn rains did not fall. September was exceedingly warm. "The hottest day ever known in Saratoga," said a perspiring old resident on the 7th of September. October, however, was serene and beautiful—a traditional October. But it was a stolen and wrongful pleasure to enjoy it, for there was scarcely a drop of rain. Two or three slight showers were all that fell in the neighborhood of New York, and they were hardly copious enough to lay the dust. The alert newspapers gave an early alarm. They published all the figures and the statistics. They compared the measures of the rain-falls for many years, and announced the appalling diminution of the reservoir supply. They recommended the utmost care in the use of the Croton water, and denounced the guilt of wasting it. Large manufacturers in the city who require a great deal of water, and whose workmen would be thrown out of employment and wages by the failure of motive power, began to provide for a supply by sinking Artesian wells. The Mayor and the other city authorities appealed earnestly to householders to be vigilant. The police sent officers from door to door to warn the inmates. There were vague speculations as to the actual consequences of a water famine, and some angry criticism of the Governor's veto of a proposed scheme for a larger supply—a veto, however, which undoubtedly baffled an equally large scheme of jobbery.

The well-founded fear of a water famine was an impeachment of the sagacity and the enterprise of the city. The American is very ingenious and energetic, and he surrounds himself with modern improvements. But there is very often an incompleteness in them which is a serious drawback, if not a complete frustration of the advantage gained by them. The want of proportion in our progress is striking, yet without that proportion the improvement is questionable. Thus the introduction of water forty years ago was hailed, and justly, as a great and beneficent event. The Croton River was made to flow through every house in the city, and would wash all impurity away. The beneficence of such a work would be immense and unquestionable. But for this result two things were necessary: first, that the system of sewerage should be efficient; and second, that the plumbing should be conscientious, intelligent, and complete. Without these conditions fulfilled, it would become a question whether the introduction of water were not an uncertain blessing.

There is no doubt that the sewerage and the plumbing were not what they should have been. Many a householder has looked ruefully upon his elaborate and costly system of water-pipes as channels of disease and death, connecting him with huge reservoirs of decaying filth, and conveying into the pure air of his house the most noxious and revolting gases. To his active imagination the labyrinth of hidden sewers became vast subterranean storehouses of foul and destructive maladies, which imperfect and shiftless plumbing sought in vain to expel from his very bed-chamber. Improvements seemed to him to have their disastrous compensations; and if he had somewhat more labor before they came, he doubted whether he had not also more health.

The same kind of incompleteness is shown in another way. When the Croton River was made to flow through every house, it was a marvellous achievement and a prodigious improvement. But another condition of its undoubted beneficence was that it should be a continuous stream. Any interruption would be suspicious; a positive check would be alarming. The first result of the bounteous supply was, naturally, the neglect of the old sources of supply. Wells and pumps fell into disuse; and as the city rapidly increased, and factories multiplied, and the demand for water became enormous, the Croton still flowed abundantly, and the demand was satisfied. But the condition of continued satisfaction was that the supply should be exhaustless. It was an improvement which was otherwise perilously incomplete. Its value was diminished already by imperfect sewerage and poor plumbing, and it would be pitiful if the great work, instead of being a permanent and undoubted benefit, should suddenly prove to be a mere temporary make-shift, which, by breeding carelessness, had exposed the city to extreme peril and loss and suffering.

It was with that prospect that the long drought confronted the city. To say that such a drought was not anticipated is foolish. Why was it not anticipated? Water supply is a matter of calculation. It was the business of the city, of a community of Americans, to know that the Croton and its affluents, with the arrangements made for its conveyance, would not properly supply the city in a drought like that of 1881. Not to know this was to want obviously necessary knowledge. New systems of supply have been arranged, and the Bronx is to re-enforce the Croton. But who now can be sure that the additional supply will be adequate to the growth of the city and the larger water demand?

But at last, on Saturday, the 29th of October, the clouds deceived no longer. The winds did not blow or beat, but the rain descended, and after the long drought it seemed to fall to the music of Longfellow's verses:

"How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,

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In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!
* * * * * *
"In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!"

It is now to be seen whether the imminent disaster of a water famine startled the community sufficiently to cause it to make another such alarm impossible. The *Sanitary Engineer*, which is a recognized authority upon such subjects, declares that the deficiency of water was due to neglect of duty, and ignorance, and self-sufficiency in their ignorance, of past officers of the Department of Public Works. The available supply, it says, is "the minimum yield of the stream plus the stored water." For the future, another aqueduct and additional storage reservoirs are indispensable, because, with every precaution against waste, the natural increase of consumption taxes to the utmost the present means of supply. The situation is a test of the public spirit, the intelligence, and the energy of the city.

THE Musical Festival of next May, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, promises to be one of the most interesting events in our musical history, and among its most striking incidents will be the introduction to America of the great German prima donna, Amalia Friedrich-Materna. Her appearance will be the more interesting because it will follow that of Madame Patti, with whom the country will then have become familiar. Patti is perhaps the most symmetrical of the living singers of the traditional Italian opera; the opera of the last generation; the Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi opera. Her Lucia and Amina have been long familiar, and her "lyrical triumphs" are traditional. Patti's return to the United States, which she left twenty-two years ago, recalling the musical situation at that time, will naturally remind every older New-Yorker of the astonishing musical progress during those years. Gentlemen who used to be shaved and clipped by the unctuous and affable La Scala, and who remember Sanquirico and the Chambers Street Opera-house, will have hastened to hear the dark-eyed child of those days, and to be lulled in pensive reminiscences of their *prima gioventù*. To their fine ears, in the voice of the mature lady of to-day, singing her penultimate farewells, there will be bird-like echoes of Truffi and Steffanone and Bosio and the other nightingales of Chambers Street and Astor Place. But the more the old habitués remember, the more marked and prodigious will be the change.

The change is in the growth of the taste for music other than the opera. There is a general consciousness of the beginning of a new musical epoch. The phrase, "music of the future," which was so long ridiculed as the affectation of musical æsthetes, has acquired a distinct significance. The musical elders of another day gaze at it wistfully, and wonder and wonder, as Colonel Newcome sat wondering before the battle-piece of his son Clive. He knew that he ought to think it very fine, and he was touched with strange pain that he could not think so. So the golden youth who turned down their collars and adored Byron were amazed, when their hair was gray, at the devotees of Wordsworth, and could not comprehend the vision splendid by which Wordsworthians were attended. So likewise the Truffians and Steffanonians, the *preux chevaliers* of the Sontag and the Bosio (*beaux yeux*, they used to call her), look with ironical skepticism at the Wagnerians, yet feel perhaps the morning breath of a newer day.

A striking tribute to the change was the remark of Madame Patti upon her arrival. The alert reporter, with that thirst for knowledge which caused him to ask the Marquis de Rochambeau how he liked America, and which would certainly inspire him to ask the Pope, should he arrive in New York, how he liked Trinity Church, asked the *diva* of other days, "What is your favorite opera?" The answer was significant, because it was that of the Lucia and Linda and Amina who had given her artistic life to the Italian masters and their works.

"One which I have never sung in public—*Lohengrin*. I consider Elsa the most beautiful and ideal character in opera."

"Then you admire Wagner?"

"More than any other composer. But I am afraid to sing his music in public for fear of injuring my voice. For this reason I refused his invitation to sing Kundry in *Parsifal* next summer. But I have sung over his music at home, to my own intense enjoyment, many, many times."

"Will you never sing his music in public?"

"I have reserved it, especially Elsa, for the last season of my operatic career. Then I will not be afraid of injuring my voice, and I can sing his beautiful music as I would wish to. It seems to me most fitting to close my career with the music I consider the greatest music ever written."

This was unexpected praise, but it is equally significant. That "a child of the theatre," and that theatre the Italian opera, should feel so profound an admiration for the music of the future and its high-priest, shows the remarkable change in musical taste and feeling since the operatic infant phenomenon of thirty-one years ago, who is the laurelled queen of the Italian stage to-day, sang in New York. Her strong expression of preference for the new music confirms what the Philharmonic concerts of New York and Brooklyn, and the last year's festival, and the performances of the Bach music, and of the oratorio and sacred music societies, with Thomas's Central Park

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Garden concerts and his Chicago and Cincinnati festivals, have indicated. The Italian operatic cycle of this century, beginning with Rossini and including Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi, which followed the great German day of the Bachs, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart, with the later glory of Weber, Schubert, and Mendelssohn, is now yielding again to the newer German spirit. Even Verdi in *Aïda* and Boito in *Mefistofile* show how strong its hold already is even upon the Italian genius.

Yet the great works of every art flourish in perennial youth. Whatever the changing mood of taste, the truly great works do not become obsolete or old-fashioned. Because we read Tennyson with delight, we do not feel Shakspeare to be antiquated. If the condition of enjoying Wagner and Schumann should be to lose pleasure in Beethoven and Mozart and Schubert, it would be a sorry alternative. The catholic and progressive musical mind agrees with Shelley, and owns that,

> "True love in this differs from gold and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away."

Of this new spirit the most eminent lyrical representative is Madame Materna, to whom Madame Patti pays a tribute of admiring recognition. Saying that she herself must return to England in April to fulfill her engagement at Covent Garden in May, so that she can not sing in the great New York Festival, Madame Patti said, "But you will hear Materna, and you'll like her; she has a beautiful voice, and sings well." Here is approbation from Lady Hubert, and of a kind which one prima donna seldom offers to another. Lady Hubert, indeed, is slight, and no longer in her earliest years, and therefore it may be readily pardoned to her that she added: "She's fine-looking too, but stout. I can't tell how old she is: possibly between thirty and forty." But whatever her age, Madame Materna is confessedly in the prime of her power, and she is the pride and delight of the disciples of the new music.

Our readers who do not follow closely the musical history of the day will be glad to know something of the great singer whom Madame Patti says that we shall all certainly like. The scope of the Thomas May Festival, the immense chorus, the large orchestra, the vast hall, and the probable enormous audience, all give to it a certain grandiose character which requires in the soloists a corresponding largeness of style, and, to be quite appropriate, a commanding presence. The type of a chief singer at such a festival is the Catalani or the Pasta of tradition, an artist of the grand manner, of an impressive declamation. There are exquisite and graceful vocalists who are as much lost upon such occasions as a fine miniature painting in a huge temple where only a masterly fresco is dignified and effective. A musical box is for the boudoir, but the cathedral demands an organ. This is the requirement which by every account Materna will satisfy; and although in so vast a space any voice would seem to be at great disadvantage, a great singer will overcome it, like an orator who speaks in the open air with as much charm and effect as in a room.

A hundred and twenty-six years ago a young Irishman, playing his way through Europe upon his flute, came to an Austrian province, and afterward, in a famous poem that he wrote, and called "The Traveller," he alludes to the province as a region

> "where the rude Carinthian boor
> Against the houseless stranger shuts the door."

The region which Goldsmith thus melodiously delivers over to reprobation is that in which Materna was born—the daughter of a poor school-master of the village of St. George, near Wildon, in Styria. Her father was her first teacher, and the little girl early sang solos from the masses of Haydn and Mozart, and took part in the choruses of the local festivals. While still very young she began to study with Capellmeister Netzer at Grätz, and took the first prize at the examination and exhibition.

It was the old story,

"My father couldna work, and my mither couldna spin."

Her father died, and her mother fell ill. The expense of her musical studies at Vienna, whither her brother carried her, was altogether beyond her possible resources. Her mother died, and the priests at Grätz invited her to sing in the church, and promised to take up a collection for her during the service. She gladly embraced the opportunity, and sang at the church until the manager of the Thalia Theatre in Grätz secured her at a monthly salary of thirty-four florins, which was soon raised to eighty, and soon again to one hundred. At the Thalia she met the actor Karl Friedrich, whom she married. Naturally the bright particular star of her little local heaven could not remain hidden. Her fame was provincial and limited, but it is the tendency of commanding talent to seek a larger audience, and Materna and her husband went to Vienna, and to the Karl Theatre, where she sang in the light comic opera to which its audience was accustomed, and sang to its satisfaction.

But Materna's talent was not that of the opéra bouffe or the comic opera, and after two years she gladly went to the Hof Theatre, whose manager had measured her power accurately. He engaged her to appear as Selika in *L'Africaine*, and the evening was awaited with the usual expectation and distrust of the new attempt of a familiar artist who is identified with successes of a very different kind. But the event was a triumph. Despite certain provincialisms, which served probably to enhance by half veiling the qualities which they could not conceal, a storm of applause greeted and rewarded the imposing voice, the superb form,

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and admirable acting of the singer. The popular success was immediate, and the critics conceded that here were remarkable gifts for the lyric stage. But they were sure that such "southern fire" and sweeping passion required the Italian opera for its full development. Herr Speidel, a noted critic, prophesied that she would eclipse all competitors in the Verdi opera. But Materna's talent demanded a larger and different style, and when, in the new Vienna opera-house, she was heard as Ortrud in Wagner's *Lohengrin*, it was felt that she was the adequate and magnificent interpreter of the new epoch, and would fitly introduce the modern audience to the modern music.

Materna's characters and successes had been Fidelio, Elizabeth, Donna Elvira, Donna Anna, Armida, Elektra, and Valentine, but at the Bayreuth Festival, five years ago, when she appeared as Brunehilde, the triumph was absolute. It was confirmed in England at the Wagner concerts of 1877, and at the Vienna and Leipsic performances of the *Trilogy*, and Wagner has naturally chosen her to be the Kundry of his new opera *Parsifal* at the Bayreuth Festival of next summer. Before she sings there, however, she will make her début in America at the May Festival, having obtained leave of absence upon condition of renewing her engagement for five years at the Vienna Imperial Opera-house. The interest of her appearance here lies not only in her voice and her singing, but in the fact that by common consent, and by Wagner's own judgment, her dignified figure and commanding presence, with the lofty passion of musical declamation, especially qualify her for the first part in such concerts as those of the festival, which will render in the noblest manner, and with every effective accessory, the finest music of the great old and the great new masters.

THE Easy Chair has respectfully alluded more than once to its venerable neighbor in Franklin Square, the old Walton house. It is a house especially associated with George Clinton, the first Governor of New York, and it was while one day looking at it over the way, and speaking of it with becoming regard, that the Easy Chair received from one of the distinguished successors of Governor Clinton a lock of Governor Clinton's hair. It was, as we remember to have mentioned, from the door of the old Walton house, under its stately "stoop" and down its steps, that Citizen Genet proudly escorted the daughter of George Clinton as his bride. Those windows, so long dull and dingy, once blazed with lights that illuminated the most select social festivities of old New York, and it would have been interesting to our late French and German guests to see the site of former grandeur and the seat of the high fashion of a vanished day.

The old Walton house was a mansion of the time when New York was a half-rural city. The streets were vistas of trees, and travellers of the middle of the last century constantly note the foliage in the streets. Queen Street, as Pearl Street was called before the Revolution, swept up from the Grand Battery, and opened into a triangle at what is now Franklin Square, and was then St. George's, and at the head of the square stood the house of the old merchant of the Walton day, Walter Franklin, which was occupied by Washington. In later times this site was occupied by Firth and Pond, the music dealers, and it is now nearly covered by the Brooklyn Bridge. The bridge, indeed, and the elevated railroad, with its station, close by the site of the Walter Franklin house, have entirely changed the aspect of Franklin Square. The locomotive puffs and snorts by our windows, and the continuous whirl of travel in the air fills the old peaceful quarter with unwonted stir and bustle. From our many-windowed front the contemplative Franklin—the philosopher, not the merchant—with gently bent head looks down upon the scene, and our own building, of which the printer Franklin is the good genius, confronting the old Walton house, has long illustrated the changed time and the new city.

Our venerable neighbor, like many another venerable neighbor, began to die at the top. One morning a group of workmen appeared upon the roof, not, alas! to relay the fallen chimney bricks and repair the spout, but to take the chimney down and to tear the spout away. The forces that assault human neighbors at the crown, whether their touch be without or within, whether they dismantle the chamber or merely thatch the roof with gray and softly strip off its pride, are invisible forces. They are not marshalled in overalls, with pick and bar and spade, although their work be similar. The workmen, heedless of the family Walton and Clinton and Genet, unmindful of all the marvellous old feasts that had wafted their fumes through the mighty chimneys, and of all the hospitable good cheer of which the mansion was the monument, fell ruthlessly upon the chimneys and levelled them, and then proceeding steadily day by day they have picked and pried and battered at those venerable walls, layer upon layer of ancient brick falling before them—caps, copings, and mouldings vanishing with dull thuds in clouds of dust—until the old Walton house, one of the few lingering relics of the New York of the last century, the familiar home of merchant, statesman, and ambassador, has been destroyed. Fortunately some fragments —doorways, columns, lintel ornaments, etc.—have been preserved.

It was built in 1754 by William Walton, who was the son-in-law of Governor James De Lancey. Mr. Walton was a rich merchant, and his house was elaborately finished and sumptuously furnished. It had a unique historical interest, for it was so splendid and costly a mansion for the time that it was mentioned in England as an illustration of the ability of the colonists

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to bear taxation. But English statesmen lived to learn that it was not the American ability to pay taxes, but the English right to levy taxes, which was really the question. The venerable house has few contemporaries left in the city. The Kennedy house, at the corner of Broadway and Battery Place, was the head-quarters of Putnam, and afterward of Washington. It was built in 1760 by Captain Kennedy, of the English army, and within a few months has passed into the possession of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, and will probably soon disappear. Not far away, at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, is a still older house than the old Walton house. This is the Fraunces Tavern, which was built by the De Lancey family in 1730. It was here that the Social Club met when New York was a little town, and where Washington took leave of his officers at the close of the Revolution. It is now left almost alone, and it is easy to fancy its walls and timbers trembling in sympathy with the deadly and destructive blows dealt at the solid structure of its ancient peer and comrade further up the street.

But the old Walton house is only sharing the fate of all old New York. No city of equal extent and importance in the world has preserved so little of its former self. Old St. Paul's, which was built in 1766, twelve years after the Walton house, still remains, the oldest unchanged church in New York. But who shall dare hope that it will outlive the old Walton house more than twelve years?

In speaking recently of the associations of Federal Street in Boston, we stated that the familiar and favorite hymn tune bore the name of the Boston street. But the composer corrects us in the following pleasant letter:

"Boston, Massachusetts, *October* 25, 1881.

"Dear Sir,—In your number for November, 1881, at page 948, Editor's Easy Chair, occurs this phrase, 'Federal Street' (Boston) 'itself had given a name to one of the most familiar of our hymn tunes.' This is erroneous. Permit me to correct. The tune 'Federal Street' was *not* named after Federal Street in *Boston*, whereon once stood Dr. Channing's church, but after Federal Street in *Salem*, Massachusetts, where I resided when I composed it, in 1832. I gave it that name because in her father's house on that street my wife was reared, was won and wedded, and I desired that the tune should be associated, at least in my own memory and that of my household, with her and her home. The tune and my tune 'Merton' were sung at her funeral from the same house. But for its unromantic plainness, I would have given the tune her own maiden name.

"Please make the correction in your next issue.

"Very truly yours, Henry K. Oliver."

The vignette of this number of the Magazine is one of the happiest of Mr. Fredericks's designs. It tells with effective simplicity the old legend of the court of King Francis. The engraving, also, is broad and soft and delicate, and illustrates anew the skill of the artists, and the excellence which the art has attained. The incident which Mr. Fredericks has illustrated is of the time of Ronsard, the French poet of whom his contemporaries spoke with the fond extravagance of the sixteenth century. De Thou, the historian, declared that the birth of Ronsard atoned for the defeat at Pavia, where King Francis said that all was lost but honor, and Tasso praised Ronsard as the "prince of poets." Certainly he was the poet of princes, for he was page to the Duke of Orleans, the son of Francis, and he was attached to the court of James V. of Scotland, and he was the especial travelling companion and friend of Charles IX. Queen Elizabeth gave him a precious diamond, and Mary Queen of Scots solaced her captivity with his verses.

The story depicted by Mr. Fredericks is that of the lady who threw her glove into the arena of hungry lions as a challenge to her lover, who accepted it, leaped into the arena, picked up the glove from under the jaws of the beasts, climbed back again, flung the trophy in the face of his lady-love, and scornfully departed. The most striking modern version of the story is that of Robert Browning:

"The sentence no sooner was uttered
Than over the rails a glove fluttered,
Fell close to the lion, and rested;
The dame 'twas who flung it and jested
With life so, De Lorge had been wooing
For months past; he sat there pursuing
His suit, weighing out with nonchalance
Fine speeches like gold from a balance.

"Sound the trumpet, no true knight's a tarrier!
De Lorge made one leap at the barrier,
Walked straight to the glove, while the lion
Ne'er moved, kept his far-reaching eye on
The palm-tree-edged desert-spring's sapphire,
And the musky oiled skin of the Kaffir,
Picked it up, and as calmly retreated,
Leaped back where the lady was seated,
And full in the face of its owner
Flung the glove.

"'Your heart's queen, you dethrone her?
So should I,' cried the king; 't'was mere vanity,
Not love, set that task to humanity!'
Lords and ladies alike turned with loathing
From such a proved wolf in sheep's clothing."

But Browning by no means leaves the story at that point. He tells it in the person of Ronsard, who sees in the lady's face an expression which shows her purpose:

"As if she had tried in a crucible
To what 'speeches like gold' were reducible."

Ronsard asked Clement Marot what it meant, and Marot said that the lady had heard her lover longing to brave death for her, and as she looked at the lion, and thought of all the dangers which many men had encountered in capturing the lions, braving death with "no king and no court to applaud," she decided to prove what death for her sake, so hotly protested, really meant.

Nor was this all. But there was another youth eagerly watching her, and presently the lady married him. Likewise her lover, who had flung the glove in her face and scorned her, married. And then—alack and alas!—King Francis looked graciously upon the bride,

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and his Majesty never sent De Lorge to bring his wife's gloves without recalling to her with a laugh the scene of the lions and the arena, where the poor husband earned such glory by disdainfully spurning his false sweetheart with her own glove.

"But the wife smiled, 'His nerves are grown firmer—
Mine he brings now, and utters no murmur.'"

Editor's Literary Record.

THE life and character of St. Paul have always been interesting subjects for study and contemplation to intelligent men of broad and generous sympathies, whether experimental Christians or not. His zeal and sincerity, his tenderness, manliness, fortitude, and self-mastery, his freedom from every phase of false pride, his cosmopolitan breadth and tolerance joined to his uncompromising advocacy of what he conceived to be the truth, his rare intellectual endowments, and his large exhibition of all those human qualities which make the whole world kin, have drawn the man of the world as well as professing Christians more closely to Paul than they have been drawn to any other of the apostles; and it is no exaggeration to say that his example and teachings rank next to the example and teachings of his Divine Master in the elevating and purifying influence they have exerted and continue to exert upon the character and opinions of mankind. Recognizing this wide-spread interest, in recent years especially, many admirable works, conspicuously those of Conybeare and Howson, Lewin, Farrar, and Plumptre, have been devoted to the elucidation of the life of the Apostle to the Gentiles; but they have been on a scale too elaborate and extensive for the general reader, and there was room for an exposition of his life, character, teachings, and labors which should be popular in its treatment, without being elementary merely, or adapted only to the wants of the young or imperfectly educated. Such a work, so lucid in its style as to be readily comprehended by the plainest of plain people, and yet so chaste and elegant as to gratify the most exacting taste, and so scholarly and instructive as to satisfy the keenest intellect, has been prepared by Dr. William M. Taylor, of this city, and bears the title of *Paul the Missionary*.[1] In its preparation the eloquent author has availed of the researches of the writers above named, and of Meyer, Baumgarten, Renan, and others, supplemented by his own large resources, to illustrate the character and teachings of Paul, and to present a rounded outline of his life and labors, and of the historical events connected therewith, in a manner that is popular and familiar, yet elevated and refined. The work, however, is far from being a mere biography; for while it dwells with satisfactory fullness upon the personal incidents of the life of the great Apostle, it is by no means exclusively confined to these. Its special aim is less to entertain the reader by the interest which the recital of personal incidents usually excites than to give point and currency to the inestimable practical lessons for the conduct and spiritual guidance of modern life which are suggested by Paul's manifold experiences and unremitting labors, by his bearing under the pressure of the former, and his motives and objects during the latter. Rich as is the volume in biographical incident, in historical and critical illustration, in doctrinal and textual exposition, and in the results of archæological investigation, these are only subsidiary to the aim of its author to deduce from the life and work and character and example of Paul lessons and incentives that shall be applicable to, and shall sweeten and illuminate, the every-day life of to-day, however humble and obscure, or however exalted, it may be.

Grandma's Attic Treasures[2] is a graceful dialect poem by Mary D. Brine, in which the old-time memories of the Grandma of the story are revived by the sight of the old household implements and furniture that had been stored away in the attic, and which were brought to light by the zeal of some curiosity-seekers after antique bric-à-brac. As one piece after another of the dame's treasures are brought to view—old beds and chairs and tables, old crockery, old spinning-wheels, "and sich"—each of them awakens some long-slumbering memory of her maidenhood, her wooing, her young wifehood, and her serene or sorrowful after married life, and she clings to them with a lingering hunger of affection that the curiosity-mongers find hard to satisfy. The tender associations that cluster around them recall so many familiar forms and faces, and revive so many times of gladness and times of sorrow, that the whole story of her life rises before her, and the tug at her heart-strings when she is at last persuaded to part with some of her treasures is a sore one. The poem is not wholly retrospective, but carries the reader forward to the gentle evening of the good old dame's life, as illumined by the vision of her dead daughter's girl-child, and cheered by the faithful love of her own "gudeman." The volume is finely illustrated with engravings by Andrew, from designs by Miss Northam, J. F. Murphy, W. P. Snyder, Edmund H. Garrett, W. A. Rogers, and W. F. Halsall.

[1] *Paul the Missionary.* By the Rev. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D. 12mo, pp. 570. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Grandma's Attic Treasures.* A Story of Old-time Memories. By MARY D. BRINE. Illustrated. 4to, pp. 94. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

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If Mr. Trowbridge had written naught but the four poems, "A Home Idyl," "Old Robin," "An Idyl of Harvest-Time," and "The Tragedy Queen," which are to be found in the latest volume of his poems, just issued, with the title, *A Home Idyl, and Other Poems*,[3] they would suffice to establish his right to claim fellowship with the true poets who have sung since the world was young. There may be among our living American poets some who excel him in the technical perfection of their verse (though in this respect, even, a steady improvement is visible in his poems), but there are few—none perhaps save Longfellow and Whittier—who are more perfect masters than he of the simple cadences and musical harmonies of our English verse, or who unfold a story with more persuasive art. His poem, "A Home Idyl," is a veritable diorama of real life as it exists or has existed in a thousand English and American homes, and only requires a few modifications that will suggest themselves to the reader to render the application quite universal. In different and more limited spheres the same may be said of "Old Robin" and "An Idyl of Harvest-Time," while "The Tragedy Queen" has a rare and tragic pathos of its own that is unique. Nearly all the poems in the collection pulsate with humanity, and picture Nature as she truly is, whether in the home, the field, or on the outlying frontier of civilization.

Several illustrated volumes of poetry, suitable for holiday gifts, must be briefly acknowledged in lieu of more extended but less timely notice. The list comprises the following: Jean Ingelow's *Songs of Seven*,[4] tastefully printed in small quarto form, and embellished with attractive illustrations, seven being full-page, from engravings by George T. Andrew, after designs by Miss Northam, J. F. Murphy, and Edmund H. Garrett.—Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. publish a large and elegant quarto edition of Bayard Taylor's *Home Ballads*,[5] superbly illustrated by well-known engravers after designs by W. H. Gibson, W. L. Taylor, F. Dielman, J. F. Murphy, H. Bolton Jones, and others.—To these we add two exquisitely illustrated poems, received as we are closing the Record, one of which, *Brushwood*,[6] by T. Buchanan Read, is a weirdly beautiful romance of the Apennines, studded with delicate fancies and picturesque descriptions; and the other, *Hannah Jane*,[7] is a tale in colloquial verse, by David R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby), which celebrates a wife's stanch devotion and unvarying faith and affection with a rude pathos that is very touching and invigorating. Both are richly illustrated.—Besides these there are several new volumes of poetry, though not all of it is new poetry, whose text is not illustrated, as follows: *A Pageant, and Other Poems*,[8] by Christina G. Rossetti; a new and popular edition of Dr. Holland's *Bitter-Sweet*;[9] a collection of the *Poems*,[10] religious, lyrical, and sentimental, of Frances Ridley Havergal; and a congeries of bizarre rhapsodies, that are neither sane verse nor intelligible prose, by Walt Whitman, entitled *Leaves of Grass*.[11]

The holiday books for children this year are not only very attractive in the exteriors of binding, typography, and illustration, but for the most part are of a finer literary quality and a more substantial value than usual. Nor has there been any sacrifice of the old familiar characteristics of the best books of this class. Evidently it has not been the aim of the compilers or authors of these books to "put old heads on young shoulders," or to convert our fresh-hearted boys and girls into juvenile prigs by making them knowing above their years; but instead they have labored with genial loving-kindness and consummate tact to keep childhood green and child-like, while ministering to the growth of its fancy and imagination, and assisting in the unfolding of its budding intelligence. Recognizing the important agency of good holiday books as educators of the mind and heart, and as refiners of the taste, the morals, and the manners of the young, we devote a liberal space to them in this holiday number of the Record.—The numbers of *Harper's Young People*[12] issued during the past year, and now gathered into a volume, show most strikingly the amount of labor, expense, and talent, both literary and artistic, which it has become the custom to devote to the preparation of books and periodicals for young readers. The names that appear constantly throughout the pages in connection with interesting articles and brilliant illustrations are those of men and women that occupy foremost positions in the ranks of artists and writers, both here and abroad. The tone of the periodical is also remarkable for its purity, and the impulse it gives to sturdy, healthy thought. Instruction is blended with amusement, fact with fun, and theory with practical illustration in a way calculated to endear it to both parents and children.—Conspicuous among the books whose preparation has been inspired by the fullest sympathy with

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[3] *A Home Idyl, and Other Poems.* By John Townsend Trowbridge. 16mo, pp. 165. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[4] *Songs of Seven.* By Jean Ingelow. Illustrated. Small 4to, pp. 47. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[5] *Home Ballads.* By Bayard Taylor. With Illustrations. 4to, pp. 61. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[6] *Brushwood.* By T. Buchanan Read. Illustrated. Small 4to, pp. 46. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[7] *Hannah Jane.* By David Ross Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby). Illustrated. 4to, pp. 36. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[8] *A Pageant, and Other Poems.* By Christina G. Rossetti. 16mo, pp. 208. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[9] *Bitter-Sweet.* A Poem. By J. G. Holland. 16mo, pp. 202. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[10] *Poems.* By Frances Ridley Havergal. 12mo, pp. 455. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

[11] *Leaves of Grass.* By Walt Whitman. 12mo, pp. 382. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[12] *Harper's Young People*, 1881. Vol. II. 4to, pp. 832. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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the tastes of early childhood, and by an instinctive apprehension of the intellectual exercises and diversions that enhance and enlarge the range of its delights, is *The Children's Book*,[13] a luxurious quarto compiled by Mr. Horace E. Scudder. It comprises a large collection of the best and most famous fables, wonder-stories, popular tales, fairy legends, ballads, poems, and stories of travel in the English language. It is profusely illustrated, and printed on rich paper in the most sumptuous style of the Riverside Press, and is on a scale so generous that it may be justly styled a library of romance adapted to the taste and intelligence of young folk, from the rapt listener on the mother's knee to the absorbed boy or girl reader in the chimney corner.—Youthful readers are indebted to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe for three dainty volumes, *A Dog's Mission*,[14] *Queer Little People*,[15] and *Little Pussy Willow*,[16] whose freshness, grace, and delicacy render them peculiarly suitable for girls, while the engaging or diverting incidents of boy and girl life which they relate, the fun and frolic, the pastimes and mischief, native to healthy children of both sexes, they chronicle, and the agreeable glimpses they give of life and manners, and of some of the most interesting and curious of nature's children, will insure them as great popularity among right-minded boys as among sweet and maidenly girls, and even a more benignant effect. —Miss Susan Coolidge and "H. H." contribute two admirable books for very young readers. *Cross Patch, and Other Stories*,[17] by the former, is a group of stories adapted from some of the aphoristic and mythical melodies of the famous Mother Goose, not by enlarging upon or diluting them, but by using them as texts or starting-points, and spinning from each an independent story, with a related moral, based upon incidents derived from the possible happenings of modern every-day life.—The title of "H. H.'s" book, *Mammy Tittleback and Her Family: A True Story of Seventeen Cats*,[18] affords an intimation of its contents. These consist of a succession of engaging domestic pictures, and of a diverting narrative of the doings of two bright and breezy children, a boy and a girl, with several families of cats, in whom they become interested, and adopt as their pets and companions, and whose dispositions, tricks, and accomplishments are described with great spirit and naïveté.—*Tutti-Frutti*[19] is a book of original child songs or nursery rhymes, admirably calculated to please the fancy and find a resting-place in the minds of very young children. Brief, musically expressed, told playfully but earnestly, and so as to leave much to be imagined, and confined to the relation in the simplest narrative form of some single incident in the world of fiction or in the real life of childhood, they will arouse the sympathies of their young readers.

THE holiday books for the young to which we have thus far invited attention have been addressed to the taste and intelligence of very early childhood, when the fancy is dominant. Those that we shall now notice supply the more substantial aliment in the worlds of fact and fancy that is craved by those who have "put away childish things," and are passing through boyhood and girlhood, and are approaching the confines of incipient manhood and womanhood.—*Shakspeare for the Young Folk*[20] is the title of a beautifully illustrated volume, which aims, by means of a combination of paraphrase and selection, to present several of the plays of Shakspeare to young readers so as to afford a connected and continuous view of the story contained in each of them, and it also undertakes to make them easy and unexceptionable reading by eliminating such words and phrases as are archaic, obscure, or objectionable, by the substitution of those that are in accordance with the idioms of to-day for those that have become antiquated or obsolete, and by such emendations as are necessary to make the meaning of the great master more intelligible, and to free his text from vulgarity and indelicacy. The particular portions of the plays that are paraphrased are those which, in the opinion of the editor, young readers either do not understand or find uninteresting, and are therefore in the habit of skipping, and it is the loss incurred in this process he proposes to supply by undertaking to skip judiciously for the child, and then bridging over the omitted passages with a narrative of his own, which shall be a lively representation of the original. While Mr. Raymond displays some cleverness in applying this treatment to Shakspeare, and while it is not to be denied that he has produced a very attractive book, we are of the opinion that his manipulations and paraphrases have made his version far less attractive to the young than the original, and have robbed it of much of that wonderful power of fascination which Shakspeare, un-

[13] *The Children's Book.* A Collection of the Best and Most Famous Stories and Poems in the English Language. Chosen by HORACE E. SCUDDER. With a Colored Frontispiece by ROSINA EMMETT, and many Illustrations. Royal 8vo, pp. 444. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[14] *A Dog's Mission; or, The Story of the Old Avery House, and Other Stories.* By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Illustrated. Small 4to, pp. 131. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

[15] *Queer Little People.* By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Illustrated. Small 4to, pp. 191. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

[16] *Little Pussy Willow.* Also, "The Minister's Water-Melons." Illustrated. Small 4to, pp. 161. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

[17] *Cross Patch, and Other Stories.* Adapted from the Myths of Mother Goose. By SUSAN COOLIDGE. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 268. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[18] *Mammy Tittleback and Her Family.* A True Story of Seventeen Cats. By H. H. With Illustrations by ADDIE LEDYARD. Small 4to, pp. 101. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[19] *Tutti-Frutti.* A Book of Child Songs. By LAURA LEDYARD and W. T. PETERS. With Designs by D. CLINTON PETERS. Large 4to. New York: George W. Harlan.

[20] *Shakspeare for the Young Folk.* "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" "As You Like It;" "Julius Cæsar." Edited by ROBERT R. RAYMOND, A.M. 4to, pp. 224. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

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adulterated and without emasculation, inevitably exerts upon all intelligent young people. We are further of the opinion that when children are reading Shakspeare they do not skip as extensively as Mr. Raymond supposes, and that the very passages he is so solicitous to bridge over for them have exerted a more powerful fascination upon them than those which are more obvious or whose action is more apparent. For it is not always what a child fully comprehends that most powerfully affects it; very often, indeed, it is that which is invested with mystery, which he sees darkly, or only in part, that makes the profoundest impression upon his mind, and stirs his fancy and imagination into the liveliest play. We can not estimate how much of what seems enigmatical to a boy of quick intelligence is instinctively understood and assimilated by him, though he may be unable to give any consistent account of it. If Mr. Raymond's book should introduce some young people to Shakspeare who have not hitherto known him, and thus create a desire to know him better, it will do good service, but it should not be permitted to supplant his full text by its modern improvements.

Mr. Edward E. Hale's knack at story-telling is fairly rivalled by his skill in selecting stories that are worth telling, as is manifest from the choice *Stories of Adventure, told by Adventurers*,[21] which he has gathered into a volume for the benefit of boys and girls, with a higher aim than to contribute to their amusement only. Without losing sight of what will please and interest his young readers, he has sought to direct their attention to the treasures of story and adventure that are ready to their hands in the public libraries, and to teach them how to find and use them. To this end he has selected passages from the chronicles of adventure by Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville, Bertrandon, Hernando Cortez, the Jesuit missionaries among the North American Indians, Humboldt, and other eminent ancient and modern travellers, which are exquisite specimens of literary art, and which, while having all the charm of original recitals, supply the mind with stores of useful information. After such a taste as Mr. Hale here gives them of the adventurous worthies of olden times and their modern successors, few intelligent boys and girls will rest content until they have enjoyed a fuller repast at the original sources.

In *The Moral Pirates*, a few months ago, Mr. W. L. Alden related the experiences of four young friends, Tom Schuyler, Jim and Joe Sharpe, and Harry Wilson, while learning the art and mystery of navigating a row-boat on the Hudson and other inland waters; and in *The Cruise of the "Ghost"*[22] he now records their more exciting experiences while encountering the perils of sail-boat navigation on rough water. Assisted by a young friend, who happily was at home on a vacation from the Naval Academy in the nick of time, and whom they constitute their captain, the friends select a boat suitable for their purposes, and after enlarging and altering her so as to make her sea-worthy, they fit her out with the necessary stores, christen her the *Ghost*, and set out on their adventures. How they were in perils by river pirates, in perils by fogs, in perils by leaks and capsizings, in perils by storm and breakers, in perils by "short commons," in perils by pretty girls; and how they came safely out of all with a stock of tried experience, after having explored New York Bay, the Narrows, the Great South Bay, and the treacherous shores of Long Island—all this is related by Mr. Alden in his veracious log of the *Ghost*. The book is not only such a record of daring and spirit as will delight manly boys, but it is also a repertory of practical suggestions and useful information having a substantial value, bearing upon the choice, rig, and outfit of a sail-boat, and its management in fair weather and in foul, in ordinary circumstances, and under circumstances that put the courage, presence of mind, and ingenuity of the young sailors to the proof, and test the stuff they are made of.

Mr. Knox's concluding volume of *The Boy Travellers in the Far East* is no less entertaining than its predecessors in the series. The first and second parts of the series recorded the adventures and observations of Frank Bassett and his cousin Fred Bronson while travelling through Japan, China, and Siam, with excursions to Cochin China, Cambodia, Sumatra, and the Malay Archipelago, under the intelligent guidance of their mentor and friend Dr. Bronson. The new volume[23] takes up the thread of the narrative where it was dropped at the close of the previous volume, and beginning with the departure of the travellers from Java, records what they saw in Ceylon, India, Burmah, and the Philippine Islands, and what they learned as well as what they saw that threw light on the history and present state of those ancient lands, their cities, temples, peoples, productions, scenery, animals, and natural curiosities and phenomena. The regular narrative is agreeably spiced with spirited accounts of buffalo, crocodile, snake, deer, wild-boar, tiger, and elephant hunts, and is diversified with interesting episodes descriptive of meteors, sea-serpents, and Cingalese boats, these last affording an opportunity for some

[21] *Stories of Adventure, told by Adventurers.* By Edward E. Hale. 16mo, pp. 310. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[22] *The Cruise of the "Ghost."* By W. L. Alden. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 210. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *The Boy Travellers in the Far East.—Part III.* Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Ceylon and India. With Descriptions of Borneo, the Philippine Islands, and Burmah. By Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 483. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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pertinent suggestions on outrigger boats. Besides these, there are numerous digressions, conveying a large amount of interesting information on naval architecture, submarine explorations, precious stones, the turtle fisheries, coffee plantations, and opium culture, and a succession of historical and society sketches, that give the reader an intelligent view of the past and the present of the countries visited, and of their geographical and commercial relations.—Since the Record for the month was completed, four additional volumes of the class last considered have been laid on the editor's table, and it is only possible to announce their titles, as follows: *The Tribulations of a Chinaman in China,*[24] by Jules Verne; *The Boy's Mabinogion,*[25] by Sidney Lanier; *Our Young Folks Abroad,*[26] by James D. McCabe; and *Around the Hub,*[27] by Samuel Adams Drake.

THE novels of the month are generally of a fair quality, and several afford intrinsic evidence of the conscientious efforts of their authors to produce good honest work in the line of their art. Mr. Roe's new romance, *Without a Home,*[28] evinces an unmistakable improvement upon its popular predecessors in its increased ease, improved style, and larger and freer grasp. Like his former novels, it involves an important moral, which, however, is of a social instead of a religious nature as heretofore. The ultimate design of the story is to trace the origin and growth and to exhibit the pernicious result of opium or morphine intoxication. Mr. Roe has graphically, and at times powerfully and dramatically, portrayed its influence to wither and destroy manhood, and to wreck the happiness of the family. The harrowing incidents which are the consequence of the evil are not so ostentatiously exhibited as to be revolting, but are ingeniously distributed over a story that has a substantial and independent interest of its own. Mr. Roe has not been able entirely to cure himself of a tendency to sensational extravagance, and his story lacks the essential graces of the highest forms of literary art.

The Braes of Yarrow[29] is a vigorous novel, whose scenes are laid in Scotland in the stirring and stormy sixteenth century times that immediately succeeded the murder of James I. by his traitorous nobles. The incidents of the story are such as are natural to the guile and ferocity, the bitter feuds, uncurbed passions, and unrestrained lawlessness, of those unhappy times.

OUR space will only permit a bare announcement of such of the remaining novels as we have no hesitation in commending to our readers, as well for their wholesomeness as for their literary merits. The list comprises the following: *The Mysteries of Heron Dyke,*[30] justly entitled a novel of incident; *A Life's Atonement,*[31] a tale of life-long penitence, self-sacrifice, and well-doing in expiation for a terrible but unintentional crime, by David Christie Murray; *Ivy, Cousin and Bride,*[32] by Percy Greg; *The Letter of Credit,*[33] by the author of *The Wide, Wide World;* and *Queen Titania,*[34] by H. H. Boyesen.—To these we append the titles of the following novels, received after the Literary Record for the month had been closed, reserving for a future opportunity our comments upon such of them as demand fuller notice: *Christowell,*[35] a Dartmoor tale, by R. D. Blackmore; *Aunt Serena,*[36] by Blanche Willis Howard, author of *One Summer; Esau Hardery,*[37] a novel of American life, by William O. Stoddard; *Eleanor Maitland,*[38] by Clara Erskine Clement; a new edition of *Norwood,*[39] by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; and new editions of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's domestic tales, *My Wife and I,*[40] *We and Our Neighbors,*[41] *Pink and White Tyranny,*[42] and *Poganuc People.*[43]

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[24] *The Tribulations of a Chinaman in China.* From the French of JULES VERNE, by VIRGINIA CHAMPLIN. With Fifty Illustrations. Sq. 8vo, pp. 271. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[25] *The Boy's Mabinogion.* Being the Earliest Welsh Tale of King Arthur in the Famous Red Book of Hergest. Edited for Boys, with an Introduction, by SIDNEY LANIER. Illustrated by ALFRED FREDERICKS. 8vo, pp. 361. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[26] *Our Young Folks Abroad.* The Adventures of Four American Boys and Girls in a Journey through Europe to Constantinople. By JAMES D. MCCABE. 8vo, pp. 344. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[27] *Around the Hub.* A Boy's Book about Boston. By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE. Illustrated. Sq. 8vo, pp. 263. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[28] *Without a Home.* By EDWARD P. ROE. 12mo, pp. 560. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[29] *The Braes of Yarrow.* A Romance. By CHARLES GIBBON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 78. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[30] *The Mysteries of Heron Dyke.* A Novel of Incident. By the Author of "In the Dead of Night." "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 74. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[31] *A Life's Atonement.* A Novel. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 72. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[32] *Ivy, Cousin and Bride.* By PERCY GREG. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 80. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[33] *The Letter of Credit.* By Miss WARNER. 12mo, pp. 730. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[34] *Queen Titania.* By HJALMAR H. BOYESEN. Sq. 12mo, pp. 254. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[35] *Christowell.* A Dartmoor Tale. By R. D. BLACKMORE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 84. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[36] *Aunt Serena.* By BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD. 16mo, pp. 358. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[37] *Esau Hardery.* A Novel of American Life. By W. O. STODDARD, Author of Dab Kinzer. 16mo, pp. 404. New York: White and Stokes.

[38] *Eleanor Maitland.* A Novel. By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT. 16mo, pp. 365. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[39] *Norwood; or, Village Life in New England.* By HENRY WARD BEECHER. With Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 549. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

[40] *My Wife and I; or, Harry Henderson's History.* By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 16mo, pp. 474. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

[41] *We and Our Neighbors; or, Records of an Unfashionable Street.* By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 16mo, pp. 480. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

[42] *Pink and White Tyranny.* A Society Novel. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 16mo, pp. 331. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

[43] *Poganuc People.* Their Loves and Lives. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 16mo, pp. 375. New York: Ford's Howard, and Hulbert.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of November.—The special session of the United States Senate adjourned *sine die* October 29, after confirming most of the nominations sent in by the President. Among the confirmations were Charles J. Folger as Secretary of the Treasury (Edwin D. Morgan having declined); Thomas L. James, Postmaster-General; Frank Hatton, First Assistant Postmaster-General; Rev. H. H. Garnet, Minister to Liberia.—Hon. William Windom, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, was re-elected United States Senator from Minnesota October 25.

General elections were held, November 8, in Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Virginia, and Wisconsin for Governors, etc., and in Connecticut, New Jersey, Colorado, Maryland, Nebraska, New York, and Pennsylvania for less important officers.

The trial of Charles Jules Guiteau for the murder of President Garfield was begun November 14, in the District Supreme Court, at Washington, D. C.

A Russian imperial order has been issued appointing a special commission, under the presidency of M. Kochanoff, a member of the Council of the Empire, for the purpose of reorganizing the system of provincial administration. The proposals contained in the order are regarded as foreshadowing important changes in the direction of local self-government, especially facilitating peasant representation in all provincial district councils.

The elections for members of the German Reichstag took place October 27, resulting in a victory for the Liberals. One hundred second ballots were necessary. The new Reichstag was opened November 1. The Emperor being ill, Prince Bismarck read the speech from the throne.

The Ferry cabinet resigned November 10, and five days later a new ministry, under the premiership of M. Gambetta, was announced, as follows: M. Cazot, Minister of Justice; M. Waldeck-Rosseau, Interior; M. Paul Bert, Public Instruction; M. Rouvier, Commerce and Colonies; M. Cochery, Posts and Telegraphs; M. Allain-Targe, Finance; M. Compenon, War; M. Goujeard, Marine; M. Profit, Fine Arts; M. Deves, Agriculture; M. Raynal, Works. The general policy of the government was declared by M. Gambetta, in an address to the Chamber of Deputies, as follows: "Universal suffrage has for the first time since 1875 signified a wish to strengthen the republic, and surround it with democratic institutions. We have no other programme than what France herself has demanded, namely, a constitution and a united government, exempt from all the paltry conditions imposed by dissension and weakness. With the view of securing reforms, the government desire to place the Senate in more complete harmony with the democratic system." Promising the development of the educational system, he said the government would seek, without impairing the defensive power of France, the best means of reducing, in the land and sea forces, the burdens of the country, and would endeavor to relieve the fiscal burdens upon agriculture, to extend by treaties the commercial relations of the country, and to give a greater impulse to the means of production, transportation, and exchange, while encouraging social thrift. The government would insure, by the strict enforcement of the Concordat, respect for established powers in the relation of the various religious denominations with the state, and would also, while protecting public liberties, maintain firmly order at home and peace abroad.

The elections for members of the Swiss National Council resulted in but little change: 50 Conservatives and Ultramontanes and 98 Liberals and Radicals have been elected, against 45 and 93 respectively in the former Council. The increase in the population gives the Council ten additional members.

DISASTERS.

October 20.—Steamer *Clan Macduff* foundered off the Welsh coast while on a voyage from Liverpool to Bombay. Between twenty and thirty persons drowned.

October 25.—Boiler explosion, Dayton, Ohio. Several lives lost.

October 27.—Steamer *Jennie Gilchrist* becoming disabled, drifted against a bridge pier at Rock Island, Illinois, and sunk. More than a dozen lives lost.

November 4.—Steamer *War Eagle* struck a draw-bridge at Keokuk, Iowa, and sunk. Several persons drowned.

November 9.—News of a typhoon in Western Tonquin, China. Two hundred churches, thirty-four parsonages and colleges, and two thousand houses destroyed.—Two tenement-houses on Grand Street and South Fifth Avenue, New York, collapsed. Eight of the inmates killed.

November 12.—Skiff ferry-boat swamped by the swell of three propellers, while crossing the river from Troy to Port Schuyler, New York. Seven passengers drowned, and others missing.

November 13.—Explosion of gas in a sulphur mine at Gessolungo, Italy. Forty persons killed and forty-one injured.

November 16.—Explosion of naphtha on steamer *Solway*, running between Bristol and Glasgow. Eleven lives lost.

OBITUARY.

October 25.—In Paris, France, Baron James de Rothschild, grandson of the late baron of the same name, aged thirty-two years.

November 18.—In New York, George Law, aged seventy-five years.

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Editor's Drawer.

IN ——, Massachusetts, not long since, a church anniversary was held. The Sunday-school children had a processional, as in the Episcopal church, and a good old deacon was to lead them. The choir sang the first verse of "Hold the fort," to which they were to march. The deacon stalked in, followed by the scholars, just as the choir commenced the second verse,

"See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on."

THE funny and the fine are sometimes ludicrously blended by members of the oratorical persuasion. An instance of the sort occurred recently in Paris during the session of the Congress of Freethinkers, when one eminent thinker, striking an attitude, passionately exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I am an atheist—*thank God!*"

WE find in our exchanges two fair specimens of the American way of putting things, especially when it is desired to do so in a deferential, gentlemanly, and perfectly truthful manner:

Recently at the railway eating-house at ——, where passengers take hurried refreshment, a traveller found three flies in his tea. He called the waiter to him, and said: "You are in error about me. You evidently think I am travelling in a special car, and putting on a great deal of dog. I'm riding second-class, without baggage, and am only entitled to one fly. Give this cup to that big fat man at the corner table. He is a director of the road, and is entitled to three flies in his tea, and a dead cockroach between his pancakes. I can not travel second-class and usurp the rights of first-class passengers. Please pass the entomological mustard before you go, and set the adamantine prunes where I can reach them; I may want to throw one at the head waiter occasionally to attract his attention."

The other instance is described in the New Orleans *Times*, where an unfortunate woman, but perfect lady, found her husband lying in a state of intoxication in an alley. Instead of being exasperated, she gently turned him over to a comfortable position, put her hand in his vest pocket, extracted a twenty-dollar bill, and remarked, "I reckon I've got the dead wood on that new bonnet I've been sufferin' for." She made a straight streak for the nearest millinery shop. Strong men wiped the moisture from their eyes at her heroic devotion to a husband who had by strong drink brought himself so low as to neglect to provide his wife with the common necessaries of life.

TWO American women, one of whom was not familiar with the French language, strolled into a garden in Paris which had a famous old well. One of them said, "Let us look down into the old well to discover truth, which the proverb assures us is at the bottom." As they stood, a French abbé approached the well, and courteously saluting them, asked what they were looking for, displaying, as he spoke, beautiful teeth. An evasive answer was given by the lady who understood and could speak with him.

Her companion said, in English, "How I would like to know what dentifrice he uses!"

The priest asked what was the remark, and she simply and truthfully translated it.

He answered, "These are new teeth; I am just from my dentist."

"Then I must tell you, sir," said the lady, "that we were looking down the well in search for truth at its bottom; but we have found it much nearer—in your mouth."

Rather neat for the American.

AN ex-Senator, whose "inflation" sentiments were not entirely confined to the currency, was some time since invited to speak on the subject of education at a well-known college in North Carolina. He did speak for three hours without fatigue (to himself), and devoted the major part of his eloquence to the propriety of discontinuing Latin grammar in the schools, and called attention to the fact that he had never studied any grammar but the English. At the conclusion he was escorted to dinner by a very plain-spoken, common-sense friend of education and the college.

"What do you think of my views as to excluding Latin grammar from the schools?" asked the orator.

"You had no need to tell your audience that you had never studied Latin grammar," was the reply.

"Why not?"

"Because they knew that if you had, you would have spoken thirty minutes instead of three hours."

GOOD thing from Colorado:

A Connecticut man who had gone thither hoping to become prematurely opulent was staying at one of the mountain inns, and having what he felt to be a good time before entering upon his golden fortune. His principal resource in the good-time business was a frequent resort to the bar-room with newly made friends. After a while, as a mere matter of convenience to himself, he observed to the gentlemanly "mixer," "I say, Jake, instead of stopping to make change every time, s'pose you just chalk her down till the end of the month, and then I'll square up." Jake was agreeable, and at once entered upon his bookkeeping. At the end of the month he presented the bill. His eyes went at once to the bottom, and saw the figures there written, and he intimated that he was surprised. Finally,

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twirling the "account current" between his thumb and forefinger, he asked, in a confidential tone: "I say, Jake, are there two gentlemen of my name staying in this house?" Jake assured him he was the only one of the name in the establishment, though the total was a leetle larger than usual—for one.

A "WAR correspondent" says that "while the One-hundred-and-second Ohio was guarding the bridge and tunnel at Cowan, Tennessee, in 1863, a detachment came along driving a lot of scrawny cattle to the front. Each soldier carried a huge club as a 'cow-persuader.' As they passed our camp, a sarcastic Buckeye inquired of a driver if the beef was tender. 'It ought to be,' replied the soldier; 'we have *pounded* it all the way from Nashville.'"

MR. P—— was an interesting widower with two children; Mrs. R—— was a widow, also blessed with two offspring, the youngest a bright little fellow of six years. Mrs. R—— was employed as governess to the children of Mr. P——. After a time a different engagement was entered into. Mrs. R——, thinking it advisable to inform the older children of the proposed new relations, one day, after lessons, in her most pleasant manner, said she was soon to marry Mr. P——, and they were all to live together. They must all call her mother and him father. Little six-year-old Ned was greatly surprised, and said, "Does Mr. P—— know it?"

A CORRESPONDENT in Montana Territory says he was riding one day with Brother F——, a former slave-owner, and now a minister. He was upbraiding Bishop ——, of the Episcopal Church, for receiving to the communion all who believed in the Nicene Creed. "Do you know," he asked, "that old Nicene did not believe in the divinity of Christ? And to think of this creed being patched up by Nicene, and made a confession of faith for the Episcopal Church!"

It *was* a little rough on "old Nicene."

IT is a good thing to have a boy who takes a practical view of things, as for example: In a certain Sunday-school in the backwoods of Pennsylvania the lesson for the day was that describing the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea. The superintendent, as is usual, began asking questions relating to it, and among others propounded the following: "What happened to the Egyptians when they attempted to follow the Israelites into the Red Sea?" There was a short pause, when a little chap of five or six summers triumphantly exclaimed, "*They stuck in the mud!*"

MRS. L—— was a devout Methodist, whose plump form showed that during her sixty or more years of pilgrimage she had fully enjoyed the good things of this life. Her regard for the proprieties, even in attending the solemn duties of religion, is shown by this incident: One Sunday morning before service she was lamenting to a neighbor that the cold weather would keep her from church on communion Sunday, as she had only a summer bonnet. When told by the neighbor that it would do very well, and looked well enough, she replied, "I guess I *should* look pretty, *bobbing up to communion with my old chip bonnet on!*"

A CLERICAL friend in Ohio, to whom the Drawer has been indebted for many good anecdotes, says that the anecdote in the papers about Judge Jeremiah S. Black and his wig recalls another about the late Rev. Dr. Vinton, of Trinity Church. An old college friend came into the vestry-room to see the doctor, and they had a warm greeting.

"But how is this?" said the friend. "You are older than I am, and yet you have not a gray hair in your head, while I am as gray as a rat."

"Oh, well," replied the doctor, "you know I am in the apostolic succession, and all the graces of apostolic life and doctrine flow down into my soul and into my body."

"Yes," added Dr. Ogilby, who was listening to the conversation, "our friend Dr. Vinton can say with St. Paul, '*I dye daily.*'"

DURING the long drought of the past summer the Ohio River became so low that all the boats built for that river had to tie up, and the *Mountain Boy* was taken from the Big Sandy and put on the Portsmouth and Cincinnati route. It was important for General John Echols to reach Maysville from Ashland by a certain hour, and he went by land to Portsmouth, reaching there before sunrise, and found, to his great disgust, that the *Mountain Boy* had left the wharf at three o'clock in the morning. Somewhat impatiently, he asked of the wharf-master why the boat left at such an unreasonable hour, and received the satisfactory reply, "General, he wanted to get the advantage of the dew."

THE following comes from Georgia, and its accuracy is vouched for by the stenographer who took it down:

Judge —— was noted for the way he got mixed in his charges to the jury. On one occasion a case was tried before him the points of which may be briefly stated thus: Smith brought suit against Jones upon a promissory note given for a horse. Jones's defense was failure of consideration, he averring that at the time of the purchase the horse had the glanders, of which he died, and that Smith knew it. Smith replied that the horse did not have the glanders, but had the distemper, and that Jones knew it when he bought.

The judge charged the jury: "Gentlemen of the jury, pay attention to the charge of the Court. You have already made one mistrial of this case because you did not pay attention

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to the charge of the Court, and I don't want you to do it again. I intend to make it so clear to you this time that you can not possibly make any mistake. This suit is upon a note given for a promissory horse. I hope you understand that. Now, if you find that at the time of the sale Smith had the glanders, and Jones knew it, Jones can not recover. That is clear, gentlemen. I will state it again. If you find that at the time of the sale Jones had the distemper, and Smith knew it, then Smith can not possibly recover. But, gentlemen, I will state it a third time, so that you can not possibly make a mistake. If at the time of the sale Smith had the glanders, and Jones had the distemper, and the horse knew it, then neither Smith, Jones, nor the horse can recover. Let the record be given to the jury."

During the administration of Hon. John Schley, Judge of the Middle Circuit of Georgia, one day, in the trial of a case on the common-law docket before a petit jury, in which Hon. Charles J. Jenkins and Quintilian Skrine, Esq., were on opposing sides, a juror, after the conclusion of Mr. Jenkins's argument, and the introduction of Mr. Skrine's, suddenly rose, left the box, and rushed out of the court-house. Being brought back, to the Court's indignant demand why he had taken such a liberty, he answered: "Well, now, jedge, I'll jes' tell you how it is. I heerd Mr. Jenkins's speech, and he made out the case so plain that I done made up my mind. And then Mr. Skrine he got up, and he went intirely on the back track, he did, and he were gittin' my mind all confused up like; and I jes' thought, as for *me*, *I* better leave ontwell he got through. Well, now, jedge, jes' to tell you the plain truth, *I* didn't like the way the argiment was a-gwine."

In ante-bellum days it was the custom of a good many gentlemen of Danville, Kentucky, to wait "for the mail to open," and while away the waiting by loafing in the bank of Mr. Rice, which adjoined the post-office. Here Rev. Drs. Robert J. Breckinridge, E. P. Humphrey, and John C. Young, and such citizens as General Boyle, Josh Bell (who was so personally popular in Kentucky that a county was named *Josh* Bell, so that there might be no mistake as to which Bell it was named after), General Fry, Will Anderson, and others, congregated, and talked theology, politics, farming, finance, and gossip, and many a rare jest and sparkling repartee was made. Among others who gathered there was a farmer who was a great Methodist, and from whom Dr. Breckinridge bought hay, oats, corn, and meat, and whose weights the old doctor sometimes thought were larger than his loads. One day, in the bank, when there was quite a party present, this farmer presented his bill for a late and rather unusually small load of hay, and the doctor turned to a desk to write a check for the amount, but was hesitating, holding his pen in his hand. The conversation somehow had drifted on to David and the wife of Uriah, and to the subject of falling from grace. And as the doctor held his pen, and seemed to inspect the account, the farmer said,

"You know, doctor, I believe in falling from grace."

"Yes," said the doctor, with one of those sudden upliftings of his eyebrows and flashes from his eyes which those who knew him will so well remember, "and you live up to your privileges as well as any man I know."

ULSTER HUMOR.

In the days of the old volunteers there was a very eccentric countryman who could never be got to attend drill in proper time, or to come properly equipped.

"Jamie Priestly," was the colonel's remark one morning, "you're always late; you are the last man on the ground."

"Weel, colonel, somebody maun be last."

One day he came mounted, with only one spur on his boot. The colonel noticed the omission. But Jamie dryly observed, "Gif I get the ane side on, tither will no be far behind."

An astronomer was once lecturing in County Down, and a shoemaker who was present asked him what was the cause of the wet weather that had prevailed for some time before. The shoemaker's own account of the answer was this: "Oh, he gied a very guid reason; he said the clouds were so auld and rotten that they wouldna haud the patches."

A profligate blacksmith who seldom attended church once put in an appearance.

"Well, John, how did you like the minister?"

"I think a minister has the best trade a-going, for he can serve all his customers at once."

The humor sometimes comes out on the very scaffold. An old man was once hanged for complicity in a murder. The rope broke, and he fell heavily to the ground. His first utterance, when his breath returned to him, was, "Ah, sheriff, sheriff, gie us fair hangin'."

His friends demanded that he should be delivered up to them, as a second hanging was not contemplated in the sentence. But the old man, looking round upon the curious crowd of gazers, and lifting up his voice, said, "Na, na, boys, I'll no gang hame to my neighbors to hear people pointing me oot as the half-hangit man; I'll be hangit oot."

And he got his wish five minutes after.

A rather unintellectual minister was once talking of some particular notion that had got into his head. A friend, hearing of it, said: "His head! The man has got no head. What he calls his head is only a top-knot that his Maker put there to keep him from ravelling out."

An Ulster Man.

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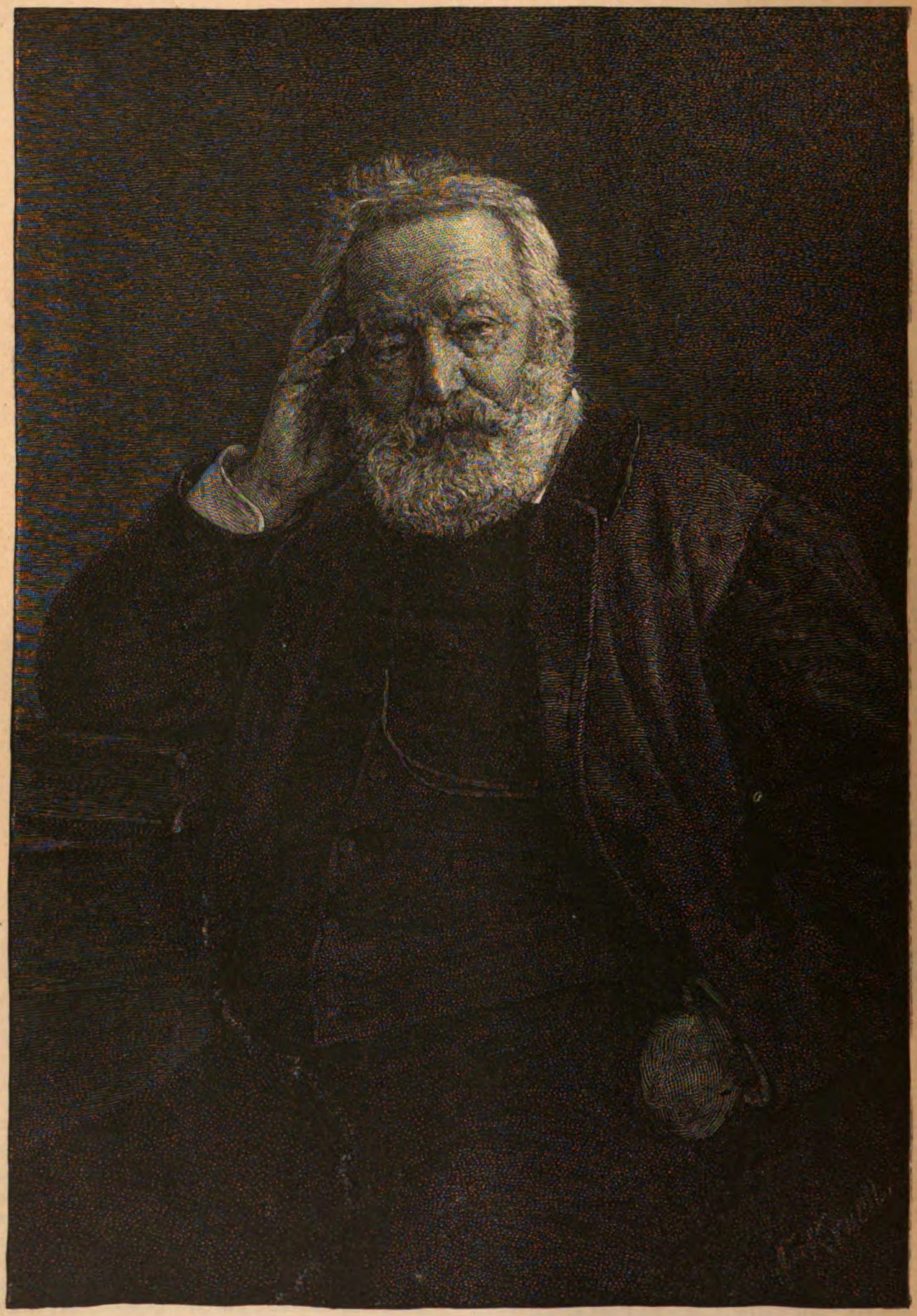

VICTOR HUGO.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.

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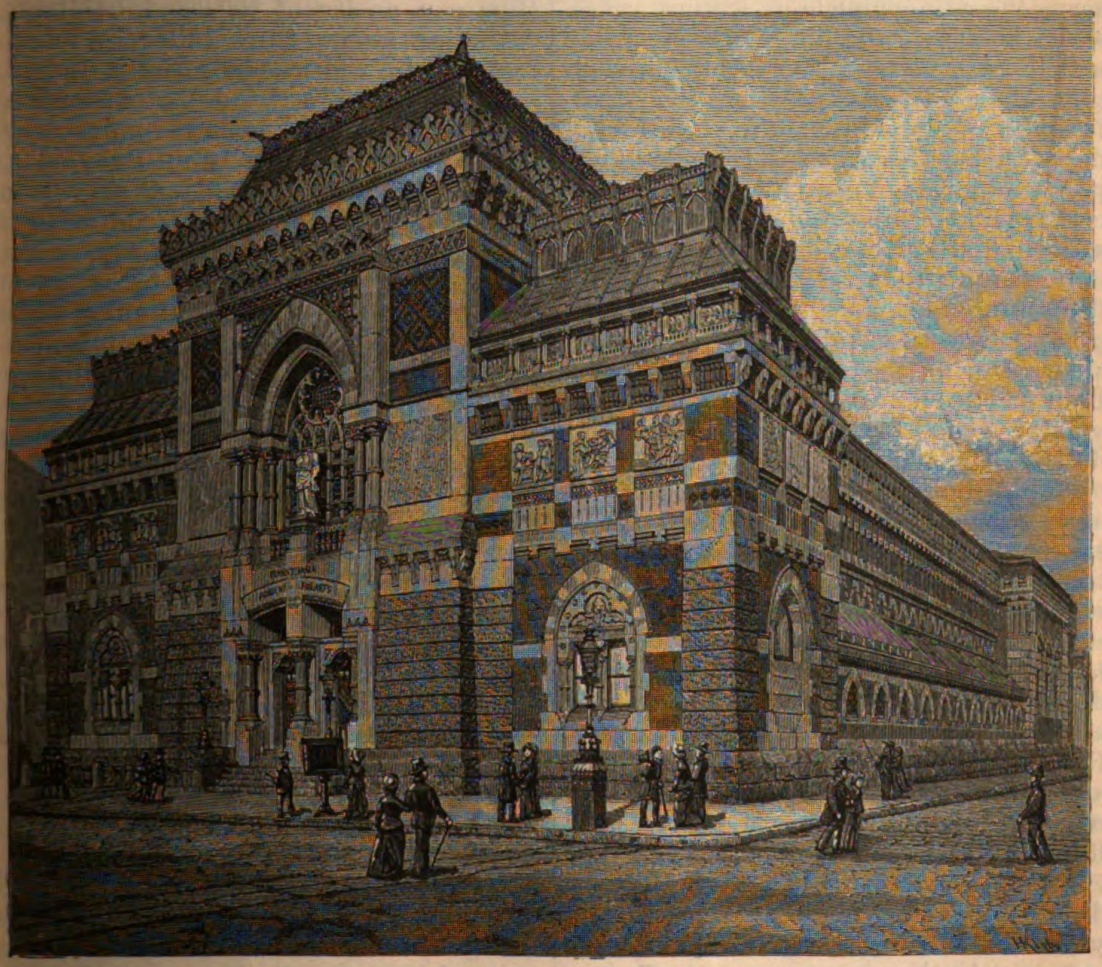
HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXXI.—FEBRUARY, 1882.—Vol. LXIV.



PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

"A CLEVER TOWN BUILT BY QUAKERS."

THE capital of Penn, founded two hundred years ago, was described in 1696 by Rudman, a Swedish clergyman, as "a clever town built by Quakers." His definition would have to be stretched to suit present conditions, and some account would have to be taken of the French, Yankee, Southern, Jewish, and New Jersey elements which have entered so effectively into the composition of the place. But the word "clever" may stand. It applies both in the Northern and in the Southern sense: the inhabitants are shrewd, and they are also exceedingly amiable.

So unobtrusive, however, is their activity in acquiring wealth, comfort, usefulness, and influence that its importance is

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often underrated. The way in which the Centennial (which for a time restored the city to its ancient leadership, and has given a great impulse to its development) was carried by Philadelphians to a successful issue roused the skeptical outsider to a perception of latent power secreted here, which has prompted a fresh interest in the social and intellectual conditions of Philadelphia, so that an attempt to observe these, incomplete as it must necessarily be within the limits of a magazine article, may have its use. Yet Philadelphia almost defeats analysis. Sharp differences of opinion obtain among residents themselves as to the proper interpretation to be put upon it. *They* are not certain how Philadelphia should be described, and the outsider is only a little more certain than they. It is a diversified and divided place, yet it is capable of prodigious concentration on proper occasion. During the war, when a Sanitary Fair had been held in Boston, and had yielded something like eighty thousand dollars, Philadelphia followed the good example; but a Boston lady there remarked to one gentleman, "Of course we can't expect to do nearly as well here as in Boston." The Philadelphia Sanitary Fair was set in motion, and the proceeds reached a sum of between one and two million dollars. Philadelphia is said to contain three distinct cities—"up town," "down town," and the northeast region, still called Port Richmond, where the great coal wharves are, and where also abide the shad-fishers, whose wives in the spring season cry their finny wares through other parts of the enormous municipality; but a better-conditioned class of inhabitants has in late years domiciled there. Local pride does not exist in the same sense as in Boston or Chicago; yet its place is not supplied by the confident assumption of metropolitan importance and the comparative indifference toward locality, which characterize New York. It is related that when Tom Hughes visited Philadelphia he remarked to a citizen, with whom he was passing arm in arm from dining-room to drawing-room, that he thought it the most interesting American city he had been in. "Oh," was the response of his fellow-guest, "a dull place—a dull place." This gentleman may not have been fairly typical, but it is certain that the like over-modesty or unappreciativeness is met with among a good many of those who live here. Nevertheless, if a common *esprit de corps* is lacking, there is abundance of honorable esteem and public spirit on the part of numerous individuals.

"Socially considered," said one experienced resident, "Philadelphia is a huge village, inhabited by several distinct clans." This may be true; but if so, it is no more than a natural result from the mode of growth and the topography of the place. How can a city of 800,000 inhabitants, extending twenty-three miles in length and five in width—territorially, indeed, the largest in the world—be expected to become homogeneous, any more than London could? Morally un-Babylonian enough, the city was laid out on a plan adopted from Babylon, and a confusion of social tongues, as one might say, ensues upon the plain of Moyamensing as on that of Shinar. The rectangular street lines sometimes delay communication, though providentially broken by the survival of old turnpikes like Ridge Avenue, Buck Road, Gray's Ferry Road, running out, it may be, for a dozen miles, until they become country highways, and furnishing a sort of "short-cuts" in the city proper. In a snowy winter, when the thoroughfares are piled high on either side the car tracks with frozen snow and mud, a carriage going to an evening party must meander here and there to avoid street cars, must double on its course—in fine, execute a "knight's gambit" on the paved chess-board—to reach its destination. But, added to such obvious barriers of distance, there are much more formidable ones of tradition and association.

The oldest part of the city, where social life first became organized, and where lineage or other tokens of discrimination were, of course, earliest recognized, established its customs and its limits before the rest, and the limits remain strictly defined, even according to the lines of given thoroughfares. Walnut Street, which holds a status like that of Fifth Avenue in New York, old Beacon Street in Boston, or Lucas Place in St. Louis, forms the backbone of the distinctively "fashionable" region. From this the favored area extends southward to Pine Street; but on the north, Market Street (which bisects the city) is regarded by the chosen older society as a sort of "dead line," beyond which few may cross and still preserve their social entity. Some distance beyond this lies Spring Garden Street. For convenience its name

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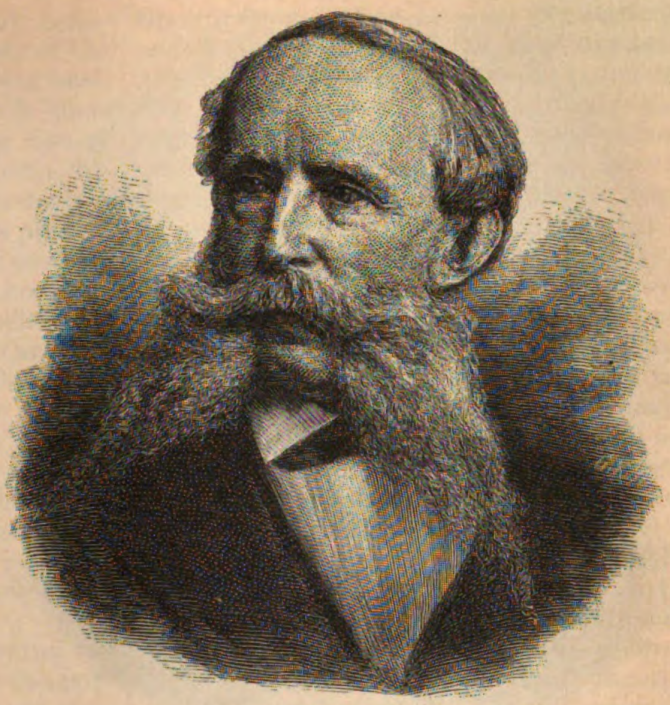
is assumed as denoting a distinct world, allied rather with the manufacturing, the material interests, many of which have their seats close by. The Spring Garden region occupies higher land; the streets are pleasant, and many of the houses are owned by wealthy and cultivated people; but these lead their own life, have their separate entertainments and interests for the most part, and see little of the interior Walnut Street existence. The latter is strong in the claims of family, of tradition, of professional and fashionable interests. It is said to be believed by this circle that the other is anxious to penetrate it, and it is also said that the other is quite satisfied with its own resources. This is delicate ground for the outsider to enter upon; but I am inclined to think that all circles in Philadelphia are singularly self-reliant and well content. There is an agreeable absence of "pushing." The Walnut Street coteries indubitably have the prescriptive right of long usage in social leadership, and it is of them that one thinks in considering the established traits of Philadelphia society. At the same time, solid worth, vigor, and taste for the liberal arts are confined to no single district. This separation of quarters, as I have said, springs out of the history of municipal growth. A great many suburbs and outlying boroughs, formerly independent, have been added to the original settlement—as Kensington, Northern Liberties, Spring Garden, Penn Township, Passayunk, Manayunk, Kingsessing, West Philadelphia, and the like—and the chief of these retain some of their old characteristics. But if Philadelphia is to be called a huge village, we must say—paraphrasing the ancient witticism about Grisi—that it is a village which has swallowed a metropolis. It has somehow acquired the spirit of a big State centre. Moreover, the existence of "cliques" does not disturb enjoyment, and Philadelphia is perhaps foremost among Northern cities as a centre of the most agreeable and unfettered social life: there breathes through it somewhat of the warmth of Southern hospitality and of Southern zest for friendly assemblings. Indeed, private invitations are exchanged between Philadelphians and Baltimoreans, and accepted with great ease, because of the neighborhood of the two cities. On the other side, Philadelphia people run over to New York for dinners and parties with equal readiness—a peculiar advantage of their central position.



JOHN WELSH.
[Photographed by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.]

Despite the want of universal homogeneity, there are great numbers of persons here who show an exceptional uniformity of tastes and dispositions—in part the outcome possibly of Quaker discipline. The past with its memories seems to serve as a medium for holding together the diverse elements of the present. The long rows of red houses, with marble trimmings and white panelled shutters neatly provided with bolts (the upper-story shutters being carefully painted green or slate), typify outwardly and materially the Quaker influence, though there are many innovations of brown stone, green stone, colored marble, and variegated tiles in the later dwellings. And here it may be said that in the new public building for the city government, and in the placing of sundry other edifices, Philadelphia is fortunate in securing architectural effects of mass and group not common in our cities. Speak-

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THE LATE ROBERT PATTERSON.
[Photographed by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.]

ing of the past, we must give due weight to the presence of Independence Hall and Carpenters' Hall in connection with the important national history of the town. It is significant, further, that Philadelphia should have been first in so many things. The former mint was the first building put up by Federal authority in any part of the United States. The oldest type-foundry in the country is still carried on here, and the oldest daily paper appears every morning with renewed youth. Of the thousands of national banks organized since the beginning of the civil war, the earliest to be incorporated was in Philadelphia; and so too the Union League of this city was the primary organization of its kind. Henry C. Carey was the originator of the book trade sales. The first house built in the colony was the Penn house in Letitia Court, which remains standing to this day; and human beings likewise seem to have an unrivalled faculty for surviving in this fortunate territory. A case in point is General Robert Patterson, who, emigrating from Ireland in 1792, served on the American side in the war of 1812, organized the Pennsylvania militia, distinguished himself in the Mexican war, led a division in the war for the Union, was an extensive manufacturer, constantly active in society, and shortly before this article was written attended a dinner in honor of his own ninetieth birthday. The establishment of turnpikes and the development of public hospitals are other matters in which Philadelphia was in advance. It can boast likewise in the Baldwin Locomotive Works an establishment which began, in the earliest days of American railroad building, with the painful manufacture of a single locomotive, and has kept pace with the march of that industry until now it turns out five hundred locomotives a year, and employs three thousand workmen.

On every side we are led back to the day of beginnings. The largest industrial establishments, like the works just named, the Diston Saw Company, or the huge Dobson carpet mill, of wide celebrity, have grown up within a generation's time from small foundations. Old houses are carefully preserved, sometimes with the interior furnishings of their Revolutionary prime; and even when historic buildings are disturbed, the old associations cling to their successors. The Friends' Hospital, where Longfellow caused Gabriel to find Evangeline has vanished (to the dissatisfaction of antiquarian authorities), but the legendary value he gave to it remains, and it is mentioned as a point of interest connected with ex-Minister Welsh's house that it covers part of the hospital site. This constant recurrence of the past in the Philadelphia of to-day is in keeping with a conservatism characteristic of the place, manifested in various ways, and commonly explained by the Quaker origin of the city. But that quality is really due to other causes.

The main fact about Philadelphia, differencing it from our other large centres, is that it rests its importance on the power to produce tangible things of solid usefulness. It adds value. Some commerce there is, and there are banks and bankers wielding extensive monetary influence; but the greater number of inhabitants,

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both humble and conspicuous, are interested in manufactures. The mass of the people work hard for a living at the business of *making* something which their labor renders valuable. Gaining money in this way, they appreciate its worth, become saving, and invest their savings in useful property. Where space is plenty, where rents are low, and building associations are ready to lend money, it becomes the habit among salaried men, mechanics, and all persons of small means to acquire or hire a separate house; and this multiplication of homes increases the proportion of responsible and cautious citizens with a high average of intelligence. I may instance a carrier on one of the morning papers, who still continues his rounds, though he is also a botanist of good repute, and a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences.

The part of the Quakers in forming the orderly, economical habitudes of the population has by no means been so great as might be thought. Their influence has long been on the decline. Here and there in the older quarters one sees their mute-looking spireless meeting-houses unobtrusively holding out against the worldly deluge, but the Friends' garb is a rarity on the streets. In some odd and scattered ways traces of their rule survive, as in the announcement of lectures at the Academy of Fine Arts, which are advertised for "third day, second month," and correspondingly for other days. Another amusing illustration is the prejudice which long discouraged the public recognition of such dangerous institutions as clubs; so that an old fire-engine company of the roughest description, on being displaced by the paid department, but wishing to continue in a social form, felt constrained to incorporate itself as the Moyamensing *Literary* Institute, although it has nothing to do with books, and devotes its energies to giving every winter a big ball.

The older Philadelphia is full of charm, and has settled institutions of its own, on which rests the dignified and pleasant security of ancient origin. One of the most delightful of these is the Saturday Club, of gentlemen, which contrives to make out of the simple custom of meeting at private houses, in rotation, a series of entertainments unique in character and of rare quality. They resemble in a measure the Century Club gatherings in New York, but are more in the nature of receptions or conversation parties. No literary exercise is included, but the members and guests, sometimes making a company of two hundred or more, take part quite informally in the brilliant and varied intercourse opened to them. Growing out of Sunday meetings which Dr. Caspar Wistar, of eminent scientific fame, inaugurated about the beginning of this century, the club was not definitely established until after his death. At his home, men of the highest position and intellectual attainment—originally but twelve in number—used to discuss a wide range of topics. Subsequently the evening was changed to Saturday, and became known as "Wistar parties." General Cadwallader, Isaac Wharton, the Gilpins and Gibsons, Joseph and Francis Hopkinson, Henry C. Carey, Nicholas Biddle, and Rembrandt Peale were among those who attended them. The refection was very plain, consisting of oysters, muffins, "cakes," punch, and a little wine, thirteen dollars covering the expense for forty persons on one occasion; but the suppers are now very elaborate. The terrapin and the famous chicken croquettes of the locality play an important part, supported during a too brief season by the delectable but judicious canvas-back, who makes himself a coveted rarity by his insatiable appetite for wild celery. At these Saturday Club meetings one sees the most interesting men in every department—lawyers, physicians, merchants, editors, and those who lead in politics. There are constant exits and entrances, groups and pairs of talkers, little knots about the supper tables; and, by way of exception, a few ladies sometimes assemble in a separate room, where their brilliant evening dresses in mute argument of beauty assist to draw members and their guests into a sort of sub-reception.

The Assembly, however, is the most select affair of an associative kind at which both ladies and gentlemen meet in any large number. Twice a year it is held in the foyer of the Academy of Music, and for the small sum of five dollars the subscribers, who are carefully sifted from the most fashionable circles, become sharers in a very beautiful ball, charmingly arranged in every particular. The Assembly is of ancient origin, and preserves on its cards of invitation the old form, "the *honour* of your company." Newspaper reports of it are so strictly avoided that a

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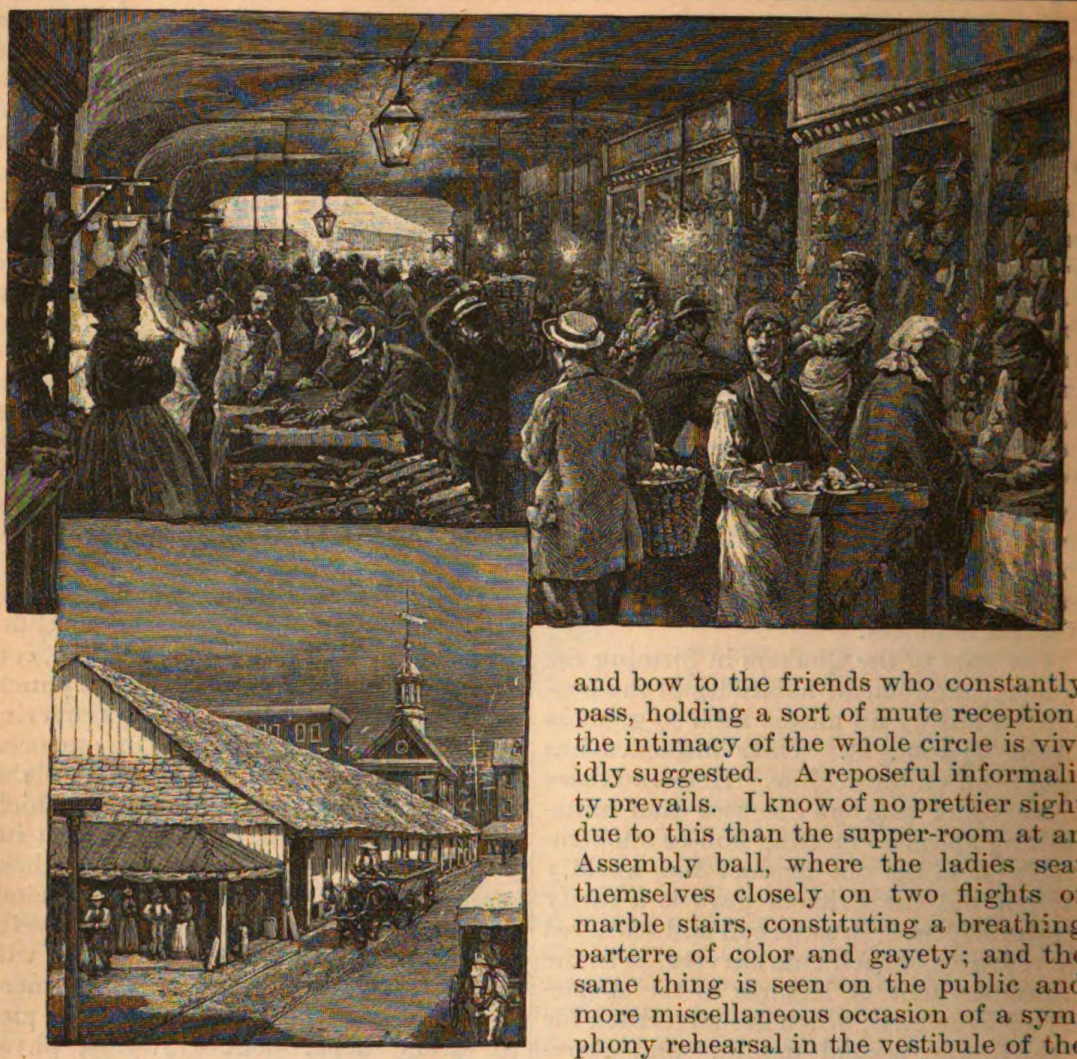

OLD SECOND STREET MARKET.

daily paper once resorted to the device of placing a musically accomplished reporter in the orchestra, under cover of a second violin, with the consequence of much indignation next day, and a stricter supervision of the musicians thereafter. The foyer is also used for private balls given by a number of ladies in concert, which are still more exclusive. There is no harder society to enter than this old Philadelphia world, but when once the doors are open, there is none more hospitable and harmonious. The lighter enjoyments only are sought, and conversation runs principally on personal matters, parties, dress, and the theatre, with hardly a tinge of current reading. But the members have a kind of family interest in one another, and on Sunday afternoons, when people on Walnut Street sit close to their windows, with the curtains drawn aside, and bow to the friends who constantly pass, holding a sort of mute reception, the intimacy of the whole circle is vividly suggested. A reposeful informality prevails. I know of no prettier sight due to this than the supper-room at an Assembly ball, where the ladies seat themselves closely on two flights of marble stairs, constituting a breathing parterre of color and gayety; and the same thing is seen on the public and more miscellaneous occasion of a symphony rehearsal in the vestibule of the Academy of Fine Arts, where the listeners crowd rank above rank on the great entrance stairway.

No large evening gathering is ever made without copious and delicate provision for supper. The Philadelphian not only understands "good living," but always practices it faithfully. He does not go out very early in the evening, because his dinner is an important matter, and must not be hastened; but having driven away the cares of business with excellent cookery at his own table, he repairs to his party, and after talking or dancing sufficiently, being gifted with a serene digestion, he makes a hearty supper and retires late, sure to resume the more serious occupations of life at a reasonably early hour the next day. Accordingly, the markets of Philadelphia become a significant item for consideration. No city is better supplied in this respect, and only Baltimore and Washington can compete with it. The old markets of the town

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used to be held under long shed-like buildings running up the middle of the streets, and some of them still remain in this form. There is one on Second Street, which consists of two arcades side by side, with plastered vaulting above the innumerable stalls, and old lamps projecting on iron stanchions, making a dingy and picturesque *ensemble* worthy of Italy or unimproved France. Many of the venders are women, who sit with sedate confidence behind their little counters, knitting or sewing, and exchanging gossip in the dignified manner that only years of tattling can impart. But in recent times this kind of market has been replaced by clean, spacious, and lofty brick buildings of a good plain style, in various quarters. Here are

BOAT-HOUSES ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

to be found, besides the usual commodities, the renowned Philadelphia butter, terrapins which ought to be gold-plated out of respect for their price, the "snapper," the "red snapper," and all other requisites of the local banqueting board. The excellent eating which Philadelphians secure—for ladies are generally as precise and almost as energetic as gentlemen in this matter—is plainly traceable in the substantial and hale appearance of the men one meets everywhere, and in the large healthy type of women seen of a fair day on the streets, who seem to take an enjoyment in the comforts of existence more English than American, and are all the better for it. Nevertheless, some observers contend that this habit of the well-to-do class, whereby it yields so much concern to the replenishment of tissue, creates an indifference toward intellectual effort which holds Philadelphia back in the arts.

A corollary of their relish for various sought-out and delicately prepared viands is that the gentlemen of the polite world take an especial and unusual interest in athletic sports. A large gymnasium in the middle of the town is assiduously visited by three or four hundred men usually of fastidious social position. This is the Philadelphia Fencing and Sparring Club. Skating is ardently cultivated, and many of the skaters belong to an old humane society (dating its foundation some thirty years back) termed the Skating Club, the object of which is to unite life-saving with the healthful pastime that now and then imperils life. Each companion wears a minute silver skate as a badge, and carries a reel containing forty feet of stout cord to rescue the drowning with. Surgeons are provided at their head-quarters, and much good service has been done in this way. In summer the Skating Club's house reverts to a boat club, and then those peak-roofed, picturesque, vine-covered little stone edifices along the Schuylkill shore, at the lower entrance to Fairmount Park, begin to swarm with oarsmen. There are ten boat clubs with flowing names, and the crews are made up of men in excellent social standing. Fashion gives the stroke in these aquatics. One of the crews has a station up the river, called Castle Ringstetten, where they

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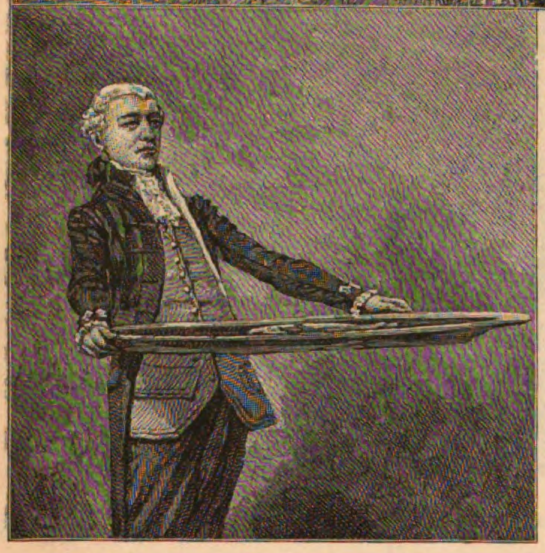

THE "FISH HOUSE" CASTLE AND GREAT DISH.

picnic both in summer and winter, and cook their own suppers. But the chief organization for such a purpose is the "Fish House," or, as it is officially entitled, The Fishing Company of the State in Schuylkill.

This body is as quaint in the humor of its constitution and customs as the title it bears. It claims, moreover—and this will surprise many a clubman—to be the oldest club in the world. The Beefsteak Club of London antedates it, but was suspended for a while. The "Fish House" was established in 1732, being first known as The Fishing Company of the *Colony* in Schuylkill, and had a regular political form, though politics and religion, as subjects of discussion, have always been excluded from its proceedings. There were a Governor, a Secretary of State, a High Sheriff, and a Coroner, six of the members being Assemblymen, and forming the legislative body—all this for a group of some thirty merry-makers. The object of the club was simply sport with rod and line, and the feasting that would naturally follow it, but they proceeded in all affairs with the gravity of a powerful government, assuming mock jurisdiction over the little territory they occupied, and paying to the owner of the land an annual tribute or rental of two white perch from the first catch of the year. The owner was called the "Baron," and the two fish have always been presented with great ceremony on a large platter. When the Revolution had altered the status of the colonies, the Fishing Company, approving of the changed order, issued a declaration of independence on its own account, and became a "free and independent State," with a "Grand Legislative and Executive Council." Lafayette was entertained by this State in Schuylkill in 1825, by way of completing his tour through all the States of the Union—a joke which he pleasantly fell in with—and kept as mementos the apron and straw hat, adorned with inscriptions, in which he had assisted at the cooking of his repast. Washington likewise received the hospitality of this piscatorial government, and

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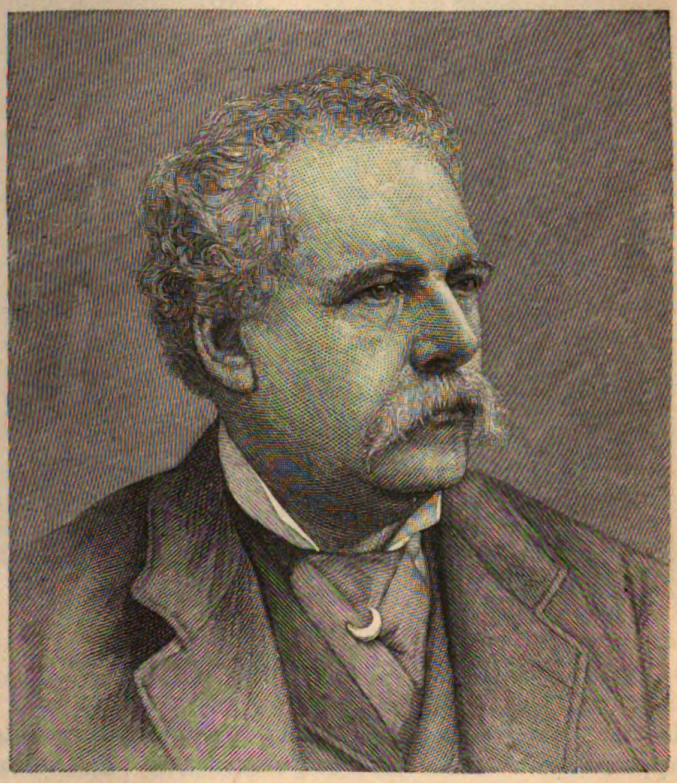
for a long time after his death the "memory of Washington" was always drunk standing at its banquets.

Sixty years ago the company was forced, by the building of Fairmount Dam, to move to its present quarters at Rambo's Rock, where with libations and huzzas it established itself in a wooden structure called "the Castle." Here it still holds its reunions, in an apartment fitted up with venerable trophies and prandial appliances. Here are to be seen the "Great Dish," on which the annual scaly tribute is borne, a pewter salver engraved with the arms of the great Pennsylvania proprietary himself; the revered frying-pan of Morris, the first Governor of the Company, and other relics. Outside are "cambooses," for preparing fish in the open air, concocting them into "the tempting savory fry," as an old historian of the organization puts it. Two business meetings are held each year, in May and October, at the first of which eleven fishing days are named, so as to occur once a fortnight through the season. The fishing day is begun early in the morning; at twelve the anglers return, and cook a lunch of hot beefsteaks, which they dispatch for the stay of hunger until the regular repast, made from the day's spoil, at 3 P.M. All the culinary operations are conducted by the honorable members, who, though disguised in aprons and straw hats, represent the prime social and commercial dignity of Philadelphia. On the May gala day, the two mandarin hats, presented by a former and deceased member, are decorated with flowers; everything is lovely, and general hilarity prevails. Only twenty-five gentlemen are now admitted to the full enjoyment of the Fish House privileges, but several candidates for admission, under the title of "Apprentices," are always attached; and these are bound, while under probation, to observe extraordinary punctilio toward the regular members. They must remain standing until the others are seated, must wait upon them, and so on; in fact, the whole organization is picturesquely cobwebbed with traditionary customs. This club, so perfectly maintained amid all our modern bustle and preoccupation, testifies to the power of conservatism in the Pennsylvanian metropolis, and no less so to the capacity of the citizens for solid pleasure in out-door sports and humorous pastime. Such tastes are the more remarkable in a community which is one of the busiest and most enterprising in the Union.



GEORGE H. BOKER.
[Photographed by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.]

More recent, though boasting a duration of about thirty years, is The Rabbit, a driving and dining club, which owns a house six miles out of town, and has its season in the winter, holding a fortnightly dinner that members are loath to miss. In the Rabbit too the meal is cooked by the members, each of whom is an authority on some special dish.

The home-loving disposition of even the fashionable part of the population renders the support of clubs meagre in comparison with that given in other of our large cities. The Union League, of which the Hon. George H. Boker, ex-minister to Russia, is president, owes its large clientage of 1900 men to its political character. It

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HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.
[Photographed by Broadbent and Taylor, Philadelphia.]

has a very capacious house, and complete appointments. Many distinguished men have been received by it; conferences on public matters continually take place there; its rooms are largely frequented every evening, and the old battle flags and war relics, with Peale's portrait of Washington, and a sofa once owned by Washington himself, enforce the patriotic associations of the organization. The oldest social club, The Philadelphia, is housed with sober elegance on Walnut Street. It is one of the most comfortable places of the kind imaginable, exceedingly well guarded as to admissions, but wholly without formality after entrance is obtained. Quiet and convenient, it helps men to pass the time by the aid of a good restaurant, innocuous cards, and reading and smoking rooms. Over the Philadelphia, as over the Union League, Mr. George H. Boker presides, having of late years partly withdrawn from literary production in favor of politics and the social amenities. The Social Art Club is a more recent formation than the two just mentioned. It originated in the habit which a few friends had of coming to each others' houses on stated evenings to talk over and exhibit bric-à-brac; but it now includes perhaps three hundred names, and makes use of a large and luxuriously fitted dwelling on Walnut Street, having been three years in operation. Another new club, The Reform, has recently died out. In the up-town or northern region there is a Catholic club, another of merchants, and a third levying on the Jewish element. Quite lately, within a year or two, a press association has been formed, to stimulate a better fellowship among journalists. This Thursday Club meets once a month to dine, and also holds a special dinner once a year, to which guests of note are asked. It represents the younger forces in journalism. The Penn Club is the distinctively literary one, a small society meeting at intervals in simple but pretty quarters far down in the older eastern vicinity. Henry Armitt Brown, the brilliant young orator, belonged to it; it embraces many journalists and men of literary or artistic proclivities, and is now headed by Horace Howard Furness, eminent in Shakspearean scholarship. He, in fact, owns the club-house, which is joined by out-buildings to his residence, situated at some distance, and facing upon Washington Square—a drowsy, secluded place, where the lazy overflow of business from Chestnut and Spruce streets is slowly working a change upon the old-time dwellings.

The grave, plain front of Mr. Furness's mansion conceals without suggesting the delightful interior, where a studious calm reigns unbroken in the old-fashioned rooms rich in wood-work. Mr. Furness patiently labors at his great variorum edition in a high-ceiled and warmly decorated study, lined on two sides with a valuable Shakspeare library, the mask of the great dramatist looking down upon his table, and other suggestive objects surrounding him. Among these are Shakspeare's gloves, an old pay-roll of David Garrick's, and a skull that for twenty years served as Yorick's at the Walnut Street Theatre, having been there apostrophized in turn by Charles Kean, Macready,

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GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS'S BUSINESS OFFICE.

Edwin Forrest, Miss Cushman, Booth, and Couldock. The name of Mr. Furness recalls that of The Shakspeare Society of Philadelphia (numbering thirteen, and founded in 1853), which dines on the anniversary of Shakspeare's death, and prints a bill of fare on which every item has an accompanying quotation, chosen from the play studied during the winter.

Philadelphia, indeed, though little credited therewith, has a literary group—which is not grouped. Those who compose it are not closely bound together. It should be borne in mind, however, that the town was once the literary centre of the Union. Joseph Dennie, in the days of his *Portfolio*, formed a coterie which met with the approbation of Tom Moore. It was to them that the poet, in his satirical account of his American wanderings, addressed these saving lines:

"Yet, yet, forgive me, O ye sacred few
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew.
* * * * *
Not with more joy the lonely exile scanned
The writing traced upon the desert's sand
Than did I hail the pure, th' enlightened zeal,
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
Which, 'mid the melancholy, heartless waste
My foot has traversed, O you sacred few,
I found by Delaware's green banks with you."

Then there was *Graham's Magazine*, a power in its time, and the means of bringing Poe to Philadelphia. The city likewise gave us in Brockden Brown the earliest American novelist. Bayard Taylor formed some of his youthful attachments here, and made his home not far away; and James Russell Lowell's name is connected with the place by his brief residence. The suburban home of John Dickinson, who wrote the "Farmer's Letters," is still extant. One of the oddest literary personages of our century, Charles Sealsfield, found Philadelphia the most advantageous ground for him; and Buchanan Read received there more patronage as poet, painter, and sculptor than in Cambridge. Fifty years ago, Joseph Chandler's *United States Gazette* brought literary skill to its aid, and to that period belongs the fame of Rev. William H. Furness, whose religious writings were republished in London, and who, having contributed much to æsthetic growth in Philadelphia, lives to see his son Horace distinguished in critical literature. It seems to have been a happy bit of symbolism that John Nixon should have read the Declaration of Independence in 1776 from a platform that had been used to observe the transit of Venus, since Philadelphia has always held a strong position in sci-

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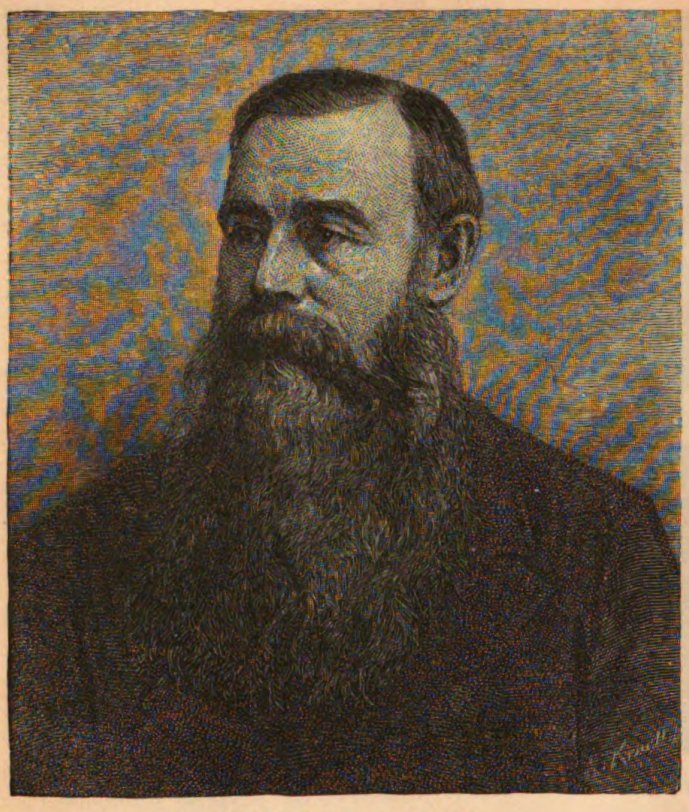

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

ence. Rittenhouse and Franklin, Dr. Caspar Wistar, John Bartram, Alexander Wilson, and Benjamin Rush attest this; and such men as Sadtler, Genth, Professor Leidy, Weir Mitchell, the Pancoasts, Dr. Agnew, Professor G. F. Barker, and Professor Leslie, with others, continue the succession. Every Sunday evening a few scientific men and other friends meet at Mr. Fairman Rogers's house, forming a little knot recalling the humbler "Junto," or that group which began the Academy of Natural Sciences. Girard College and the University of Pennsylvania have aided in making Philadelphia a medical centre. Sharswood and Bouvier have contributed to its renown in legal authorship and editorship. David Paul Brown has left an echo of his forensic eloquence, in addition to those stage-plays which now hardly remain even as an echo. Of the journalists of Philadelphia it would manifestly be impossible to speak at length in the present article. In the department of compilation, Dr. Allibone's Dictionary and Dr. Thomas's Pronouncing Gazetteer have gained an unusual celebrity. It is not difficult to trace a connection between the average of ordinary intelligence, resulting from a democratic equality in the ownership of homes, and popular publications like *Peterson's Magazine* and *Godey's Lady's Book* having their station here, and radiating through a vast constituency of average readers, though never heard of in literary circles. Sarah J. Hale and Grace Greenwood ministered to the same audience, and T. S. Arthur's didactic novels, also sustained by it, may trace a kind of lineage back to Franklin's common-sense productions. It is a lasting and much greater credit to Philadelphia that one of her citizens, Henry C. Carey, should have justified the democratic idea in political economy, and headed a new school in that science, which has found disciples everywhere. Henry Carey Lea continues the example set by Carey of combining authorship with the business of publishing; and in Robert Ellis Thompson we have an able sociologist of the Carey school. A rapid glance of this kind, not professing to be complete, serves nevertheless to collect in one view the varied autorial productivity of the city, and to show links between its intellectual past and present. To-day those inhabitants known in belles-lettres are few. But they embrace Hon. George H. Boker, one of the few Americans who have wrought successfully for the stage in verse, and a writer of stirring war lyrics; Charles G. Leland; Rebecca Harding Davis, a novelist among the foremost in America; her husband, L. Clark Davis, known both in fiction and editorship; Simon Sterne, of the *Penn Monthly;* John Foster Kirk, author of *Charles the Bold*, editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* and of Prescott; Mrs. Caspar Wistar, the translator; Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, the critic; and Walt Whitman.

Mr. Leland, journalist, editor, and author, a class-mate and close friend of Boker, produced long since a masterly translation from Heine's "Reisebilder," but became better known by his "Hans Breitmann's Ballads." His long residence abroad, however, has led to a partial dissociation from Philadelphia. Walt Whitman, who lives across the Delaware, in

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GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS.
[Photographed by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.]

Camden, seems to be more generally appreciated in Philadelphia than by our *littérateurs* elsewhere; but he is hardly a man to be "grouped," though he makes one, I believe, in a club of nine called The Triplets, formed by Horace Furness, Mr. Kirk, and himself. These three chose three others, and the second triad selected a third, thus completing the mystic series. But the divisions and traditions, or prejudices, of Philadelphia life have never been favorable to the growth of an organized literary influence. Mr. Boker, as a man of wealth and position in the old society, has stood almost alone in daring to acquire poetic fame. It is said that when he was about to publish his first volume his friends remonstrated with him, telling him that he was forgetting his position, and doing himself an injury. Their view of imaginative literature has given place to a more liberal one since; but the social forces are only now prepared to approve a literary movement and hardly yet to propel one. The largest bookselling house in the world is situated here, that of J. B. Lippincott and Co., a very remarkable establishment for the making and distributing of books, which it sends in quantity to at least twenty States and to various foreign countries every day. But the Lippincotts sell more volumes to Boston than to Philadelphia, which is three times as populous.

The process of cohesion and advance, it may be said, is going on, notwithstanding these facts. Men of energy, interested alike in affairs and in mental or æsthetic growth, are doing much to bridge over the gaps that exist. Such a one is George W. Childs, editor of the *Public Ledger*, who, so far as he is concerned, brings together and associates with those who represent many different pursuits. Like a good many men prominent in Philadelphia, Mr. Childs was not born there, but he is none the less a typical person. Active in public enterprises, a practical philanthropist holding his wealth in trust for good ends, yet eminently a man of business, he surrounds himself, even in his counting-room, with the means of æsthetic satisfaction. The walls and ceiling are

JOHN FOSTER KIRK.

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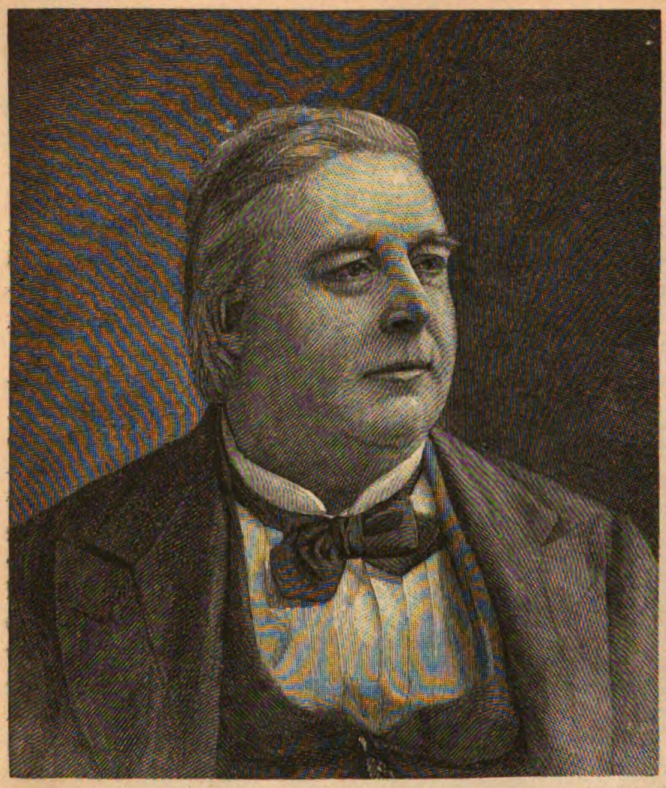

JAMES L. CLAGHORN.
[Photographed by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.]

club. Thomas Eakins in painting and Howard Roberts in sculpture are doing admirable work; and collectors, who, by-the-way, are not afraid to patronize American art, are generous in showing their pictures. The private collections are so well known that they need only to be named—that, for instance, of Henry C. Gibson, enshrined in exquisite little cabinets with marble floors; and those of Mr. Fairman Rogers, Mr. A. E. Borie, Mr. Bement, and Mr. George T. Whitney. The president of the Academy of Fine Arts, Mr. James L. Claghorn, to whose enthusiasm for art the city owes much, has in his house forty thousand engravings and etchings, making a complete historic series, with many of the rarest specimens; and the Philips collection at the Academy itself numbers sixty thousand. The art school at the Academy is unsurpassed in this country; and this, with the normal school maintained by Mr. Prang, of Boston, the Women's Indus-

richly decorated in the best taste; a clock made by David Rittenhouse softly records the time, under the light of stained-glass windows; wood-carving, plaques, and paintings adorn the walls; the room is full of curiosities. Mr. Childs has always been hospitable toward the representatives of literature, and the library at his house is an interesting one, including as it does a rare collection of valuable autographs, many of them from his own private correspondence. Philadelphia, by-the-way, has a number of valuable private libraries; and the chief public one, with its sumptuous Ridgeway Branch, compares well with those of our older cities. I have called Mr. Childs typical, and I think it is true that a tendency to cultivate æsthetic and intellectual refinements is plainly observable in Philadelphia business men, who very successfully combine work and amusement, finance and taste.

The tradition of Benjamin West and Rembrandt Peale, of Sully and Charles Leslie, has not led to any modern school of Philadelphia artists, but there is a flourishing sketch

THOMAS EAKINS.

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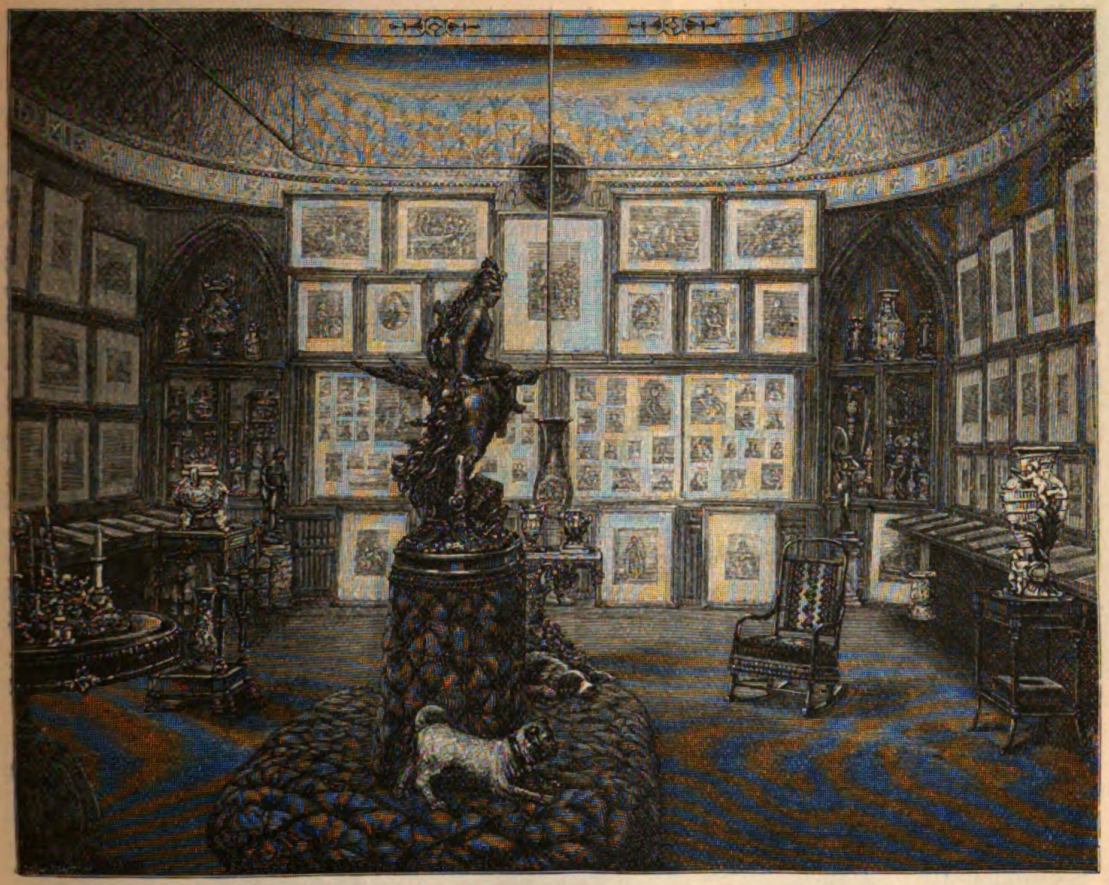

JAMES L. CLAGHORN'S ENGRAVING-ROOM.

trial Art School, the Museum School of Industrial Art, and the Spring Garden Street Institute, covers a body of two thousand persons now studying various branches of art. Mr. Charles G. Leland has lately introduced the teaching of the "minor arts," by which every child in the public schools will be enabled to perform decorative work in wood, leather, brass, papier-maché, and what not. It is further proposed to join all the art schools in one university of fine art—a project full of promise, and quite novel. The arts of design are closely related to mechanical industry, and in Philadelphia the foundry fire and loom will serve as immediate and solid inspiration to them. The Spring Garden Street Institute for literary and artistic culture is chiefly managed by employés of the Locomotive Works, and the artisan class will doubtless aid in giving to artists, patrons, and the public a common aim, with a basis of knowledge and cultivation.

It is worth while here to notice the uncommon appreciation of the drama shown by Philadelphia from an early day. The theatres have always been well supported, and a surprising number of well-known histrionic names are connected with the place. Edwin Forrest, Rose Eytinge, Joseph Jefferson, that comedy-master William Warren, L. R. Shewell, Mr. D. P. Bowers, McKean Buchanan, Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, Mrs. John Gilbert, James E. Murdoch, Herman Vezin, and Howard Paul were all born in Philadelphia; E. L. Davenport was closely associated with it; McCullough, Matilda Heron, and Mrs. John Oldmixon made in this capital their first appearance on any stage; and it was the only Eastern city where Edmund Kean was properly received at the time of the disgraceful riots accompanying his tour in 1825–26.

We have seen that Philadelphia touches many points of a full existence, and has made good achievement in all—science, law, medicine, literature, the drama, fine art. Again, in the heart of the municipal demesne lie those immense manufactories to the back doors of which the Reading

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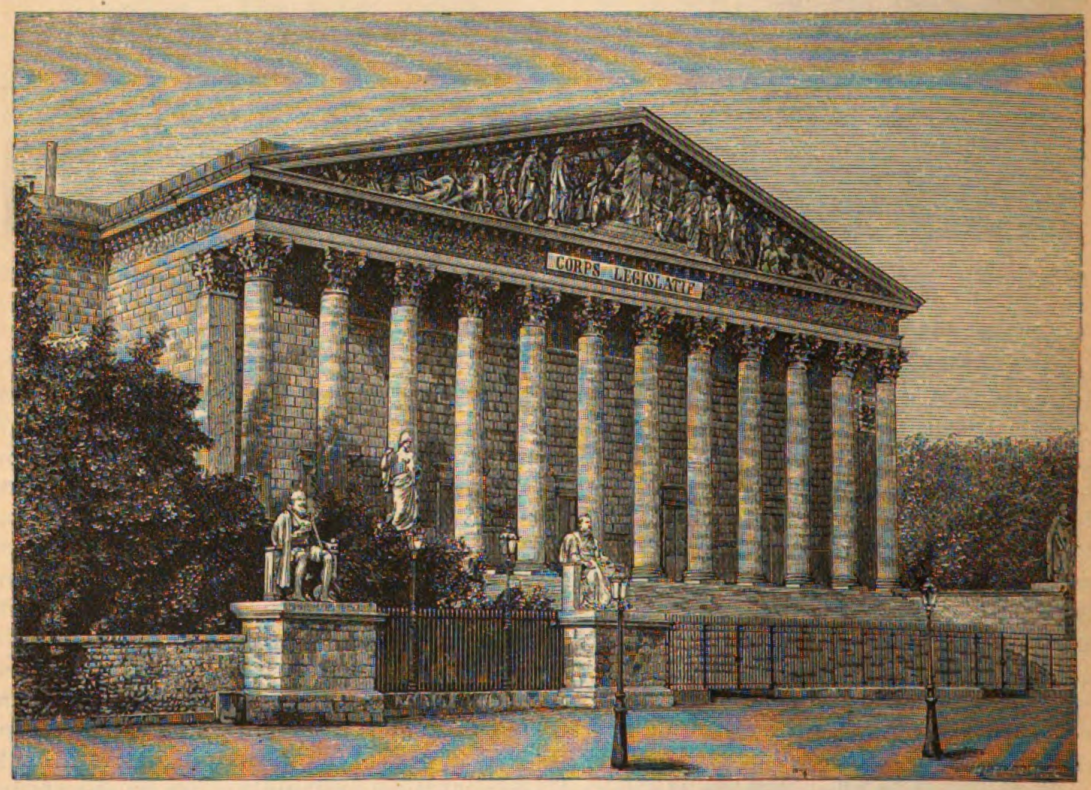
Railroad, penetrating far among the crowded squares, brings ready transportation. Everything tends to bulk in this bulky city, and inhabitants reflect with pride that in it or close by are situated concerns the largest of their several kinds in the country. But as these great industries rose from small sources, there is prospect of large intellectual growth after the same manner. "If you could only empty Boston into New York," said a popular Philadelphia writer, "you would have a perfect city. But Philadelphia needs only a few hundred Bostonians to rouse it from the apathy of too much material comfort. It is already waking up wonderfully, and needs but a little more leaven." In one respect it stands quite alone, and seems to possess unique opportunity for a typical American development: it exhibits the most flourishing democratic community we have, and at the same time it contains the most perfectly preserved of our local aristocracies. The present need of the "clever city" is, to unite with a firmer circle the various points touched by its life; to perfect in itself, amid its varied component parts, that spirit of union which it has so tenaciously stood for in relation to the republic. Meanwhile its people are happy, and enjoy life. Among our restless family of proud yet half-discontented cities, Philadelphia more than any meets the day easily, with a quiet smile, suggesting a Quaker calmness in the belief that she has the best of everything. She is satisfied, and will be still more satisfied hereafter.



THE CORPS LÉGISLATIF BUILDING, WHERE THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES HOLDS ITS SESSIONS.

FRENCH POLITICAL LEADERS.

IT was in August, during the summer of 1870, three days before Sedan, as I was walking through the dense crowds of excited Parisians that swarmed on the Boulevards, some one pointed out to me a man who was vigorously pushing his way through the crush. "Look!" a friend said; "there goes Gambetta. If the Prussians ever enter Paris, he will be the first man in France."

He who was to be "the first man in France" was at that time an active, squarely built man,, whose appearance announced a certain negligence in the

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matter of toilet—the slouch of his hat suggested the Red Republican—on whose dark olive-skinned face was revealed, even to the cursory glance, the imprint of an intellectual power and the seal of a set purpose.

Naturally enough, the words of my friend made but little impression upon me, until, a month later, I read in the London *Times* that he had proved himself a true prophet: M. Léon Gambetta had been the man chosen to announce the birth of the new Republic. His was the central figure among the group of men who appeared before the vast disorderly crowd of blue-bloused workmen that filled the square of the Hôtel de Ville on the memorable Fourth of September. The crowd stopped their boisterous singing of the "Marseillaise" to listen to M. Gambetta, as from one of the balconies of the Hôtel de Ville he proclaimed the new government of the "people." In a hoarse voice, a voice that sounded as if it had been haranguing for days—as was in fact the case—Gambetta attempted to explain to the "people" what had been done in the Chamber: that a provisional government had been named, and that the gentlemen who surrounded him, MM. Jules Ferry, Jules Favre, Arago, himself, and some others not present, MM. Jules Simon, Pelletan, Kératry, etc., composed that government; with which announcement, and Arago's thundering proclamation of the fall of the Louis Napoleon Bonaparte dynasty, the ceremony of inaugurating the new Republic was at an end.

But M. Gambetta had already begun, years before this dramatic début at the Hôtel de Ville, to make a very important feature in the history of France. The details and incidents of his life and career are now well known.

Since M. Gambetta has risen to power, his enemies have been busy weaving a fanciful web of fable about his life and his habits. The Palais Bourbon and its portly occupant have been begirt with an aureole of entertaining and mendacious libels. The Palais Bourbon has been refurnished *en prince* to suit the taste of the scandal-loving public; the rose-colored salons have reflected in their mirrors the seductive charms of houris; the Turk of the seraglio bathes daily in a silver bath-tub, and is given over to a Lucullian taste for the pleasures of the table. As Napoleon the

JULES FERRY.

First courted Talma's intimacy that he might learn the secret of the great tragedian's imposing bearing and gesture, so Gambetta, *voulant se former*, as the French descriptively put it, frequents the society of the celebrated Coquelin, the finished actor of the Théâtre Français, that he may model his own manners after so admirable a pattern.

All these bubbles of falsehood collapse at touch of the Ithuriel spear of truth. Gambetta remains, in truth, perfectly simple and democratic in his habits. He leads a bachelor's life, surrounded by his intimate political and personal friends, whom he receives with a warmth of hospitality peculiar to his southern nature. The favorite gathering hour is the midday breakfast, at which the leading politicians, men of state, distinguished English or foreign visitors, are frequent guests. Small parties of friends are also always to be found at *les Jardies*, or at his villa in Switzerland, where Gambetta throws off the cares of state, lives with the utmost simplicity, and enjoys a somewhat lately developed love of sporting. But, as in his earlier days, he is a tremendous worker. His *valet de chambre* has strict orders to call him at nine in the morning, at which hour he rises, no mat-

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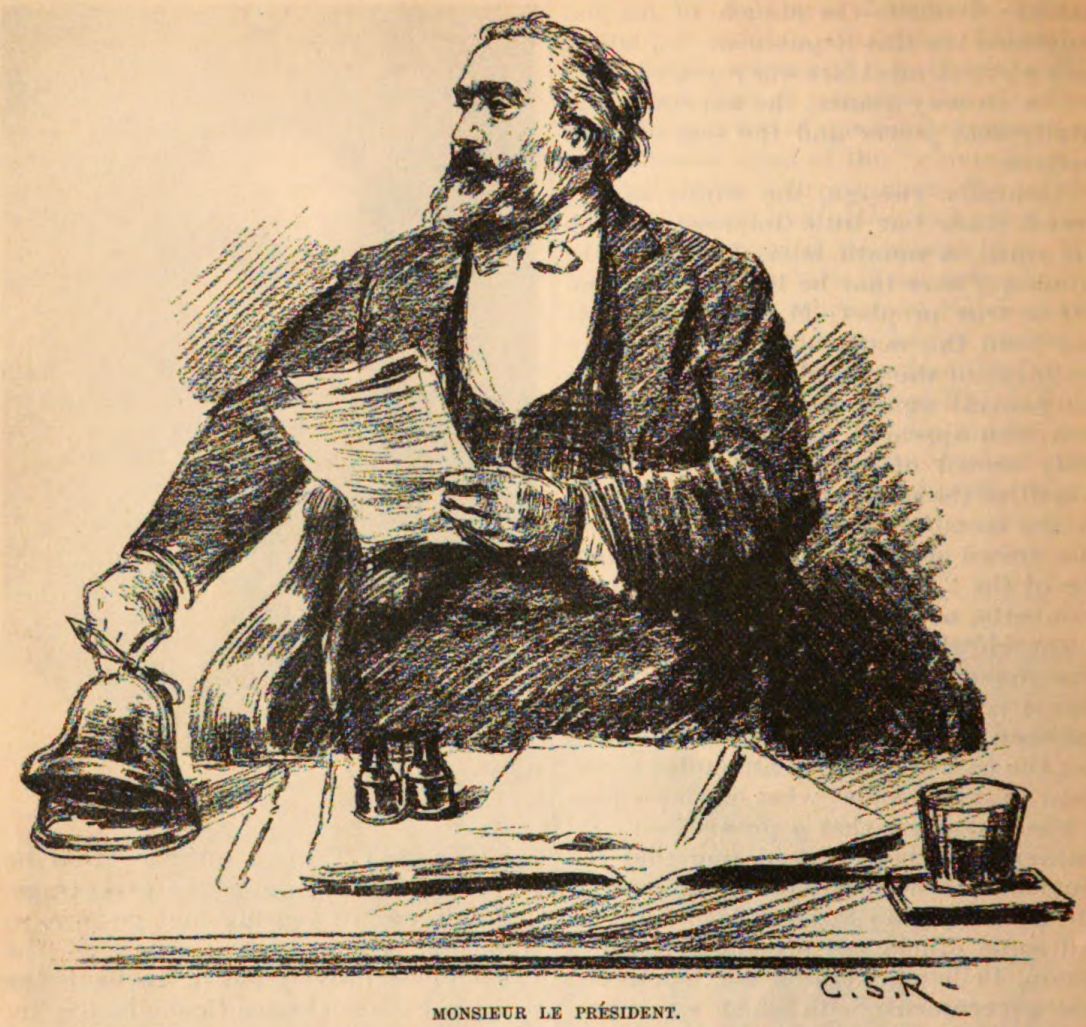

MONSIEUR LE PRÉSIDENT.

"Silence! Silence, messieurs!"

ter at what time he may have retired. It is then all the newspapers are read, with a lightning rapidity for which he is noted. To those who find pleasure in knowing the personal tastes of great men, it may be a matter of interest to learn that Gambetta's favorite authors are Rabelais and Montaigne, in whose plain-spoken company, however, the busy statesman finds few leisure hours to enjoy himself. He possesses also the true Italian's love of the fine arts, and that nicety of critical taste which distinguishes both the Gaul and the "children of the sun."

In the self-contained, dignified, somewhat imperious-looking President of the Chamber of 1881, with his admirably fitting dress-coat and spotless white necktie, who daily mounts to his throne-like seat in the Chamber, it would be difficult to find traces of the carelessly dressed, fiery young Republican of the Baudin days. M. Gambetta at forty-two has the prematurely aged look of a man who had made in youth heavy drains on his mental resources. Far from appearing like a man in his prime, he looks like one who has passed it some time since. The figure is heavy and obese, although Gambetta's movements are still vigorous, active, and alert, and the gesture is as fluent as ever. But the face in repose wears a habitually fatigued expression. It is when he speaks that his Italian fervor returns to him. His greatest personal charm now is to be found in his voice, that wonderful, stirring, magnetic voice, whose sonorous qualities seem to belong peculiarly to itself. It has in it the piercing, puissant vibrations of a fine brass instrument, making the air thick and yet sweet with sound. Gambetta's intonations are such also that he seems to add something to the "delicate idiom of Paris." He im-

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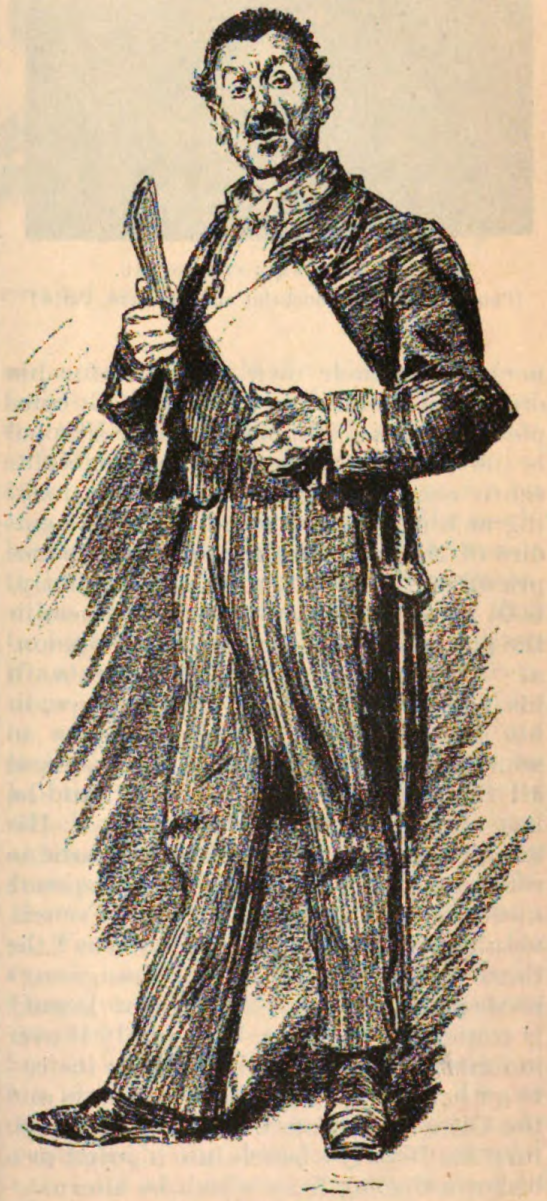
parts to its lightness and grace an indefinable but noticeable quality of richness and depth.

The French Chamber of Deputies is commonly a much more unmanageable body than the American House of Representatives. M. Gambetta's method of governing the House in a fractious mood was such as one might expect from one of his excitable temperament. His bell and his ivory paper-cutter—an instrument which he used in preference to the gavel—were the weakest of his sceptres of authority. When the excited buzz of voices reached a deafening pitch, M. Gambetta's own voice rang out like a clarion, or thundered like an angry god's. His "Un peu de silence, messieurs!—un peu de silence!" was the never-ceasing refrain, uttered in tones of command, of entreaty, of expostulation.

In looking about the House, some well-known political celebrities can be easily recognized. M. Louis Blanc is to be found seated on the extreme left.* He still holds his own as one of the revolutionary leaders. This man of the "people," who has headed every revolution since 1830, who only a short while since said "La Révolution est où je suis" (Where I am there is revolution), would at first glance appear to be anything but what he has been—the very genius of disturbance. He has a faded, weary look, as of a man who has carried through life a burden too heavy for him. His smallness of stature, however, has not hindered him from carrying the great burdens of a people's wrongs, and doing his utmost to remedy them. M. Floquet's forcible, intelligent face is frequently seen among the Deputies who face the tribune—the raised platform from which the speakers address the House, the platform being directly beneath the Presidential chair. M. Floquet is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Chamber, and frequently presides in Gambetta's absence, or when the latter descends to the tribune to address the Chamber, since, as Deputy from Belleville, M. Gambetta retains all the rights and privileges enjoyed by the other members of the House.

Monseigneur Freppel's violet *bonnet carré* and his fluttering archbishop's robes seem curiously out of place among these nineteenth-century politicians. The present defender of clerical interests is quite a different order of ecclesiast from the fiery and passionate Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. That lusty combatant belonged with the monkish warriors of the Middle Ages. He entered the political arena as he would have gone into battle. He fought his Republican and liberal oppo-



A SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.
"Un peu de silence, s'il vous plaît!"

* The Chamber of Deputies, as well as the Senate, is divided into two separate bodies, each of which has three divisions. The "Left" is Republican; the "Centre Left" is composed of moderate Conservative Republicans; the "Extreme Left," of Radicals; while the main body of the "Left" supports the present government. The "Right" also has three divisions: the "Right Centre" is composed of the Monarchists, the "Extreme Right" is made up of the Legitimists, and the other members of the "Right" are Bonapartists, etc.

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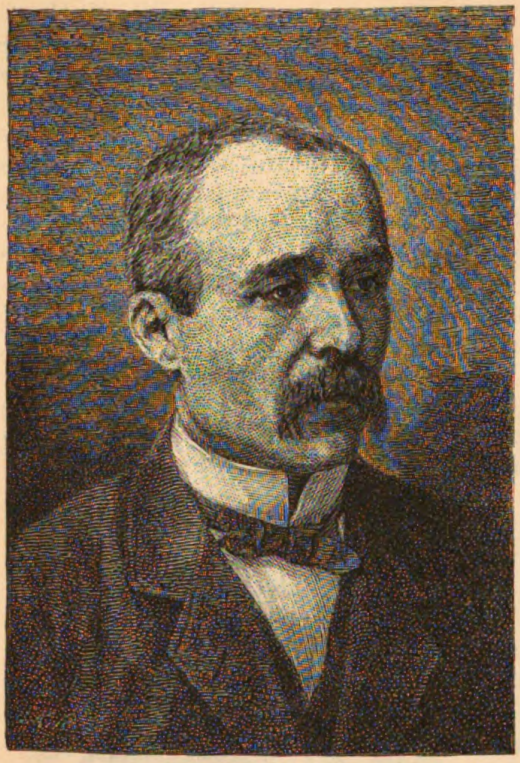
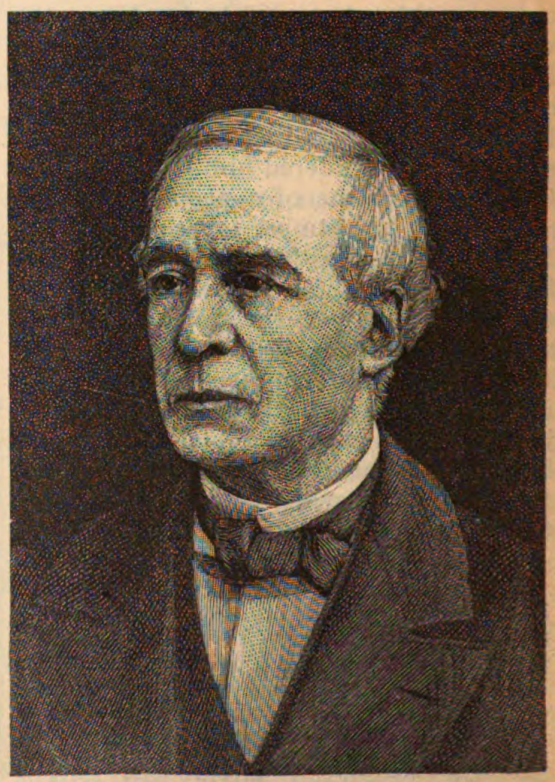


GEORGES-BENJAMIN CLÉMENCEAU.
[Photographed by Touchelut and Valkman, Paris.]

nents with their own weapons, for his oratorical armor was every whit as complete as theirs. But Monseigneur Freppel is the courtly, crafty priest of the eighteenth century. Involuntarily, in looking at him, one is reminded of the memoirs of the past century, in whose pages priests and women figure so prominently, both apparently having more business in the political world than at the confessional. In the archbishop's movements, in his artful smile, in his crafty glance, in his mysterious whisper, one seems to scent conspiracy. He has at his command all the occult secrets of his craft, and he has also all of its worldly graces. His manners have those qualities of feminine refinement and his dress that exquisite nicety which inspired some witty Frenchman to denominate the priesthood as "the third sex." Where the monseigneur's predecessor stormed, the present Deputy is content to intrigue. He rarely if ever mounts the tribune. He prefers instead to gather around him the Legitimists and the Ultramontanists of the Right, and to turn his Deputy's bench into a pulpit or a bishop's throne, from which he alternately preaches or commands. To those who doubt the existence of an organized Legitimist party, or to those who are happily credulous of the complete divorce in France between church and state, let them watch Monseigneur Freppel and the groups of distinguished-looking men who circle about him day after day in the chamber. The group is not large, it is true. And the archbishop is but one against several hundreds. But that group represents some of the greatest names in France. And the priest has all the power of Rome behind him.

Quite near to the archbishop's seat one sees the dark creole face of the celebrated Bonapartist champion, M. Paul de Cassagnac. It is no uncommon thing, indeed, to look upon the two—this man of peace and this son of the sword—linking arms and pacing slowly up and down the outer aisles. M. De Cassagnac's face and physique would suggest that in his case the converse of the well-known adage might be proved true, although this writer of "leaders" and fighter of duels, by the abundant proofs of his facility with both pen and sword, has done his best to prove that the pen, if indeed mightier, is at least less deadly, than his sword.

M. De Cassagnac and M. Gambetta do not love one another. M. De Cassagnac



BARTHELEMY SAINT-HILAIRE.
[Photographed by M. Lopez, 40 Rue Condorcet, Paris.]

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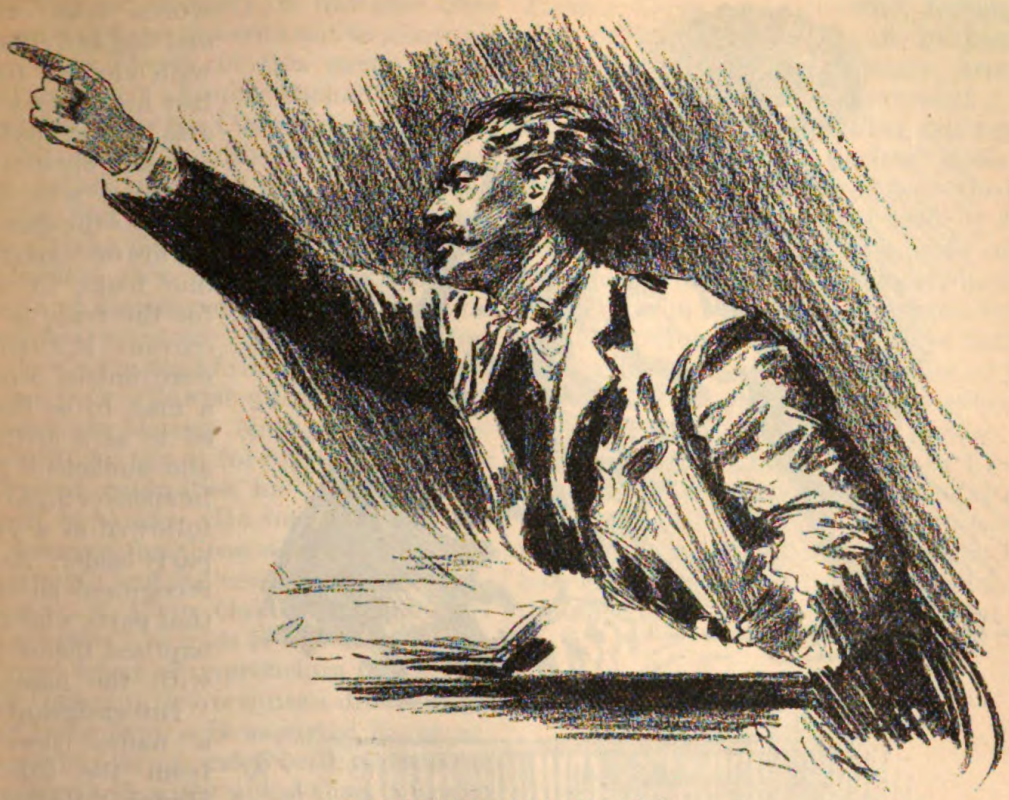

AN INTERRUPTION FROM THE LEFT.

has consecrated his pen to building up the structures M. Gambetta has all his life sought to pull down. Since M. Gambetta's entrance into the political field, Bonapartists and clericals have been the objects of his bitterest and most implacable hatred. M. De Cassagnac owes most of his celebrity to his gallant defense—I was about to say of the Empire, when I remembered that the great swordsman has in reality only fought heartily for the Empress. Since the split in the Bonapartist party M. De Cassagnac's Imperialist ardor is much less intense—his dislike for Prince Napoleon is so ingrained that he can hardly bring himself to support the claims of his son. He has, in fact, as has been the case with many other Bonapartists, shown a disposition to join the ranks of the Monarchists, whose chief is the Comte de Paris. But if M. De Cassagnac's Bonapartist enthusiasm has waned, he still remains a fervent Catholic and a fierce foe of Radicalism. As the enemy of the Church and the virtual head of a Republican government, his hatred for M. Gambetta is therefore based upon personal as well as political grounds, a hatred the more imbittered since M. Gambetta's cool refusal to cross swords with him when, some time since, M. De Cassagnac—this hero of forty duels—did the President of the Chamber the honor of sending him a challenge. Of parliamentary duels between the two, however, there seems no end. Hardly a day passes that polite acerbities are not served up by either the one or the other. M. De Cassagnac's favorite position is three seats from the tribune, that he may be on hand to annoy the speaker, if an opponent, by his frequent interruptions, or to encourage and applaud if he be an ally. M. De Cassagnac has little skill himself in prolonged debate, but he has the fencer's adroitness in the arts of attack and defense. His insolence, also, at times bears the imprint of a refreshing frankness. In a recent session, when M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, was discussing the Greek question before the House, M. De Cassagnac's murmurs of disapproval reached the President's ear.

"It seems to me," cried Gambetta, at the close of the discourse, "that I heard M. De Cassagnac remark that the comedy organized by the President is played out?"

"I did not say it," blandly replied De Cassagnac, "but I thought it." And the newspaper which records this little pas-

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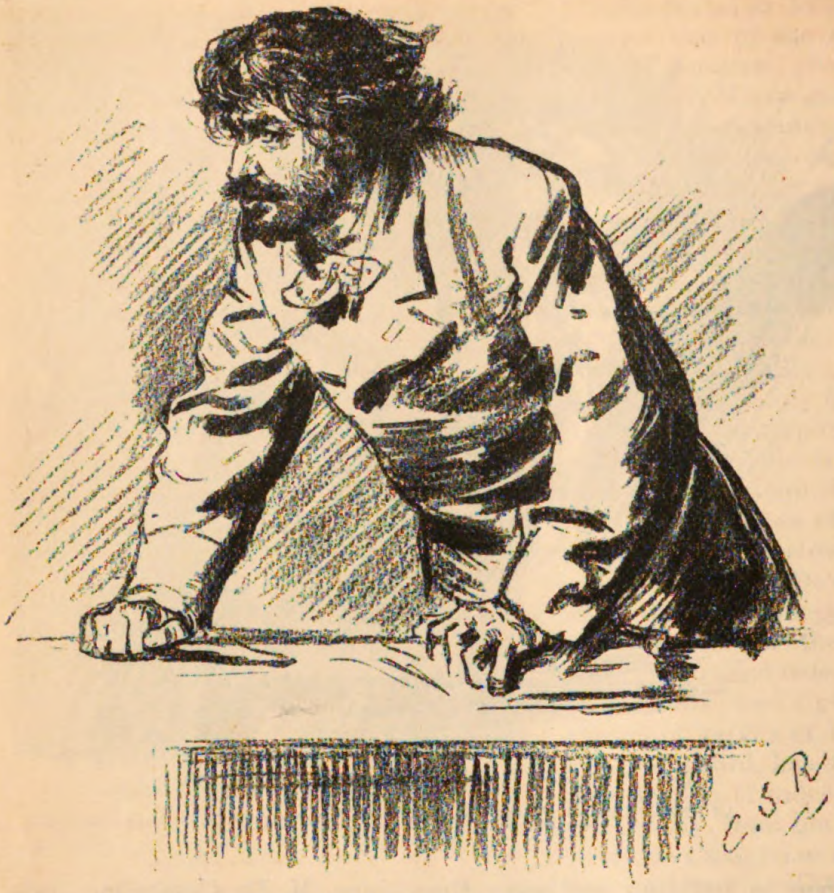

AN ATTENTIVE MEMBER.
"H-sh-sh-sh-sh."

sage at arms observes that it is only Bonapartists who are capable of being inspired by such amenities.

But M. Gambetta's most able enemy in the House is M. Clémenceau. This latter gentleman has a talent for oratory—a talent which, though far from reaching the heights which the greatest French orator of the century attains without effort, is of such an order that there are those who speak of him as the coming man. But neither by his speeches nor by his political manœuvring has M. Clémenceau yet proved himself possessed of Gambetta's long range of genius. As a Red Republican (his seat is on the extreme left), M. Clémenceau's oratory would be considered as out of keeping were it not highly colored. M. Clémenceau's small-featured face, with its quick, restless black eye, its mobile expression, and its subtle, somewhat sinister smile, combined with his incessant movement of body, proclaims the agitator. He always appears to be, like the party which he represents, as on the eve of an explosion. When in the tribune his words come thick and fast, as if charged with electric force. But his oratory has also, unfortunately, another element in common with electricity—the spark of his fire once emitted, one looks in vain for the trace of the current. M. Clémenceau, indeed, is more a man to be listened to as a brilliant and audacious public speaker than to be followed as a great party leader. As the recognized chief of that party who have baptized themselves with the name of "Intransigeants"—a name borrowed from the title of Henri Rochfort's newspaper, started since his return to Paris—M. Clémenceau is, however, unquestionably a power. Although he represents but a small fraction of the Republican party, this small fraction has been more influential in determining the policy of the Republic than all the combined forces of its monarchical and clerical enemies. This is the party which accuses Gambetta of usurping autocratic power, of making and unmaking ministries, of fettering the freedom of the Republic, and which has coined the derisive term of "Opportunism" to express its scorn of the present government methods of political procedure. In reality it has been Clémenceau and his party who have made and unmade ministries. It is due to the bold attacks and powerful influence of the "Intransigeants" that one ministry after another since McMahon's downfall has been obliged to give way to a more radical successor. The government has been forced to make concessions to its radical foe, to their demands that the anti-clerical war should be waged in a spirit of fanaticism, and that the amnesty decree should be passed in the teeth of a strong Republican opposition.

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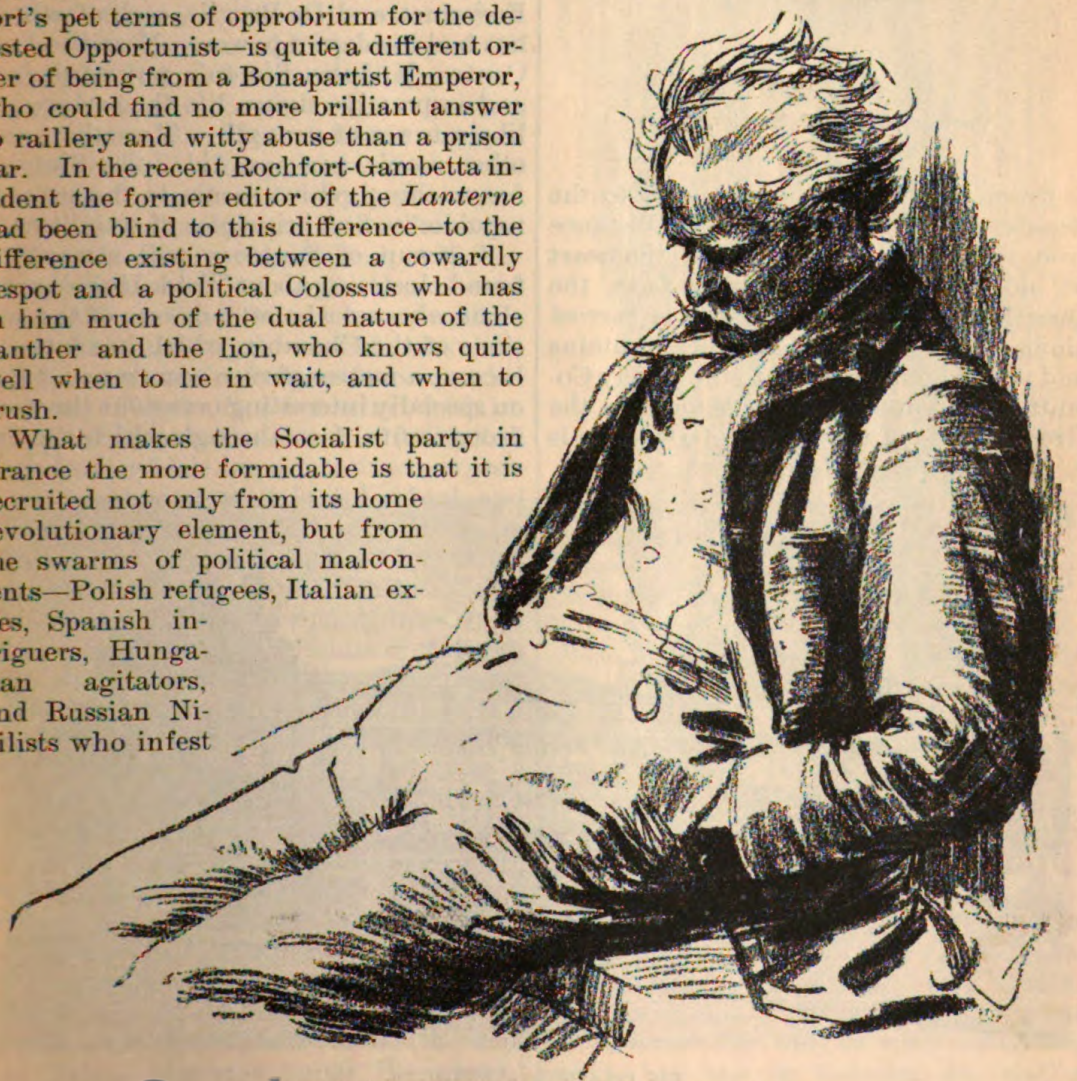
Rightly or wrongly, it has also been the policy of the government to allow all reasonable liberty to this party of the "red spectre." Louise Michel has been permitted to air her Communistic creed to blue-bloused sympathizers from the platform. This would-be Charlotte Corday has also had the privilege of taking publicly all the oaths of vengeance against the leaders now in power her diseased fancy and disordered mind may have inspired her to utter. M. Henri Rochfort has likewise tasted of the sweets of liberty. He has been allowed undisturbed to administer his abusive epithets, and to demonstrate his talent for ingratitude. For his recent calamities he has had only himself to blame. He has met with the fate reserved for those who fail to gauge the strength and the resources of their opponents. M. Léon Gambetta, "the one-eyed dictator"—which is one of M. Rochfort's pet terms of opprobrium for the detested Opportunist—is quite a different order of being from a Bonapartist Emperor, who could find no more brilliant answer to raillery and witty abuse than a prison bar. In the recent Rochfort-Gambetta incident the former editor of the *Lanterne* had been blind to this difference—to the difference existing between a cowardly despot and a political Colossus who has in him much of the dual nature of the panther and the lion, who knows quite well when to lie in wait, and when to crush.

What makes the Socialist party in France the more formidable is that it is recruited not only from its home revolutionary element, but from the swarms of political malcontents—Polish refugees, Italian exiles, Spanish intriguers, Hungarian agitators, and Russian Nihilists who infest Paris. These are men who, having no personal or family interest in keeping the peace in an alien country, are ripe for any insurrectionary movement. The other day, when Blanqui died, the returned Communists and excited Socialists who followed his funeral bier through the streets of Paris proved both by their action and number that this party of the "red spectre" is by no means reduced to the condition of a lifeless skeleton which can be comfortably disposed of in that obscure closet, the cellars and attics of Paris. The voice which finds its medium in Clémenceau, Rochfort, and Louise Michel is a voice which in France lifts up its seditious cries under any form of government. This was the direful voice of the avenging furies of '93; to-day it is heard in the distance as of a rumbling thunder; it is the voice of Discontent.



NOT INTERESTED IN THE SUBJECT UNDER DISCUSSION.

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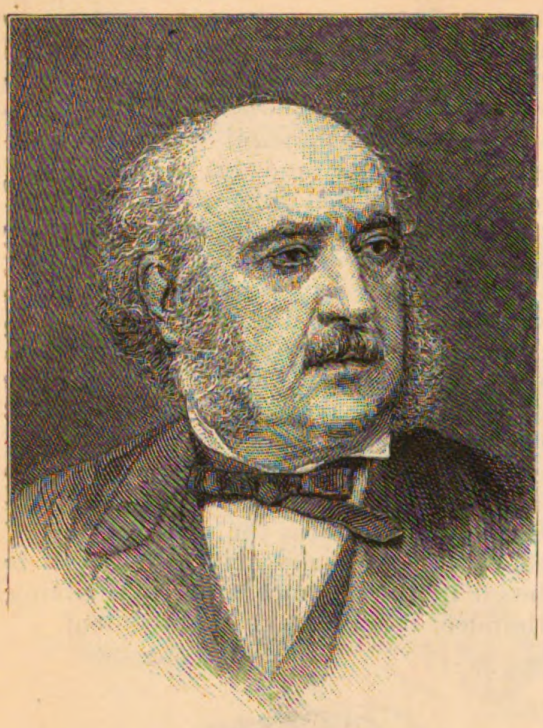


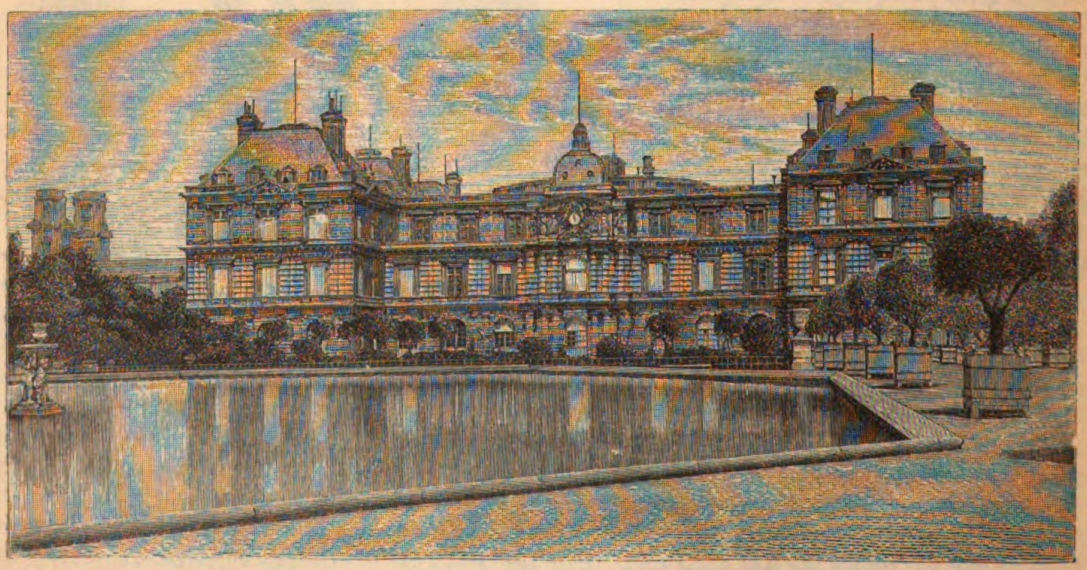
JULES SIMON.
[Photographed by F. Mulnier, Paris.]

From the Chamber of Deputies to the Senate one must traverse the distance from the borders of the Seine to the heart of old Paris. The Chamber faces the Quai D'Orsay, and as the eye is carried along past the bridge and the fountains and the Egyptian obelisk to the stately Corinthian colonnade of the Madeleine, the Greek façade of the House of Deputies is found to make an admirable pendant to that noble church, the purest modern imitation of the Parthenon.

The Senate is a mile away. It holds its sessions in the stately old palace of the Luxembourg. The Senate Chamber is an imposing, palatial-looking room, rich in gilding, in full-length statues of Colbert, Malesherbes, and other great statesmen and law-makers. Its noble proportions and its luxurious decorations have furnished fitting scenery for the Directory, the Consulate, and for the Imperial Senate, which have convened here.

The present Senate is largely composed of men who have passed the meridian of their greatness. For which reason it has been derisively called "Le Corps des Invalides." It might perhaps with equal justice be said to be the grave of fallen ministers. For in looking about the House one sees MM. Dufaure, Waddington, De Freycinet, and De Broglie, each of whom has had his day of power. Near the Left Centre, M. Jules Simon's powerful face and impressive figure lift themselves up like a tower of strength. More than any other man's, perhaps, did Jules Simon's far-reaching genius secure to the present republic its first principles of stability.

A group of Senators will always be found clustering about Victor Hugo's armchair whenever he attends one of the sessions of the Chamber, which has latterly become a matter of rare occurrence. But on specially interesting occasions the wondrous soulful face, through which the fire



THE PALACE OF LUXEMBOURG.
[Photographed by M. Ladrey, Paris.]

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of genius flames still in the gleaming eyes, shining like dusky stars beneath the overhanging ridge of brow — this face, with its hoary halo, will be seen entering the Senate hallway. In excited moments this greatest of modern French lyrical poets will gesticulate with a violence which is the most convincing proof of the vigor of life still in him, although he is nearly as old as the century. His political views are still given with that eruptive eloquence and naïve egotism which have made his former political manifestoes and public addresses certainly the most unique as well as the most egotistic specimens of oratory on record.

In the midst of the Left Centre, which has been so great a force in French history that the adage, "La France est Centre gauche" (France is the Left Centre), seems more than ever true to-day, with moderate republicanism as the dominant political force—in the midst of this Left Centre sits the man who has occupied the same seat during five succeeding governments, and who has been its animating mind and soul. This man sits wrapped in the folds of a large loose cloak, from the deep fur collar of which projects a face at first almost repellent, so furrowed is it with deeply ridged lines. M. Dufaure's face, however, is such a one as Leonardo da Vinci would have loved to paint—that artist who could make the mind as well as the features live upon his canvas. For the face is instinct with intellectual force, and a certain subtilty and sang-froid which impart to it an expression as complex as it is individual, and the soul is in the eye, the calm, sober, luminous eye. As a French writer, in describing him, well says, "This tranquil glance in the midst of this agitated face, whose locks are like the mane of the wild boar, announces that within there dwells a soul." These contrasts mark the man. M. Dufaure has been called *l'esprit frondeur*, the censorious spirit. He has been of the revolutionary party, has led it in certain emergencies, but his leadership has always been characterized by a peculiar moderation. It is this moderation which has made M. Dufaure a power, which, whether in office or out, he has never ceased to exercise. As one of the most famous of French orators, as a great lawyer, as a Republican under the Empire, Prime Minister under the present Republic, and now Senator, M. Dufaure has presented the extraordinary spectacle of a man who, without awakening enthusiasm, has always commanded both the ear and the homage of the nation. It is

A MEMBER OF THE CLERICAL PARTY.

said he receives more bows than any other man in the Senate. M. Dufaure has won more fame, perhaps, as a speaker than as a statesman. Even to-day, when he mounts the tribune with his cravat awry, his hair in disorder, his clothes askew (his appearance suggests that of a

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DUC DE BROGLIE.
[Photographed by Touchelut and Valkman, Paris.]

man who has put on some one else's garments by mistake), when he fumbles among his papers, and when he lifts up his nasal, strangely discordant voice, his slow, precise, monotonous, but admirably perfect phrase produces an effect, of the art of which no younger man has as yet learned the secret. A French critic says of him that so exact is his use of language that not a single adjective can be replaced by one more excellent, while no other speaker possesses the art of expressing his thought in so clear and precise a form.

To the picturesque irregularities of M. Dufaure's personality no stronger contrast could be imagined than the Duc de Broglie's elegant and refined physiognomy. The duke brings to the Senate the traditions and the class prejudices of the Faubourg St. Germain. His face is the face of an aristocrat—of a cameo refinement; his manners are noticeably elegant, and he walks about with the air of a man who has a consciousness of distinguished ancestors. His habitual expression is that of the fastidious critic. To watch M. De Broglie, as he twists and turns himself restlessly in his crimson arm-chair, as he fingers his watch chain, or crumples bits of paper between his fingers, or to follow him as he passes rapidly from one group of admiring Senators to another (he is said to be the most beloved and the most hated man in the Chamber), and to see him talking, gesticulating, rarely listening—for what is the use of listening when one is convinced of one's own consummate talent in the arts of demonstration and of argument?—is to have the salient features of the duke's character illustrated by action. The noble duke's greatest political mistake has been his want of fixity of opinion, since he has oscillated like a pendulum between a moderate liberalism and the conservative principles of an aristocrat. It was supposed under the Empire that the duke had a republican bias. But when he was sent to England as the ambassador of the young French Republic, he astonished London by his intrigues to overthrow the government he was sent to represent. He intrigued to some purpose, since he was the instrument by which Thiers fell. But during the twelvemonth in which he himself held the reins of power, the De Broglie ministry by its strange capers and grotesque mistakes brilliantly confirmed the truth that critics are rarely great men in action. The noble duke's greatness lies mostly in his belief in himself. He is probably one of the most perfectly finished specimens of egotism that France, the nation of egotists, has ever produced. The first article of his egotistic creed is the fact of his having in Madame De Staël a grandam. Formerly, it is said, he talked only of her, and at this period he wore a cameo head of his great ancestress on his little finger. Now, however, he talks only of himself. As M. De Broglie has shown himself singularly ambitious—for a duke—he has had an unusually large theatre for the action of his conceit. He wields an able pen, and issues manifestoes upon political, religious, and educational matters to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and other journals. These manifestoes can hardly be called in simple parlance *papers*, they bear the imprint of such a lordly condescension. When he speaks from the tribune, he imposes silence by a certain air he has, as if he was about to say, "See how gracious I am! I am about to enlighten your ignorance!" And as the duke is a remarkably clever public speaker, even his enemies listen, until they turn away to laugh at him. They laugh at his pose, at his fussy gestures, at his "hysterical" smile.

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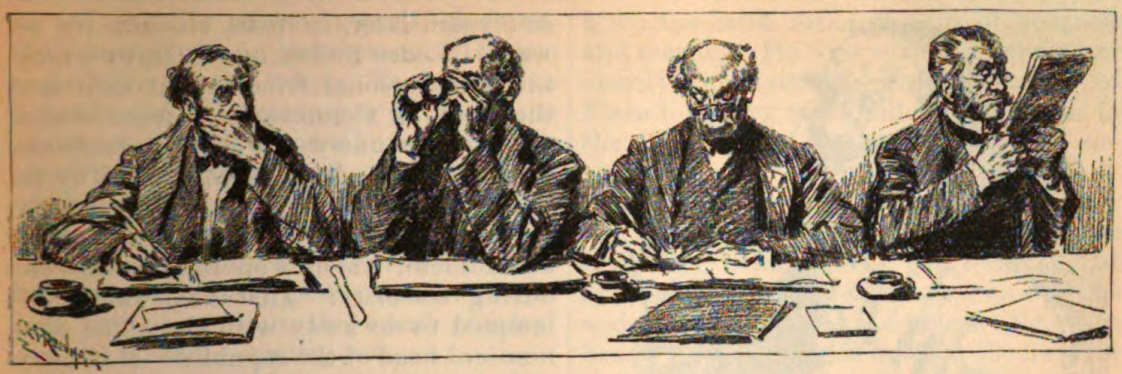


THE REPORTERS.

But it is the merit of egotism that it remains impervious to raillery. The duke continues to this day, in spite of his failures and his mistakes, to believe himself the divinely appointed lawgiver of a constitutional monarchy to France. Only, in order to complete the eternal fitness of things, he, and not the Orleans princes, should be at the apex of the pyramidal power.

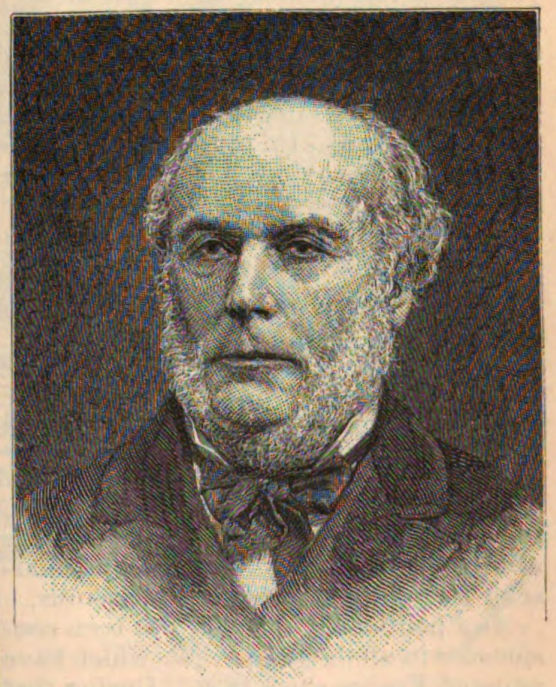
In the Senate, as in the Chamber of Deputies, the Senators address the House from the tribune, above which is the raised seat of the President, M. Léon Say being the Senator who now occupies that post of distinction.

M. Léon Say's method of enforcing parliamentary discipline is as wide as possible from M. Gambetta's rigorous rule. Although the general aspect of the Senate is marked by far more sobriety of temper and calmness of action than distinguishes the noisy Chamber of Deputies, still, in moments of excitement, this assemblage of gray-haired celebrities can produce a din which will compare favorably with most parliamentary disturbances. For political passions are of no age. Over the tempest, when it rages, M. Léon Say presides in the attitude of a man who is in the midst of a storm, patiently waiting till it passes him by. The mallet is here used as a gentle reminder, and the bell reduced to a tinkling cymbal.

In the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies the ministers of France—the Prime Minister, the Minister of War, the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of the Interior—appear to announce the policy of the government, and to lay before the House their respective reports.

M. Jules Ferry, the recent Premier of France, succeeded M. De Freycinet, and owed his elevation to office to his well-known anti-clerical views. Since his appointment he has won a world-wide celebrity by his enforcement of the so-called March Edicts. These edicts decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits, and the secularization of primary education.

There are some men who win the great prizes not because of their greatness, but because of their fitness. M. Jules Grévy, the President of the French Republic, owes much of his success in life to the fact that circumstances have served him admirably for the exercise of his peculiar talents. When, after McMahon's blunders and treacheries, it was found necessary to nominate a President the soundness of whose Republican principles was placed beyond the shadow of a doubt, and



JULES GRÉVY.
[Photographed by M. Lopez, Paris.]

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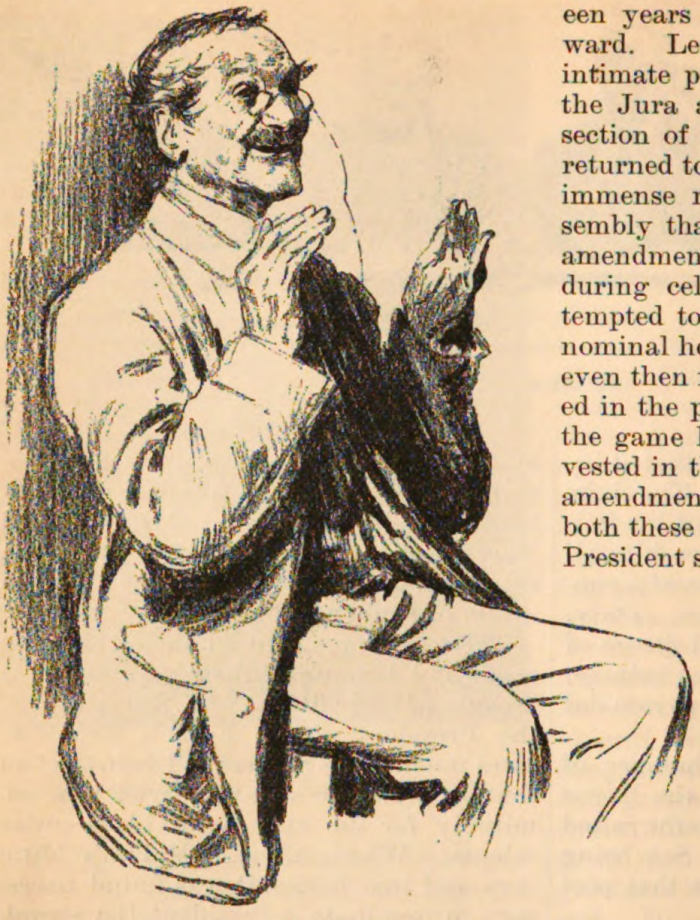

"TRES BIEN."

yet whose radicalism was of that moderate tone which should be a guarantee against any extreme policy, no other man in France was found uniting these needed qualities in so marked a degree as M. Jules Grévy. In this rôle, however, the rôle of moderation, M. Grévy had made his appearance before. To fill difficult situations, and to be the man called upon to act in critical issues, is to sum up the history of his political life.

M. Jules Grévy's most conspicuous virtue—we prefer to give precedence to his virtues rather than to his talents, as he presents the rare instance of a public man who has made his talents serve his virtues rather than the other more commonplace rule—M. Grévy's most prominent virtue, then, has been his purity of motive. He is one of those men who have found character an excellent substitute for genius.

As a politician, M. Grévy has been conspicuous in all the great events which have agitated France since 1830. During that revolution he left his law-books to storm barricades, an act of patriotism that eighteen years later, in 1848, brought its reward. Ledru Rollin, one of Grévy's most intimate personal friends, sent him into the Jura as Commissioner, from which section of country Grévy was afterward returned to the National Assembly by an immense majority. It was in this Assembly that Grévy proposed his famous amendment, which won for him an enduring celebrity. That amendment attempted to do away with the office of a nominal head of the republic. M. Grévy even then foresaw the danger to be dreaded in the person of Louis Napoleon, and the game he could play were the power vested in the hands of the people. The amendment provided a guarantee against both these dangers by suggesting that the President should be elected by the Chambers, and that his title should be simply that of "President of the Council of Ministers," to be removed at the will of the Deputies. Had the bill been passed, it would have saved France twenty years of despotism. Naturally, under the Empire, M. Grévy's political career was under an eclipse. But he was elected by a large majority as Republican candidate to the Corps Législatif in 1868, where he distinguished himself by his courage and energy in heading the war waged against Napoleon's misrule.

With the establishment of the Republic, M. Grévy's position became an important one. He was elected President of the Assembly at Versailles, filling that arduous rôle with marked firmness and impartiality.

In person M. Grévy is formed to be a marvel of vigor and strength for a man in his seventy-fifth year. To look upon his fresh complexion, and to note his firm step, his erect carriage, and his robust physique, one would believe him to be in the mature vigor of the fifties. His physiognomy is striking from its dignity and the repose of its expression. In dress he is scrupulously neat, and his ideal of official dignity is revealed in the fact that at seven in the morning he will be found arrayed in his frock-coat. The sobriety of M. Grévy's character may be gauged by his having been a model illustration of the French proverb, "Un Franche-Comté ne rit jamais." He has never been heard to laugh

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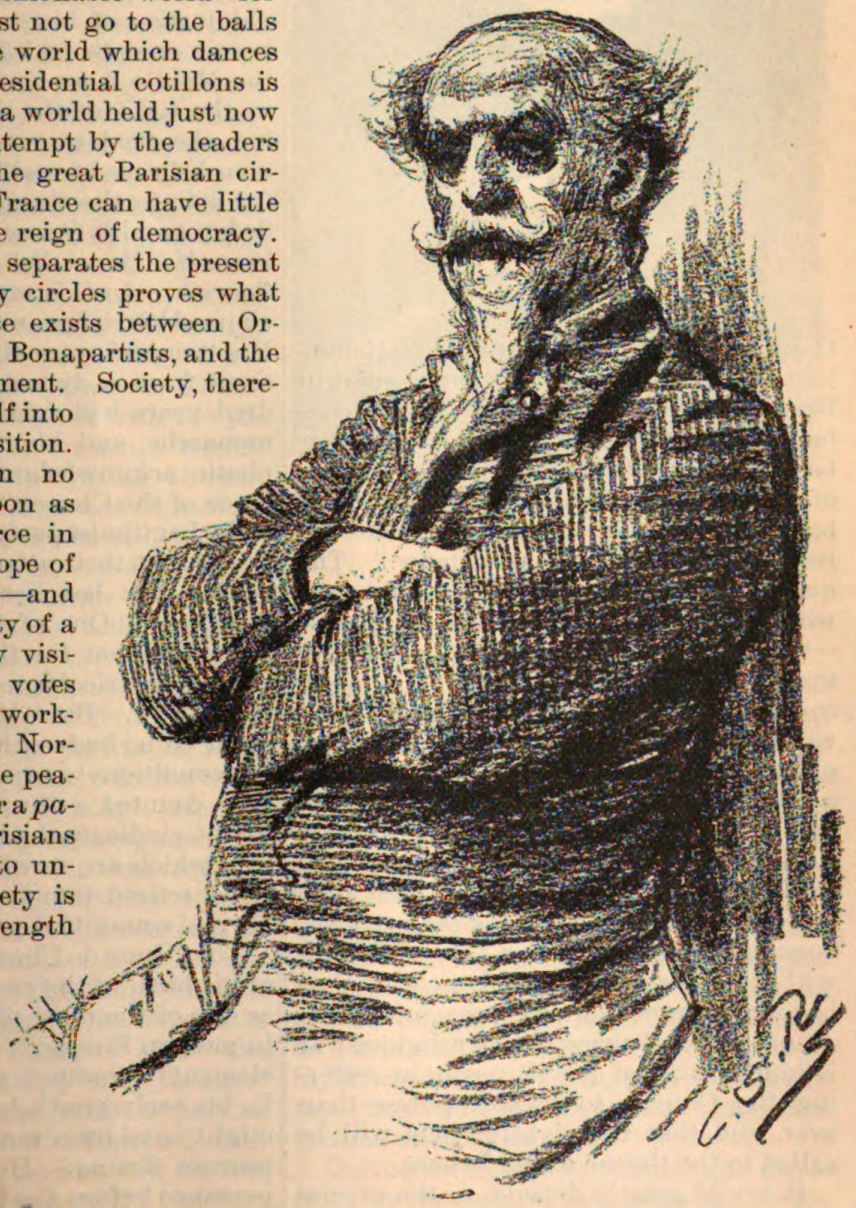
in public. He allows himself, however, the luxury of one indulgence. He has a passion for the hunt. To follow the hounds, and to hear ringing in his ear the music of the huntsman's horn, is his one permitted relaxation. In his dispensing of the social gayeties of the Élysée, M. Grévy is aided by his gracious wife and his charming daughter, the latter of whom has been educated upon much more liberal principles than the usual cloistral French custom permits.

For all that is socially most distinguished in French Society—that "Society" which must be spelled with a big S, since it stands for that which is most superlative in aristocracy of lineage and most renowned in the fashionable world—for this Society one must not go to the balls of the Élysée. The world which dances till dawn at the Presidential cotillons is the political world—a world held just now in more or less contempt by the leaders and aristocrats of the great Parisian circles. Aristocratic France can have little in common with the reign of democracy. And the gulf which separates the present political and Society circles proves what a chasmal difference exists between Orleanists, Legitimists, Bonapartists, and the Opportunist government. Society, therefore, has formed itself into a camp of the opposition. While Society can no longer be looked upon as a great leading force in politics, while its scope of influence is limited—and in reality the stability of a government is only visibly affected by the votes cast by the rough work-worn hands of the Normandy or La Vendée peasant, whose lips utter a *patois* these refined Parisians would be at a loss to understand—still Society is a power. Its great strength in France lies in the fact that it is the power of the past. Tradition, custom, and the spell of habit in old countries are often more powerful forces than innovations founded upon the most rational basis of progress and reason. He who wishes to read more clearly the latterly confused pages of French history would do well to listen to the talk current in the great Society circles.

The women of Society, those charming, *spirituelle*, brilliant women who are the sovereigns of this world, will tell you that at heart France is to-day both monarchical and Catholic. That the present Republic has in its late crusade against the Jesuits, and in the blow it has struck at liberty by attempting to force upon France a laical education, when in reality French parents prefer to have their children's education directly under the supervisory eye of the



A RELIC OF THE EMPIRE.

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COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

Church—that by these outrages the Republic has forever alienated every woman in France (every woman, that is, who confesses to a priest, or who wears on her bosom the crucifix of her Saviour), while, of course, every woman who is a mother has a more purely personal and maternal reason for hating the "ex-dictator." The men will prove to you—young noblemen who represent the voice of modern France—the France of conservative doctrines—that true progress is best attained under a constitutional form of government. They will point to England as a brilliant example, and will eloquently demonstrate that a tremendous reactionary movement is under way to restore the Orleans princes to the throne. Older marquises will go further still. With that well-bred tone by which an aristocrat veils the arrogant dogmatism of his belief, a peer of France will demonstrate that Gambetta's atheism has already precipitated France into a condition of moral chaos, that a religious war is imminent, that it will result in restoring the Church to greater power than ever, and that the rightful heir will be called to the throne of his fathers.

It would greatly depend on the precise fashionable locality where these political opinions were expressed as to who this "rightful heir" was claimed to be. If one found himself in the exclusive salons of the Faubourg St. Germain, the white plume of Navarre would be found to be the ensign of loyalty. But if one frequented the larger and more fashionably brilliant circles of gayer Paris—that Paris whose fathers and mothers composed the court of Louis XVIII., and who now keep up much of the etiquette and ceremoniousness of court life—these circles would name one of the Orleans princes as the coming King of France.

The Comte de Chambord, son of the eldest son of Charles X., is the last apostle of the doctrines of the "divine right." This prince, strong in his faith of the eternal justice of his creed and claims, was heroic enough to lift up the standard of the Middle Ages, and to flaunt it boldly in the light of the democratic, progressive, skeptical nineteenth century. This man believes himself to be the only rightful heir to the throne of France. Since Sedan and his famous manifesto, he signs himself "Henri V." with a very kingly flourish. In this same manifesto he proclaimed his rights and he defined his creed. His "rights" were those based on his descent from a dynasty who for five hundred years had ruled France as absolute monarchs, and his "creed" was an emphatic acknowledgment of the omnipotence of the Church. At that time—1871—the Legitimist party were strong enough to warrant their attempting to call to the throne this last descendant of the old Bourbons. One of the conditions stipulated was that for the white flag of Navarre the tricolor of France should be substituted. But "Henri V." grandly announced he had neither sacrifices to make nor conditions to receive. And the prince, who counted a throne well lost that he might vindicate the supremacy of principles which are now no more than traditions, retired into the obscurity of exile. He had committed political suicide.

The Comte de Chambord, since the time of his birth to the present day, has figured as one of the most picturesque characters in modern Europe. He has also had that element in common with the Middle Ages. In his early youth he enacted a rôle that might have been modelled from a Shakspearean drama. He made his first appearance before the Parisian populace on the day of his birth. His mother, the

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heroic and indomitable Duchess de Berri, snatched him from among his laces, on the afternoon of the day of her deliverance, and held him herself aloft before the crowd that filled the garden of the Tuileries. He was hailed as King of France. She stood on that balcony which to-day makes a part of the crumbling ruins of the palace. Fit emblem of her son's fortunes!

The young Henri was presented some ten years later as veritable king to his French subjects. Charles X., his grandfather (the young Henri's father, the Duc de Berri, was assassinated some months prior to his birth), put off with trembling hands the crown of France when he heard the menacing thunder of the revolution in his ears. He presented the crown first to the Duc d'Orléans, who in turn placed it upon his young nephew's head. And for exactly twelve days Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonné d'Artois, Duc de Bordeaux, was King of France. Then, one fine morning, Henri V., his grandfather the ex-king, and the Duc d'Orléans (who afterward regretted his hasty transfer of the crown) found themselves hastening toward Cherbourg, whence they sailed for Scotland. Hereafter Henri, called the Comte de Chambord, found his life aureoled with the pathos of exile. It was an exile begirt, however, with many mitigating circumstances. In his youth he was trained in all princely accomplishments. During his early manhood his travels were extensive, and in whatever country he presented himself he was received with the honors reserved for monarchs. Personally, he proved the advantages to be derived from a kingly lineage of five hundred years. At this period of his life he was a singularly handsome man. In his bearing he was every inch the king. He was distinguished also for possessing many of the princely qualities. His bravery, integrity of conscience, his loftiness of sentiment, and the amiable condescension of his manners were counted among his virtues and his charms. The Empress of all the Russias said of him, "One feels he is the first gentleman of Europe." But "the first gentleman of Europe" may be all of these and still possess such a narrow range of vision and such religious fanaticism as to make him more fitted for the cuirass and helmet of the early Crusaders than the republican black frock-coat of the nineteenth century. For many years now he has held a small court at Frohsdorf, Austria, where his admirable spouse, the daughter of the Duc de Modena, both by her millions and the generous wealth of her amiable qualities, has done much to reconcile "the king," as she loyally calls him, to the loss of a throne.

When the Duc d'Aumale wrote to his constituents in the department of the Oise the following words, before the National Assembly had passed the decree abrogating the law of exile—"In my sentiments, in my past, in the traditions of my family, I find nothing which separates me from the Republic; if it is under that form of government that France wishes to live, and definitely to constitute her future conditions, I am ready to bow before her sovereignty, and I shall remain her devoted servitor"—he announced the attitude assumed by the house of Orleans toward Republican France. The Comte de Paris followed his uncle's noble and loyal words by declaring, "France wishes to make a new experiment; it does not become us to hinder her."

COMTE DE PARIS.

During a recent humiliating and disastrous government crisis, some one of the Orleans partisans, whose blood was boil-

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ing under what he considered the outrages perpetrated on France by the Republic, had the courage to say to the Duc d'Aumale, "Monseigneur, you have a sword; will you not draw it to save us?"

The prince thrilled visibly for a moment; then, with a gesture full of resignation and true dignity, answered, "For certain kinds of work there are Bonapartists; the Bourbons do not stoop to such actions." And the *Figaro*, which relates the incident, apostrophizes the prince with: "You are right, monseigneur. The ancient house of France is indeed above adventures and adventurers. It neither attempts to gag opinion, nor does it force itself upon the nation, to which, on the contrary, it belongs."

The *Figaro*, perhaps the most powerful and brilliant of the Parisian daily newspapers, devotes all its talents to advancing the cause of the "Monarchical party." According to its verdict, this party is by all odds the most united, compact, and indissoluble of the parties of the day. Its principles are fixed, its traditions known, its present leader is the most popular prince in France, and its adherents are gaining ground daily. The "conservatists," the "reactionists," those Republicans who find themselves out of sympathy with the present policy of Gambetta's reign, are constantly swelling the ranks of the "Monarchists." The *Figaro* further proceeds to prove that the Monarchical party is bound to overturn the Republic, since it counts on its side two of the most potent forces in France—the Church and the women.

However much of truth or falsehood may be contained in these partisan assertions, the fact remains that the Comte de Paris, grandson of Louis Philippe, appeals to France both by the prestige of his name and by reason of his personal merits. He is brave, handsome, soldierly, and by nature religious, though entirely free from fanaticism. To this galaxy of admirable qualities he adds the somewhat rare quality—in a Bourbon—of being fully in sympathy with his age.

During his many years of exile he devoted himself assiduously to the study of social and industrial problems. He made long and frequent journeys through all the manufacturing districts of England, acquainting himself with the details of the workmen's lives, their privations and sufferings, and visited nearly all the famous co-operative communities, where the theories of philanthropists for mitigating the tyranny of capital over labor have been tried by actual experiment. The count is himself a skillful pamphleteer, and has written several able papers embodying the results of his observations, projecting therein his theories for ameliorating the condition of the working classes. His recent *History of the American Civil War*—of which two volumes have been issued—proves his brilliant qualities as a writer and historian. Since his return to Paris his favorite occupation is to wander through the older streets of the city, in some dim old shop of which he will not unfrequently be met in conversation with a blue-bloused workman, both deep in schemes for the advancement of social reform.

In many respects, however, the count's life must be counted as a singularly happy one. He was married in 1867 to his beautiful cousin, the charming and talented Princess Isabella, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. By her he has had several children, the eldest of whom, the Duc d'Orléans, is said to give promise of rare genius. The family now occupy a magnificent hôtel in the Faubourg St. Germain, where their adherents and admirers form about them a miniature court, freed from all the restraints of court life, and yet pervaded with that air of dignity and elegance for which the courtly Bourbons have always been famous. The Duc d'Aumale has been appointed to the high office of Division-General in the French army. Much of the reorganization and improvement in the army is under his supervision, and to the work he devotes all his energies and his talents. Both of these princes have been absolutely true to their word. During the present Republic they have not lifted a finger to disturb its repose. Whatever agitation is made in their behalf is the work of their party. They themselves refuse to take the least share in furthering their monarchical interests.

The Imperialist party, since the tragic death of the young prince of Chiselhurst, has found itself in a peculiarly embarrassing position. By the will of the Prince Imperial, as is well known, the eldest son of Prince Napoleon, young Victor, was named as the next heir to the throne. But the day has gone by when thrones can be willed away. Prince Na-

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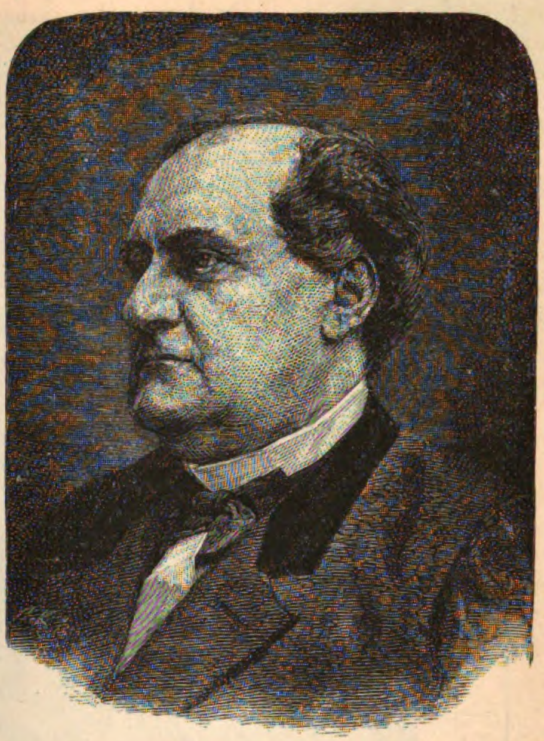
poleon took a different view of his son's claims, and announced himself as the only true and rightful successor to the throne won by his famous uncle's sword.

It has been the misfortune of Prince Napoleon's life to have been repeatedly forced, by the irony of circumstances, to occupy a false position. Nature cast him in the great mould—the mould that turns out the Cæsars. He was born to rule, and through life he has been in the position of a general without soldiers. He inherited many of the virtues and all of the vices of the Bonapartist blood. The mantle of the great Cæsar, his uncle, fell upon him at his birth, but it has been his misfortune more than his fault that he has never been able to wear the garment with dignity. The inequalities of his character, his lack of political tact, and his obstinacy, combined with his Lucullian tastes and his vices, have rendered him more than unpopular, and now, by a curious turn in fortune's wheel, he is the nearest heir to the throne the Bonapartes claim as theirs by conquest.

Twenty years ago, it is said, his resemblance to the first Napoleon was so striking as to make his entrance into a room create a positively thrilling effect. The line of the profile as well as most of the features were purely Napoleonic, and his complexion had the same waxy pallor which was one of the great Bonaparte's most noticeable beauties. If Napoleon III. had never escaped from the fortress of Ham, and had Prince Napoleon shown this wonderful reproduction of his uncle's face at the Assembly at the right moment, that distinguished resemblance might have won for him the throne. But it has been the prince's ill fortune to be always a little late in appearing on the field.

When his cousin Louis became Emperor of France, Prince Napoleon hid his own disappointment under the mask of opposition. His brilliant, active intellect needed a vent, and as he possessed the orator's temperament, he found by turning politician a field for his intellectual abilities, and in the tribune of the Corps Législatif an opportunity for airing his oratory. As he was gifted with keen discernment, he soon discovered that popularity was to be won only in the Republican ranks; and as nothing could annoy his cousin the Emperor more than his siding with the Emperor's foes, the prince declared himself a Republican. Napoleon



PRINCE NAPOLEON.
[Photographed by Nadar, Paris.]

III., however, probably found it less dangerous to give his brilliant cousin's genius a vent for action than to let him intrigue and plot in secret, and he suffered him to amuse himself with the toy of politics. But Prince "Plon-Plon," while he did all in his power to flatter the Republicans, has never been able either to secure their confidence or to win their respect. They as well as the rest of his countrymen have never forgotten his hasty return from the Crimea, and cowardice, or even the faintest approach to it, is the one sin a Frenchman never forgives in a man.

Such are the situations in the political field in France to-day. The Republic, apparently gaining in strength and permanence year by year, is yet agitated by factions in its own party, and menaced by Clerical, Monarchical, and Legitimist foes from without. Will the Republic hold its own against all of these? The problem still remains a question. Some men are born to give direction to a great principle. Perhaps Gambetta is to be to France what Cavour was to Italy: he may so mould and shape the principles of government that, when he disappears, the structure may be found strong enough to stand alone.

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VALENTINES.

I.

A HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

'Twas not the moonlight and the rose,
The days of June in old lang-syne,
That brought me suppliant to your feet,
Praying to be your Valentine.

These soberer days the blossoms blow
As fragrant as in old lang-syne,
And still, in spirit and in truth,
I pray to be your Valentine.

II.

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

Blithe birds once sang in early bowers
Songs that are now all done;
Our spring's turned autumn, and our flowers
Seed-vessels in the sun.

Each season has its own delights,
Its varying suns and winds;
The fruit the blossom's death requites—
God knows no lost designs.

We wreathe our brows with memories
Unmingled with regret;
Though fair the blossoms and the breeze,
We never can forget.

We are old friends who once were new.
Clasp hands; oh, doubly blessed
With all life's strength, we know that true
Which once we rashly guessed.

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PATROLMEN EXCHANGING CHECKS.

THE AMERICAN LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

NO subject at the present moment is more replete with vital and romantic interest at home and abroad than that of the American Life-saving Service. Its brief history teems with incident and instruction. Its wonderful achievements have given it wide celebrity the world over, and foreign journals are advocating the adoption of its methods in European countries. While the operations of the Coast Survey and Light-house Board have greatly diminished the hazards of ocean travel, those who go out in ships are painfully aware that the elements are beyond human control, and that the bewildering dangers of night tempests confound the most careful reckoning.

The coasts of the United States are more extended than those of any other maritime country on the globe, and are fraught with peculiar dangers to navigators. Unlike the coasts of Great Britain, which are thickly populated, the coasts of the United States where wrecks most

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frequently occur—notably those of Massachusetts, Long Island, New Jersey, and North Carolina—are desolate and far removed from human habitations. Notwithstanding the magnitude of the undertaking, our young nation has been foremost among the nations of the earth to establish a branch of government for the specific purpose of rescuing the shipwrecked along her borders. All life-saving institutions elsewhere are supported by voluntary contributions. The subject has attracted more or less attention ever since the times of antiquity. In China, centuries ago, was organized the first humane society for the salvage of human life from the perils of the sea; in civilized Europe, however, no regular system for rewarding the life-saver, or any published directions for the instant treatment of the partially drowned, existed prior to the establishment of the Royal Humane Society in Great Britain in 1774. Ten years later the first life-boat was invented by Lionel Lukin, a coach-builder in Long Acre, London, and tried on the Thames under the auspices of the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., but it was not brought into use; and in 1789 another was constructed by Henry Greathead, a boat-builder, which performed no special service until 1791, when it saved the crew of a Sunderland brig wrecked at the entrance of the Tyne. In the course of the next dozen years thirty or more life-boats were constructed, and when two hundred persons had been rescued from death through their means at the mouth of the Tyne alone, Parliament voted twelve hundred pounds to the inventor. But the work languished until 1823, when a stirring appeal to the English public from Sir William Hillary, Bart., who, while residing on the Isle of Man, had witnessed some of the harrowing scenes attending the loss of vessels and their crews, struck a sympathetic chord in many hearts, and resulted in the formation of the "Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck," which included in its active membership scions of the nobility, gentry, and merchants of the kingdom. Algernon, Duke of Northumberland, became its president in 1851, and threw his whole heart into the work. At his death, in 1866, the office was filled by the present Duke of Northumberland. At this time three large and liberally supported branches of British life-saving effort extend succor to the shipwrecked upon the shores of the British Isles, and within the half-century have saved upward of twenty-five thousand lives. In France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Turkey are similar organizations. In Russia a "Society for Assistance at Shipwreck" was formed, in imitation of that of Great Britain, a few years since, under the patronage of one member of the imperial family. And in Norway, Portugal, and some other foreign countries the humane work has progressed to a moderate extent.

The American Life-saving Service under its present elaborate system of relief is ten years old. Its development covers nearly a century. The initiatory movement was the organization by a few benevolent persons of the Massachusetts Humane Society in 1786. In attempting to alleviate the miseries of shipwreck on the Massachusetts coast, small huts were built; and in 1807 the first life-boat station was established at Cohasset. The Society depended upon voluntary crews, but so much was accomplished of value that some pecuniary aid was received, as time wore on, from both State and general governments. The magnificent work of the Coast Survey, begun in earnest in 1832, absorbed the resources of Congress for a decade and a half, during which period nothing was attempted in the way of life-saving except through voluntary societies. A few public vessels were, indeed, authorized in 1837 to cruise near the coast for the assistance of shipping in distress, but it was through the movement in aid of commerce, which extended to the light-house system. In 1847, five thousand dollars were appropriated by Congress toward furnishing light-houses on the Atlantic with the facilities for aiding shipwrecked mariners. The money, after remaining in the Treasury two years unused, was permitted to be expended by the Massachusetts society upon Cape Cod. In the summer of 1848, the Hon. William A. Newell, then a member of the House of Representatives from New Jersey, incited by some terrible shipwrecks on the coast of that State, induced Congress, through his eloquence, to appropriate ten thousand dollars for providing surf-boats and other appliances "for the protection of life and property from shipwreck on the coast between Sandy Hook and Little Egg Harbor." During the next session a

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still larger appropriation was obtained. Twenty-two station-houses were erected on the coasts of New Jersey and Long Island, and although no persons were paid or authorized to take charge of them, and they were manned by extemporized crews, their value in several cases of shipwreck was so great that Congress made further appropriations from year to year, and stations and life-boats gradually multiplied. Through the pressure of a shocking event in 1854—the loss of three hundred lives off the New Jersey coast—a local superintendent was employed, a keeper assigned to each station, and bonded custodians placed in charge of the life-boats, which had been repeatedly stolen; but the absence of drilled and disciplined crews, of general regulations, and of energetic central administration, rendered the record of the institution unsatisfactory, and its benefits checkered by the saddest failures.

SUMNER I. KIMBALL.

In the year 1871, Sumner I. Kimball succeeded to the head of the Revenue Marine Bureau of the Treasury Department, under the charge of which were the life-saving stations. He made it his first business to ascertain their condition. Captain John Faunce was detailed to make a tour of inspection, and was accompanied a portion of the way by Mr. Kimball himself. The buildings were found neglected and dilapidated, the apparatus rusty or broken, portable articles had been carried off, the salaried keepers were often living at a distance from their posts, some of them too old for service, and others incompetent, and the volunteer crews were in a quarrelsome temper with each other and with the coast population. Then commenced that vigorous prosecution of reform which has crowned the humane work with unprecedented success. Making the most of slender appropriations, and in the face of perpetual discouragements, this one man, the chief of a bureau, pushed on by philanthropic impulses and guided by unerring judgment, brought a complete and orderly system into effect. It was not the work of a day, nor of a year. It required patience, sagacity, and rare powers of organization and government. He knew no office hours, working day and night at what many were pleased to consider a hopeless task. In his brain originated the idea of guarding the entire coasts of the nation through the planting of a chain of fortresses to be garrisoned by disciplined conquerors of the sea. It is a mat-

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LIFE-BOAT STATION ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

ter of public record, and generally known to the country, that through his practical devotion to the cause this has been so nearly accomplished.

In reorganizing what there was of the Service, he prepared a code of regulations for its absolute control. The duties of every man employed were minutely defined. The lazy, the careless, and the unworthy were dismissed, and men chosen to fill their places with sole reference to integrity and professional fitness. Politics was abolished. That is, experts in the surf were regarded as of more consequence to drowning victims than voters of any particular political ticket. The station-houses were repaired, and increased in numbers as fast as the means afforded by Congress would allow; the appliances for life-saving were restored, and improved from year to year through the best inventions and discoveries in this or any other country, and a rigid system of inspection and of patrol was inaugurated.

The steps by which the institution reached its present plane of usefulness would furnish an interesting chapter. The record of the first season on the New York and New Jersey coasts, where the new system first went into actual operation, showed that every person imperiled by shipwreck was saved. Consequently a commission, consisting of Mr. Kimball, Captain Faunce, and Captain J. H. Merryman, of the Revenue Marine, surveyed in 1873, by order of Congress, the vast and varied coasts of the oceans and lakes, investigating personally the characteristics of the dangerous localities, and holding consultations with underwriters, ship-owners, captains of vessels, and veteran surfmen. The report of this commission placed before Congress a minute account of the disasters to vessels on every mile of coast for the previous ten years; a bill based upon it, prepared by Mr. Kimball, became a law June 20, 1874. It provided for the extension of the field of this great national work of humanity; for the bestowal of medals of honor upon persons risking their lives to save others; and empowered the collection and tabulation of statistics of disaster to shipping, which, by reference to the periodicity of marine casualties, aided in determining the points most needing protection, and in various other ways benefited both government and maritime interests.

It is impossible to exaggerate the awful circumstances attending a shipwreck. The important machinery which human genius has contrived for saving life and property confided to the waves is hardly less remarkable than the courage and skill required to manage it successfully. A room has been set apart in the Treasury Building at Washington for a collection of models of all known life-saving appliances. This is free to the public, and is visited daily by crowds. The polite colored custodian answers all questions with sublime enthusiasm, and explains, when desired, the various merits and uses of the exhibits. Upon the wall hangs the India-rubber life-saving dress invented by Clark S. Merriman in 1852, which he tells you was introduced into our stations long before the exploits of Paul Boyton gave it celebrity, and that "it is impious to the air, and therefore

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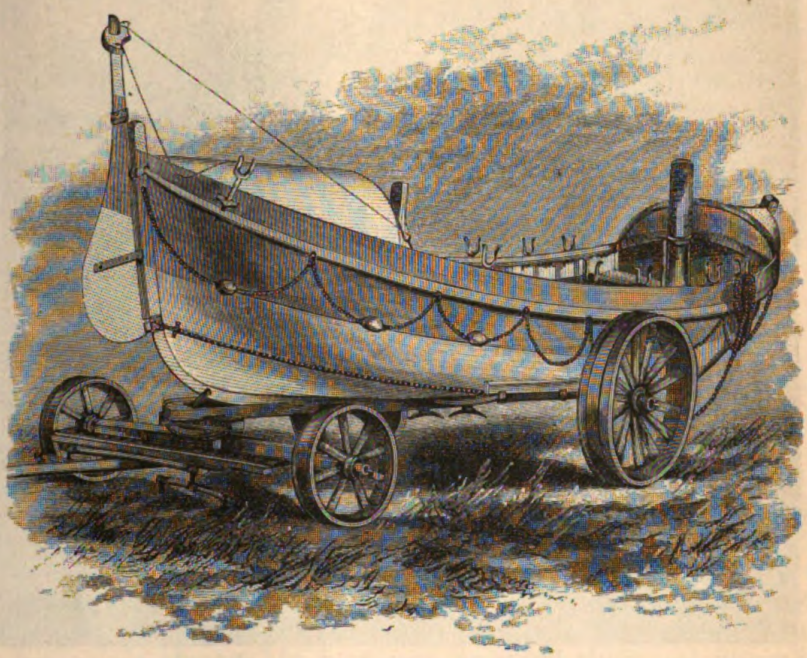
its wearer can neither drown nor freeze"; and adjusting the cork life-belt, designed by Rear-Admiral Ward in 1854, about his body to illustrate how perfectly the wearer has the free use of his limbs in any position, he says, "It possesses the life-saving property of three persons, the one by whom it is worn, and the two he assists in the water." Then, again, in forcible, if not always classic, Saxon, he describes the model of the wonderful English life-boat: "It is built upon the principles of sheer and gravitation. It will not upset; but if it does upset, it will right itself again immediately. It shoots into the maddening element with all the grace of a duck from the grassy lawn."



SELF-RIGHTING LIFE-BOAT.

The dangers to which the crew of a life-boat are exposed entitle those who encounter them to the greatest credit. The English life-boat is in general use upon our great lakes, where piers or steep shores command deep water, and upon the Pacific coast; but its heavy weight (from two to four tons) and draught render its use impracticable along the flat beaches of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. Its self-righting and self-bailing properties comprehend nearly a century of study and experiment, outgrowing from the original invention of Lukin; the former is effected by a ponderous false keel of iron, which gives the lower part a constant determination toward the water, while an equal determination from the water is maintained for the upper portion of the boat by air-cases at the sides and ends, scientifically proportioned. The self-bailing advantage is gained by a deck adjusted according to the draught of the boat; thus, whatever the load, the deck is above the load line, and is fitted with tubes through the boat's bottom, with self-acting valves opening downward to the pressure of water shipped by the boat, and closing from the pressure of the jets from below. It is launched through mechanical contrivances from piers or high places directly into deep water; but it is so heavy, and makes such resistance to the wind, that its towage by steam-tug is often necessary to enable it to reach a wreck at a distance. Two masts, made detachable, are provided, fitted with two lug-sails and a jib. The lighter six-oared surf-boat, weighing from seven hundred to one thousand pounds, is the American product which best suits the shallow waters of our Eastern beaches, varied somewhat in construction, usually of cedar, with white-oak frame, without keel, and air-cases at the ends and along the interior sides under the thwarts, which make it insubmergible. It is drawn upon wheels to a point opposite the wreck by the men themselves where no horses are provided. When launched, it is guided by a long steering oar, the helmsman standing erect in the stern. The surfmen, with their backs to the sea, fix their eyes upon him, and ply their oars in obedience to his directions, and mark his slightest gesture. It is the refinement of human dexterity to mount the breakers in this little shell, and no sight is more impressive. The wreck reached, whether by day or night, the most careful management is necessary to avoid collision with the plunging hull and floating and falling wreckage;

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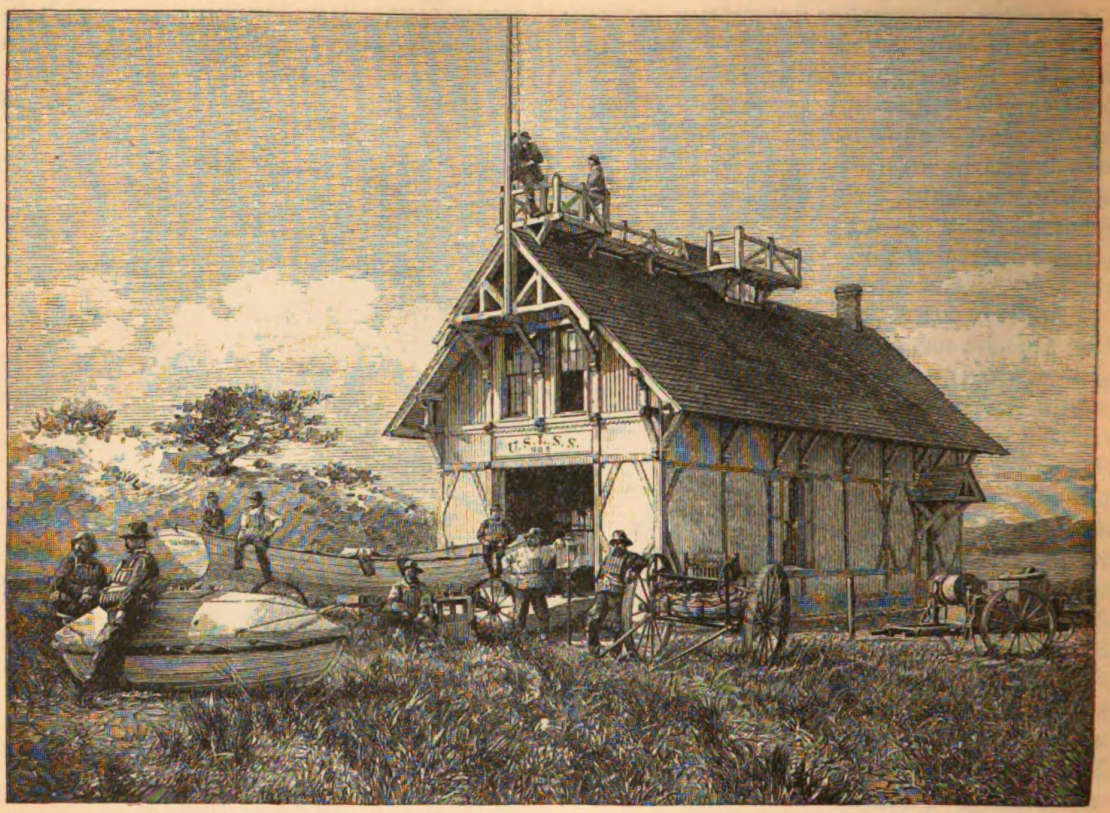

UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING STATION ON THE EASTERN COAST.

and the taking off the people from a dismantled and sinking ship, and safe return with them to the shore, is indeed a picture for the imagination.

Through what seemed magnanimous legislation the work of the service was crowned with brilliant success, and the creation of new stations steadily continued until 1877. The storm-signal system of the Signal Service was also connected with several of the life-saving stations on the New Jersey coast, and subsequently extended to other stations. The signal officer was allowed to occupy a room in the life-saving buildings, and in turn the Signal Service granted the use of its telegraph lines for life-saving purposes. But in the rapid development of the efficiency of the Service the law-makers were outdistanced, failing to keep pace with the demands upon the national purse. Doubting Thomases had taken their seats in Congress, and until they could be educated on the subject by the more enlightened, the business of life-saving must be curtailed, even if the whole world suffered. The appropriation for 1877–8 was considerably below the modest estimates submitted by the management of the Service, which prevented the stations from being opened earlier than December 1. The result was a disaster in the North Carolina district on the 24th of November, six days prior to the opening of the stations, so tragic and enormous in its proportions that the whole nation was roused into interrogation. The steamer *Huron* stranded near Nag's Head, a dreary point upon a coast distinguished for its monotony of desolation, and ninety-eight persons perished, all of whom would doubtless have been saved had the service been in active operation. And as if one calamity were not enough to teach the needed lesson, another followed swiftly. The steamer *Metropolis*, bound from Philadelphia to Brazil, laden with railroad iron and materials and two hundred and forty-five sailors and passengers, was dashed into fragments on the Currituck Beach, only sixty-six days later, and eighty-five lives were lost, in consequence of the stations in that region being then twelve miles apart. The patrol had passed the point where the wreck occurred some two hours before. Peculiar cries, like that of many human voices mingled with the shrieks of the sea, led to the discovery of the

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NAG'S HEAD—SCENE OF THE "HURON" DISASTER.

stranded vessel by persons on the shore, who could see nothing through the fog. A boy was sent running to the nearest house, half a mile inland, the occupant of which mounted his horse and galloped to the nearest station, some four and a half miles away. The mortar cart, with apparatus, a dead-weight of more than a thousand pounds, was hauled through the wet, yielding sand, into which the wheels cut four or five inches, as fast as six strong, willing surfmen could hurry along. They were overtaken within a mile and a half of the scene by a man with a horse and cart—one of the features of the North Carolina beach—who, finding them worn down with their burden, hitched on and helped them through.

Three or four precious hours had already been consumed; the water was filled with floating fragments of the wreck. Efforts to throw the shot-line failed, and the despairing people, giving up all hope of rescue before the ship should break entirely in pieces, accepted their last alternative, plunging into the treacherous waves. The surf was running high, and the struggling, drowning mass of human beings

WRECK OF THE "HURON."

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"THEY FOUND HIM NEARLY DEAD."

drifted toward the shore. The life-savers and citizens ran into the water to meet and save them, and strove nobly in the inner breakers and under-tow, dragging them ashore in great numbers. The incidents of that awful hour defy any attempt at description. The air was filled with encouraging shouts and agonizing screams. Upward of a hundred were rescued, and many were restored from apparent death. A handsome Newfoundland dog participated in the work, incited by the example of his master, and came dripping through the surf, bringing safely ashore a half-drowned man. As this page of horrors came before the national legislature, it was remembered that the chief of the Service had been laboring in vain for two years to convince the Congressional mind of the unreasonable distances between stations on the North Carolina coast, and the consequent extent of patrol. The tide of public sentiment was with the Service, and misplaced economy was universally condemned. Before the end of the following June, a bill, under the championship of Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York, and Hon. Charles B. Roberts, of Maryland, was carried through both Houses which elevated the institution to its proper rank as a separate establishment, instead of a branch of the revenue marine, with provisions of grave importance. The President immediately nominated Mr. Kimball as General Superintendent, who was promptly and unanimously confirmed, without the usual formality of reference to a committee. The stations have since been increased, until their number is one hundred and ninety-six. Thirteen were immediately projected between Cape Henry and Hatteras Inlet. But the fearful hurricane of the 22d and 23d of October, 1878, swept away a portion of the material of the contractors, and seriously retarded the completion of the buildings. This tempest came near causing the utter demolition of some of the existing stations, one of which was lifted bodily from its foundation and borne half a mile away, where it was left standing erect.

In another instance the sea suddenly invaded one of the stations at two o'clock in the morning, filling the house, and the crew rowed out in the surf-boat through the portal, their heads nearly grazing the

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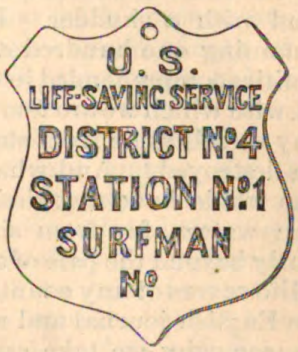
lintel. The wind was blowing, according to the register of the Signal Service, eighty-four miles an hour at the time. Nothing living was abroad, except here and there, miles apart, the solitary patrolmen staggering on through the utter darkness, in the forlorn endeavor to maintain their watch—drenched by the cataract of rain, half suffocated by the blasts, and repeatedly and with great violence thrown from their feet. No eye could look to windward for the flying sand. At this very moment the *A. S. Davis*, a large, nearly new, strongly built vessel, returning from South America to Hampton Roads, Virginia, was racing through the darkness with headlong velocity, chased by the roaring hurricane. Suddenly, with a shivering shock, she plunged aground. At once, behind the vessel, held by her bows as in a vise, the sea lifted itself up like a mountain, and came down with a stunning crash upon the stern, which it stove in at one blow; an instant of horrible confusion and uproar, and the ship was literally torn in pieces. Of the twenty men aboard but one escaped—thrown bruised and bleeding upon the shore, where he was found and tenderly cared for by the patrolman. Had an army of life-savers been present, no help could in this instance have been rendered to either vessel or crew. These hapless voyagers had been out three months, and over ten thousand miles, to perish within three hours' sail of their haven. The extraordinary fury of this storm was such that thirty churches and hundreds of dwellings were unroofed or seriously injured in Philadelphia, and a schooner in Chesapeake Bay was carried sheer up into the woods from her anchorage. On the Virginia beach a patrolman failed to return to the station in the morning, and his comrades went out in a surf-boat to search for him. The beach was flooded in every direction, but after proceeding a mile and a half they found him lying prone upon a sand-hill, nearly dead, completely surrounded by water, which had hunted him from place to place for hours.

Comparatively few of the well-housed inhabitants of the land are alive to the fact that through the long, cold, blustering days and the dark, rainy, and tempestuous nights of the whole wintry season a cordon of sentinels is tramping the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida on the look-out for endangered vessels. The hardships involved in these protracted marches, while all the world lies comfortably in bed, have no parallel in the employment of any other class of men. The beaches are often clad with ice, and at the best are pathless deserts in the night, and when lashed by storms are frequently cloven through with new inlets, while hills of sand are rent and torn away as the surf leaps furiously beyond its usual



SURFMAN'S SHIELD.

limits. The life-saving stations on the Atlantic sea-board are now within an average distance of five miles of each other, each crew consisting of a keeper and six surfmen. At sunset two men start from each station, one going to the right, and the other to the left. They are equipped with lanterns and Coston signals, and each pursues his solitary and perilous way through the soft sand, in spite of flooding tides, bewildering snow-falls, overwhelming winds, and bitter cold, until he meets the man from the next station, with whom he exchanges a check, to prove to the keeper on his return that he has faithfully performed his allotted task. The night is divided into four watches. The keeper is required to register in his log-book the name of each patrolman, his hours on patrol, the name of the patrolman from the next station whom he meets, the exact hour of meeting, and the direction and force of the wind at sunrise, noon, sunset, and midnight, together with the events of each day. This record is sent to the chief of the Service at Washington at the end of every week. These groups of seven beach guardians are, in a majority of instances, completely isolated upon the barren outlying strips of sand, separated from the mainland by intervening bays.

When the morning newspaper announces that one hundred and forty-sev-

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en steam-ships have been lost at sea during the year 1880, the whole reading community looks up in startled amazement. The scenes at midnight when the *Narragansett* was burning and sinking in Long Island Sound, the blazing *Seawanhaka* a few days later, in full view of thousands of the inhabitants of New York city on a bright summer afternoon, and the foundering of the *City of Vera Cruz* in a hurricane off the coast of Florida, are recalled to mind with a shudder. But what of the remaining one hundred and forty-four calamities comprehended in the above statement, with which we are less familiar? How many vessels aside from steam-ships have been destroyed? And what proportion of the whole have met their fate in deep ocean waters, far from shore, and consequently beyond the pale of assistance from the life-savers of any country? We take up an English journal and read: "A further reason why we take especial interest in the Life-saving Service of the United States arises from the circumstance that consequent on our extensive trade with that country—amounting to more than sixty millions sterling of goods sent from it to Britain every year—a large proportion of the ships and crews which are saved through its instrumentality are British." Then we turn elsewhere and find that three hundred disasters to vessels have occurred along our coasts within the past year, and that nineteen hundred and eighty-nine persons have been imperiled upon these vessels, of whom all were saved except nine.

With such a record it is no longer a marvel that the American life-saving institution has taken so firm a hold of the public heart. The territory which it guards—ten thousand or more miles—is divided into twelve districts. The Atlantic coast presents one long succession of varied dangers, beginning with Maine, where the capricious currents are forever playing sly games about the narrow capes, reefs, sunken rocks, and peaks of islands half submerged, paving the coast like the teeth in a shark's jaw, taking in Cape Cod, that great arm of sand forty miles outward and upward, with its half-sunken, ever-shifting sand-bars, the islands and the rough rocky points on the Rhode Island coast—dreadful to mariners—and the long, unpeopled six hundred miles of beach from Montauk Point, Long Island, to Cape Fear, North Carolina, terminating with the arid coral formation of the coast of Florida, five hundred miles in extent. The great lakes, a group of enormous inland seas, with twenty-five hundred miles of American coast-line, are subject to sudden and violent gales, which pile up seas so stupendous that anchored vessels are swept fore and aft, often causing their complete destruction; while others, running for shelter in harbors, miss the narrow entrances, and are blown helplessly upon jutting piers, or the still more dangerous beach. The stations consist of three classes, severally denominated life-saving stations, life-boat stations, and houses of refuge. Each of the twelve districts is provided with a local superintendent, who must be a resident of the district and familiarly acquainted with its inhabitants. His compensation is one thousand dollars per annum, with the exception of those on the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey, who, having too many stations to look after to attend to other business, are paid fifteen hundred dollars apiece. These officers are required to give from twenty to thirty thousand dollar bonds as disbursing agents, being intrusted with the payment of the men under them in addition to their general duties. They are responsible for the selection of the keepers of the stations—a duty requiring much knowledge and excellent judgment—who are not, however, confirmed without the acquiescence of the inspector, who is supposed to have no local interests or prejudices. The crews are chosen by the keepers. The keepers and crews are examined by a board of inspectors, consisting of an officer of the revenue marine, a surgeon of the Marine Hospital Service, and an expert surfman whose qualifications are well known, to determine by a judgment wholly impartial their character, good health, and general fitness. This board is empowered to dismiss all incompetent men on the spot, and require the keeper to employ others without delay. The whole work is under constant inspection. An officer of the revenue marine, Captain James H. Merryman, is the chief inspector, and assigns from his office in New York an assistant inspector to every district. The stations are visited frequently, and the men examined in the exercises of the apparatus drill, and obliged to give verbal reasons for every step in their operations. They are trained with their life-

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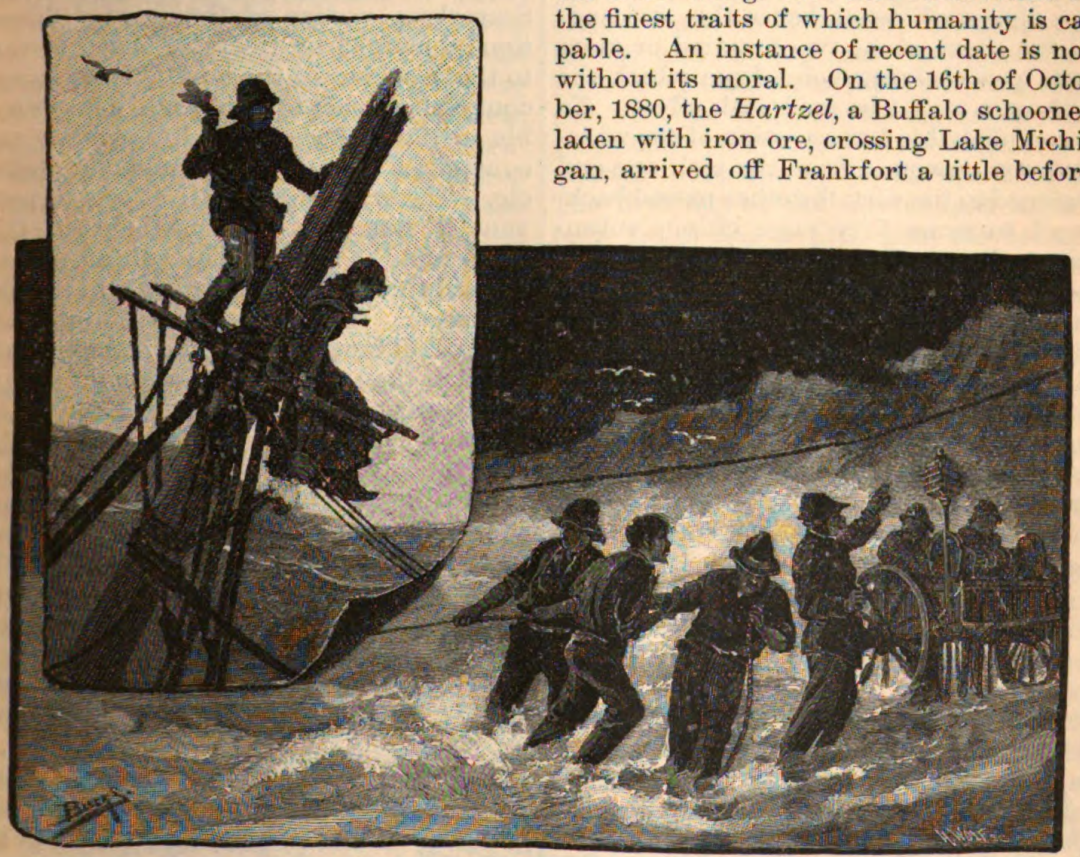
boats in the surf, in the use of the life-dress, in saving drowning persons by swimming to their relief, in the methods of restoring the partially drowned, and in signaling. Everything in and about the stations moves with military precision. When a wreck is attended with loss of life, a rigid examination follows to see if any of the men have been guilty of misconduct or neglect of duty. The keepers are empowered to protect the interests of the government from smuggling, and they guard all property that comes ashore from a wreck until its rightful owner appears. They are charged with the care and order of the stations and the boats and apparatus; and they must keep accurate accounts of all receipts and expenditures, journalize all transactions, and maintain all necessary correspondence with superior officers. Thus it appears they must possess a certain amount of education and high integrity, as well as surfmanship, intrepidity, and commanding qualities. They are paid four hundred dollars each per annum. The crews receive forty dollars per month during the active season, which upon the sea-coast is from September 1 to May 1, and upon the lakes from the opening to the close of navigation, or from about May 1 to December 15.

The forces and processes by which a ship is reached when stranded within sight of land are among the most interesting studies of the present decade. From district superintendent to station surfman the business of saving human beings from death under such circumstances is no child's play. Every variety of accident and obstacle embarrasses operations, and can be overcome only by steady nerve and the most perfect discipline. Notable acts of heroism among our life-saving crews are of frequent occurrence; indeed, the work brings into bold relief some of the finest traits of which humanity is capable. An instance of recent date is not without its moral. On the 16th of October, 1880, the *Hartzel*, a Buffalo schooner laden with iron ore, crossing Lake Michigan, arrived off Frankfort a little before daylight in the morning, and finding it too dark to attempt to enter the harbor, cast anchor and waited for the sun to rise. The crew consisted of seven men and one woman—the cook. A storm came on, which increased in violence to a hurricane, accompanied with hail and sleet. The vessel would neither wear nor stay, and being close inshore the anchors were



WRECK OF THE SCHOONER "HARTZEL" IN LAKE MICHIGAN.

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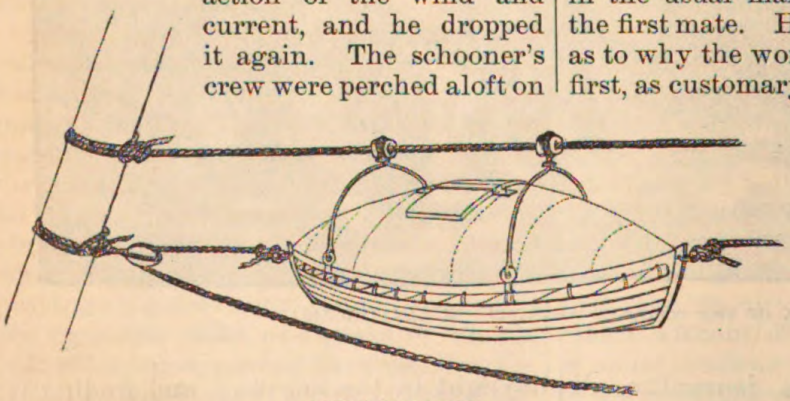
let go, but without avail. She drifted upon a bar about a mile and a half south of the pier, and opposite the "Big and Little Bald Hills." Her condition was discovered by the citizens, and the news carried swiftly to the nearest life-saving station. Keeper Matthews started at once with his crew for the scene; but the fury of the gale cut off all approach by the beach, and they were obliged to take a circuitous route of nearly ten miles. They were aided by a pair of good horses and a score of brawny lumbermen in dragging the apparatus up high sandy steeps, and through long winding ravines where fallen trees were lying in every conceivable position, and about eleven o'clock reached the brow of the heights opposite the wreck. But it was a long distance from the distressed vessel, hence they descended the sharp steep, two hundred or more feet, to a shelving point from which the Lyle gun might be used with effect. To accomplish this feat a portion of the whip-line was unwound from the reel, one end fastened to the cart, the other passed backward to some fifty men, citizen volunteers, who acted as a drag in lowering the cart (which weighed not less than fifteen hundred pounds) down the shifting sand-bluff, where all hands slid to the bottom, almost ingulfing those stationed lower down. The desired point gained, the gun was fired, but the line fell in the weather fore-rigging, and although caught by the master, the whip and pulley-block could not be drawn on board on account of the action of the wind and current, and he dropped it again. The schooner's crew were perched aloft on



LIFE-SAVING CAR.

the only remaining mast—the mainmast having fallen—and nothing was visible below but the stern timbers occasionally between seas. The shot-line was promptly hauled in by the life-savers, the gun reloaded, and fired the second time, with success. It fell well up in the fore-rigging, just under the cross-trees, and was almost instantly caught by the sailors.

When the whip-line was sent out, few present believed the slender cord would stand the strain. In order to avoid the retarding effect of the surging current, as well as to clear the wreckage that lined the beach, the shore ends of the whip-line were taken well up the hill-side, and a certain strain kept on them. Upward of fifty were hauling in, then by a signal from the keeper would suddenly pay out, and the sailors on the lone mast in their turn would haul in, securing a few feet of line at a time. In this manner, after a sharp struggle of at least two hours, the tail-block was obtained by the despairing crew, and secured to the lower mast-head. Scarcely a vestige of the printed directions remained on the tally-board, owing to the scouring of the surf. Having accomplished what seemed highly improbable to the looker-on, the life-savers were confronted by another formidable obstacle. The whip, despite all efforts to prevent it, was full of turns between the block and the shore. The volunteers expressed themselves utterly baffled and discouraged. Not so Keeper Matthews and his gallant crew. Without a moment's indecision they proceeded to clear the whip, which occupied another hour. Meanwhile it was apparent that the foremast would soon fall with its living freight; and without waiting to send the hawser, the breeches-buoy was sent on the whip alone, rigged in the usual manner. It returned with the first mate. He was quickly catechised as to why the woman was not sent ashore first, as customary among sailors of every degree, and replied, "She does not want to come in this buoy," and then said she was wrapped in the gaff topsail, and secured to the mast. In the same breath, as it were, came a message from the surfmen stationed on the height, in charge of the extreme circuit of the hauling line, that the fallen tree used as a loggerhead for the whip was giving way, together with a portion of the bank. No time was to be lost, and the life-car was quickly substituted for the buoy. It capsized on the way, and

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when it reached the wreck, was sent spinning into the air through coming into collision with the wreckage which was churning in the boiling caldron. When it returned, two of the sailors jumped out, and were sharply interrogated as to why the woman did not come. They said, "She don't want to get into that thing; it looks too much like a coffin," and "She'll come next time," with other contradictory remarks.

On the next trip the life-car brought the captain and second mate. A murmur of angry disappointment ran through the crowd. The horrible suspicion that the helpless woman was to be left lashed to the mast-head by a heartless crew took possession of every mind. Questions were asked with severe earnestness, to which the captain replied, evasively, "She's gone up," and "She's unconscious, and we could do nothing with her," and "They'll bring her next time." On its third trip the car remained some time at the wreck. Darkness had set in; thus it was impossible to discover what was going on. Finally the car was drawn in, but grounded, bottom upward, in the edge of the surf. At the call of the keeper for assistance, a dozen heroes plunged into the water, righted the car, and snatched off the cover. Two sailors jumped out, the last of the wrecked crew. "They haven't brought the woman!" shouted one of the surfmen, who had been knocked down several times by the drift-wood, and nearly lost his life in attempting to land the car safely. It was a moment of intense excitement. The citizens declared they would not have pulled a line to save the schooner's crew had they foreseen the dreadful climax. The sailors said the woman was dead. It was the merest folly to sacrifice life by sending out men to learn the truth of the story, with the mast likely to fall at any moment; and the saddened party clambered in the darkness, one by one, up the steep in the face of the blinding storm, burdened with the conviction that they had been defrauded in their labors of love, and faint for want of food, having eaten nothing since breakfast; and wearied beyond expression by the extraordinary exertions of the day, they tramped with their apparatus over the rough ten miles to the station, reaching it early the next morning. The mast fell soon after their departure, and seventeen days later the body of the woman was found on the beach at Frankfort.

When the inmates of a station are notified by the patrolman that a ship is ashore, the keeper must determine instantly whether the condition of the sea will admit of the launching of the life-boat. In the several disasters on the New Jersey coast in the February storm there was not one instance where its use was possible. Upon the lakes, during the year just past, some of the deeds of rescue have enveloped the rough figures of the life-saving men in a blaze of heroism. One example was at the wreck of the *Amazon* off the Grand Haven piers, in Lake Michigan—a large four-masted twin-screw steamer, with sixty-eight persons on board, thirty-six of whom were passengers. The wind and waves were smashing the steamer in pieces, and it was beginning to sink, when, after almost superhuman exertions, the hawser and hauling lines were connected with the foremast, and the life-car was sent out, with one of the life-saving crew to superintend operations. In an hour and a quarter every one on board was landed. The first trip of the car brought ashore four ladies and a little girl, the second came with six ladies. It made fourteen trips in all, the last two or three being devoted to bringing ashore the United States mails and some of the baggage of the passengers. A dog was also brought ashore.

These men who confront danger and face death in the interests of the great public deserve something more than honorable mention. It is the unmistakable and solemn duty of this great, opulent country not only to compensate them handsomely, but to extend social protection in the form of pensions to the widows and orphans of those who perish in the performance of their humane work. More than once has a life-saving crew been lost outright. In 1876, at the wreck of the *Nuova Ottavia* on the North Carolina beach, the surf-boat went out, never to return. It reached the wreck, and it was supposed the Italians, seized with a panic, jumped toward it in a mass. In recognition of the gallant behavior of the surfmen, the Consul-General of Italy sent for the benefit of their families four hundred and eight dollars in gold, by order of the Department of Foreign Affairs and Marine of that nation, and of the Italian Society for Salvage. Again, one of the most gallant and skillful crews in the service was lost at Point-aux-Barques, Lake Huron, in October, 1880, and the

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heart-rending details of the calamity are known to the world through its sole survivor. These loyal men went out in the surf-boat in prompt response to a signal of distress displayed upon a vessel three miles away. The boat was capsized and righted several times, but finally remained capsized, the men clinging to it; but the cold was such that one after another perished, until six were gone. The keeper drifted upon the beach, insensible, and was found steadying himself by the trunk of a tree, and swaying his body to and fro as if in the act of walking, without moving his feet. When he recovered consciousness, he said he thought he had walked a long distance since reaching the shore, and remembered to have shouted several times, not so much with the idea of attracting attention as to help the circulation of his blood. He was so much injured that he resigned his position; thus the station was in one day bereft of its entire crew. These heroic men had during the same year saved nearly a hundred lives. When the steamer *Bertchey* was wrecked near Grindstone City, seven miles from Point aux Barques, they had gone to the rescue as fast as a pair of spirited horses could draw the boat-wagon, and found five hundred people on shore watching the wreck as it was breaking up, powerless to help the hapless passengers and crew, who for ten hours had been lashed to the bulwarks and drenched by the flooding breakers. Some volunteers attempted to go to their relief in a fish-boat, but the sea was so terrible that they turned back. The life-savers coming up upon a run, were greeted with prolonged huzzas. Quickly their boat was launched, and they were on their daring voyage, disappearing in the troughs of the sea, then rising on the summit of the breakers, the crew working with might and main at the oars, and the bow of the boat ever pointed to the stranded steamer.

They reached it gloriously, threw a line by its heaving-stick aboard, which, being seized and fastened, held the boat in tow, which advanced and receded by her oars as the action of the sea allowed, and at the proper moment sheering up, and snatching away, as it were, the persons to be rescued. No sooner was the boat secured than two of the surfmen threw themselves into the water, and by the aid of ropes worked themselves with great exertion upon the steamer's deck, to aid and direct the difficult and dangerous labor of transferring those on board to the surf-boat. Eleven ladies were first lowered over the bulwarks, then a little boy, and the boat shoved off, and safely gained the pier. Four trips were made, and forty-four persons saved, being every soul on board; and such was the appalling need of haste that the men bent to their oars with a will, and accomplished the extraordinary rescue within one hour. And yet this same crew of life-savers died nobly at their post of duty a few months later, and—let us whisper it gently and with deep humiliation—our nation has forgotten its obligation to their families. No pension has yet been granted. Is it not a national duty to provide as well for those dependent upon a man killed in trying to save life as for the families of such as are seeking to destroy life? On the bleak Massachusetts coast, in a freezing temperature, and in the darkness just before the dawn of the last day of November, 1880, a surf-boat was struck and capsized by the boom of a stranded vessel, alongside which the dauntless life-saving crew were striving to rescue the captain and pilot. They had made one trip already, landing four of the sailors, and returning for those left behind, met with the fatal accident. Keeper Atkins, one of the most valuable officers in the service, and two surfmen perished, while of the survivors, one was disabled for life, and the other two badly injured. Keeper Atkins left a widow and four children, and the drowned surfmen left dependent families. There is no country in the world where money is given so freely for charities as in America. Congress fails to represent the feeling of the people at large if it withholds its generous care from those who in guarding its coasts contribute to the material prosperity of the nation.

The life-saving stations are snug two-story buildings of the pointed order of architecture, with a small open observatory or look-out deck on the peak of the roof. The first floor contains the boat-room, where the apparatus is stored, and a second smaller apartment, which is the living-room of the crew. In the second story are three or four rooms; one is appropriated to the lighter apparatus, the medicine chest (which is an important feature of the work), the library, official books and papers, all of which undergo frequent inspection by the superior officers

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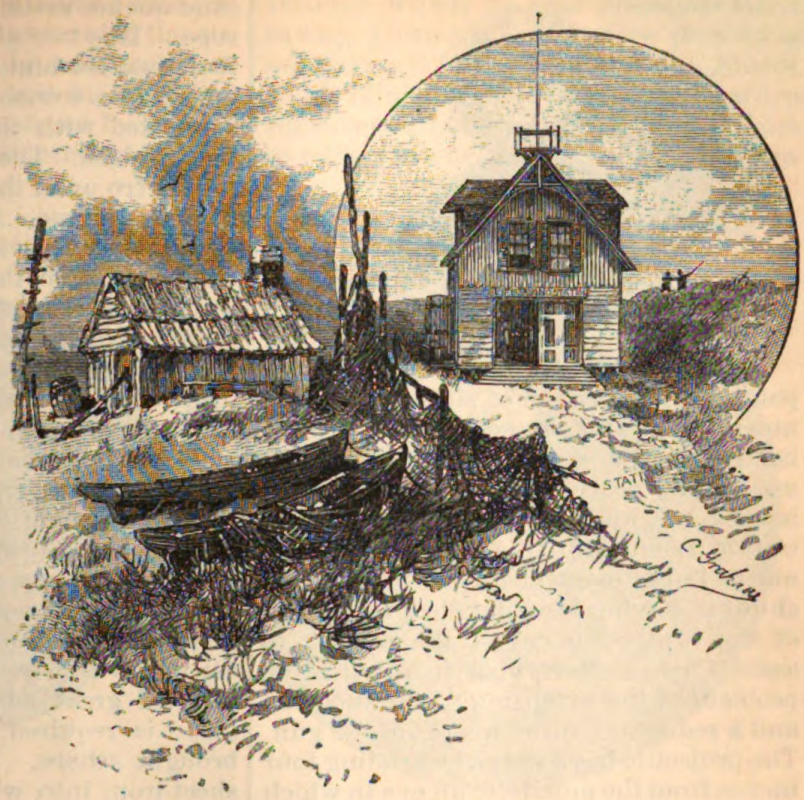
to see that they are in regulation order; two are furnished with cot beds as sleeping apartments for the keeper and crew; and one small room is set apart for the signal officer wherever there is communication with the Signal Service. The life-boat stations are smaller buildings, and usually placed on piles at the water's edge, or set on the inner side of piers, and are furnished with an inclined platform, or a trap in the floor through which the life-boat is let down and launched into the water by means of a windlass. The houses of refuge have a capacity for twenty-five persons, and are kept supplied with provisions to feed that number for ten days. A boat-house is also attached. The inhabited stations are furnished with the utensils for cooking, but the crews find their own provisions out of their ten dollars per week, which, with the simplest coast fare, leaves them hardly ninety-three cents per day. A telephone line now connects a dozen or more of the North Carolina stations, and telegraph communication exists with many portions of the coast. The language of signals has become of great importance to the service. A vessel may not only ask for assistance, but state through this medium the nature of its distress. The international code, improved by additions for local purposes, has been introduced at the stations, and furnished to all masters of vessels entering or clearing from their respective ports. Ships in passing a station often inquire its number, which enables them, with the aid of the Coast Survey charts, to determine their exact position; and the men at the stations warn vessels of danger, and direct their movements. A special code of signals by which the stations may call assistance from each other has also been supplied.



LIFE-SAVING STATION ON THE NORTH CAROLINA BEACH.

Upon the Atlantic coast, much more frequently than elsewhere, the sea is too heavy in a winter storm for the use of the boat, and resort is had, as has been seen, to the life-saving ordnance. The process of throwing a temporary suspension-bridge from the land to the wreck, first suggested by Lieutenant Bell, of the royal artillery, in 1791, and matured and carried into practical effect by Captain Manby, of the royal navy, has been greatly improved during the last few years. The first gun in use was of cast iron, weighing two hundred and eighty-eight pounds, and throwing a spherical ball with line attached, its extreme range being four hundred and twenty-one yards. This gave place to the Parrott gun, weighing two hundred and sixty-six pounds—a slight gain—with a maximum range of four hundred and seventy-three yards. The first ball fired in the United States to save life is preserved in the museum of the Life-saving Service with tender care. It was at the wreck of the *Ayrshire*, on Squan Beach, New Jersey, in 1850, and two hundred and one lives were saved by its means. The Lyle gun, of bronze, weighing one hundred and eighty-five

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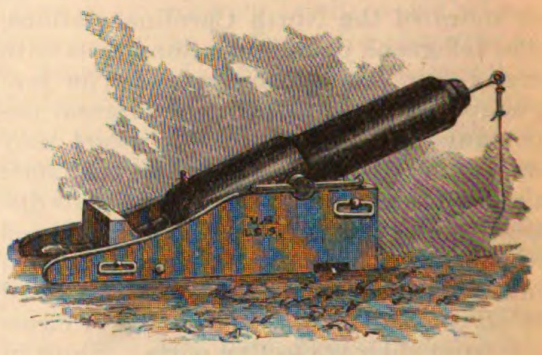
pounds, with a range of six hundred and ninety-five yards, or nearly half a mile, has recently superseded all others, and is universally conceded to be the best in existence. It was the result of experiments in 1878, Lieutenant D. A. Lyle, of the Ordnance Department at Springfield, Massachusetts, having been detailed, by request of the superintendent of the Service, to assist Captain Merryman in solving the problem of the extension of the shot-line and a reduction in the weight of the gun. The projectile has a shank protruding four inches from the muzzle, to an eye in which the shot-line is tied—a device which prevents it from being burned off by the ignited gases in firing. The rocket, so much used abroad, is uncertain, and the line is apt to break at its attachment to the shot, or become badly twisted on its way. The shot-line in use, like the gun, is the result of a series of careful experiments. It is made of unbleached linen thread, very closely and smoothly braided, and water-proofed. It is coiled into a faking box with such precision that it will pay out freely, and fly to a wreck without entanglement or friction. The projectile must be aimed so that the line falls over the ship—not an easy mark to hit in the night in the midst of a blinding storm; and in case of failure, the line is quickly drawn in, and French-faked, that is, laid out in loops upon a tarpaulin spread upon the beach, ready for the second shot. The sailors, as soon as it reaches them, pull upon it until the whip or hauling-line (an inch and a half in circumference), which is made fast to the shore end of the shot-line, is drawn on board with a pulley-block, or tail-block, and a tablet, or tally-board, with instructions how to arrange it for use. When this is fixed, the surfmen haul upon one part of the whip, and send the hawser, which rests on a crotch quickly erected on shore as a sort of temporary pier. The sand-anchor sustains this slender bridge of rope. It is two pieces of wood crossed at their centres and bolted together, and is buried in a trench behind the crotch, and connected with the hawser by a double pulley-block. The breeches-buoy is drawn to and fro upon these ropes, bringing one person at a time. All this seems very easy upon paper, particularly when the sun shines through the lattice, or the reader occupies a soft-cushioned chair before a warm, cheerful fire. But when darkness reigns, and the winds howl, and every drop of spray freezes until the rescuers are incased in ice, and the wreck rises and rolls and turns half-somersaults with each gust, in total disregard of the convenience of the surfmen, and a hundred possible mishaps lurk just beyond the borders of vision, the aspect changes, and the reality becomes more wonderful than any trick of fancy or fiction. The use of the life-car involves more labor and difficulty, but it is of great advantage when extreme haste is required, and many are to be brought ashore. It is a covered boat of sheet-iron, into which six or seven persons may be crowded at once.

The ladies of America have recently awakened to the necessity of supplying the wants of the shipwrecked after they are taken from the sea. The government has made provision for bringing them ashore, but none for keeping them alive afterward. They frequently remain ill or helpless for days. Sometimes they lose all their garments in the struggle for life. The charity of the surfman is unfailing, but his resources are extremely limited. The Woman's National Relief Association, with the wife of the President as its chief executive officer, Mrs. M. R. Waite, the wife of the Chief Justice of the United States, as its first vice-president, and Mrs. Gabriel



THE LYLE GUN.

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Kent, of New York city, second vice-president, has undertaken to furnish the stations with warm clothing, beds and blankets, and sanitary aid and materials for those who have been rescued from a watery death. This philanthropic work, through which he was instrumental in saving a company of twelve persons at sea during a heavy gale near the Azores. Deeds of magnificent gallantry in various regions and in every phase of peril, such as money can never repay, have been sim-

commenced in 1880, extends to every part of the country, and meets with the most cordial sympathy and approval.

Medals of honor in gold and silver are awarded for extraordinary acts of heroism in saving life. Several of these have been won by members of the New York Metropolitan Police. It reflects peculiar credit upon a man to spring at a moment's notice from a pier, in full uniform, and master the struggles of a drowning person, amid ice-floes in the darkness of night, and bring him safely to land. This happens more frequently than is generally known about our sea-girt island. One police officer saved eighteen lives in this manner within the space of three years. A silver medal was recently bestowed upon Edith Morgan, the young daughter of the keeper of the station at Grand Point au Sable, Michigan, in consideration of her brave conduct on two occasions, one of which was at the wreck of the steamer *City of Toledo*, a mile south of the station, in December, 1879. A gold medal was awarded to Lovell B. Reynolds, of the United States navy, in recognition of his daring exertions, protracted from eight o'clock in the morning until late in the darkness of the following night, ilarly recognized by the Life-saving Service. It is, indeed, an institution which calls into action the highest order of disinterested and genuine humanity. And its history reveals the most unceasing and closest vigilance, together with a firm control of its affairs by the officers in charge. The scrutinizing supervision of apparatus and equipments, to prevent waste, depredation, or neglect, the collection of statistics of wrecks, and indexing of the data for public convenience (the name of any person lost by casualty at sea can be produced at a moment's notice in the chief office at Washington), and the rigorous search into the causes and nature of marine disasters, and study of the scientific methods of preventing or alleviating them, are not less admirable than the drilling of the men employed into accomplished experts, and the judicious expenditure of the appropriations for so sacred a purpose. The area of work yearly increases, and the recommendations for an increase of means should not be allowed to pass by unheeded. Nowhere in the whole range of governmental administration does the money disbursed bring more satisfactory returns.

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THE INFANT CLASS.

THE WILSON INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AND MISSION.

THIRTY years ago the official records of juvenile crimes in our city were so startling as to arouse the thinking and benevolent to devise some means for the improvement of the condition of the children of the poor.

Education was not then as now compulsory; thousands of parents were either too poor or too indifferent to the interests of their offspring to send them to school.

Both classes allowed their children the full liberty of the streets, or, prompted sometimes by avarice, but more frequently by poverty, sought to profit by their small irregular earnings in the factory or work-shop. As an experimental step a few ladies of various denominations formed a voluntary association, and sustained for two years an asylum for friendless boys; the Juvenile Asylum, chartered in 1851, offered such superior advantages that the boys were then transferred to its care.

But something had to be done for the little girls, who, begging from door to door, idling on the street corners, or wandering among saloons to sell matches and song-books, were fast losing their innocent brightness, and laying the foundation for a depraved and useless womanhood.

The ladies, among whom were Mrs. James P. Wilson, Mrs. Charles Abernethy, Mrs. Edward Bayard, Mrs. Jonathan Sturges, Mrs. Jasper Grosvenor, Mrs. William W. Chester, and Mrs. Erastus Benedict, now turned their attention in

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this direction, opening a school in a small upper room at 118 Avenue D, the pioneer of the many industrial schools since organized in New York city.

The children of families reduced by vice or misfortune to extreme poverty were sought for and brought in from the streets and alleys, and made welcome; three hours' instruction in the common English branches were given in the morning, a warm dinner at noon, and two hours devoted to lessons in plain sewing during the afternoon session.

From this modest beginning step by step has developed the noble and beautiful charity named in honor of one of its founders — Mrs. James P. Wilson — and now comprising a day school, in which two hundred girls are instructed in the elementary English branches, needle-work, and household duties; an evangelical mission church; mothers' meetings; a circulating library; young men's club; and Night Refuge, affording comfortable lodgings and meals to homeless girls. A day at the Mission House will be pleasantly spent. Here it is, a large substantial building on the corner of St. Mark's Place and Avenue A, its eastern side facing Tompkins Square, no longer unsightly as in former times, but a well-kept park, adorned by grass, trees, and a central fountain.

A bright little girl in a neat frock and white apron answers the bell, directing us in a business-like manner to the school-room.

The morning exercises have already begun, for we hear a softened murmur of piping voices. Listen! Somewhere above us two hundred little ones are carolling the opening hymn. Following the sound, we ascend two broad flights of stairs, here and there meeting ruddy, bare-armed little lasses in blue aprons and gingham dresses, some carrying buckets of water, others on their knees scrubbing the floors, with a droll assumption of importance.

These are the little house-work maids, detailed from the day school for the week to put into practice what they have learned by theory. This office is regarded rather as an honor than otherwise, and the service being rewarded daily by a large loaf of bread, is eagerly sought for by the elder scholars. In this way considerably over one thousand loaves were earned during the past year.

As the door of the school-room opens, a perfect flood of harmony bursts upon the ear; chiming like silver bells, clear lusty, and strong, ring out the childish voices. Our presence hinders not the singing, but instantly the bright eyes of all the little singers are turned toward us with a friendly curiosity, and an appeal that goes straight to the heart.

The simple hymn is ended. Several small girls, each holding a tiny rod of office, now leave their seats, and with a funny air of authority walk up and down the aisles between the desks. This one taps an offending scholar on the shoulder; another flourishes her rod threateningly at a "whisperer"; all are watchful of their charges, not a gesture escaping the vigilance of these small tyrants, who speak not, but *look* very well the command, "Fold your arms, and be silent," as they pace reverently up and down during the reading of the Scriptures. When the chapter is finished, we bow our heads while the children kneel, repeating the Lord's Prayer in unison. Glancing at their grave, innocent little faces, we join heartily in the petition that they may never be led into temptation, but delivered from evil alway. A question lesson on the Lord's Prayer follows, the children explaining each passage with a readiness showing appreciation of its meaning. After a short address from the teacher, the doxology is sung, and the scholars feel that work must now begin in earnest.

At a signal the infant classes close their seats, fold their arms, and march to the sound of music around and out of the room. Some hang their heads timidly; others cast bright but bashful glances at us in passing. The second primaries then follow, and so on until none are left but the first primaries, who with much bustle and clatter are getting out their slates and books for study.

Half an hour later peep into the room where the infant classes are sitting. "Why," you exclaim, "here are veritable babies, blue-eyed and chubby, looking as wise and solemn as a company of little owls." Motherly young arms are around them, and motherly voices of little elder sisters are cooing words of comfort to soothe them.

But the baby eyes grow troubled and misty; baby lips begin to quiver: we must come away, for, plebeian babies though they be, like their more fortunate brothers and sisters, they strongly object to being objects of curiosity.

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The tear shower is coming; but no; the young girl teacher opens the piano, and straightway all trouble is forgotten, for fifty piping voices, to the air of "Sweet little Buttercup," ring out merrily:

"Be kind to the babies,
The dear little babies,
Then with you they seldom will cry;
Touch gently the babies,
Speak softly to babies,
As softly as if mother were by."

Some of these babies are motherless, and must come to the school to be cared for by their elder sisters. In many cases they are now marching to the sewing-room, whither we follow them.

When all are seated, Bertha, a pretty, fair-haired German child, proud of her office as assistant, passes around a basket filled with packages. Quickly each girl unfolds her work, and pins on her breast a tiny muslin bag marked with her name, and containing her sewing implements.

With a funny little air of patronage Bertha makes the rounds again, supplying colored threads from her spool basket; then seats herself in view of the classes, ready for further orders.

THE SEWING CLASS.

the mission visitor has found young children and infants shut up in winter in rooms freezingly cold, the mother fearing to leave a fire burning during her absence at work, on account of accidents.

Here they are sheltered, and fed, and safe, the protection of these innocents being one of the most charming features of this mission.

While we have lingered with the little ones, the "first primaries" have written their copies and recited their lessons; Soon busy fingers are plying the needle; the little seamstresses bend earnestly over their work. Now and then one lifts her hand: something puzzles her. The teacher kindly explains, and helps her.

The greater number of these children are German. Is it their prim flaxen braids and blue kerchiefs, their quaint faces and general old-world air, that make them look more like little women than children?

Where do they come from? From the

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crowded tenement-houses, the garrets and cellars, of the most densely populated ward of our great city, just where there is the least chance for them to learn the sober, decent, womanly ways and knowledge they will acquire within these walls.

What is it so interests these little maids all in a row? They are cutting out dolls' dresses. Here are others making them up. Soon they will be making larger ones for "real live girls" to wear.

These sewing lessons would soon weary the little folks were it not for their variety and the lively exercise songs interspersed among them.

Patches of cotton cloth are given to young beginners to be sewed together; then a single patch to be hemmed. The plain hemmed patch is then invested with a new interest by having a bird, a flower, a house, or a human figure drawn in its centre. The child outlines the design in colored threads, and lo! this rude needle-painting becomes a "thing of beauty" in the child's eyes, a treasure of her own handiwork. She wraps it up carefully, and with pride exhibits it to the home circle.

Later, that little girl works a set of designs on squares of fine linen prettily fringed, and, beaming with happiness, will show you a set of fruit napkins pretty enough to grace any table.

And so, through running, hemming, felling, binding, patching, and darning, the young tyro progresses to the happy time when she will exercise her accumulated knowledge of stitches on garments of her own.

Let us peep again into the infant department on our way to the "first primary." Hush! the babies are all asleep; their wee mothers have said their A, B, C's, sung their simple songs, and, to pass the time, are learning to join together gayly colored patches of cloth.

In the next room everything wears a business-like aspect at the long low tables. Here a row of girls, none over twelve, are quilting strips of bright woollen patchwork into warm petticoats for the winter. Every strip made of the cloth samples donated by New York merchants is a lesson to these young people, showing that "little things" are not to be despised. At another table the girls are making frocks, aprons, and under-garments. Six hundred articles of wearing apparel were made by these busy little workers last year, all of which were distributed to the happy girls who had earned them by winning the requisite number of merit marks for lessons and good behavior. The prizes were sometimes varied according to the necessities of the scholar, three hundred pairs of stout shoes being awarded during the same year.

Before the tiny fingers tire and the child eyes grow weary, the order is given, at the tinkle of a bell, "Put up work." In a twinkling, garments are folded, needles and thimbles disappear in the tiny muslin bags, and, neatly folded and labelled, the little packages drop in, filling the deep basket.

Now all arms are folded demurely, the piano strikes up a merry quickstep, and away the little ones march, some for the school-room, some for the kitchen-garden, and others to the lavatory. Let us go with the latter.

Here is a merry sight, to be sure, in the dressing-room — a dozen little nymphs frolicking about in gleesome anticipation of the bath, and a staid, round-faced wee Gretchen with flaxen braids trying to look awe-inspiring, as a monitor should, while she administers help and chiding.

"Why you laugh so? Be still, Minna Schwartzen. Ida Müller, take your shoes off—you hear me?" commands this small autocrat with an imperious gesture.

All is merriment and laughter in spite of sober Gretchen. In the bath-room the good-humored attendant places the little ones, two at a time, back to back in the water, washing them gently but briskly, then showing them how to bathe themselves. Rubbing them dry with clean soft towels, in a few moments she sends them, warm and rosily glowing, to the dressing-room, where they speedily make way for another laughing, eager little crew.

The kitchen-garden system of instruction, invented by Miss Emily Huntington, a New England lady, consists of a course of lessons in household work set to music, and interspersed with graceful exercises resembling somewhat those performed in gymnasiums. Plato says, "Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony make their way into the secret recesses of the soul, in which they mightily fasten."

By this peculiar system simple jingles set to merry tunes, and never to be for-

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THE BATH.

gotten, theoretically teach the children of the Wilson Mission — still too young, many of them, to labor—the names, uses, and care of kitchen utensils, the routine of the laundry, and the duties of parlor, dining-room, and chamber maid. Nor is it altogether theory; for every song is not only accompanied by a question lesson to be learned by heart, but is charmingly illustrated by models such as would delight a housekeeper in fairy-land or Lilliput.

Moreover, every week a certain number of the elder girls have an opportunity to put theory into practice by doing the actual house-work of the building.

The spacious square room devoted to the kitchen-garden is finely lighted by four large windows, in which gay plants are blooming. A pretty oaken dresser containing the fairy outfit for complete housekeeping, some long low tables and rows of tiny chairs for the "kitchen-gardeners," complete its furniture.

The walls, papered in pale olive, are hung with illustrative charts, and bordered by a dado presenting in gay colors the pictured stories of Bo-Peep and the House that Jack Built.

As we enter, the little kitchen-garteners in couples are skipping in a ring around the room to a lively galop on the piano. All is sunshine, life, and motion; the circle sweeps on, narrowing, till finally the children cluster like so many bees in the centre of the room.

Passing a certain point each couple has received a pair of brooms gayly trimmed with bright ribbons. The music changes; now they dance, again widening into a

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ring, then, breaking into three columns, advance toward the teacher, keeping time merrily with a sweeping movement of all the brooms as they sing,

"Away now swiftly flying,
It is our sweeping day;
For brooms and dusters hieing,
To work without delay.
Chorus.—"Then sweep, sweep, my little maid,
To make your room so neat."

As the last verse ends, the music changes once more; now comes the sweepers' drill. Up and down, back and forth, move the brooms as the children march like young soldiers.

Just as we are interested in this pretty exercise, presto! there is a change; the atoms in this human kaleidoscope present a new picture, and broom meets broom held aloft in a fairy arcade, under which, to a merry galop, couple after couple dance away, disappearing in the distance.

The sweeping song has impressed on the children's minds how to hunt the cobwebs, sweep the corners, and dust; then comes a question lesson illustrated by models of every sort of broom, from the heavy kitchen sweeper to the dainty feather duster.

Children will remember these songs as their elders remember,

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November."

Work in itself is distasteful to the young, nowhere so much so as in charitable institutions, where it is regarded by them as the consequent discipline of their poverty.

While we have been observing the doings of the little ones, another scene of interest has been arranging itself within-doors. Dropping in by twos and threes—for many come from the same tenement—sturdy German vrows, an occasional American, and several Irish matrons have assembled for mothers' meeting—an occasion looked forward to weekly with honest pleasure by these humble women.

These meetings are held for a threefold purpose: to give religious instruction to the mothers of the mission children; to train them for the practical duties of life; and to encourage them to save their money for proper uses, opportunity being given them to purchase dry-goods at wholesale prices.

The opening hymn has been sung, the prayer is ended, and the meeting is now open for work and social enjoyment; the women are kindly encouraged to converse with or ask counsel of the ladies of the committee, four of whom are present. Look in with me, and listen. Here are the babies again; one, a funny wee pink atom scarce a month old, exercises his baby privileges by wailing lustily. His mother, a rosy, blue-eyed, good-humored-looking German woman, apologizing for this and his extreme youth, says to one of the ladies: "I hope madame excuse me; but dese meetings be so goot for me I could not stay home, but shoost come along mit Hans to show him mit my frients. Ha, ha, Hans, mein bester goot liddle man, be still, now."

Hans's mother will earn no blue ticket to-day; but there is that good cup of tea and delicious cake to be thought of and eaten in the company of her gossips—no small consideration to those who seldom indulge in the luxury.

The scene is now a busy one. At one of the long tables a comely young lady is measuring off some flannel for the sturdy vrow, who looks on with an eye and attitude of keenest calculation. Awaiting their turn are several others of eager aspect. The prospect of "good bargains cheap" makes this department a fascinating one; it is consequently well patronized, nearly two thousand yards of goods being sold during the meetings of the season. These goods are partly the donations of New York merchants and private individuals. The remainder is obtained by the personal efforts of the committee, as is also the money paid out to the women for their hour's work at the meeting.

Here a group of women chatting volubly though quietly are sewing on work brought from home, while others are stitching the mission garments, for which each will receive a ticket representing ten cents, which they may take away or apply on account for dry-goods. A motherly looking lady passes from group to group, now pausing to listen to a tale of home troubles, or to an anxious wife's request to advise some remedy for the husband's ailments. To each and all this kindly counsellor gives warm words of sympathy and encouragement.

We have seen the day work of the mission. It is now eight o'clock; let us look at the night side.

In a spacious room on the ground-floor two hundred lads have assembled—Teu-

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ton, Celt, and Israelite, what a restless set of turbulents they are!

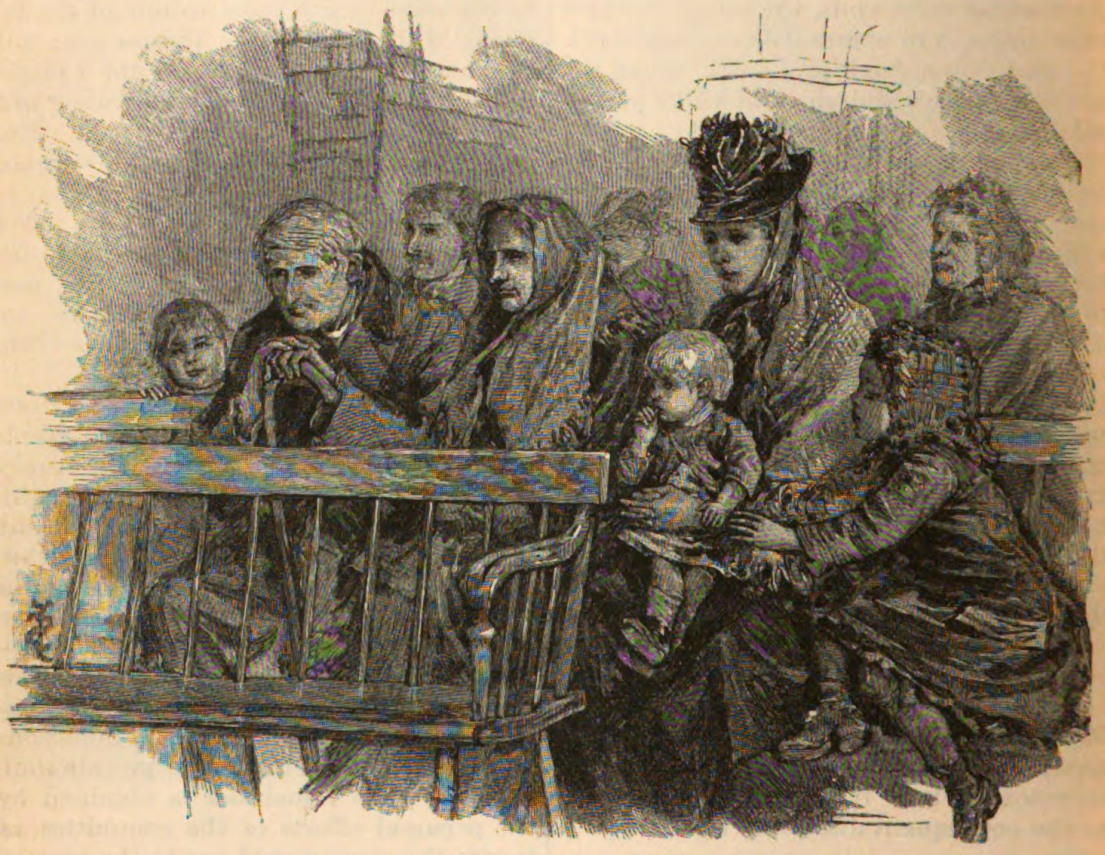
Not many are reading, though the long tables are well supplied with books and periodicals, and there is a constant run on the library. Pacing up and down with anxious countenance goes the young superintendent, trying to keep watch over all. Had he, like Argus, a hundred eyes, they would be none too many, for behind, before, and all around him conspiracies are brewing.

A trio of offenders have been discovered, and turned into the street; a policeman sees them, and knowing there is trouble in the reading-room, enters.

Now mark the change. One might almost hear a pin drop, where before were multitudinous chatterings. Was there ever an assemblage of such serious, absorbed students? Not one lifts his face from the book or magazine in hand; it matters not that the one is upside down, or the other open at the title-page.

Those youths just entering are sedate of countenance. They belong to the Wilson Young Men's Club, organized under the auspices of the Union Club, of New York, for the improvement of the young men and boys of the neighborhood. The latter are allowed the privileges of the reading-room every evening except Sunday, but enrolled members only are entitled to vote or take part in the regular meetings of the club.

They have not come too soon. The policeman hardly disappears through the doorway before fifty hands are lifted simultaneously for books—books which will scarcely be glanced at, but which will serve very well as excuses behind which to plot new mischiefs.



THE WEEKLY PRAYER-MEETING.

The superintendent and his assistants are at their wits' end, but help is at hand; the member from the Union Club whose night it is to be present has arrived.

What is it that compels this respectful silence on the part of the insurgents? The member will be sure to have something entertaining and instructive to tell the boys, but that is not the wondrous spell that binds them. Memory has waved her magic wand, and, lo! rollicking echoes, sweet savors, and spicy aromas fill the air.

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Once more in fancy they listen to the merry tum-tum of the banjo, the airy treble of the violin, and the bass of the deep-toned viol. Again they feel the floors shake and the rafters tremble to ringing choruses. The fragrant steaming of the coffee salutes them, and the spicy odors of the apples and oranges, and the cakes of that crowning banquet.

"What makes you silent now?" asks a member of our party, addressing a group of boys.

"That is one of the 'bosses' that gave us the party; you bet we'll keep still when he's around," replies one of the eldest, indicating the member from the Union Club.

"It was a smash-up party, it was, an' them fellers jes' played an' sung for us like mad; beat the nigger minstrels all holler, didn't it, Jim?" says another.

"It would be orful bad ef they cut us off on the stove an' the warm room in cold weather; besides, we shouldn't have no music, nor doughnuts, nor nothin'; so we got to be quiet when he's around," sagely remarks a third.

The member from the Union Club is a power; he ought to feel how much the improvement of the boys in this densely populated section of the city depends upon his regular presence and action in the reading-room. The time spent by the Union Club in their monthly entertainments to these ragged, neglected ones is well spent.

We now leave them to the kindly counsels of the presiding member, and step into the large adjoining room which serves as chapel.

It is the weekly prayer-meeting night. How solemn and full of pathos the scene! Surely the Spirit broods over this little company of humble worshippers, who, reverently kneeling, listen to the fervent prayer of the missionary preacher.

Gathered in from the crowded tenements and the wretched hovels in the rear of stifling alleys, they have come in their poor patched garments. Some of the better clad have long been earnest working members of this mission church; others have just accepted the invitation.

Here are some familiar faces we have seen at the mothers' meeting, and there are Bertha, Gretchen, and Minna Schwartzen, the school-children. Poor little ones, they look sleepy.

But look at those old people in the foreground near the preacher—that aged woman with a shawl thrown over her gray head, and that old couple so absorbed in the sermon! They are nearing the border-land; already the light of a great peace illumines their furrowed faces. They have rested their steadfast hope in the great beyond, "where there is no more parting, neither is there any shedding of tears."

Untroubled about doctrinal belief, they enjoy that blessed condition of simple trust known chiefly to believers of lowly estate. The closing hymn has been given out, and all are singing. As we listen to the ringing tones of childhood, and the quavering feeble notes of old age, there comes to mind that beautiful stanza:

> "Child-like though the voices be,
> And untunable the parts,
> Thou wilt own the minstrelsy
> If it flow from child-like hearts."

Once more it is night; the wind whistles shrilly down the streets, and goes howling across the open square, making the trees bend and shiver. A pitiless rain beats down, freezing as it falls upon the pavements. A bitter night to be abroad, and yet here is some one, a slender young creature, wandering alone, weary, hungry, and homeless—where shall she turn?

A watchman on his beat approaches; she shrinks away from him, but he confronts her, and wins from her her pitiful trouble. The mission bell rings; though it is late, very late, some one is astir to answer. The poor, trembling, homeless one—for it is she directed to the Night Refuge, is welcomed kindly: from out the darkness and storm she passes into light and warmth and comfort.

At the last great day she may truly bear witness: "I was a stranger, and ye took me in; I was a-hungered, and ye fed me!"

AN IDLE POET.

'Tis said that when the nightingale
His mate has found,
He fills no more the woodland deeps
With songful sound.

I sing not since I found my love,
For, like the bird's,
My heart is full of song too sweet,
Too deep, for words.

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HENRY IRVING AT HOME.

AT the corner of Grafton Street, where the traffic of a famous West End artery ebbs and flows among picture exhibitions and jewelry stores, lives the most popular actor of his time. It is a mysterious-looking house. The basement is occupied by a trunk store. From the first floor to the top are Mr. Henry Irving's chambers. They present from the outside the look of dingy, half-blind windows that suggest no prospect of warmth or cheer. "Fitting abode of the spirit of tragic gloom!" you might well exclaim, standing on the threshold. You shall enter

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with me, if you will, to correct your first impressions, and bear testimony to the fact that appearances are often deceptive.

Let me remind you, while we pause on the sidewalk, that the subject of our sketch is the author of his own success. He had no backing of a professional family. He did not begin as an infant phenomenon. He left the desk of a merchant's office at the age of nineteen, feeling that he had a mission for the stage. For some time the public did not agree with him. This was in the early days of his novitiate, when he was learning his profession, when he was, in fact, practicing on his audiences, teaching himself how to play upon them as a master plays on an instrument. They did not like the operation at first, especially the provincial people. There was something strange and new and weird and unfamiliar in the young actor's method. As a rule, audiences do not immediately like art that is strange and new and weird; they prefer the good old stagy, mouthing fashion which used to be mistaken for nature. But as time wore on, they came to recognize the peculiar power of Henry

ARMORY OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE.—[SEE PAGE 390.]

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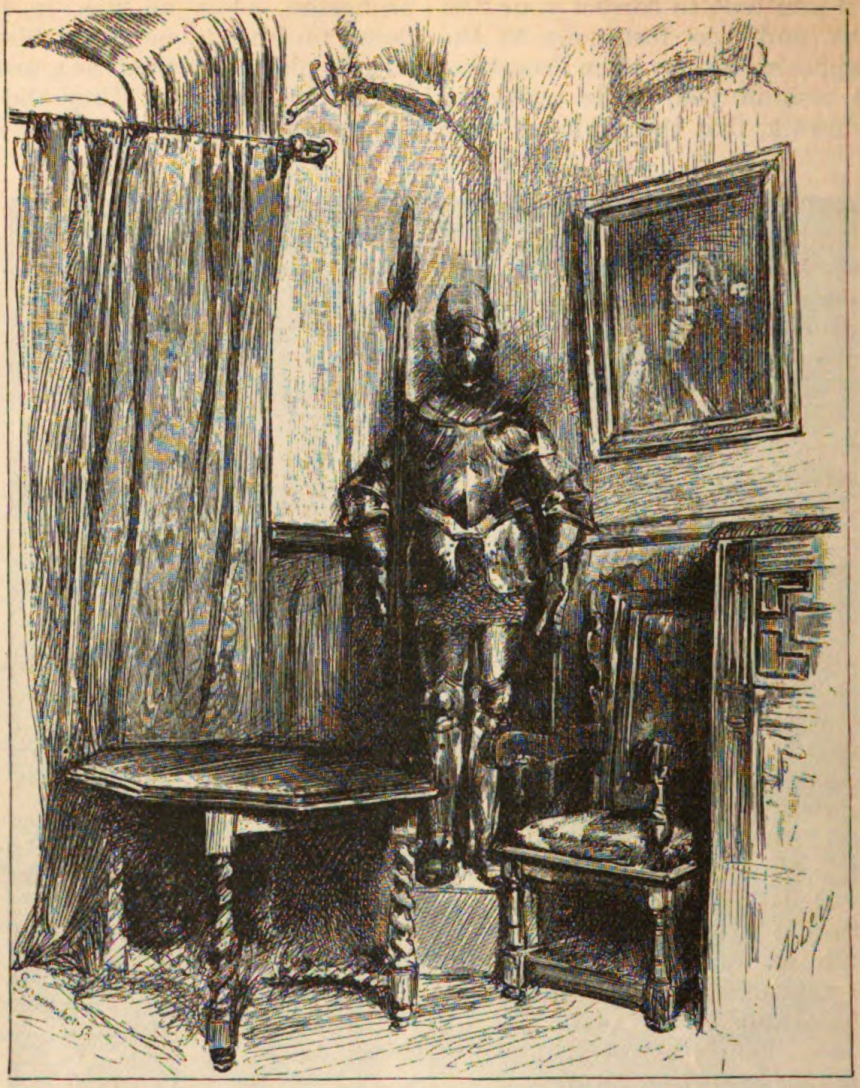

A CORNER IN THE BEEFSTEAK CLUB ROOM.—[SEE PAGE 391.]

Irving, and he also began to understand the sort of work he could do best. It has been a mutual progress of artistic education, the success of this original artist. The result is a great advancement of dramatic art in England, an elevation of the position of the actor, and a broader recognition of the moral value of the stage as a teacher than has ever before been accorded to it by Society and the Church.

This sombre door, the first on the left as we enter Grafton Street from Bond Street, leads to his chambers. Two flights of stairs—not bright, as a Paris staircase, not with the sunlight upon the carpet, as in New York, but dark with the gloom of a London atmosphere—and we enter his general room. With the hum of the West End buzzing at the windows, the colored glass of which shuts out what little sunlight falls there, the apartment is characteristic of a great artist and a great city. The mantel-piece recalls those of old English mansions. It is practically an oak cabinet, with a silver shield as the centre-piece. On the opposite side of the room is a well-stocked book-case, surmounted by a raven that carries one's thoughts to Poe and his gloomy story. On tables here and there are materials for letter-writing, and evidence of much correspondence, though one of the actor's greatest social sins is said to be the tardiness with which he answers letters. The truth is, the other necessary claims on his time do not enable him to act always upon the late Duke of Wellington's well-known principle of immediately replying to every letter that is addressed to him. A greater philosopher than his Grace said

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many letters answered themselves if you let them alone, and I should not wonder if Irving finds much truth in the axiom. Bric-à-brac, historic relics, theatrical properties, articles of virtu, lie about in admired disorder. Here is Edmund Kean's sword, the one he wore in Hamlet, which was presented to Irving on the first night of his Richard III. by that excellent and much-respected artist Mr. Chippendale, who had acted with Edmund Kean, and was his personal friend. In a glass case near this precious treasure is a ring that belonged to David Garrick — an exquisite setting of a miniature of Shakspeare. This was given to Irving by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, of whose stanch friendship he is very proud—a woman whose broad-minded and noble views of life and its duties ought to have lifted her beyond criticism. In a cabinet near one of the windows are a cross which Edmund Kean wore in Richard III., and Charles Kean's prompt-book of *Louis XI.* Close by is a marble bust of Young, with a faded wreath upon its brow; a portrait of Rossi as Nero; a photograph of Charles Dickens, the one by Gurney, of New York, which the great author himself thought an excellent portrait; an engraving of Maclise's play scene in *Hamlet;* medallions of Émile Devrient and John Herchell; and a sketch of a favorite Scotch terrier, which during the last year or two is his most constant companion at home and at the theatre. The adjoining room continues the collection of the actor's art treasures, not the mere connoisseur's museum of articles of virtu, but things which have a personal value and a special history associated with the art their owner loves.

It is a frank smile that greets us as the artist enters and extends his long thin hand. It is a trite saying that there is much character in the hand. I know no one whose hand is so suggestive of nervous energy and artistic capacity as Irving's. And how thoroughly in keeping it is with the long expressive face, the notably æsthetic figure!

"You want to talk shop," he says, striding about the room, with his hands in the pockets of his loose gray coat. "Well, with all my heart, if you think it useful and interesting."

"I do."

"May I select the subject?"

"Yes."

"Then I would like to go back to one we touched upon at your own suggestion some months ago."

"An actor on his audiences?"

"Yes. The subject is a good one; it interests me, and in that brief anonymous newspaper sketch of a year ago you did little more than indicate the points we discussed. Let us see if we can not revive and complete it."

"Agreed. I will 'interview' you, then, as we say in America?"

"By all means," replied my host, handing me a cigar, and settling himself down in an easy-chair by the fire. "I am ready."

"Well, then, as I think I have said before when on this subject, there has always appeared to me something phenomenal in the mutual understanding that exists between you and your audiences; it argues an active sympathy and confidence on both sides."

"That is exactly what I think exists. In presence of my audience I feel as safe and contented as when sitting down with an old friend."

"I have seen Lord Beaconsfield, when he was Mr. Disraeli, rise in the House of Commons, and begin a speech in a vein and manner evidently considered beforehand, which proving at the moment out of harmony with the feelings of the House, he has entirely altered from his original idea to suit the immediate mood and temper of his audience. Now, sympathetic as you are with *your* audience, have you, under their influence in the development of a new character, ever altered your first idea during the course of the representation?"

"You open up an interesting train of thought," he answered. "Except once, I have never altered my original idea under the circumstances you suggest: that was in *Vanderdecken*, and I changed the last scene. I can always tell when the audience is with me. It was not with me in *Vanderdecken;* neither was it on the first night of *Hamlet*, which is, perhaps, curious, considering my subsequent success. On the first night I felt that the audience did not go with me until the first meeting with Ophelia, when they changed toward me entirely. But as night succeeded night, my Hamlet grew in their estimation. I could feel it all the time, and now I *know* that they like it—that they are with me heart and soul. I will tell you a curious thing about my

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Hamlet audience. It is the most interesting audience I play to. For any other piece, there is a difficulty in getting the people seated by half past eight. For *Hamlet*, the house is full and quiet, and waiting for the curtain to go up, by half past seven. On the first night the curtain dropped at a quarter to one."

"In what part do you feel most at home with your audience, and most certain of them?"

"Well, in Hamlet," he replied, thoughtfully.

"Has that been your greatest pecuniary success?"

"Yes."

"What were the two unprecedented runs of *Hamlet*?"

"The first was two hundred nights; the second, one hundred and seven; and in the country I have often played it ten times out of a twelve nights' engagement. But as we have got into this line of thought about audiences, it should be remembered that, with the exception of a benefit performance on one occasion years ago, I had never played Hamlet before that first night at the Lyceum. Indeed, so far as regards what is called the classic and legitimate drama, my successes, such as they were, had been made outside it, really in eccentric comedy. As a rule, actors who have appeared for the first time in London in such parts as Richard III., Macbeth, Hamlet, and Othello have played them previously for years in the country; and here comes a point about my audiences. They knew this, and I am sure they estimated the performance accordingly, giving me their special sympathy and good wishes. I believe in the justice of audiences. They are sincere and hearty in their approval of what they like, and have the greatest hand in making an actor's reputation. Journalistic power can not be overvalued; it is enormous; but in regard to actors it is a remarkable fact that their permanent reputations, the final and lasting verdict of their merits, are made chiefly by their audiences. Sometimes the true record comes after the players are dead, and it is sometimes written by men who possibly never saw them. Edmund Kean's may be called a posthumous reputation. If you read the newspapers of the time, you will find that during his acting days he was considerably cut up and mauled. Garrick's impersonations were not much written about in his day. As to Burbage, Betterton, and other famous actors of their time whose names are familiar to us, when they lived there were practically no newspapers to chronicle their work."

"You believe, then, that merit eventually makes its mark in spite of professional criticism, and that, like Masonic rituals, the story of success, its form and pressure, may go down orally to posterity?"

"I believe that what audiences really like, they stand by. I believe they hand down the actor's name to future generations. They are the judge and jury who find the verdict and pronounce sentence. I will give you an example in keeping with the rapid age in which we live. I am quite certain that within twelve hours of the production of a new play of any importance, all London knows whether the piece is a success or a failure, no matter whether the journals have criticised it or not. Each person in the audience is the centre of a little community, and the word is passed on from one to the other."

"What is your feeling in regard to first-night audiences, apart from the regular play-going public? I should imagine that the sensitive nature of a true artist must be considerably jarred by the knowledge that a first-night audience is peculiarly fastidious and sophisticated."

"I confess I am happier in presence of what you call the regular play-going public. I am apt to become depressed on a first night. Some of my friends and fellow-artists are stimulated and excited by a sense of opposition. I fear it lowers me. I know that while there is a good hearty crowd who have come to be pleased, there are some who have *not* come to be pleased. God help us if we were in the hands of the few who, from personal or other motives, come to the theatre in the hope of seeing a failure, and who pour out their malice and spite in anonymous letters!"

"Detraction and malicious opposition are among the penalties of success. To be on a higher platform than your fellows is to be a mark for envy and slander," I answered, dropping, I fear, into platitude, which my host cut short with a shrug of the shoulders and a rapid stride across the room. "Have you seen Booth's Hamlet?"

"No; but I have the highest respect for Mr. Booth. I played with him when he was in England the first time; and, singularly enough, the first letter I ever wrote to a newspaper was one in which I exposed the imposition of some person who

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was going about the provinces and giving himself out as Booth's brother. I am glad of Booth's success here. It is a good thing, apart from the advantage to art, in the way it strengthens the real friendliness that now exists between England and America. I think it is a pity that critics deem it necessary always to make comparisons to the detriment of one actor or the other in regard to some particular part. Two painters may illustrate the same subject from different points of view, and both may in their way be equally excellent. So with two actors playing Hamlet, or Othello, or Richelieu, or any other character. It is surely a narrow intellect that can not see the good in various representations, without confining itself to this or the other artist's reading. But, to go back to our audiences, look at this."

He handed to me a book, handsomely bound and with broad margins, through which ran a ripple of old-faced type, evidently the work of an author and a handicraftsman who loved the memories both of Caxton and his immediate successors. It was entitled *Notes on Louis XI.; with some Short Extracts from Commines' Memoirs*, and was dated "London, 1878—printed for the author."

"That book," said my host, "was sent to me by a person I had then never seen nor heard of. It came to me anonymously. I wished to have a second copy of it, and sent to the printer with the purpose of obtaining it. He replied by telling me the work was not for sale, and referring me to the author, whose address he sent to me. I made the application as requested; another copy was forwarded, and with it a kindly intimation that if ever I should be near the house of the writer, 'we should be glad to see you.' I called in due course, and found the author one of a most agreeable family. 'You will wonder,' they said at parting, 'why we wrote and compiled this book. It was simply for this reason: a public critic in a leading journal had said, as nothing was really known of the character, manners, and habits of Louis XI., an actor might take whatever liberties he pleased with the subject. We prepared this little volume to put on record a refutation of the statement, a protest against it, and a tribute to your impersonation of the character.' Here is another present that I received soon afterward—one of the most beautiful works of its kind I ever remember to have seen."

It was an artistic casket, in which was enshrined what looked like a missal bound in carved ivory and gold. It proved, however, to be a beautifully bound book of poetic and other memorials of Charles the First, printed and illustrated by hand, with exquisite head and tail pieces in water-colors, portraits, coats of arms, and vignettes, by Buckman, Castaing, Terrel, Slie, and Phillips. The work was "imprinted for the author at London, 30th January, 1879," and the title ran: "To the Honor of Henry Irving: to cherish the Memory of Charles the First: these Thoughts, Gold of the Dead, are here devoted." As a work of art, the book is a treasure. The portraits of the Charleses and several of their generals are in the highest style of water-color painting, with gold borders; and the initial letters and other embellishments are studies of the most finished and delicate character.

"Now these," said their owner, returning the volumes to the book-shelves over which the raven stretched its wings, "are only two out of scores of proofs that audiences are intellectually active, and that they find many ways of fixing their opinions. These incidents of personal action are evidences of the spirit of the whole. One night, in *Hamlet*, something was thrown upon the stage. It struck a lamp, and fell into the orchestra. It could not be found for some time. An inquiry was made about it by some person in the front, an aged woman, who was much concerned that I had not received it—so I was informed at the box-office. A sad-looking woman, evidently very poor, called the next day, and being informed that the trinket was found, expressed herself greatly pleased. 'I often come to the gallery of the theatre,' she said, 'and I wanted Mr. Irving to have this family heirloom. I wanted him alone in this world to possess it.' This is the trinket, which I wear on my watch chain. The theatre was evidently a solace to that poor soul. She had probably some sorrow in her life; and there may have been a kind of comfort in Hamlet, or me perhaps, possessing this little cross."

As he spoke, the actor's lithe fingers were busy at his watch chain, and he seemed to be questioning the secret romance of the trinket thrown to him from the gallery.

"I don't know why else she let it fall upon the stage; but strange impulses

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sometimes take hold of people sitting at a play, especially in tragedy."

The trinket about which he speculated so much is an old-fashioned gold cross. On two sides is engraved, "Faith, Hope, and Charity"; on the front, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins"; and on the reverse, "I scorn to fear or change."

"They said at the box-office," went on the actor, musing, "that she was a poor mother who had lost her son"; and then, rousing himself, he returned brightly to the subject of our conversation. "One example," he said, "of the generous sympathy of audiences serves to point the moral of what I mean; and in every case the motive is the same, to show an earnest appreciation, and to encourage and give pleasure to the actor. At Sheffield one night, in the grouse season, a man in the gallery threw a brace of birds upon the stage, with a rough note of thanks and compliments; and one of the pit audience sent me round a knife which he had made himself. You see, the people who do these things have nothing to gain; they are under no extraneous influence; they judge for themselves; and they are representative of that great Public Opinion which makes or mars, and which in the end is always right. When they are against you, it is hard at the time to be convinced that you are wrong; *but you are.* Take my case. I made my first success at the St. James's. We were to have opened with *Hunted Down.* We did not. I was cast for Doricourt in *The Belle's Stratagem*—a part which I had never played before, and which I thought did not suit me. I felt that this was the opinion of the audience soon after the play began. The house appeared to be indifferent, and I believed that failure was conclusively stamped upon my work, when suddenly, on my exit after the mad scene, I was startled by a burst of applause, and so great was the enthusiasm of the audience that I was compelled to re-appear on the scene—a somewhat unusual thing, as you know, except on the operatic stage."

"And in America," I said, "where scene calls are quite usual, and quite destructive of the illusion of the play, I think."

"Just so, and you are right; and, by-the-way, I like our modern method of taking a call after an act on the scene itself. But to proceed. I next played *Hunted Down*, and they liked me in that; and when they do like, audiences are no niggards of their confessions of pleasure. My next engagement was at the Queen's Theatre, where I was successful. Then I went to the Gayety, where I played Chevenex. I followed at Drury Lane in *Formosa*, and nobody noticed me at all. The audiences literally paid no attention to me. They didn't like me; they treated me with simple indifference. They were not unkind—audiences never are except when one does some ridiculous thing—and they are only cold when they are not satisfied; but on the whole they are generous, just, and true."

"Do you think you always understand the silence of an audience? I mean in this way: on a first night, for example, I have sometimes gone round to speak to an actor, and have been met with the remark, 'How cold the audience is!' as if excessive quietness was indicative of displeasure, the idea being that when an audience is really pleased, it always stamps its feet and claps its hands. I have seen an artist making his or her greatest success with an audience that manifested its delight by suppressing every attempt at applause."

"I know exactly what you mean," he answered. "I recall a case in point. There was such an absence of applause on the first night of *The Two Roses*, while I was on the stage, that I could not believe my friends when they congratulated me on my success. But with experience one gets to understand the idiosyncrasies and habits of audiences. You spoke of the silence of some audiences. The most wonderful quiet and silence I have ever experienced as an actor, a stillness that is profound, has been in those two great theatres, the one that was burned down at Glasgow, and the Standard, in London, during the court scene of *The Bells.*"

Irving's is a singularly impressive face. He is one of those men who would arrest your attention and excite inquiry wherever you might meet him. The other day, at the house of Mr. William Winter, on Staten Island, New York, I saw a portrait of Edwin Booth which reminded me much of Irving. Great actors have a physiognomy of their own, to be sure, but the face of Booth in the picture had something in the eyes and expression of the mouth so much like Irving that at first sight it might have been taken for the English actor's portrait. I heard some gossip in New York about the two artists, which was unjust to Irving. It suggest-

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ed rivalry, and jealousy of Booth on his part. "Here is a programme showing *Hamlet* underlined for the Lyceum during October and November! That is the first note of the Englishman's opposition." The truth is, *Hamlet* was underlined for the usual Lyceum morning performances before Mr. Booth's opening part was announced. When the Princess's manifesto came out, Irving at once withdrew the announcement of *Hamlet*, leaving the field clear and open to the stranger, in whose success Irving has shown real and practical pleasure. He was one of the first leading artists of London to call upon and congratulate him. He made Mr. Booth a characteristic present of an interesting picture illustrating the play of *Richelieu*, and shortly afterward arranged for his appearance at the Lyceum to alternate with himself the two leading parts in *Othello*.

Genius is rarely without a sense of humor. Mr. Irving has a broad appreciation of fun, though his own humor is subtle and deep down. This is never better shown than in his Richard III. and Louis XI. It now and then appears in his conversations; and when he has an anecdote to tell, he seems to develop the finer and more delicate motives of the action of the narrative, as if he were dramatizing it, as he went along. We dropped our main subject of audiences presently to talk of other things. He related to me a couple of stories of a "dresser" who was his servant in days gone by. The poor man is dead now, and these incidents of his life will not hurt his memory.

"One night," said Irving, "when I had been playing a new part, the old man said, while dressing me, 'This is your masterpiece, sir!' How do you think he had arrived at this opinion? He had seen nothing of the piece, but he noticed that I perspired more than usual. The poor fellow was given over to drink at last; so I told him we must part if he did not mend his ways. 'I wonder,' I said to him, 'that, for the sake of your wife and children, you do not reform; besides, you look so ridiculous.' Indeed, I never saw a sillier man when he was tipsy; and his very name would set children laughing—it was Doody. Well, in response to my appeal, with maudlin vanity and with tears in his eyes, he answered, 'They make so much of me!' It reminded me of Dean Ramsay's story of his drunken parishioner. The parson, you remember, admonished the whiskey-drinking Scot, concluding his lecture by offering his own conduct as an example. 'I can go into the village and come home again without getting drunk.' 'Ah, minister, but I'm sae popular!' was the fuddling parishioner's apologetic reply."

A notable person in appearance, I said just now. Let me sketch the famous actor as we leave his rooms together. A tall, spare figure in a dark overcoat and grayish trousers, black neckerchief carelessly tied, a tall hat, rather broad at the brim. His hair is black and bushy, with a wave in it on the verge of a curl, and suggestions of gray at the temples and over the ears. It is a pale, somewhat ascetic face, with bushy eyebrows, dark dreamy eyes, a nose that indicates gentleness rather than strength, a thin upper lip, a mouth opposed to all ideas of sensuousness, but nervous and sensitive, a strong jaw and chin, and a head inclined to droop a little, as is often the case with men of a studious habit. There is great individuality in the whole figure, and in the face a rare mobility which photography fails to catch in all the efforts I have yet seen of English artists. Though the popular idea is rather to associate tragedy with the face and manner of Irving, there is nothing sunnier than his smile. It lights up all his countenance, and reveals his soul in his eyes; but it is like the sunshine that bursts for a moment from a cloud, and disappears to leave the landscape again in shadows, flecked here and there with fleeting reminiscences of the sun.

The management of the Lyceum Theatre has a moral and classic atmosphere of its own. A change came over the house with the success of *The Bells*. *Charles I.* consummated it. You enter the theatre with feelings entirely different from those which take possession of you at any other house. It is as if the management inspired you with a special sense of its responsibility to Art, and your own obligations to support its earnest endeavors. Mr. Irving has intensified all this by a careful personal attention to every detail belonging to the conduct of his theatre. He has stamped his own individuality upon it. His influence is seen and felt on all hands. He has given the color of his ambition to his officers and servants. His object is to perfect the art of dramatic

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representation, and elevate the profession to which he belongs. There is no commercial consideration at work when he is mounting a play, though his experience is that neither expense nor pains are lost on the public.

When Mr. Irving's art is discussed, when his Hamlet or his Mathias, his Shylock or his Dei Franchis, is discussed, he should be regarded from a broader stand-point than that of the mere actor. He is entitled to be looked at as not only the central figure of the play, but as the motive power of the whole entertainment —the master who has set the story and grouped it, the controlling genius of the moving picture, the source of the inspiration of the painter, the musician, the costumer, and the machinist, whose combined efforts go to the realization of the actor-manager's conception and plans. It is acknowledged on all hands that Mr. Irving has done more for dramatic art all round than any actor of our time, and it is open to serious question whether any artist of any time has done as much. Not alone on the stage, but in front of it, at the very entrance of his theatre, is the dignified influence of his management felt. Every department has for its head a man of experience and tact, and every person about the place, from the humblest messenger to the highest officer and actor, seems to carry about with him a certain pride of association with the management.

Mr. Irving's dressing-room at the theatre is a thorough business-like apartment, with at the same time evidences of the taste which obtains at his chambers. It is as unpretentious and yet in its way as remarkable as the man. See him sitting there at the dressing-table, where he is model to himself, where he converts himself into the character he is sustaining. His own face is his canvas, his own person, for the time being, the lay figure which he adorns. It is a large square table in the corner of the room. In the centre is a small old-fashioned mirror, which is practically the easel upon which he works; for therein is reflected the face which has to depict the passion and fear of Mathias, the cupidity of Richard, the martyrdom of Charles, the grim viciousness of Dubosc, the implacable justice of the avenging Dei Franchi, and the touching melancholy of Hamlet. As a mere matter of "make-up," his realizations of the historical pictures of Charles the First and Philip of Spain are the highest kind of art. They belong to Vandyck and Velasquez, not only in their imitation of the great masters, but in the sort of inspiration for character and color which moved those famous painters. See him sitting, I say, the actor-artist at his easel. The right of his mirror may be called his palette; it is an assortment of colors, paint-pots, powders, and brushes; but in his hand, instead of the maul-stick, is the familiar hare's-foot—the actor's "best friend" from the earliest days of rouge and burned cork. To the left of the mirror lie letters opened and unopened, missives just brought by the post, a jewel-box, and various "properties" in the way of chains, lockets, or buckles that belong to the part he is playing. He is talking to his stage-manager, Mr. Loveday, or to his acting manager, Mr. Bram Stoker, or to some intimate friend, as he continues his work. You can hear the action of the drama that is going on—a distant cheer, the clash of swords, a merry laugh, or a passing chorus. The "call-boy" of the theatre looks in at intervals to report the progress of the piece up to the point where it is necessary the leading artist should appear upon the stage. Then, as if he is simply going to see a friend who is waiting for him, Irving leaves his dressing-room, and you are alone. There is no "pulling himself together," or "bracing up," or putting on "tragic airs" as he goes. It is a pleasant "Good-night," or "I shall see you again," that takes him out of his dressing-room, and you can tell when he is before the audience by the loud cheers that come rushing up the staircases from the stage. While he is away, you look around the room. You find that the few pictures which decorate the walls are theatrical portraits. Here is an etching of Garrick's head; there a water-color of Ellen Terry; here a study of Macready in Virginius; there an engraving of Kean. Interspersed among these things are framed play-bills of a past age and interesting autograph letters. Near the dressing-table is a tall looking-glass, in front of it an easy-chair, over which are lying a collection of new draperies and costumes recently submitted for the actor-manager's approval. The room is warm with the gas that illuminates it; the atmosphere delightful to the fancy that finds a special fascination behind the foot-lights.

A reflective writer, with the power to

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vividly recall a past age and contrast it with the present, might find ample inspiration in the rooms to which Mr. Irving presently invites us. It is Saturday night. On this last day in every acting week it is his habit to sup at the theatre, and in spite of his two performances he finds strength enough to entertain a few guests, sometimes a snug party of three, sometimes a lively company of eight or ten. We descend a carpeted staircase, cross the stage upon the remains of the snow scene of the *Corsican Brothers*, ascend a winding stair, pass through an armory packed with such a variety of weapons as to suggest the Tower of London, and are then ushered into a spacious wainscoted apartment, with a full set of polished ancient armor in each corner of it, an antique fireplace with the example of an old master over the mantel, a high-backed settee in an alcove opposite the blind windows, the sills of which are decorated with ancient bottles and jugs, and in the centre of the room an old oak dining-table, furnished for supper with white cloth, cut glass, and silver, among which shine the familiar beet root and tomato.

"This was the old Beefsteak Club room," says our host; "beyond there is the kitchen; the members dined here. The apartments were lumber-rooms until lately."

Classic lumber-rooms truly! In the history of the clubs no association is more famous than the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks. The late William Jerdan was the first to attempt anything like a concise sketch of the club, and he wrote his reminiscences thereof for me and *The Gentleman's Magazine* a dozen years ago, in the popular modern days of that periodical. Jerdan gave me an account of the club in the days when he visited it. "The President," he said—"an absolute despot during his reign—sat at the head of the table adorned with ribbon and badge, and with the insignia of a silver gridiron on his breast; his head, when he was oracular, was crowned with a feathery hat said to have been worn by Garrick in some gay part on the stage. He looked every inch a king. At the table on this occasion were seated the Bishop, Samuel Arnold, the patriotic originator of English opera, and strenuous encourager of native musical talent. He wore a mitre, said to have belonged to Cardinal Gregorio; but be that as it might, it became him well as he set it on his head to pronounce the grace before meat, which he intoned as reverently as if he had been in presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury instead of a bevy of Steakers. Near him was John Richards, the Recorder, whose office in passing sentence on culprits was discharged with piquancy and effect. Captain Morris, the Laureate, occupied a distinguished seat; so also did Dick Wilson, the Secretary, a bit of a butt to the jokers, who were wont to extort from him some account of a Continental trip, where he prided himself on having ordered a 'boulevard' for his dinner, and *un paysan* (for *faisan*) to be roasted; and last of all I can recall to mind, at the bottom of the plenteous board sat the all-important 'Boots,' the youngest member of the august assembly. These associated as a sort of staff with a score of other gentlemen, all men of the world, men of intellect and intelligence, well educated, and of celebrity in various lines of life—noblemen, lawyers, physicians and surgeons, authors, artists, newspaper editors, actors—it is hardly possible to conceive any combination of various talent to be more efficient for the object sought than the Beefsteaks. The accommodation for their meetings was built, expressly for that end, behind the scenes of the Lyceum Theatre, by Mr. J. Walker Arnold; and, among other features, was a room with no daylight to intrude, and this was the dining-room, with the old gridiron on the ceiling, over the centre of the table. The cookery on which the good cheer of the company depended was carried on in what may be called the kitchen, in full view of the chairman, and served through the opposite wall, namely, a huge gridiron with bars as wide apart as the "chess" of small windows, handed hot and hot to the expectant hungerers. There were choice salads (mostly of beet root), porter, and port. The plates were never overloaded, but small cuts sufficed till almost satiated appetite perhaps called for one more from the third cut in the rump itself, which his Grace of Norfolk, after many slices, prized as the grand essence of bullock!"

Other times, other manners. The rooms are still there. The gridiron is gone from the ceiling, but the one through which sliced bullock used to be handed "hot and hot" to the nobility of blood and intellect remains. It and the kitchen (now furnished with a fine modern cooking range)

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are shut off from the dining-room, and neither porter nor port ever weighs down the spirits of Mr. Irving's guests. He often regales a few friends here after the play. The *menu* on these occasions would contrast as strangely with that of the old days as the guests and the subjects of their conversation and mirth. It is classic ground on which we tread, and the ghosts that rise before us are those of Sheridan, Perry, Lord Erskine, Cam Hobhouse, and their boon companions. Should the notabilities among Irving's friends be mentioned, the list would be a fair challenge to the old Beefsteaks. I do not propose to deal with these giants of yesterday and to-day, but to contrast with Jerdan's picture a recent supper of guests gathered together on an invitation of only a few hours previously. On the left side of Irving sat one of his most intimate friends, a famous London comedian; on the right, a well-known American tragedian, who had not yet played in London; opposite, at the other side of the circular-ended table, sat a theatrical manager from Dublin, and another of the same profession from the English midlands; the other chairs were occupied by a famous traveller, an American gentleman connected with literature and life-insurance, a young gentleman belonging to English political and fashionable society, the editor of a Liverpool journal, a provincial playwright, and a north-country philanthropist. The repast began with oysters, and ran through a few *entrées* and a steak, finishing with a rare old Stilton cheese. There were various salads, very dry sherry and Champagne, a rich Burgundy, and, after all, sodas and brandies and cigars. The talk was "shop" from first to last—discussions of the artistic treatment of certain characters by actors of the day and of a previous age, anecdotes of the stage, the position of the drama, its purpose and mission. Every guest contributed his quota to the general talk, the host himself giving way to the humor of the hour, and chatting of his career, his position, his hopes, his prospects, his ambition, in the frankest way. Neither the space at my disposal nor the custom of the place will permit of a revelation of this social dialogue; for the founder of the feast has revived, with the restored Beefsteak rooms, the motto from Horace's "Epistles" (paraphrased by the old club Bishop), which is still inscribed on the dining-room wall:

"Let no one bear beyond this threshold hence,
Words uttered here in friendly confidence."

BY THE WINTER'S MOON.

IT would seem as if life were a tolerably easy thing to live, certain things being taken for granted, as the possession of good name and family and fortune, of beauty and grace and courage, and the love of women, and all men's good-will, of youth to boot, that last gift of the gods. And yet Penrose did not find it so.

Perhaps he had had too much good luck, and the sameness palled on him. Perhaps the one little touch was wanting to set the amorphous particles into shape as the perfect crystal of happiness. At any rate, he was far from being a contented man; longed for other things, a larger way of life, adventure of some sort, a voyage to the north pole, the loss of all his money—something to break the endless chain of days.

It may be that if Barbara Seavern had been more gentle with him, that wanting touch would have been given to his crystal. But as Barbara had heard before he ever came to Beachline some foolish speech concerning his fortune and its power to bring him all he wanted, she had no inclination to treat him with any gentleness she could avoid. And as, of course, she never told him of hearing such a speech, he never had the chance to deny having made it—the last sort of thing he would have said, by-the-way, valuing his fortune, as he did, only as an impediment to all enterprise. "For you see," he said once, in his engaging way, to Mrs. Seavern, who not having quite the reserve of her daughter, had alluded to the matter of his accumulated inheritance, "it is very unfortunate for me. I never shall do anything unless I throw it all to the dogs, and then go after it. If I were only cast upon my own resources, I might discover what is on the dark side of the moon. But as it is, with everything made easy, one indolent day begets another. It is so comfortable here, why should I go to the moon?" And Mrs. Seavern told Barbara that young Penrose

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had a most peculiar and eccentric way of talking, and she should be sorry to see any one in whom she was interested caring for an individual who talked of throwing his money to the dogs, and then going after it. But Barbara knew very well what these remarks meant from a lady who wanted her to marry the minister—the minister whom she did not care for, and who did not care for her.

Barbara had already sufficiently displayed her own views the first time she met Penrose. It was at Julia Palmer's garden party, in that delightful garden which ran down and almost wet its blazing geraniums and turfy terraces in the sea. She was very late, not coming till sunset dyed the foam of the breakers to crimson and gold, as beautiful herself as any part of the beautiful scene, in her gown of white nuns' veiling and the belted Jacqueminot roses, with her clear pale skin, its darkness relieved only by the rich red of the lips and the blackness of the lashes of the great luminous eyes, with the chiselled delicacy of feature, the abundance of night-black hair, and the radiance of a smile that was not shed on everybody. She drew her tall and slender figure to its stately height from her courtesy as Penrose was presented, and went on speaking with the person beside her, without giving him a second glance. She had meant that the first glance should say all she had to say to this youth who thought his fortune could bring him all he wanted; but as that glance rested on the superb young athlete with his yellow curls and bronze-brown eyes, the full sunshine of his suddenly admiring gaze, and the lofty simplicity of his expression, some answering involuntary glance shot across her own face, and if it were as instantly sheathed and hidden, he remembered it afterward, like the swift play of lightning across purple night shadows, which throws its splendor into far recesses of the landscape. For there are some things that need only the electric instant for their kindling, and love is one of them, and the fire had flashed from heart and soul in the first instant of that first glance. She might be as icy as she pleased now; he had read her first thoughts of him, and he meant that they should be her last.

But some things are more easily said than done. How was he to talk to her if she persisted in talking to some one else—the stupid fellow by her side, who was, after all, Victor Brown, his own bosom-friend? How was he to dance with her when she told him she was not dancing, although he had seen her with young Wornum a moment before? How could he ask any one to wander down the garden walks and out upon the beach sand who would not once glance his way? He contented himself by a heavy philosophical discussion with Julia Palmer, and then sought out Mrs. Seavern, on the principle that if she was not the rose, she had lived near the rose. At length, and unexpectedly, however, fate favored him, when, as the whole party having stepped down to the sea line to look at the phosphorescence of the water, she strolled along farther than she knew with her engrossing companion, and all at once a great chance wave came hissing and rushing and roaring in, and if a swift strong arm had not seized her and swept her back and away, would have borne her out into the midnight deeps and the gulfs of death. Her engrossing companion had all he could do to take care of himself. As it was, she was safe—safe, yet drenched to the skin, as Penrose was. As it was, there was one heart-beat when, for all her icy indifference, he held her clinging to his breast, her soft sweet face against his own in one passing second of that uncertainty between time and eternity. Sometimes a single heart-beat compasses eternity. The next instant a laugh, a flashing of great wet eyes in the light of the phosphorescent water, a flirt of the wet garments, a shawl thrown over the gleaming shoulders by some careful wrap-carrier, a scampering, a vanishing, and the garden party was over for Penrose, who found it prudent and proper to vanish himself.

What else could one do, after rescuing a lady from drowning, but call with Victor Brown and inquire for her health? And what else could the lady do but receive the caller graciously when he stood before her in the quaint low rooms of her mother's cottage, that only her taste redeemed from the seal of their narrow means? Yet she seemed to him as any queen might seem in that low, vine-draped room, and all the wealth of the Indies would not have made her nobler in his view.

"Do not speak of it," he said, as she made acknowledgments of the service he had done her. "Thanks are tiresome things."

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"I suppose you have occasion for so many of them," she responded, retreating, with the slightest sting in her tone.

"No, no," he answered, eagerly. "I mean nothing of that sort. But when one has done what one would have died rather than not do"—and he paused in this rather ardent language for a second interview, paused both in remembering himself, and at the freezing look with which her face seemed turning to stone. "For, of course," he added, directly, "if duty demands one's exertion, and one fails to render it, one might as well die as live."

"It was duty, then, that made you snatch me back from the sea?" she said, half laughing, and relenting.

"You are very hard to please," he exclaimed. "You are offended if I say it was duty, and equally offended if I hint that anything more powerful than duty—"

"Let us talk of something else," she said, bending her brows. "Are you to be here long? Do you know many people? Do you join the archery club?"

"It depends altogether upon one person whether I stay a longer or a less time here; and as for archery, if there is any truth in old mythologies, I have had all I want of it," he cried.

"Indeed," said Miss Barbara, coldly, with half the mind to ask him if he always talked in this singular manner to ladies he had seen but once before, but deciding it was hardly worth while. He saved her the trouble, however.

"I see very well what you think," he said. "You think I have no business to speak in this way when I see you now but for the second time. But you do not know—let me tell you—"

"Perhaps I do not care to know," she said, freezingly.

"Very well, then, I won't tell you that this is not the second time, nor the thousand and second time, I have seen you, nor that I had your photograph a year ago—"

"My photograph!"

"Yes; I stole it at the photographer's," said the shameless scamp, "and if I had not been madly in love with that"—but just here Victor left Mrs. Seavern in the other room and came toward them, and the sentence remained unfinished. "Every man must have his Brown," said Penrose, and presently others came in, and they had to go.

If he sent her a huge basket of roses the next morning, to call in the afternoon and see them on the hall table just where the servant had left them, it did not discomfort Penrose. He had known from the first that he had a citadel to storm, and he had thrown himself into the work with all his sappers and miners. "Ah," he said, for he had espied her crossing the hall as the door opened, "is that the way you treat poor Brown's basket? If I send you one, will you be kinder to it?"

"Mr. Brown! I thought—"

"No matter what you thought. It is what you did," said the impudent Penrose, "that might hurt Brown."

"I am sure I have no wish to hurt Mr. Brown," said Barbara, and she stepped back, gathering a full handful of the long-stemmed, dewy, fragrant things, and clasping them under the long pin at her belt.

"I never said that Brown sent them," he said, when she had finished the operation. "*I* sent them; and you have done with them just what I hoped you would." He stopped, as she impulsively made a gesture as if she would have torn them away, but arrested herself as the first bud went whirling to the floor. Penrose caught it before it fell. "Just what I hoped you would," he repeated. "*I* sent them; and you have worn a bunch of them over your heart, and have given me back one of the happy bunch." And he stepped backward, laughing and bowing, and made off with his prize. And if for a moment Barbara was tempted to take the whole basket and bid Jane throw them after him, perhaps it was the sight of the fragrant, innocent things, breathing their sweet breath in her face, that hindered, and instead made her lift and carry them up to her own room. And perhaps it was not. There are still some women in the world who are to be wooed as their savage ancestresses were wooed.

But Miss Barbara's face was in no wise more genial when Penrose saw her on the next morning. She had passed up the church aisle, and had just taken her seat in the pew, half behind the pillar, as she caught sight of him. What should Penrose do but smile and bow! Bow in church? Miss Seavern's face was as impassive as marble, the face of one who had never laid eyes on him before. Plainly, Penrose went so little to church, the taking scamp, that he did not know the customs. But when the chorister started a

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sweet old hymn tune which mothers have sung to their children of Sunday evenings for generations, he knew the custom of that, and it was many a day since the narrow walls had echoed to such music as when Penrose lifted up his voice and sang, with a look like one rapt in his face, till the old rafters rang with the sonorous sweetness of that lofty tenor.

If Miss Barbara could stand that unmoved, it was more than the parson himself could do. Possibly she did not try to; but she seated herself before the second stanza had been sung, and gradually disappeared behind the big kindly pillar that let no one look at her face if she did not choose.

She did not walk out of the church with quite so high and mighty an air, it may be, as that with which she walked in. Perhaps it was because the minister was beside her; it certainly was not Penrose beside her. That was he with Julia Palmer in the church-yard. Well, Julia Palmer was a very nice girl; but if he wanted the application of this morning's sermon to all the systems of philosophy from Gaudama's time to Mother Ann's, he was in for it now, she said, as she loitered on alone, for the minister had other thoughts for Sunday, and had left her at the church-yard gate.

Barbara took her time walking home that June noon in her crisp blush muslins and creamy laces, coming the long way of the avenue—the shore would have been the shorter way, but nobody in Beachline walked on the shore on Sunday. It may have been the rose-colored lining of her parasol that cast such a bloom on her face as she turned the corner to see Penrose leaning on their gate, and twirling a pink water-lily between his fingers.

"I suppose you wonder where I got it," he said, "before summer itself has it. Well, that is my secret, and likely to remain so, as you refuse to ask."

"I would rather ask where you learned to sing," she said.

"To sing?" he answered, not exactly understanding, or supposing he had done anything unusual. "In my cradle, I fancy. Didn't you?"

Again, then, that familiar address, that free and assured gaze, which was enough to freeze a spring in the Sahara Desert. It froze the spring in her heart for that moment, at any rate.

"I don't know that it signifies to you, Mr. Penrose, where I learned to sing," she said.

"Oh, indeed! Then why should it signify to you where *I* learned, may I ask? You began it;" and then he looked at her again, and laughed like a child. "It does signify to me where you learned to sing, and all about you," he exclaimed. "How you learned to speak, even; where you got that contour of the cheek, that glint of the eye."

"Do you mean to say," she said, turning full upon him, and her black brows meeting above her eyes, "that you are in love with me?"

"It is a bold man that looks at such a frowning brow and says it, but I must stand by my colors. I have been in love with you this year and more," said Penrose.

"And would you have dared tell me of it on so brief an acquaintance," she cried, "if you had not thought me a thing for sale, and to be bought with your money? Let me pass, if you please;" and she motioned him to stand aside that she might go through the gate.

"Before Heaven," cried Penrose, with the hot flush branding his face, "I forgot I had any money. And you—I should never have dreamed your mind could receive so sordid a suspicion." And he bowed low, hat in hand, held open the gate for her to pass, turned on his heel, and went along the street with a step that seemed to her to ring like the clank of an iron chain far off through the still Sabbath noon.

"Fine work for Sunday!" said her mother as she came in. "If you are really going to carry on a flirtation with that young millionaire, Barbara, take some other day than this, and some other place than the most public one in town."

But a flash from Barbara's eyes was her answer, and the girl swept up the stairs to her room, and tore off the hat and feathers, and faced herself in the little mirror. "You fool!" she cried, to the image looking back at her with great wide, shining, and excited eyes and blazing color—"oh, you fool!" And then she burst into tears, and fell on the lounge, and lay there in a sobbing passion. And if her mother, who in the mean time held her pet Bible class of the beach laundresses, thought anything about Barbara's appearance when she saw her at a later part of the day, she took credit to herself for

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having brought Barbara down with so easy a shot. It was not to be wondered at if this young lady was not entirely understood by her own mother, when it was so evident that she did not know herself. But her mother had an excellent opportunity for acquaintance with her in the following week, in which she shut herself up in the house and garden, and saw nobody; and if the poor lady's life was not worn to a thread in that week, it was not because the alternations of Miss Barbara's moods from gloom to gayety, from temper to tears and torturing bursts of repentance, were not enough to make gossamer of the stoutest nerves.

It was the day when all the young people and all the summer people of Beachline had gone on the trip to the woodlands that Barbara stole alone down the back way to the sea, and out upon the rocks, hiding herself in a fissure of the long ledge, that she might be still more effectually alone, and sitting motionless as the stones about her, while the sunset paled to orange again, and died in purple shadows and misty stars, before she noticed how high the tide was getting. It would soon be about her. She stirred, and pulled her little shawl together.

"Yes," said a deep voice beside her, "the wave will wet your feet presently."

"Is it you?" she said, controlling the quick start.

"Yes. I thought you were turning to stone. You are sorry, I see, for your treatment of me on Sunday week."

"For my treatment of you!" she cried, turning on him suddenly in the darkness. "Did I—"

"No, you didn't. I called *you* names. I said you were sordid. You think more of money than I do. I hate it and forget it. I would give it away if I could, but it's bound like Satan for a thousand years. Besides, it's a trust," he said, gravely, "and I have no choice but to administer it rightly. And then—and then," he added, hesitatingly, "you — you wouldn't marry me if I had none, and you know it."

Certainly she knew it. She couldn't afford to marry without it. She loved all the luxuries of life; they were necessaries to her. Her mother could be contented with poverty, and a cottage, and a penniless minister, and a bank account in heaven—not she. But yet, whether she loved all these things or not, she had never meant to bargain off herself, her future, and her fate against them.

"I am not going to make you acknowledge it," he said. "Nobody is to blame for having expensive tastes. State and beauty are proper things to love, and you love them."

"How do you know I do?" she exclaimed. "How do you know I am all this, or that I would marry you, money or no money?"

"Money! money! money!" he interrupted. "Curse the stuff! How do I know you will marry me? Because I mean you shall." He reached out, and caught her hand, and wrung it, and kissed it, and flung it away from him. "And I have half the mind to say," he cried, standing up, and leaning in the darkness above her, "that if it can not be mine, it shall not be another's; half the mind to take you now in my arms, and slip down into these dark depths, and find death together."

"Let me alone!" she cried. "Don't dare to touch me!" She trembled, and stood up too. "Oh," she exclaimed, "the tide is in! How—"

"Didn't you know it was in? I was wondering how much longer you were going to wait. I suppose, of course, you are meaning to wade ashore, as I am not to dare to touch you."

But in the next instant he had her, and was trampling through the shallow water, holding her close in his arms. She was faint with a sort of horror; she was not used to these volcanic natures. What if he did as he said, and plunged with her into these hollows on the left!

Half a dozen steps, and he was upon the dry sand. There had not really been any danger; she could have gotten safely ashore herself at the risk of a wetting. But he did not set her down just at once.

"You are faint," he said; "you are frightened. Rest, darling, rest here;" and then he suddenly bent his head and kissed her lips with a kiss that took her breath away. "Do as you please," he said, as she slipped angrily from his grasp. "But there is no one else that ever can have the first kiss of your lips."

"How bold, how bad, how terrible you are!" she cried. "Do not let me ever see your face again." And she hurried up the shore. But his long strides kept beside her.

"I know I am bold," he said, "or I

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should not dare think of winning you; but I am not bad, I am not terrible. I only love you, love you as I love my life."

"And I hate you!" she cried. "I hate you!"

"No," he said, "you know better; and the day will come when you will proclaim it publicly as a kiss can do on these same sands." But before he ended she had fled away from him as fleet as a hare from the hounds.

"What came over Penrose in such a hurry?" said young Wornum, calling a day or two later. "I hear he said he was so sick of all his summer plans that he should throw them up, and that he thought of telegraphing the geographical expedition to wait for him at No Man's Land, and hoped they would not stop short of finishing the story of A. Gordon Pym, that Poe failed to do— What in the world is this? Miss Seavern fainting? Has been ill all day? What a stupid brute, not to have seen it, and to have staid here talking nothings, and being wished in Jericho!" And so young Wornum went; and Mrs. Seavern told Barbara she always knew she would get her death mooning down by the sea alone in the chilly evenings, and plunged into her element of hot flannels and camphor and Dover-powders, and if Barbara had not been half ill already, would certainly have made her so

But it was a white wraith of the beautiful Barbara that used to go creeping down the shore among the rocks that the equinoctial gales had piled with sea-weed and the drift of wrecks, when a month or so had passed, and from which not all her mother's reproaches could keep her away in storm and calm. "I have drowned him," she used to say to herself. And she went along with a vague expectancy of seeing a dead face look up at her through any breaking wave. One night of the Indian summer she thought she saw his figure moving down the garden alleys beneath her window, and checked herself in her sudden outcry; and at another time she was as sure it was his voice she heard singing "Rio verde" up the beach. The reality of the thing disturbed her, lest her brain were in danger, and Mrs. Seavern herself saw enough to make her so tender that Barbara wondered why so dear a thing as a mother's love were not, after all, enough.

It seemed, however, only like a verification of all her forebodings when, late at the close of the third day of the winter's storm, which had blown away at last in a wild sunset, and a moon letting out weird brilliance from the edges of the flying scud, Victor and young Wornum came hurrying in with word of a wreck off the Point. They had lightened many a lonely hour for her in those dreary months, and now brought Julia along to urge Barbara's coming down to the beach with them. She needed no other urging, however, than her sense of a fatal necessity of sparing herself no pang that she had caused Penrose to suffer, and if he had suffered wreck, why should she shrink from seeing one?

The storm had been a wild one, snow turning to rain, and the world was a glittering wonder of sleet and ice in the dazzle of the moon. Wrapped in her cloak, Barbara hastened along with the rest, the booming of the minute-gun seeming no more than the plunge and beat of her heart. Suddenly they turned the curve of the shore, and came out where they could see the broken brig lifted high on the rocks and sands, a dark and cruel mass, her spars and rigging feathered with the foam of the great wave that crept and reared and plunged over it in a cold whirl of splendor.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Julia.

"How horrible!" quavered Barbara.

"Sit here, Julia," said Victor. "Wornum and I must go down there and see what is to be done." And so they waited, while Barbara wondered why this one wreck of all she had known in the twenty winters of her life should make her thrill and tremble as the others never had. Had there not been castaways on this bit of coast in every month of every year? Had she not seen scores of times this far-off thronging of the towns-folk, this flashing of rockets and shooting of life-lines, this slow passing of hammock-netted people over the taut cable, this plunging of crates and planks and spars in the plunging surf? Why should each feature of it now stab her with a new pain? At last she could endure it no more, but threw herself down on the sand, still ribbed by the ice of the old foam ridges, and hid her face from the sight of it all.

Steps came up the beach; some one paused and spoke with Julia, who, full of excitement, paced up and down the sand. "It was a Mediterranean brig, that had stood by to save a wreck only a fortnight

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since herself—had several members going to No Man's Land to join the geographical expedition on board now, all that had been saved, at least." Barbara's heart stood still. All that had been saved, at least. Some were gone, then. He was gone. Weak as she already was, she turned with a deadly sickness, and the world and consciousness were just going out together when a strange music of voices seemed ringing in her ears; she felt as if a pair of strong arms had caught her up, and a long kiss upon her lips had brought her back to life. She rose upon her elbow, gazing eagerly over sand and sea, as if her glances were messengers sent abroad to gather word of the wreck; and presently she was on her feet, and running swiftly down the sands, her cloak streaming out behind her.

Young Wornum was beside her; and when she stopped for breath, he put the glass into her hand, just as the clouds stripped away and let the moon out, broad and full, over the black waters lashing themselves to foam, and for one moment she saw it—saw that arm wound in the ratlins, that white face looking out over the angry surges—and then the giant wave came roaring and rearing on, shaking its gray plumes above it in the moonlight. There was a crash of thunder. The wreck was gone; the place was bare and waste.

Barbara threw down the glass, and ran on. "Somebody must save him," she was crying. "He was alive a moment since. Somebody must swim out and help him in. He is strong, but he is not as strong as the sea."

But all the time that she was running and crying, the wind tearing the words from her lips, so that she seemed to make no sound, and was desperate at her impotence, the people on the beach and in the surf were working. And as she came on, breathless, some one rose from the little throng about him, staggered a moment, rallying the strength left from the wrestle with the waters, and moved toward her.

"Are you safe?" she cried, wildly. "Oh, are you alive? Have you come back to me?" And her arms were about him, and she had kissed him there before the people, innocent of a thought of them.

"I told you," he whispered—"I told you the time would come when you would proclaim it publicly. I have almost paid for that kiss with my life, but, oh, my darling, I hold it cheap at any price."

And Penrose did not tell her for a year and a day that he had been a member of no geographical expedition at all, but of a conspiracy instead—that he had never escaped from the wreck, but had been one of those going out to its rescue, since he had been in hiding in Beachline all the time. Perhaps he never told his mother-in-law at all.

IN BEHALF OF CRIME.

THERE was a time when it was held that inasmuch as women are not men, and girls are not boys, the education of what used to be called the weaker sex should differ in many respects from that of the other sex. We have learned better of late years. Although as yet it has been found impossible to correct the mistake which nature made when she selected two different patterns on which to construct men and women, we have been taught that neither law nor custom should take cognizance of sex. Women should vote and hold office; they should pursue the same studies and follow the same professions as men. The sacraments should be administered by female priests, in spite of St. Paul's narrow-minded views; and obsolete theories as to the beauty of womanly modesty should not prevent the appearance and hearty recognition of the feminine political "boss." In the composite colleges of the West where boys and girls study ancient languages and modern flirtation together, and in the liberal medical schools where young men can practice dissection in the refining presence of young women, we have furnished to the once weaker sex many of the advantages which we formerly reserved for our boys; but there is still one just complaint which the friends of female equality can make. Boys are provided with a literature which is of inestimable value in moulding their youthful minds, while girls are still restricted to a weak and unsatisfactory mental diet, but little if any better than that which was provided for their mothers.

The old-fashioned stories which the unhappy boys of the last generation read have been succeeded by the manly and fascinating criminal novel. In the old story-books it was assumed that truthfulness, honesty, and obedience to parents

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were virtues, and that the Christian religion was not wholly devoid of merit. If these views were not directly taught in the juvenile literature of our fathers, at all events they were never directly or indirectly attacked. Boys could learn nothing from their story-books except preposterous platitudes—nothing that was of any practical use, or that tended to develop in them manly and brilliant traits. No such complaint can be made of the dime and half-dime novels of the criminal school which are now read by all our boys, either openly or secretly. In these delightful stories new forms of profanity and slang are taught in the most effective way. The pleasures of burglary and highway robbery, the manliness of gambling and fighting, and the heroism of successful lying are set forth in what is regarded by youthful readers as glowing eloquence; while the great truths that all parents are tyrants, that all religious people are hypocrites, and that disobedience to fathers and teachers is obedience to the nobler instincts of juvenile nature, are sedulously taught. Such stories as these develop all that is manly and lawless in our boys, and teach them lessons that can not fail to be of immense service to them in whatever criminal career they may adopt.

There are a few old-fashioned people who denounce the new juvenile literature in unsparing terms; but that nearly all fathers approve of it is self-evident. They know that their boys are reading novels illustrative of the excellence of crime, but they make no effort to suppress that sort of literature, as they certainly would do did they disapprove of it. Nothing would be simpler than to drive those novels out of existence. All that it would be necessary to do would be to "Boycott" the newsdealers who keep them for sale. The truth evidently is that fathers either do not care what their boys read, or that they have no fault to find with *Jack Harkaway* and the *Boy Burglars*. It can not be that respectable gentlemen who dislike crime, profanity, and vulgarity willfully refuse to know what their boys are reading, or weakly hope that by some happy chance their reading will do them no harm.

It is obviously unfair that our boys should have literary and criminal advantages which our girls have not. There are no criminal story-books written exclusively for girls. There are, it is true, many thoroughly silly and admirably vapid novels designed for young women, but there are no books expressly intended to instruct our little girls in crime and vulgarity. This should be remedied without delay. There should be an end of this unfair discrimination in favor of boys. We must have stories that will instruct girls in the art of picking pockets and the science of shop-lifting. Girls need to be taught bad language and vulgar slang quite as much as boys. The exploits of *Sallie, the Young Burglar Queen*, and of *The Girl Murderess of Twenty-seventh Street*, need to be celebrated with as much care as those of imaginary boy pirates and boy murderers. The clearest and most forcible lessons in practical vice and villainy could be taught by an able and conscientious writer who should eloquently picture the career of a finely depraved girl. He could describe the noble way in which the high-spirited Sallie refused to humiliate herself by obeying the commands of her parents or the wishes of her school-teachers. He could praise the fearlessness with which she amused herself at cheap theatres and jovial balls at late hours of the night, when her tyrannical parents would have heartlessly preferred to force her to submit to the degradation of bed. The fascinated young reader would follow the footsteps of Sallie as she stole money from her father and clothes from her brother, and began to lead a free and independent life in the disguise of a railway newsboy, and as, with the help of her lover, a bold brakeman, she bound and gagged the expressman and robbed the safe. How the youthful heart would beat in contemplating Sallie as the queen of a band of burglars, and in the very act of breaking into her depraved father's house, and upbraiding him for his cruelty in sending her to Sunday-school, the objectionable old gentleman being firmly held by an athletic robber, so that Sallie could upbraid him without interruption, while others of the robber band carried off the silver! The force of Sallie's picturesque oaths, the humor of her delicious slang, and the reckless daring with which she defied all laws, human and divine, could not fail to awaken the enthusiasm of any intelligent girl reader.

Equally useful would be the story of *The Girl Murderess of Twenty-seventh Street*. The rare beauty of the youthful

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Arabella would contrast forcibly with the revolting countenance of her father—a habitual and open minister of the Gospel. Her brave determination to run away with a fascinating gambler whom her bigoted father disliked would awaken the girlish sympathies of the reader, and the latter would be thrilled by a description of the beautiful dresses which Arabella's successive lovers lavished upon her, and of the careless and happy life which she led in her elegant Twenty-seventh-street home. Into this abode of happiness and vice the demoniac father, bent upon dragging his daughter back to his virtuous and loathsome home, would some day intrude himself, and the outraged girl in a moment of frenzy would shoot the atrocious author of her existence. Delightful as this exciting chapter would be, the trial of the noble girl, and her enthusiastic acquittal by a humane jury, would be equally interesting, and the girl reader would close the book happy to find that Arabella had returned to her joyous mode of life, and filled with a determination to earn silk dresses and Champagne suppers by following the example of the beautiful girl murderess.

If we do not object to the books which teach our boys that murder and brigandage are praiseworthy, we can not object to stories designed to teach our girls that theft, and arson, and panel-robbery, and other branches of criminal industry, are the noblest exploits in which they can engage. In the absence of such stories our little girls of twelve or fourteen years of age are shamefully ignorant in comparison with boys of the same age. While the latter have become familiar with every variety of crime, there are many popular and profitable crimes of the very existence of which the former have never dreamed. At an age when boys carry pistols, and are ready to organize bands of juvenile robbers, girls are in many cases actually unable to swear the simplest oaths, or to tell the easiest falsehoods. Is it not our duty to give our girls the same educational advantages which their brothers possess, and to fit them to lead earnest and industrious criminal lives? The obvious way in which to accomplish this is to promote the publication and free sale of a series of cheap stories, entitled, let us say, "The Girl's Dime Library of Vice and Crime."

It must be confessed that were stories of this sort to be sold on the news stands, there would be an indignation manifested by narrow-minded and bigoted parents that would be alarming to news-dealers of weak nerves. It would be said that there was a deliberate attempt to corrupt innocent young girls, and that it was an unspeakable outrage to instruct them in the elements of crime, and to foster in them an admiration for impurity and vice. But this would be merely a temporary expression of conventional prejudice. Men would see the inconsistency of claiming that girls should be kept ignorant of crime, while boys should be instructed in it. Fathers who find no fault with the news-dealers who sell criminal novels to boys could not consistently denounce news-dealers for selling criminal novels to girls. They would soon view the matter with the same lazy indifference that they now show when they buy their morning paper from a stand where their boys buy their novels. It is too much to expect that parents who care nothing for their boys' souls should long cling to the pretense that they care for the souls of their girls. The men who could banish criminal novels in a day by refusing to buy newspapers or magazines from any news stand where the business of poisoning their boys is carried on, but who refuse to take this simple and easy step, would have no serious fault to find were the work of soul-poisoning extended to their daughters.

THE SOLO.

I GAZE on the blazoned windows,
The columns ashy and cold,
The fretted groinings and arches,
The ceiling of azure and gold.

The organ shudders and mutters
Like a monster dying in pain;
The chorus has wailed its parting,
Lamenting, repenting in vain.

Then out of the sadness rises
An angel whose wings are furled:
You lift your voice in the solo,
And I fly from a stricken world.

I traverse the shining oceans
Where melody rims the skies,
And I pass the islands of glory,
And the headlands of Paradise.

You bear me, I care not whither,
So long as I hear you sing,
For toil and grief are forgotten,
And life is a heavenly thing.

The music ends, and I shiver,
For my soul has returned to earth,
And the silence falls like a sorrow
Which blanches the face of mirth.

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HOMES OF THE POOR.

COMMERCIAL, SOCIAL, AND POLITICAL MEXICO.

IT is perhaps thought that the work of improvement in Mexico is to be effected by foreigners entirely, the Mexican remaining passive, and allowing everything to be done for him. The view is supported by the extent to which the business of the country already is seen to be in the hands of foreigners. The bankers and manufacturers are English. Germans control hardware and "fancy goods." French and Italians keep the hotels and restaurants. The Spaniards have groceries and pawn-shops, and deal in the products of the country., They have a somewhat Jewish reputation for thrift. They are enterprising, too, as administrators of haciendas, often marrying the proprietors' daughters, and possessing themselves in their own right of the properties to which they were accredited as agents. Whether it be due to this rivalry in shrewdness or not, it is worth noting that there are very few Jews in Mexico. Finally, the Americans build their railroads for them. The Mexican proper is a retailer in a small way, an employé, or, if rich, draws his revenues from his haciendas—which in many cases he never sees—where his money is made for him. These are on an enormous scale. The chief part of the land of the country is comprised in great estates, on which the peasants live in semi-serfdom. Small farms are scarcely known. For his fine hacienda in the State of Oaxaca ex-President Diaz paid over a million of dollars; and this is not the most valuable, since there is another on which the appliances alone cost a million. But the revenues of Mexican proprietors have been heretofore devoted to the purchase of more real estate, loaned out at interest, or at any rate "salted down" in such a way as to be of no avail in setting the wheels of industry in motion.

Before adopting the conventional conclusion, however, that this state of things is due to inferiority of race or to enervating climate, considerations of importance on the other side present themselves. Notably the revolutionary condition of the country, which until a very recent date has subjected the citizen who had ventured to place his property beyond his immediate recall to the risk of a thousand embarrassments from one or another of the contending parties. Such immunities and advantages as were enjoyed were for foreigners alone, under the protection of their diplomatic representatives. The

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traditional inequalities of fortune, by which classes have been created either too abject at one extreme or too leisurely circumstanced at the other to greatly aspire, and the difficulties of travel and communication with foreign parts experienced by the small middle class, from the bosom of which financial ambition so often springs, are other influences of a repressive sort. The climate of the central table-land of Mexico at least is not enervating. One must put his ideas of climate as depending upon degrees of latitude aside, and comprehend that here it is a matter of more or less elevation above the sea. Individual Mexicans are to be met with who, under the stimulus of the new feeling of security, have embarked their capital boldly, have plenty of irons in the fire, and appear to handle them with skill. The street railways of the capital—a very extensive and excellent system—are under Mexican management. They are successful in mining. It was only when the interests of the great Real del Monte Company at Pachuca, which had formerly been English, passed into Mexican hands, under the presidency of Señor Landero y Cos, a brother of the present Secretary of State, that they became profitable.

I should be strongly of the opinion that the backwardness of the Mexican of European extraction was not the result of native incapacity or lack of keen appetite for gain, but of his physical circumstances. In the mule-path, traced like a vast hieroglyphic over the face of the land, may be found the key to the Mexican problem as it is—the lack of transportation.

But, the zealous advocate of race and northern energy may object: "How long is it since we had no railroads ourselves? And yet we had arrived at a very pretty pass of civilization without them."

Mexico not only had not railways, but no rivers, and scarcely even ports. It would be recalled that it was waterways that made the prosperity of nations before the age of steam. It is hardly credible the completeness of the deprivations to which this so interesting country has been hitherto subjected. The wonder is, to one observing the horrors—no milder word fitly expresses it—of the diligence travelling, and the dreary slowness of the journeys, chiefly at a foot-pace, by beasts of burden, not that so little has been done, but so very much. Populous cities of a beautiful construction dot the land. On the trail to Acapulco—a mule-path, which in the popular expression is only a *camino de pajaros* (a road for birds)—without even wagon-roads of any kind, have grown up some charming towns, like Iguala, the scene of the Emperor Iturbide's famous proclamation, and Chilpanzingo, which, it seems to me, the Anglo-Saxon race under the circumstances would never have originated.

Commerce and trade in such a land naturally have their peculiar conditions. There is, in the first place, a complicated tariff, construed quite often, in the effort to prevent the chronic bane of smuggling, with an unreasonable severity. The most innocent irregularity in a label or the form of a package is punished with fines and confiscations. Americans should be warned not to let a new-born enthusiasm for a promising market hurry them into consignments without a thorough understanding of the premises. As to engaging in undertakings in the country itself, an American who had tried it assured me that the new-comer should make his residence there for six months or a year, and acquaint himself with the people and their customs, and somewhat with the language, before he touched a thing.

"Better make it two years," said my interlocutor, who was not of a sanguine cast, "and then he will go home again without doing anything."

Without going so far as this, the importance of a preliminary acquaintance can not be too strongly insisted upon. The great inertia of customs and ways of looking at things so different from our own is to be appreciated more and more as time goes on.

The most promising openings at present would seem to be, for persons of capital, in manufactures to work up the raw material with which the country abounds into supplies. These opportunities will increase with the growth of transportation facilities. Labor is cheap. The peons, with little inventive but sufficient imitative talent, make excellent mill hands, at twenty-five and thirty-seven cents a day, and have no trades-unions nor strikes. There is little as yet that persons of small means can undertake. Toward an immigration to engage in agriculture, the government has taken but its first rudimentary steps, and the path is beset with difficulties.

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THE GREAT SPANISH DRAINAGE CUT.

The opinion may be accepted that Mexico is the most difficult country to do business in in the civilized world. A customer four or five hundred miles off, on the best roads, is five or six days distant—a journey, too, in preparing for which it is not long since the passenger made his will. The merchant has friendly as well as commercial relations with his customer. He is more or less his banker at the same time, not for the profit, but because it is expected of him. If he does not offer accommodations, some other house will. Credits are long, and it is not expected that interest will be charged on often quite liberal overlaps of time.

Payment is made in the bulky silver currency of the country; and this is sent in large sums by the guarded convoys, the *conductas*, which converge upon the capital four times a year, in the months, namely, of January, April, August, and November. There are no banks of issue [illegible] in the city of Mexico—one a private establishment, the other the national pawn-shop, the *Monte de Piedad*. These put out bills to a small amount, which are only receivable at short distances from town. The visitor becomes early acquainted, to his sorrow, with the Mexican "dollar of the fathers." Sixteen of them weigh a solid pound. It is obviously impossible to carry even a moderate quantity of this money concealed, or to carry it at all with comfort. The unavoidable exhibition of it, held in laps, chinking in valises, standing in sacks, and poured out in prodigious streams at the banks and commercial houses, is one of the fea-

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tures of life. Guadalajara, whose contingent unites with that from Zacatecas at Queretaro, is the northernmost point from which money is dispatched by *conducta* to Mexico. A portion even from here is dispatched to San Francisco by the port of San Blas, just as a part of that of Zacatecas goes to Tampico through San Luis Potosi. The country north of San Luis to the east ships its funds to Matamoras. The payments of Durango are divided between Matamoras and Mazatlan; while Puebla, Oaxaca, and the rest of the south find their natural outlet in Vera Cruz.

The importance of the *conducta* in these latest times is diminished by the growing safety of the transport of money by private hands. Its days are numbered, too, through the progress of the railways, which are nearing exactly the central cluster of cities in which it has its origin. Even now it no longer comes into town, but takes the train at the first feasible point, Huehuetoca, site of the famous Spanish cut for the drainage of the valley—the greatest enterprise of the kind in the world—through which the Central road has laid its tracks.

Its place as a picturesque show, more easily accessible, is taken at present by the weekly *conductas* of the pay departments of the railroads themselves. The most striking of these is that of the Palmer and Sullivan (national) road, which is pushing forward to connect with the Denver and Rio Grande system at Laredo. This is the pioneer line in the new era of railroad building. Its history is a record of pluck and perseverance for years most creditable to its projectors, and its notable success has made much of what has followed possible. The great feeder it is constructing, to the port of Manzanillo by way of Guadalajara and Colima, is only second in importance to the main line itself. Most of the typical difficulties of the country are presented in a brief space at the very beginning of its course. One passes the foundation of no less than seventeen bridges necessary to be thrown across a single stream, the Rio Hondo, in a distance of two miles and a half.

Over this rugged route starts out every Saturday morning, from the well-appointed office in the capital, a money train, to pay off the army of hands. It proceeds some twenty miles—or half the distance to the important city of Toluca, which in its turn is another centre—up into the fastnesses of the mountains, gradually diminished by the leaving off of portions at their respective stations. The treasure mules, ten or twelve of them, carrying each, say, twenty-five hundred dollars in silver, tied in bags upon their pack-saddles, are placed in the centre. A guard, of the soldiers known as *Rurales*—an efficient force organized by Porfirio Diaz for the better protection of the rural districts—takes the van. A numerous retinue of the *mozos* (native servants) of the company, hardly less effectively equipped, bring up the rear. The paymasters, with perhaps a contractor, and a young engineer or two going back to their posts, are well mounted, and in their long boots, with revolvers on hip, have a handsome, semi-military air. We ride up among the *barrancas*. Prickly-pear is the principal vegetation. In places the ground is blasted, volcanic, divided by an infinity of seams. The white tents of the engineers dot the valleys. Gangs of the cotton-clad peons are seen at a distance delving the road-bed into the mountain-side or deep in the gulches, like some strange species of white insects.

The whole expedition wears a most military, and at the same time un-nineteenth-century, air. We might be a band returned from a foray of a couple of hundred years ago. The Rurales have something in their cut, the buff leather jackets crossed by wide sword-belts, and their gray felt hats, of the troopers of Cromwell. Each has a rifle in its holster at the saddle-bow, and a gray and scarlet blanket strapped behind him. Nothing could be more spirited or delightful as color than a couple of these costumes, dismounted beside a cactus-tree, or thrown out, as they often are, against the blue wall of distant mountains, as the cavalcade winds over the high rolling barrens. On the harness of some of the mules, in the prevailing taste for decoration, are embroidered in red and blue their names, or that of the hacienda, as Santa Lucia, to which they have belonged. It is understood that an individual with a crimson handkerchief around the back of his head, under his silver-bordered sombrero, claims to be titular *cacique* of San Bartolito by virtue of descent from the ancient chiefs. He precedes us—is employed by the company to look out for plots and ambuscades in advance. When we have

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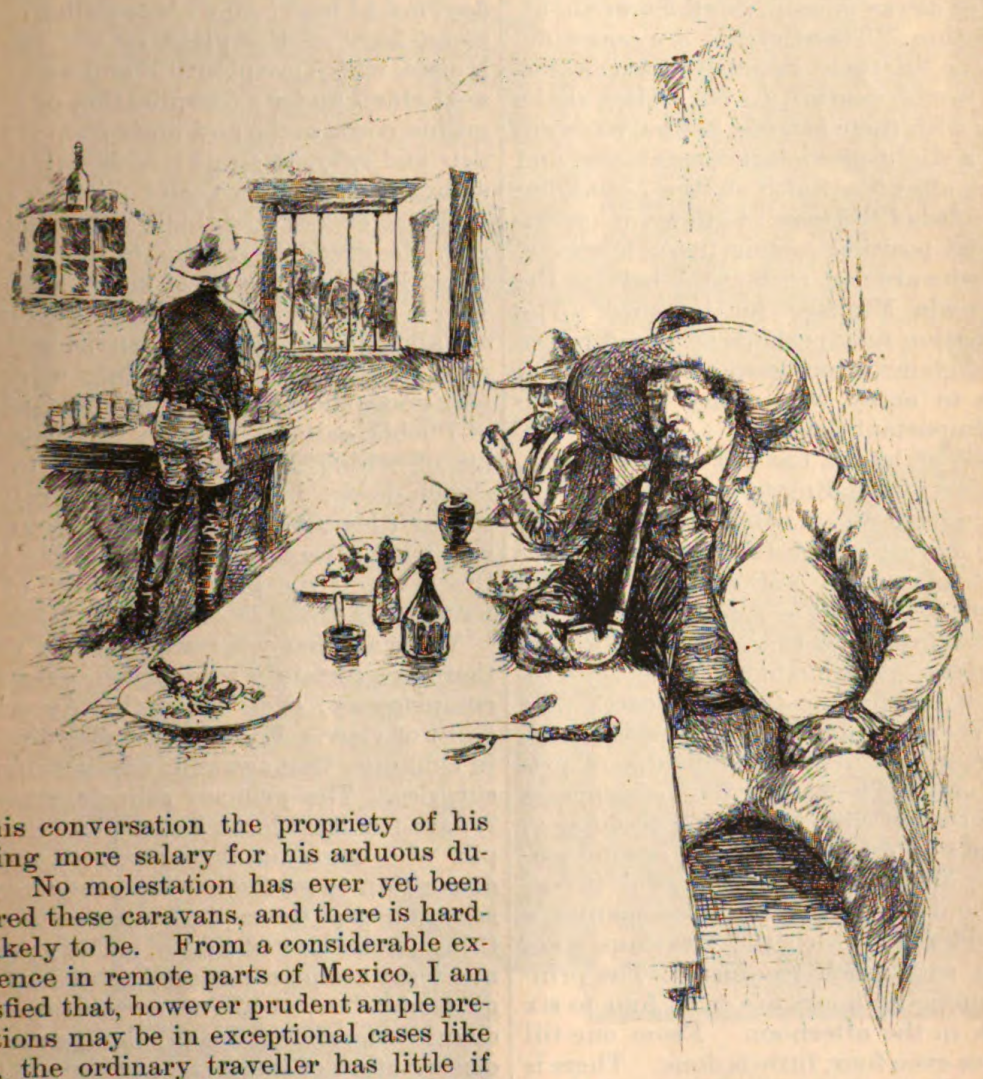
passed what he considers the dangerous points—these are generally in the neighborhood of elevations, whence the intending bandit could spy the road for a long distance in both directions, and where also there are convenient ravines on either side for concealment and escape—he rejoins the troop, and makes the burden of his conversation the propriety of his having more salary for his arduous duties. No molestation has ever yet been offered these caravans, and there is hardly likely to be. From a considerable experience in remote parts of Mexico, I am satisfied that, however prudent ample precautions may be in exceptional cases like this, the ordinary traveller has little if any more danger of robbery to apprehend than at home. Impressions commonly entertained on this subject are greatly exaggerated.

At the pay stations we breast our way through crowds of the peons so thick that the horses can hardly be prevented from trampling upon them. They have narrow foreheads, bristling black hair, staring wild eyes, and large undecided mouths. Their money is jingled expeditiously out into the shabby straw sombreros they deferentially hold in waiting, through a pay window. Venders of small articles reap advantage from the new supply of funds. In the adobe huts about, women, in the dark blue, Egyptian-looking costume we have seen examples of in the city, do a flourishing business in the enticing beverage of pulque.

At these stations the engineers lead a sort of barrack life. There are beds, a dining-table, a safe; and outside a storehouse of picks, shovels, and barrows. Whether here, in their construction car, or the tents, they extend to the stranger a cheery hospitality. They are hearty, robust fellows, for the most part, "not here for their health," as their saying is, who have seen service in many climes, and whose company is both amusing and instructive.



"NOT HERE FOR HIS HEALTH."

Shops and shopping, of the upper sort,

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in Mexico follow French or European traditions more than American. Fanciful titles over the doorway are adopted instead of a firm name. A dry-goods store is "The Surprise," "The Spring-Time," "The Explosion"; a jeweller's, the "Pearl" or "Emerald"; a shoe store, "The Azure Boot," and "The Foot of Venus." The windows are tastefully draped, and a large force of clerks is seen shoulder to shoulder within. These clerks are more democratic in their manners than Americans would venture to be. They shake hands with their patrons if they have enjoyed a slight previous acquaintance, and inquire after the health of Miss Lolita and Miss Soledad. There are those of superior social position among them, however, some who are met with at the balls of the Guatemala Minister, for instance. The explanation may perhaps be found in the limited choice of occupations open, which leaves to many who desire to work no more important places.

Until of late it has not been etiquette for ladies of standing to shop except from their carriages — a considerable part of the shopping, as for furniture and other household goods, is still conducted by the men of the family — just as it was not etiquette for ladies to be seen walking in the streets. The change in both these respects is ascribed to the horse-cars. The point of ceremony, it appears, was founded somewhat upon the difficulty of getting about. The American touch appears in the streets with increasing frequency, in signs of dealers in arms, sewing-machines, and other of our useful inventions, and of the insurance companies, a novel idea, to which the Mexicans seem to take with much readiness. The principal shopping hours are from four to six o'clock in the afternoon. From one till three, or even four, little is done. There is a general stoppage of affairs for dinner. It is but a short time since that interesting person, the commercial traveller, has been known in the country. The profits of favorably situated houses, in the absence of keen competition, have been very large, and methods of doing business in some instances correspondingly loose. The Mexican merchant does not necessarily go into a fine calculation of the proportionate value of each detail of a foreign invoice, but "lumps" the profit he thinks he ought to receive on the whole. Some articles, in consequence, can be bought at less than their real value, while others, in compensation, are exorbitantly advanced.

It is the smaller trade, however, and that most removed from metropolitan influences, that is the gayest and most entertaining as a spectacle. How many picturesque market scenes does one linger in! Each population has its own market-day, not to interfere with any other. The stone flags of the plaza or the market-houses, which are plentiful and well built, are hidden under a complication of fruits, grains, cocoa sacks and mats, striped blankets and *rebozos*, sprawling brown limbs, embroidered bodices and kirtles, as if with an excessively thick, richly colored rug. A grade above this is the *Parian*, as at Puebla, a bazar of small shops, in which goods, sales-people, and customers are all to be put upon the canvas with the most vivid hues. The leading *merceria* (dry-goods shop) of the same important city of Puebla, called "The City of Mexico," a bit of which I hastily transfer to my sketch-book, has a façade entirely in glazed tiles upon an unglazed ground of red, with allegorical figures larger than life between the pilasters as part of the pattern.

With all that yet remains to be done, there are certainly some reasons for self-complacency, even from the American point of view. Education is provided for in a manner that awakens admiration and surprise. The primary schools, strangely, are the least looked after, but the pupils who come up through these with a disposition to go farther have an array of advantages at the capital superior to anything in the United States. The government maintains a national school of engineering, law, medicine, agriculture, mechanic arts, and trades (for both sexes), a conservatory of music, an academy of fine arts, library (now being placed in a new edifice that New York well might envy), museum, institutions for the blind, the deaf and dumb, the insane, for orphans, young criminals, and a long list besides of the usual charities of enlightened communities. These are open without money and without price to all, and there are even funds to provide board, lodging, and pocket-money to students from a distance, selected on certain easy conditions. The students in agriculture pass some months of the year at the haciendas to observe different crops and climates. The grad-

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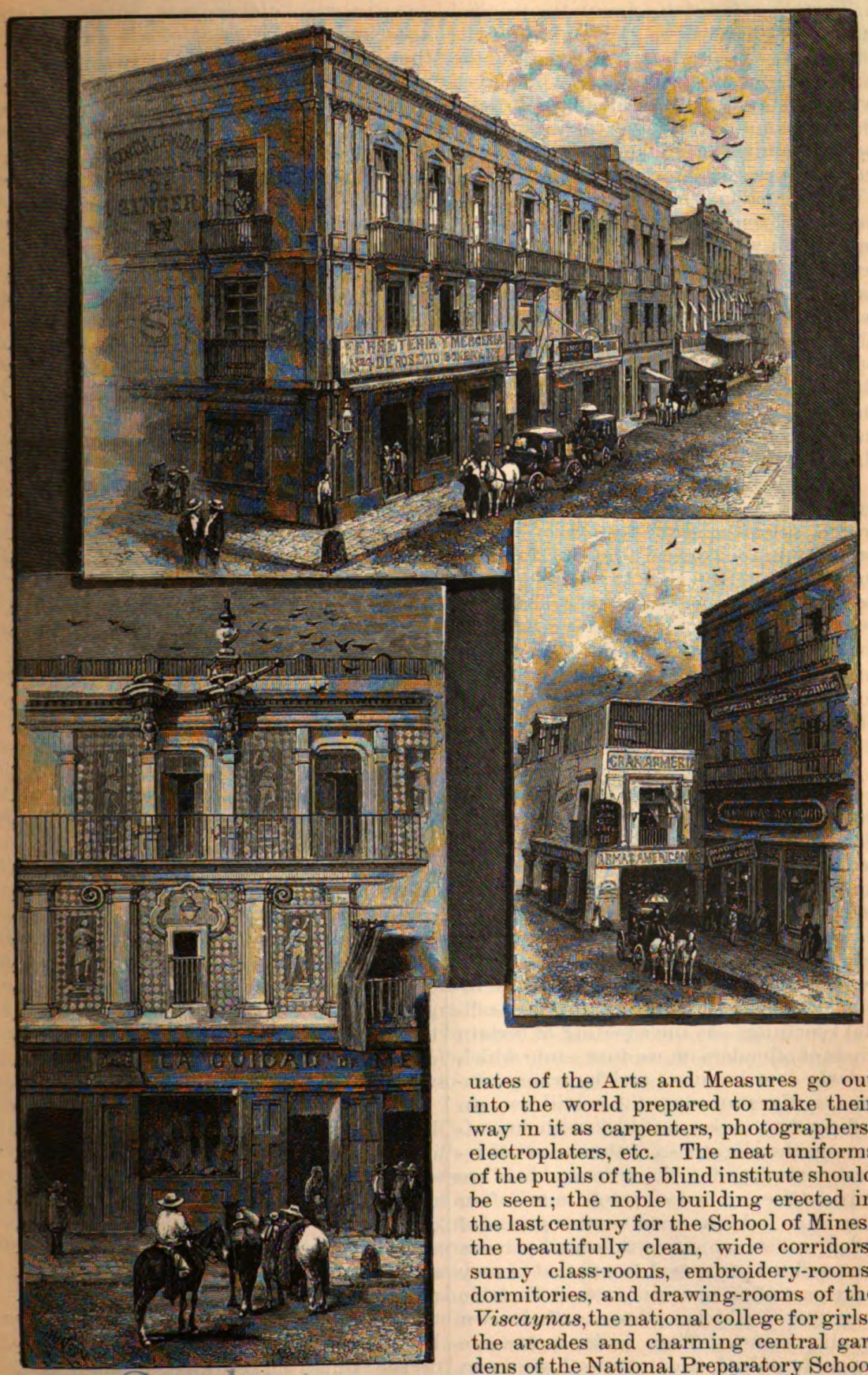

SHOPS AND DECORATED TILE FRONT.

uates of the Arts and Measures go out into the world prepared to make their way in it as carpenters, photographers, electroplaters, etc. The neat uniforms of the pupils of the blind institute should be seen; the noble building erected in the last century for the School of Mines; the beautifully clean, wide corridors, sunny class-rooms, embroidery-rooms, dormitories, and drawing-rooms of the *Viscaynas*, the national college for girls; the arcades and charming central gardens of the National Preparatory School of the professions for young men.

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There is a fountain among the tropical foliage of this garden. When I visited it, there was a young lion, "Chacho," of the country, in a cage at one side, who played with a ball and with the young fellows—the latter not differing very greatly in aspect from under-graduates of Yale or Harvard—preparing their recitations there. The principal text-books are studied in the original French or English, as the case may be, in which they are apt to be written, and the recitations conducted in the same languages; so that, what is so rare with us, students emerge from these schools already very tolerable linguists. Are all other nations brighter than our own in this matter of languages? Or is it only that we have lacked the stimulus of profit, in intercourse with foreigners, to make their acquisition a necessity?

These institutions are housed for the most part in the vast ancient convents, which, since the sequestration of church property in the war called of the Reform, furnish ample quarters to whatever is in need of them, from barracks to hospitals, post-offices, prisons, railway stations, foundries, and cotton mills. In the same way, each State of the republic has its free college, though, judging from that of the State of Hidalgo, which I saw at Pachuca, where the internal arrangements were in a very filthy condition, all do not follow as closely as they might the example of the capital. In the department of jails there is a deficiency. As at present arranged, they can present but moderate terrors to evil-doers. The really fine penitentiary at Guadalajara is the only one in which modern ideas of penal discipline are followed. There is by law no death penalty. The number of the most nefarious criminals is kept down by semi-official lynchings—as the shooting of certain kinds of offenders on capture—into which nobody ever inquires, and by transportation to Yucatan; but there still remain sufficient to make one look with uneasiness on the slightness of the means of restraint employed. The bolts and bars are only lattices of wood much more often than iron. At the great central prison of Belen, where some two thousand persons are confined, it seemed to me that a very large part of them were more comfortable than they could have been at their own squalid homes. They make a strange spectacle indeed as one looks down upon them in large groups of what again has once been an old convent, where, of all ages, and for sentences of all durations, they eat, sleep, and work at various light occupations together. No attempt is made to prevent their communicating with one another, or staring about. They have good air, light, and food, and are paid a part of their earnings. They take their siestas at noon, play at checkers, gossip, and even bathe luxuriously in a central tank.

The liberality toward education is the more creditable since the condition of the Mexican treasury is notoriously not flourishing. A yearly deficit is a more common circumstance than a surplus. I should not wish to be understood as holding that the same thing is best for us, where private enterprise is so much more efficacious, and the proportion of educated persons to the mass so much greater; but here the expenses named appear to be regarded as among the essentials, and attended to, whatever else suffers. It is the more creditable, too, since the heads of government do not indulge themselves in expensive surroundings. The American legislator, who is not himself without his lordly colonnades, his black walnut, and Russia leather, would look with contempt upon the threadbare carpets in the rooms of cabinet ministers. The chamber of the Senate is a modest, narrow little hall; and the Deputies sit in a shabby place, in another part of the town, which was once the Theatre Iturbide.

The museum of Aztec antiquities is not of the extent or informing character that might have been expected, and is under stupid, obstructive management. Its greatest charm is an arrangement of some of the larger fragments, particularly the great sacrificial stone from the ancient temple of the war god, in a court-yard garden where the light strikes upon them with beautiful effects.

The school of fine arts, on the other hand, the Academy of San Carlos, preparing to celebrate this year with a special exhibition the one-hundredth anniversary of its foundation, produces, both in the character of its collections and the manners and high order of abilities of its directing professors, a very different impression. We enter galleries whose sentiment carries us back at once to those of Europe. It might be again the Louvre or the Uffizi. They used bitumen as a pigment in those times, and in its darken-

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ing it has left only isolated lights upon faces and bits of drapery to glimmer out of a sometimes almost midnight gloom. It is an artificial taste, no doubt, as for olives and caviare, but one likes it all the same when it is acquired.

The walls recall particularly perhaps those of the galleries at Bologna in the uniformly liberal scale of the works displayed. With such models before them, there is no reason why the students of the place should fall into a niggling and petty style. As a matter of fact, they do not. They are excellent in bold, large composition and the rendering of grandiose ideas, which, rather than color, is their strong point. If our New York schools are able to equal a portfolio of drawings one sees as some of the products of their fortnightly exercise, they are certainly not in the habit of doing so. And they were not at all approached by those of the prize competition of the students at the British Royal Academy as I saw them in the first year of the presidency of Sir Frederick Leighton. This devotion to large academical ideas, to the fortunes of Orestes, Regulus, and Belisarius, it is true, is a source of weakness rather than strength from the money point of view. The market of the time is for a domestic, *genre*, realistic art, and not for great ideas. The market for art of any kind in Mexico is extremely small. There are no government commissions further than an occasional portrait, and enlightened patrons hardly exist. There are no pictures of consequence in the best Mexican houses. The abundance of talent in this direction receives little encouragement. Many a bright genius is forced to painting his inventions on the walls of pulque shops, and finally to quit the profession entirely for lack of support.

The general visitor to the works of the earlier Mexican school will be prepared to enjoy them rather for the genuine artistic qualities than for interest in the subjects. The subjects are, for the most part, severely religious, in consonance with the ideas of the wealthy convents, almost the sole patrons of art at the time, for which they were originally painted. The series presented is in a declining order of merit chronologically. The earliest Mexican masters are the best. They came from Europe, contemporaries of Murillo, Ribera, the Caracci, trained in all the perfections of the splendid Renaissance period at its best, and left here works which do it no discredit. Mexico was a hundred years old already, and it was high time, when the first flowering of art began, under the hand of Baltazar Echave, somewhat after the year 1600. There is a romantic tradition that it was his wife who taught him to paint instead of the European masters.

The genius of this early school is very decorative. It is marked by refinement of sentiment, and by breadth and vigor. They delight in rich stuffs, and the patterns upon them, the glitter of plate, fill up all portions of their canvases symmetrically, and color with a subdued harmony. I recall particularly a St. Ildefonso, by one Luis Juarez, as an exquisite work. The saint, in a rich damask mantle, at a praying desk, and by a nail-studded carven chair, both draped with a cover of the same color, is receiving from angels the paraphernalia of the rank of bishop. The mantle of the nearest angel is in burnt sienna, and these two hues, relieved by cool whites, are repeated throughout. The group of six heads below is composed in a perspective ellipse of small inclination. In the air is the Virgin, with that bevy of fluttering angels that take the place of clouds in landscape in this kind of composition. The minor heads, though painted chiefly from the same model, all convey sweetness and intelligence. Arteaga has a noble St. Thomas; José Juarez, a quaint pair of child martyrs, Saints Justo and Pastor, who trudge along hand in hand in front like a couple of little burgomaster's children, while the scenes of their martyrdom are shown in the background, and angels rain down single pinks, roses white and red, and forget-me-nots upon them. A younger Baltazar Echave, Juan and Nicolas Rodriguez, and some others, are of almost equal excellence.

A new period begins with Ibarra and Cabrera—of whom the latter is very much the better—at the end of the same century. They are without the same distinction. Their figures have a bourgeois touch, as it were. They aim at being pictorial instead of decorative. The crude red and blue garments with which we are monotonously familiar in religious art have come in; and the draperies, without mediæval patterns now, are in smooth large folds, apparently made up out of their heads. The foreign gallery boasts

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many excellent works of the school of Murillo, and an original each of Murillo, Ribera, Carreño, Leonardo da Vinci, Teniers the elder, and Ingres, with probable Vandycks and Rembrandts.

A biennial exhibition is held, and a collection has been formed of works of merit, purchased by the Academy at these times, to illustrate the modern Mexican school. The religious tradition still prevails to a large extent, though the subjects are now taken from the Scriptures instead of the Bollandists—Hagar and Ishmael, the good Samaritan, the Hebrews "by the waters of Babylon," Noah receiving the olive branch in the ark. I should find the general fault of an overdelicacy and smoothness in the painting, while the design remains excellent, and furthermore a lack of realism. These voyagers in the ark have not experienced the woes of a universal deluge, and the shepherds in the sun have the complexion of Lady Vere de Vere. Rebull, who studied at Rome in the school of Overbeck, repeats here the ethereal dove-colors, violets, and lemon-yellows seen in the modern decorations in the Vatican.

The works of the most recent period, under the able direction of Señor Salome Pina, a pupil of Gleyre, are much more virile. The subjects, too, are more secular. There are Bacchus and Ariadne; the death of Atala; the slaying of the sons of Niobe by Apollo (it is the old school-day, Homeric line, "and terrible was the clang of his silver bow"); a most dainty Cupid poisoning a flower, by Ocaranza; an equally charming fisher-boy, by Gutierrez; and the like. Some of the artists have had the advantage of study abroad also, it is true; but the strongest of them all, Felix Parra, who is now enjoying a grand prize of Rome in consequence, produced his great canvas—the good friar Las Casas protecting the Aztecs from the slaughter of the Spaniards—a work in sentiment, drawing, and harmonious color worthy to hang in any exhibition in the world—before he had seen any country but his own. Few as yet have followed the powerful lead set them by Velasco, the preceptor in landscape. He is a master of distance. His favorite theme is the curious, sienna-colored, volcanic Valley of Mexico, which he

"DEATH OF ATALA."

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"LAS CASAS PROTECTING THE AZTECS."

graphically realizes. In sculpture there is corresponding ability. For other pictures, there are some few of the ancient school in the houses of one or two amateurs at the capital, and at Puebla, and—scarcely possible to be seen, from their positions—in the cathedrals of the same places. They need not be looked for in the churches. The greater part of those that once existed have been sacked from the country by foreign hands.

There is not the same improvement to

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be got from Mexican literature as from Mexican art, but it is by no means without interest. Indeed, I have found it of very great interest, both for its entire novelty and as an aid to knowing what the people think and feel. The journals are numerous. They are started upon slight provocation, as easily disappear, and attain, as a rule, a circulation of but a few hundreds. It is thought that the *Monitor Republicano*, by far the most important, may have from six to eight thousand. The problem of existence for many of them would be insoluble if they did not receive government aid, which is extended — without objection, so far as I have observed — to the greater part of those managed with any ability. The system of subventions to the press was begun by our old friend in history the irrepressible Santa Anna. It has been continued ever since by the weakness of governments which could not afford to have anything more than the truth told about them. It is an encouraging sign, however, that the *Monitor* is not a subventioned organ, and yet speaks its mind temperately and without apparent malice. There is probably no very efficacious law of libel, since extreme violence of language is often indulged in by the periodicals in their controversies with each other, and toward individuals outside. The duel, which still survives, is somewhat of a corrective upon this. The newspaper is about such a one in appearance and contents, including the daily section of a serial story, as is found in Paris.

Actual literature as such is poorly paid. The reading public is small; a thousand copies is a good edition for a popular book. The chief contemporary literary lights, however, are found, quite as a rule, not of the shy, scholastic sort, but possessing talents in oratory and political affairs, and taking posts in the houses of Congress and as cabinet ministers. General Riva Palacio, Juan Mateos, Prieto, Paz, Altimirano, Justo Sierra, Peza, are Deputies; Payno, Senator; Cuellar, secretary of legation at Washington—these are the native writers whose works are more frequently in the hands of the public than any others. Prieto, who is chiefly poet, has written a book of travels in the United States. It is of a very light order, with only the most conventional of reflections. He finds that with us "the totality [*lo colectivo*] is grand and admirable, but the individual egotistic and vulgar." He saw, besides the hotel, our establishment called a Boarding (*el Boarding*). The Hudson and East rivers are two arms of the sea, which freeze in winter. Even the immense quantity of ice collected from these, ensconced in warehouses for the summer, does not suffice for the city's demands.

There is an abundance of poetical facility, and with it not a few sparks of something more. In the *Lyra Mexicana*, Prieto is a poet of occasions—the unveiling of statues and the like—and sings to steam and the telegraph; Carpio finds inspiration in Biblical themes like Belshazzar and Pharaoh; Altimirano in different times of the day, and bees and poppies, making very tolerable descriptions of an artificial flavor in the manner of Horace, but with no particular thoughtfulness. Cuenca, De Castro, Zaragoza, Gustave Baz, however, have charming conceits of a pensive cast, and touches of limpid purity of description. Gustave Baz, brooding in the bare winter on some incurable sorrow, foresees the joyous return of spring. But in that very return, in the new rippling of the brooks, and melodious songs of the birds, his sadness by contrast is to be increased. "Then most will break forth my grief. Then heaviest will your zephyrs be laden with my sighs." Zaragoza, in his "Armonias," compares passing illusions to the flying away of the swallows. The swallows return with the spring, but "the illusions, the swallows of the heart, return, alas! never."

But the gem of the collection is a sonnet by a certain young poet, Acuña, who proved his sincerity by taking his own life shortly after it was written. In it the charming ideals of a young man of fine nature, and the unendurableness of a great disappointed affection are expressed with a vividness which has rarely if ever been equalled elsewhere. He addresses one who had been his betrothed, upon finding her, on his return from an absence, married to another who had been his friend.

"Well, then," he says, "I have to tell you that I love you still; that I worship you with all my being.... I understand that your kisses are never to be mine; that into your dear eyes I am never to look.... Sometimes I think to sink you into oblivion, to hate you.... But, alas! how vain it is! my soul will not forget you. What will you, then, that I should

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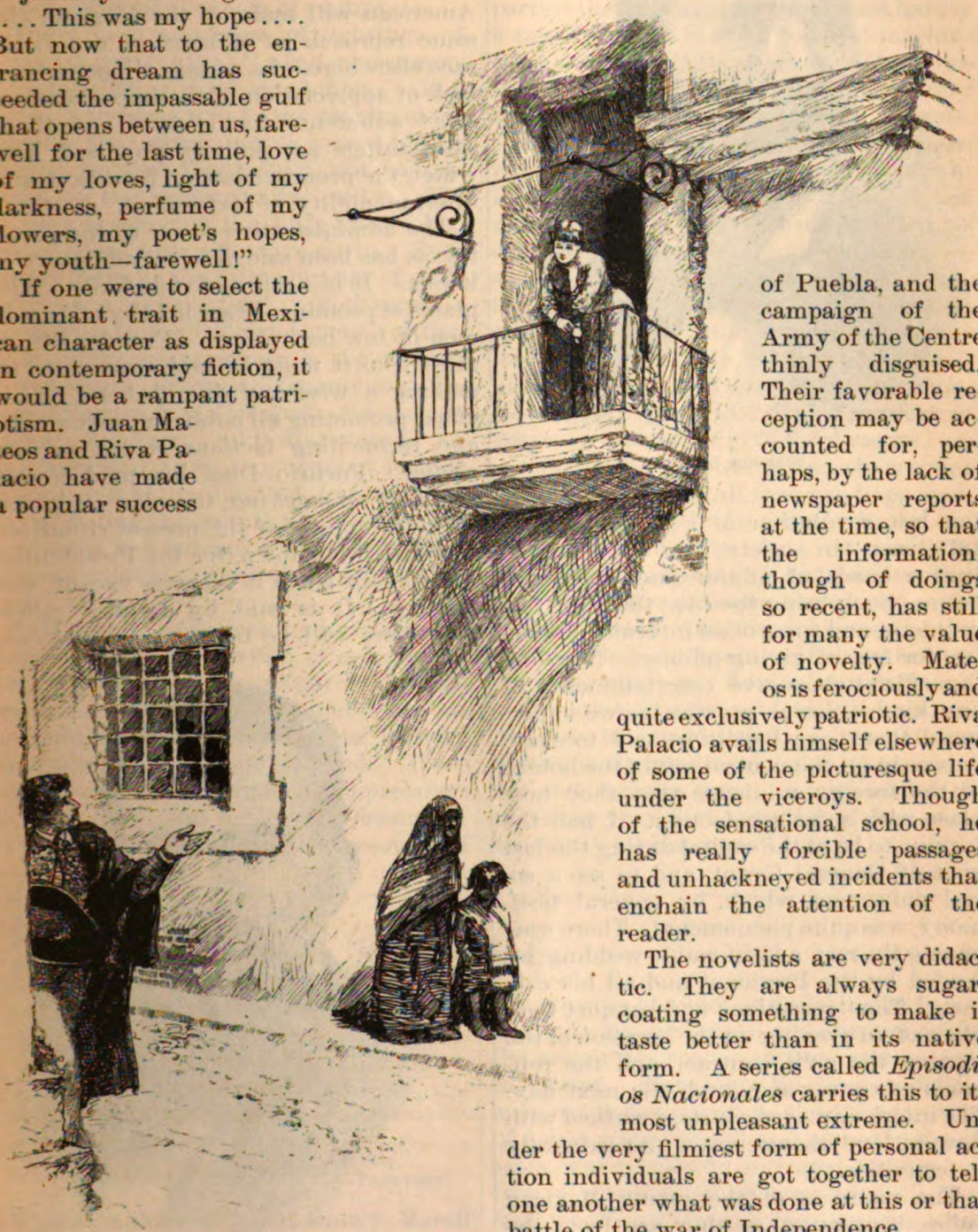
do, O piece of my life! what will you that I should do with such a heart?.... Oh, figure to yourself how beautiful might have been the hours of such an existence, a journey thus together! .... This was my hope .... But now that to the entrancing dream has succeeded the impassable gulf that opens between us, farewell for the last time, love of my loves, light of my darkness, perfume of my flowers, my poet's hopes, my youth—farewell!"

If one were to select the dominant trait in Mexican character as displayed in contemporary fiction, it would be a rampant patriotism. Juan Mateos and Riva Palacio have made a popular success



MEXICAN COURTSHIP.

with a curious class of bulky novels—to call them so—devoted to incidents of the war against the French, of which numbers of the characters are living persons, to be met with actually walking about. *The Hill of Las Campanas*, and *The Sun of May*, by the former, and *Calvary and Tabor*, by the latter, are merely more or less authentic accounts of the fall and execution of Maximilian, Zaragoza's defense of Puebla, and the campaign of the Army of the Centre thinly disguised. Their favorable reception may be accounted for, perhaps, by the lack of newspaper reports at the time, so that the information, though of doings so recent, has still for many the value of novelty. Mateos is ferociously and quite exclusively patriotic. Riva Palacio avails himself elsewhere of some of the picturesque life under the viceroys. Though of the sensational school, he has really forcible passages and unhackneyed incidents that enchain the attention of the reader.

The novelists are very didactic. They are always sugar-coating something to make it taste better than in its native form. A series called *Episodios Nacionales* carries this to its most unpleasant extreme. Under the very filmiest form of personal action individuals are got together to tell one another what was done at this or that battle of the war of Independence.

The descendants of the old Spanish titles of before the Independence are much esteemed. There are persons pointed out to you who by right should be marquises and counts. It appears that Lerdo, spoken of as probably the President of the best intellect the country has ever had, who was expelled in

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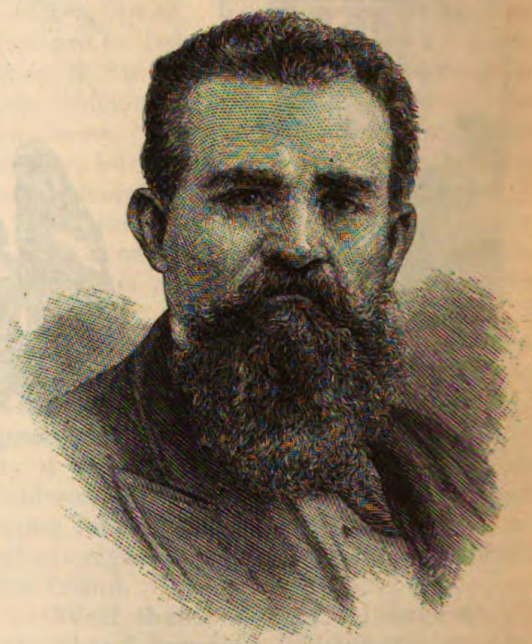
PORFIRIO DIAZ.

the last revolution of Porfirio Diaz, in 1876, was "in society," but the administrative heads of affairs since have not been. Such being the case, there are few reunions, and these of an informal character, for fear of giving offense. Nor does the official class give entertainments of any kind. Social gayeties, as we understand them, can hardly be said to exist. It is only on the neutral soil of the houses of the foreign ministers that they take place with some satisfaction. I had the fortune to be at the capital during the last visit of General Grant, and to see a social movement which, by general testimony, was quite phenomenal. There was, among the rest, a fashionable wedding, attended by the President and all his cabinet. The "reception" and banquet took place of an evening on the occasion of the signing the civil contract, and the religious ceremony at church the next day. The interior arcaded courts, wreathed with flowers, lend themselves quite palatially to festivities.

The manners of the young Mexican ladies, kept apart as they are from the other sex, and made love to chiefly on their balconies in good old-fashioned romantic style, are not so different from those of our own as might be expected. Their dancing is not easy. The favorite step is the *danza*—a waltz so slow as hardly to be a dance at all, which is chiefly an excuse for conversation. In general I should say of the manners of the country that those of the lower classes are infinitely better, and of the upper not so good—not so considerate, and based upon real kindliness of heart—as ours. The American will make of the Mexican the same reproach as of most of the Latin race elsewhere, of a certain slipperiness, a lack of appreciation of the importance of strict adherence to his word. A thousand things are politely promised here which the promiser has no intention, and often no ability, of performing.

The administrative power of the country, as has been said, is in very democratic hands. It is a reign of rude force. The places of prominence are held by self-made men of low beginnings. President Gonzales, who, it must be said, appears to be making a wise and dignified use of his office, promoting all public improvements, and reconciling factions, was a private soldier. Porfirio Diaz, his predecessor, the *deus ex machina*, the man on horseback, the sphinx of the present situation, aspirant, it is known, for the Presidential chair again when it becomes vacant, was another. It is said by carping critics that there will be no more revolutions,



M. GONZALES.

because all the revolutionists have got themselves places in power. Without joining in this caustic view, it is certain that the chances of revolution are diminished by the progress of the railroads,

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which furnish work to the floating thousands who might otherwise be enlisted under the banners of discontented chiefs, and will be further diminished by the opportunity their completion will afford of massing troops at points of risings.

There is a weariness of fighting. A saying is current that "a bad government is better than a good revolution." It is actually the case that in the revolution of Porfirio Diaz many people joined him in disgust because they could not be protected by the legitimate authority. The country is savoring the little-known luxury of peace with a positive gusto. Such quaint items as the following are of daily occurrence in the papers: "*Michoacan.*—According to the Official Journal of that State, public peace reigns in the districts of Huetamo, Pascuaro, Zinapecuaro, Zamora, Puruandiro, Uruapam, Ario, Apatzingan, Zitacuaro, and Maravatio." A fear begins to grow, too, of what foreign nations might be disposed to do in the way of taking things into their own hands in case the new enterprises in the country, by their citizens or subjects, should be left a prey to spoilers.

Still there are great administrative abuses. The civil service is notoriously corrupt. It is by no means purely through the sentiment of patriotism and desire for the public good that the liberal railway concessions have been secured. There are opportunities for galling oppressions by both State and federal governments, while—most ominous and certain source of danger—opportunity of redress by the ballot is not possible. The anomaly is here presented of a so-called republic in which there is no census or registration of voters, no scrutiny of the ballot-box but by one party—that already in power—and hardly a ray of interest in their political machinery by the people themselves. The number of votes cast at elections is pitifully small. It is "not worth while" to vote. The lower classes read no informing journals, have no public speakers. No organized opposition party exists. Such weak opposition as there is is personal, and all contests for office are simply personal, instead of on principles. The government—that of the centre influencing the States, and these in turn the communities—sustains and counts in what candidates it pleases. There are no data for objection. Nobody can point to the real number of voters in a place, or give their names.

When this is known, it seems to account of itself for almost all that has happened. There is absolutely no remedy for an oppressive domination but in rebellion. With the most wary of dispositions and the most entire patience, there must come moments when what has happened in the past will happen again. If there be any statesmanship in Mexico, surely some champion will arise who will make it his business to remedy this, to instruct the masses in their political rights, to enumerate and register them, and to assure to them the very first essential of free government—an honest suffrage.

ANNE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Sick, am I sick of a jealous dread?....
A wounded thing with a rancorous cry,....
Sick, sick to the heart of life, am I....
Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear,....
With the evil tongue and the evil ear."

—TENNYSON.

IN the middle of wild, snowy March there came a strange week of beautiful days. On the Sunday of this week Anne was in her place in the choir, as usual, some time before the service began.

It was a compromise choir. The dispute between the ideas of the rector and those of the congregation had been ended by bringing the organ forward to the corner near the chancel, and placing in front of it the singers' seats, ornamented with the proper devices: so much was done for the rector. To balance this, and in deference to the congregation, the old quartette of voices was retained, and placed in these seats, which, plainly intended for ten or twelve surpliced choristers, were all too long and broad for the four persons who alone occupied them. The singers sat in one, and kept their music-books in the other, and objecting to the open publicity of their position facing the congregation, they had demanded, and at last succeeded in obtaining (to the despair of the rector), red curtains, which, hanging from the high railing above, modestly concealed

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them when they were seated, and converted that corner of the church into something between a booth in a fair and a circus tent.

Before the service began, while the people were coming in, the contralto pushed

"ANNE, STILL AS A STATUE."—[SEE PAGE 418.]

aside a corner of the curtain as usual, and peeped out. She then reported to Anne in a whisper the course of events, as follows, Anne not caring to hear, but quiescent:

"Loads of people to-day. Wonder why? Oh yes, I remember now; the apostolic bishop's going to be here, and preach about the Indians. Don't you love that man? I do; and I wish I was an Indian myself. We'll have *all* the curtains put back for the sermon. More people coming. I declare it's quite exciting. And I forgot gum-drops on this day of all others, and shall probably be hoarse as a crow, and spoil the duet! I hope you won't be raging. Oh, *do* look! Here's such a swell! A lady; Paris clothes from head to foot. And she's going to sit away up here near us too. Take a look?" But Anne declined, and the reporter went on. "She has the lightest hair I ever saw. I wonder if it's bleached? And she's as slender as a paper-cut-

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ter." (The contralto was stout.) "But I can't deny that she's handsome, and her clothes are stunning. They're right close to us now, and the man's awfully handsome too, come to look at him—her husband, I suppose. A pair of brown eyes, crushing, I should say, if he would take the trouble to use them, and *such* heavy eyebrows! They stand out from the face like—"

But the soprano was curious at last, apparently, and the contralto good-naturedly gave up her look-out corner. Yes, there they were, Helen and Ward Heathcote, Mrs. Heathcote and her husband, Captain Heathcote and his wife. Very near her, and unconscious of her presence. Hungrily, and for one long moment, she could not help looking at them. As the light-tongued girl had said, Helen looked very beautiful, more beautiful than ever, Anne thought. She was clad in black velvet from head to foot, and as the day was unexpectedly warm, she had thrown aside her heavy mantle edged with fur, and her slender form was visible, outlined in the clinging fabric. Under the small black velvet bonnet with its single plume her hair, in all its fine abundance, shone resplendent, contrasting with the velvet's richness. One little delicately gloved hand held a prayer-book, and with the other, as Anne looked, she motioned to her husband. He drew nearer, and she spoke. In answer he sought in his pockets, and drew forth a fan. She extended her hand as if to take it, but he opened it himself, and began to fan her quietly. The heat in the church was oppressive; his wife was delicate; what more natural than that he should do this? Yet the gazer felt herself acutely miserable. She knew Helen so well also that although to the rest of the congregation the fair face preserved unchanged its proud immobility, Anne's eyes could read at once the wife's happiness in her husband's attention.

She drew back. "I can not sing today," she said, hurriedly; "I am not well. Will you please make my excuses to the others?" As she spoke she drew on her gloves. (She had a fancy that she could not sing with her hands gloved.)

"Why, what in the world—" began the contralto. "But you *do* look frightfully pale. Are you going to faint? Let me go with you."

"I shall not faint, but I must get to the open air as soon as possible. Please stay and tell the others; perhaps Miss Freeborn will sing in my place."

Having succeeded in saying this, her white cheeks and trembling hands witnesses for her, she went out through the little choir door, which was concealed by the curtain, and in another moment was in the street. The organist, hidden in his oaken cell, looked after her in surprise. When the basso came in, with a flower in his mouth, he took the flower out, and grew severely thoughtful over the exigencies of the situation. After a few minutes of hurried discussion, the basso, who was also the leader, came forth from the circus tent and made a majestic progress to the rector's pew, where sat the lily-like Miss Freeborn, the rector's daughter; and then, after another consultation, she rose, and the two made a second majestic progress back to the circus tent, the congregation meanwhile looking on with much interest. When the tenor came, a rather dissipated youth who had been up late the night before, he was appalled by the presence of the lily-like Miss Freeborn, and did not sing as well as usual, Miss Freeborn, although lily-like, keeping him sternly to his notes, and not allowing him any of those lingering little descents after the other singers have finished, upon which he, like many tenors, relied for his principal effects.

Meanwhile Anne was walking rapidly down the street; a mile soon lay between her and the church, yet still she hastened onward. She was in a fever, yet a chill as well. Now she was warm with joy, now cold with grief. She had seen him. Her eyes had rested upon his face at last, and he was safe, he was well and strong again. Was not this joy enough?

And yet he was with Helen. And Helen loved him.

She had asked him to go back to Helen. He had gone back. She had asked him to do his part in life bravely. And he was doing it. Was not this what she wished?

And yet—was it so hard to go back—to go back to beautiful Helen who loved him so deeply? Did his part in life require bravery? Did he look as though it was a sacrifice, a hardship? And here she tried to recall how in truth he had looked—how, to the eyes of a stranger. He was strong again and vigorous; but beyond that she could think only of how he looked to her—the face she knew so well, the profile, the

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short crisp hair, the heavy eyebrows and brown eyes. He was in citizen's dress; only the bronzed skin and erect bearing betrayed the soldier. How he would have looked to a stranger she could not tell; she only knew, she only felt, how he looked to her. "He is at home on furlough," she thought, with gladness, realizing the great joy it was that he should be safe when so many had been taken. And then, in her memory, blotting out all gladness, rose again the picture of the two figures, side by side, and she hurried onward, she knew not whither. It was jealousy, plain, simple, unconquerable jealousy, which was consuming her; jealousy, terrible passion which the most refined and intellectual share with the poor Hottentots, from which the Christian can not escape any more than the pagan; jealousy, horrible companion of love, its guardian and tormentor.

If she had not admired Helen so deeply, and loved her (save for this one barrier) so sincerely, she would not have suffered as she was suffering. But to her Helen had always been the fairest woman on earth, and even now this feeling could not be changed. All Helen's words came back to her, every syllable of her clear, quietly but intensely uttered avowal; and this man, whom she had loved so deeply, was now her husband.

It was nothing new. Why should she feel it, think of it, in this way? But she was no longer capable of thinking or feeling reasonably. Of course he loved her. In his mind she, Anne, was probably but a far-off remembrance, even if a remembrance at all. Their meeting in West Virginia had been a chance encounter; its impulses, therefore, had been chance impulses, its words chance words, meaning nothing, already forgotten. She, Anne, had taken them as great, and serious, and sincere; and she, Anne, had been a fool.

She walked on, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. Where were now the resignation and self-sacrifice, the crowned patience and noble fortitude? Ah, yes, but resignation and fortitude were one thing when she had thought that he required them also, another when they were replaced in his life by happiness and content. It is easy to be self-sacrificing when the one we love suffers in companionship with us, and there is no rival. But when there is a rival, self-sacrifice goes to the winds. "He never loved me," was the burning cry of her heart. "I have been a fool—a poor self-absorbed, blinded fool."

Through miles of streets she wandered, and at last found herself again in the quarter where the church stood. A sudden desire seized her to look at him, at them, again. If the service had been long, she would be in time to see their carriage pass. She turned, and hastened toward the church, as anxious now to reach it as she had been before to leave it far behind. Now she could see the corner and the porch. No, service was not ended; carriages were waiting without. But as she drew near, figures began to appear, coming from the porch, and she took refuge under the steps of a house opposite, her figure hidden in the shadow.

The congregation slowly made its dignified way into the street. St. Lucien's had seldom held so large a throng of worshippers. The little sexton hardly knew, in his excitement, where he was, or what his duty, on such a momentous occasion. At length they appeared, the last of all; only one carriage was left, and that was their own. Slowly, leaning on her husband's arm, the slender fair-haired woman came forth; and Anne, still as a statue, watched with fixed, burning eyes while he threw the velvet cloak around her as they reached the open air, and fastened the clasp. Chance favored the gazer. Helen had left her prayer-book behind in the pew, and while the sexton went back to look for it, husband and wife stood waiting on the steps in the sunshine. Yes, Heathcote had regained all his old vigor, but his expression was changed. He was graver; in repose his face was stern. But even as Anne was noting this, Helen spoke, and the stern look vanished, only kindness remaining. But was it kindness? Was it not rather love?

It seemed as if Helen felt the fixed although unseen gaze, for she shivered slightly, said something, and they began to go down the steps, the wife supported by her husband's arm as though she needed the assistance. The footman held open the carriage door, but Helen paused. Anne could see her slender foot, in its little winter boot, put out, and then withdrawn, as though she felt herself unable to take the step. Then her husband lifted her in his arms and placed her in the carriage himself, took his place beside her, and the man closed the door. In another minute the sexton had brought the prayer-book,

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and the carriage rolled away. Anne came out from her hiding-place. The vision was gone.

Again she walked at random through the streets, unheeding where she was. She knew that she had broken her compact with herself—broken it utterly. Of what avail now the long months during which she had not allowed herself to enter the street or the neighborhood where Helen lived? Of what avail that she had not allowed herself to listen to one word concerning them when Mr. Dexter stood ready to tell all? She had looked at them—looked at them voluntarily and long; had gone back to the church door to look at them, to look again at the face for a sight of which her whole heart hungered.

She had broken her vow. In addition, the mist over her blind eyes was dissolved. He had never loved her; it had been but a passing fancy. It was best so. Yet, oh, how easy all the past now seemed, in spite of its loneliness, toil, and care! For *then* she had believed that she was loved. She began to realize that until this moment she had never really given up her own will at all, but had held on through all to this inward belief, which had made her lonely life warm with its hidden secret light. She had thought herself noble, and she had been but selfish; she had thought herself self-controlled, and she had been following her own will; she had thought herself humble, and here she was, maddened by humiliated jealous pride.

At last, worn out with weariness, she went homeward to the half-house as twilight fell. In the morning the ground was white with snow again, and the tumultuous winds of March were careering through the sky, whipping the sleet and hail before them as they flew along; the strange halcyon sunshine was gone, and a second winter upon them. And Anne felt that a winter such as she had never known before was in her heart also.

CHAPTER XXX.

"O eloquent and mightie Death! thou hast drawn together all the farre-stretched greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie, and ambition of men, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, Hic jacet!"—Sir Walter Raleigh.

A month passed. Anne saw nothing more, heard nothing more, but toiled on in her daily round. She taught and sang. She answered Miss Lois's letters and those of Père Michaux. There was no longer any danger in writing to Weston, and she smiled sadly as she thought of the blind, self-important days when she had believed otherwise. She now wrote to her friends there, and letters came in return. Mrs. Barstow's pages were filled with accounts of hospital work, for Donelson had been followed by the great blood-shedding of Shiloh, and the West was dotted with battle-fields.

She had allowed herself no newspapers, lest she should come upon his name. But now she ordered one, and read it daily. What was it to her even if she should come upon his name? She must learn to bear it, so long as they trod the same earth. And one day she did come upon it; but it was merely the two-line announcement that he had returned to the front.

The great city had grown used to the war. There were few signs in its busy streets that a pall hung over the borders of the South. The music teacher on her rounds saw nothing save now and then the ranks of a regiment passing through on its way to a train. Traffic went on unchanged; pleasure was rampant as ever. The shrill voice of the newsboy calling the details of the last battle was often the only reminder of the dread reality. May moved onward. The Scheffels began to make those little excursions into the country so dear to the German heart; but they could not persuade the honored Fräulein to accompany them. For it was not the real country to which they went, but only that suburban imitation of it which thrives in the neighborhood of New York, and Anne's heart was back on her island in the cool blue Northern straits. Miss Lois was now at home again, and her letters were like a breath of life to the homesick girl. Little André was better, and Père Michaux came often to the church-house, and seemed glad to be with them again. With them again! If she could but be with them too!—stand on the heights among the beckoning larches, walk through the spicy aisles of the arbor vitæ, sit under the gray old pines, listening to the wash of the cool blue water below, at rest, afar, afar from all this weariness and sadness and pain!

During these days Stonewall Jackson was making one of his brilliant campaigns in the Valley, the Valley of Vir-

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ginia, the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah. On the last morning in May, while reading the war news, Anne found in one corner a little list of dead. And there, in small letters, which grew to great size, and inscribed themselves on the walls of the room, one succeeding the other like a horrible vision, was the name, Ward Heathcote. "Captain Ward Heathcote, —— New York Volunteers." She turned the sheet; it was repeated in the latest-news column, and again in a notice on the local page. "Captain Ward Heathcote, —— New York Volunteers, is reported among the slain," followed by those brief items of birth, age, and general history which appall our eyes when we first behold them on the printed page, and realize that they are now public property, since they belong only to the dead.

It was early. She was at home in the half-house. She rose, put on her bonnet and gloves, walked to the station, took the first train to the city, and went to Helen.

She reached the house, and was denied entrance. Mrs. Heathcote could see no one.

Was any one with her? Miss Teller?

Miss Teller, the man answered, was absent from the city; but a telegraphic dispatch had been sent, and she was on her way home. There was no relative at present with Mrs. Heathcote; friends she was not able to see. And he looked with some curiosity at this plainly dressed young person, who stood there quite unconscious, apparently, of the atmosphere of his manner. And yet Mr. Simpson had a very well regulated manner, founded upon the best models—a manner which had never heretofore failed in its effect. With a preliminary cough, he began to close the door.

"Wait," said this young person, almost as though she had some authority. She drew forth a little note-book, tore out a leaf, wrote a line upon it, and handed him the improvised card. "Please take this to Mrs. Heathcote," she said. "I think she will see me."

See her—see *her*—when already members of the highest circles of the city had been refused! With a slight smile of superior scorn, Simpson took the little slip, and leaving the stranger on the steps, went within, partially closing the door behind him. But in a few minutes he hastily returned, and with him was a sedate middle-aged woman, whom he called Mrs. Bagshot, and who, although quiet in manner, seemed decidedly to outrank him.

"Will you come with me, if you please?" she said, deferentially, addressing Anne. "Mrs. Heathcote would like to see you without delay." She led the way with a quiet unhurrying step up a broad stairway, and opened a door. In the darkened room, on a couch, a white form was lying. Bagshot withdrew, and Anne, crossing the floor, sank down on her knees beside the couch.

"Helen!" she said, in a broken voice; "oh, Helen! Helen!"

The white figure did not stir, save slowly to disengage one hand and hold it out. But Anne, leaning forward, tenderly lifted the slight form in her arms, and held it close to her breast.

"I could not help coming," she said. "Poor Helen! poor, poor Helen!"

She smoothed the fair hair away from the small face that lay still and white upon her shoulder, and at that moment she pitied the stricken wife so intensely that she forgot the rival, or rather made herself one with her; for in death there is no rivalry, only a common grief. Helen did not speak, but she moved closer to Anne, and Anne, holding her in her arms, bent over her, soothing her with loving words, as though she had been a little child.

The stranger remained with Mrs. Heathcote nearly two hours. Then she went away, and Simpson, opening the door for her, noticed that her veil was closely drawn, so that her face was concealed. She went up the street to the end of the block, turned the corner, and disappeared. He was still standing on the steps, taking a breath of fresh air, his portly person and solemn face expressing, according to his idea, a dignified grief appropriate to the occasion and the distinction of the family he served—a family whose bereavements even were above the level of ordinary sorrows, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a boy in uniform, bearing in his hand an orange-brown envelope. In the possibilities of that well-known hue of hope and dread he forgot for the moment even his occupation of arranging in his own mind elegant formulas with which to answer the inquiries constantly made at the door of the bereaved mansion. The boy ascend-

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ed the steps; Bagshot, up stairs, with her hand on the knob of Mrs. Heathcote's door, saw him, and came down. The dispatch was for her mistress; she carried it to her. The next instant a cry rang through the house. Captain Heathcote was safe; and his wife had fallen to the floor, insensible.

The message was as follows:

"*To Mrs. Ward Heathcote:*

"My name given in list a mistake. Am here, wounded, but not dangerously. Will write. W. H."

It was sent from Harper's Ferry. And two hours later, Mrs. Heathcote, accompanied by Bagshot, was on her way to Harper's Ferry.

It was a wild journey. If any man had possessed authority over Helen, she would never have been allowed to make it; but no man did possess authority. Mrs. Heathcote, having money, courage, and a will of steel, asked advice from no one, did not even wait for Miss Teller, but departed according to a swift purpose of her own, accompanied only by Bagshot, who was, however, an efficient person, self-possessed, calm, and accustomed to travelling. It was uncertain whether they would be able to reach Harper's Ferry, but this uncertainty did not deter Helen: she would go as far as she could. In her heart she was not without hope that Mrs. Heathcote could relax the rules and military lines of even the strictest general in the service. As to personal fear, she had none.

At Baltimore she was obliged to wait for an answer to the dispatch she had sent on starting, and the answer was long in coming. To pass away the time, she ordered a carriage and drove about the city; many people noticed her, and remembered her fair, delicate, and impatient face, framed in its pale hair. At last the answer came. Captain Heathcote was no longer at Harper's Ferry; he had been sent a short distance northward to a town where there was a better hospital, and Mrs. Heathcote was advised to go around by the way of Harrisburg, a route easier and safer, if not in the end more direct as well.

She followed this advice, although against her will. She travelled northward to Harrisburg, and then made a broad curve, and came southward again, within sight of the green hills later to be brought into unexpected and long-enduring fame—the hills around Gettysburg. But now the whole region was fair with summer, smiling and peaceful; the farmers were at work, and the grain was growing. After some delays she reached the little town, with its barrack-like, white-washed hospital, where her husband was installed under treatment for a wound in his right arm, which, at first appearing serious, had now begun to improve so rapidly that the surgeon in charge decided that he could soon travel northward, and receive what further care he needed among the comforts of his own home.

At the end of five days, therefore, they started, attended only by Bagshot, that useful woman possessing, in addition to her other qualifications, both skill and experience as a nurse.

They started; but the journey was soon ended. On the 11th of June the world of New York was startled, its upper circles hotly excited, and one obscure young teacher in a little suburban home paralyzed, by the great headings in the morning newspapers. Mrs. Heathcote, wife of Captain Ward Heathcote, —— New York Volunteers, while on her way homeward with her husband, who was wounded in the Shenandoah Valley, had been found murdered in her room in the country inn at Timloesville, where they were passing the night. And the evidence pointed so strongly toward Captain Heathcote that he had been arrested upon suspicion.

The city journals appended to this brief dispatch whatever details they knew regarding the personal history of the suspected man and his victim. Helen's beauty, the high position of both in society, and their large circle of friends were spoken of; and in one account the wife's wealth, left by will unconditionally to her husband, was significantly mentioned. One of the larger journals, with the terrible and pitiless impartiality of the great city dailies, added that if there had been a plan, some part of it had signally failed. "A man of the ability of Captain Heathcote would never have been caught otherwise in a web of circumstantial evidence so close that it convinced even the pastoral minds of the Timloesville officials. We do not wish, of course, to prejudge this case; but from the half-accounts which have reached us, it looks as though this blunder, whatever it may

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have been, was but another proof of the eternal verity of the old saying, Murder will out."

It was the journal containing this sentence which Anne read. She had heard the news of Heathcote's safety a few hours after her visit to Helen. Only a few days had passed, and now her eyes were staring at the horrible words that Helen was dead, and that her murderer was her own husband.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"All her bright hair streaming down,
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled."
—TENNYSON.

EXTRACT FROM THE NEW YORK "MARS."

"THE following details in relation to the terrible crime with whose main facts our readers are familiar will be of interest at the moment. They were collected by our special reporter, sent in person to the scene of the tragedy, for the purpose of gathering reliable information concerning this case, which promises to be one of the *causes célèbres* of the country, not only on account of the high position and wealth of the parties concerned, but also on account of the close net of purely circumstantial evidence which surrounds the accused man.

"TIMLOESVILLE

is a small village on the border-line between Pennsylvania and Maryland. Legally in Pennsylvania, it possesses personally the characteristics of a Maryland village, some of its outlying fields being fairly over the border. It is credited with about two thousand inhabitants; but the present observer did not see, during his stay, more than about one thousand, including women and children. Timloesville is on a branch railway, which connects with the main line at a junction about thirty miles distant. It possesses two churches and a saw-mill, and was named from a highly esteemed early settler (who may perhaps have marched with our great Washington), Judge Jeremiah Timloe. The agricultural products of the surrounding country are principally hay and maize—wrongly called corn. The intelligence and morality of the community are generally understood to be of a high order. A low fever prevails here in the spring.

"TIMLOE HOTEL.

"At the southern edge of the town, on the line of the railway, stands the Timloe Hotel, presenting an imposing façade to the passengers on the trains as they roll by. It is presided over in a highly liberal and gentlemanly manner by Mr. Casper Graub; it is, in fact, to the genial courtesy of 'mine host' that much of this information is due, and we take this occasion also to state that during all the confusion and excitement necessarily accruing to his house during the present week, the high standard of Mr. Graub's table has never once been relaxed.

"MR. GRAUB'S STORY.

"An army officer, with his right arm in a sling, arrived at the Timloe Hotel, accompanied by his wife, and a maid or nurse named Bagshot, on the evening of June 10, at six o'clock precisely. The officer registered the names as follows: 'Ward Heathcote, Mrs. Heathcote and maid, New York.' He wrote the names with his left hand. A room was assigned to them in the front part of the house, but upon the lady's objecting to the proximity of the trains (generally considered, however, by the majority of Mr. Graub's guests, an enjoyable variety), another apartment in a wing was given to them, with windows opening upon the garden. The wing is shaped like an L. The maid, Bagshot, had a room in the bend of the L, she too having objected, although later, to the room first assigned to her. At half past six o'clock they had supper; the lady then retired to her room, but the husband went out, as he said, to stroll about the town. At half past eight he returned. At nine, Bagshot, having been dismissed for the night, went to her own room; when she left, Captain Heathcote was reading a newspaper, and his wife was writing. It has since been ascertained that this newspaper was the Baltimore *Chronos* of the 9th inst. At ten o'clock exactly Captain Heathcote came down stairs a second time, passed through the office, and stopped to light a cigar. Mr. Graub noticed that he was able to use his left hand quite cleverly, and asked him whether he was naturally left-handed; Captain Heath-

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cote answered that he was not, but had learned the use only since his right arm had been disabled. Mr. Graub, seeing him go toward the door, thought that it was somewhat singular that he should wish to take a second walk, and casually remarked upon the warmth of the evening. Captain Heathcote replied that it was for that very reason he was going out; he could not breathe in the house; and he added something not very complimentary to the air (generally considered unusually salubrious) of Timloesville. Mr. Graub noticed that he walked up and down on the piazza once or twice, *as if he wished to show himself plainly to the persons who were sitting there.* He then strolled away, going toward the main street.

"THE OUTSIDE STAIRWAY.

"As before mentioned, the second room given to Mrs. Heathcote was in a wing. This wing is not much used; in fact, at the time, save this party of three, it had no occupants. It is in the old part of the house. A piazza or gallery runs across a portion of the second story, to which access is had from the garden by a flight of wooden steps, or rather an outside stairway. This stairway is old and sagged; in places the railing is gone. It is probable that Mrs. Heathcote did not even see it. But Captain Heathcote might have noticed it, and probably did notice it, from the next street, through which he passed *when he took his first walk before dark.*

"MRS. BAGSHOT'S TESTIMONY.

"As we have seen, Captain Heathcote left the hotel ostentatiously by the front entrance at ten o'clock. At eleven Mrs. Bagshot, who happened to be looking from her window in the bend of the L, distinctly saw him (her candle being out) *stealing up by the outside stairway* in the only minute of moonlight there was during the entire evening, the clouds having suddenly and strangely parted, as if for that very purpose. She saw him enter his wife's room through one of the long windows which opened to the floor. In about a quarter of an hour she saw him come forth again, close the blind behind him, and begin to descend the stairway. As there was no longer any moonlight, she could only distinguish him by the light that shone from the room; but in that short space of time, while he was closing the blind, she recognized him *beyond the possibility of a doubt.*

"THE NIGHT PORTER'S TALE.

"A little before midnight, all the hotel entrances being closed save the main door, Captain Heathcote returned. As he passed through the office, the night porter noticed that he looked pale, and that his clothes were disordered; his shirt cuffs especially were wet and creased, as *though they had been dipped in water.* He went up stairs to his room, but soon came down again. He had knocked, but could not awaken his wife. Would the porter be able to open the door by turning back the key? His wife was an invalid; he feared she had fainted.

"THE TRAGEDY.

"The night porter—a most respectable person of Irish extraction, named Dennis Haggerty—came up and opened the door. The lamp was burning within; the blinds of the window were closed. On the bed, stabbed to the heart, apparently while she lay asleep, was the body of the wife.

"DUMB WITNESSES.

"Red marks were found on the shutter, which are pronounced by experts to be the partial print of a *left hand.* On the white cloth which covered the bureau is a slight impression of finger-tips, also belonging to a left hand. These marks are too imperfect to be relied upon in themselves, save that they establish the fact that the hand which touched the cloth and closed the shutter was a *left hand.*

"AN IMPROBABLE STORY.

"Captain Heathcote asserts that he left the hotel at ten, as testified, to smoke a cigar and get a breath of fresh air. That he returned through the garden at eleven, and seeing by the bright light that his wife was still awake, he went up by the outside stairway, which he had previously noted, entered the room through the long window to tell her that he was going to take a bath in the river, and to get towels. He remained a few minutes, put two towels in his pocket, and came out, going down the same stairway, across the garden, and along the main road to the river. (A track, however, has been found to the river through the large meadow behind the house.) At the bend where road and

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river meet, he undressed himself and took a bath. The disorder in his clothing and his wet cuffs came from his own awkwardness, as he has but partial use of his right arm. He then returned by the road as he had come, but he *forgot the towels.* Probably they would be found on the bank where he left them.

"THE TOWEL.

"No towels were found at the point named. But at the end of the track through the grass meadow, among the reeds on the shore, a towel *was* found, and identified as one belonging to the hotel. This towel is *stained with blood.*

"THE THEORY.

"The theory at Timloesville is that Heathcote had no idea that he would be seen when he stole up that outside stairway. He knew that the entire wing was unoccupied: a servant has testified that she told him it was; and he thought, too, that the maid Bagshot had a room in front, not commanding the garden. Bagshot says that the room was changed without his knowledge, while he was absent on his first walk. He supposed, then, that he would not be seen. He evidently took Mrs. Heathcote's diamond rings, purse, and watch (they are all missing) in order to turn public opinion toward the idea that the murder was for the sake of robbery. He *says* that a man passed him while he was bathing, and spoke to him; proof of this would establish something toward the truth of his story. But, strangely enough, this man can not be found. Yet Timloesville and its neighborhood are by no means so crowded with inhabitants that the search should be a difficult one.

"It may be regarded as a direct misfortune in the cause of justice that the accused heard any of Bagshot's testimony against him before he was called upon to give his own account of the events of the evening. And yet his confused, contradictory story is another proof of the incapacity which the most cunning murderers often display when overtaken by suspicion; they seem to lose all power to protect themselves. If Captain Heathcote had denied Bagshot's testimony in toto, had denied having ascended the outside stairway at all, his chances would have been much brighter, for people might have believed that the maid was mistaken. But he *acknowledges the stairway,* and then denies the rest.

"HIS MOTIVE.

"But how can poor finite man detect so obscure a thing as motive? He must hide his face and acknowledge his feebleness when he stands before this inscrutable, heavy-browed, silent Fate. In this case, two solutions are offered. One, that the wife's large fortune was left by will unconditionally to her husband; the other, that Mrs. Bagshot will testify that there was jealousy and ill feeling between these two, linked together by God's holy ordinance, and that this ill feeling was connected with a third person, and that person—a woman."

EXTRACT FROM THE NEW YORK "ZEUS."

"Mrs. Heathcote was apparently murdered while asleep. When found, her face wore a natural and sweet expression, as though she had passed from slumber into death without even a sigh. The maid testifies that her mistress always removed her rings at night; it is probable, therefore, that they, together with her purse and watch, were on the bureau where the marks of the finger-tips were found.

"We refrain at present from comment upon the close circumstantial evidence which surrounds this case; the strong hand of the law will take hold of it at the proper time, and sift it thoroughly. Meanwhile the attitude of all right-minded persons should be calm and impartial, and the accused man should be held innocent until he is proven guilty. Trial by newspaper is one of the notable evils of our modern American system, and should be systematically discountenanced and discouraged; when a human life is trembling in the balance, the sensation-monger should be silenced, and his evil wares sternly rejected."

This negative impartiality was the nearest approach to friendliness which the accused man received from the combined newspaper columns of New York, Baltimore, and Washington.

The body of poor Helen was brought home, and Miss Teller herself arrayed her darling for her long repose. Friends thronged to see her as she lay in her luxurious drawing-room; flowers were placed everywhere as though for a bridal—the bridal of death. Her figure was visible

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from head to foot; she seemed asleep. Her still face wore a gentle expression of rest and peace; her small hands were crossed upon her breast; her unbound hair fell in waves behind her shoulders, a few strands lying on the white skirt far below the slender waist, almost to the feet. The long lashes lay upon the oval cheek; no one would ever see those bright brown eyes again, and find fault with them because they were too narrow. The lithe form was motionless; no one would ever again watch it move onward with its peculiar swaying grace, and find fault with it because it was too slender. Those who had not been willing to grant her beauty in life, gazed at her now with tear-dimmed eyes, and willingly gave all the meed of praise they had withheld before. Those who had not loved her while she lived, forgot all, and burst into tears when they saw her now, the small, delicately featured face once so proud and imperious, quiet forever, grown strangely youthful too, like the face of a very young girl.

Miss Teller sat beside her darling; to all she made the same set speech: "Dear Ward, her husband, the one who loved her best, can not be here. I am staying with her, therefore, until she is taken from us; then I shall go to him, as *she* would have wished." For Miss Teller believed no word of the stories with which the newspapers teemed. Indignation and strong affection supplied the place of whatever strength had been lacking in her character, and never before in her life had she appeared as resolute and clear-minded as now.

During the funeral services, Isabel Varce sat beside Miss Teller, sobbing as if her heart would break. Rachel Bannert was next to Isabel. She had looked once at Helen, only once, and her dark face had quivered spasmodically; then she also took her seat beside the fair, still form, and bowed her head. All Helen's companions were clad in mourning garb; the tragedy of this death had invested it with a deeper sadness than belonged to the passing away in the ordinary course of nature of even closer friends. The old-fashioned mansion was full to overflowing; in the halls and doorway, on the front steps, and even on the pavement outside, men were standing, bare-headed and silent, many distinguished faces being among them; society men also, who in general avoided funerals as unpleasant and grewsome ceremonials. These had been Helen's companions and friends; they had all liked and admired her, and as she was borne past them, covered with heliotrope, there was not one whose eyes did not grow stern in thinking of the dastard hand that did the cruel deed.

That night, when darkness fell, many hearts remembered her, lying alone in the far-off cemetery, the cemetery we call Greenwood, although no wood made by Nature's hand alone bears the cold white marble flowers which are found on those fair slopes. And when the next morning dawned, with dull gray clouds and rain, there were many who could not help thinking of the beautiful form which had fared softly and delicately all its life, which had felt only the touch of finest linen and softest silk, which had never suffered from the cold or the storm, now lying there alone in the dark soaked earth, with the rain falling upon its defenseless head, and no one near to replace the wet lilies which the wind had blown from the mound.

But those who were thinking thus were mistaken: some one was near. A girl clad in black and closely veiled stood beside the new-made grave, with tears dropping on her cheeks, and her hand pressed over her heart. There were many mourners yesterday; there was but one to-day. There were many flowers then; now there was only the bunch of violets which this girl had brought. She had knelt beside the mound, her head undefended from the rain, and had prayed silently. Then she had risen, but still she could not go. She paced slowly up and down beside the grave, like a sentinel keeping watch; only when she perceived that one of the men employed in the cemetery was watching her curiously, no doubt wondering why she remained there in the storm, did she turn away at last, and go homeward again by the long route she had traversed in coming.

For Anne had not dared to go to the funeral; had not dared to go to Miss Teller. The hideous sentence in the newspaper had filled her with doubt and vague alarm. It was not possible that she, Anne, was meant; and yet Bagshot, from whom this as yet unrevealed testimony was to come, saw her on the day she visited Helen, after the tidings of her husband's death. Surely this was too slight a foundation upon which to found her vague

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alarm. She repeated to herself that her dread was unreasonable, yet it would not down. If the danger had been open, she could have faced and defied it; but this mute, unknown something, which was only to be revealed by the power and in the presence of the law, held her back, bound hand and foot, afraid almost to breathe. For her presence or words might, in some way she could not foresee or even comprehend, bring increased danger upon the head of the accused man, already weighted down with a crushing load of suspicion, which grew heavier every hour.

Suspense supplies a calmness of its own. Anne went into the city as usual, gave her lessons, and went through all the forms of her accustomed living, both at home and abroad. Yet all the time she was accompanied by a muffled shape, its ghostly eyes fixed upon her through its dark veil, menacing but silent. It was dread —her dread for him.

When the hour came, and she knew that the old words were being spoken over Helen: "In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succor but of Thee?" "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, Thou art God from everlasting." "A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday, seeing that is past as a watch in the night." "And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is even in Thee"—she bowed her head and joined in the sentences mutely, present at least in spirit. The next day, while the rain fell sombrely, she went to the distant cemetery: no one would be there in the storm, and she wished to stand once more by Helen's side—poor Helen, beautiful Helen, taken from this life's errors forever, perhaps already, in another world, understanding all, repentant for all, forgiving all.

There was no one to whom Anne could speak upon the subject which was burning like a constant fire within her heart. And when, a few days later, a letter came from Gregory Dexter, she opened it eagerly: there would be, there must be, comfort here. She read the pages quickly, and her heart stood still. "If I thought that there was the least danger that the secret of this cowardly, cruel deed would not be found out," wrote Dexter, "I should at once leave all this labor in which I am engaged, important as it is, and devote myself to the search for proofs to convict the murderer. Never in my life has my desire for swift, sharp justice been so deeply stirred."

Anne laid down the letter with a trembling hand. If he "thought that there was the least danger"; then he thought there was none. But so far no one had been apprehended, or even suspected, save Ward Heathcote alone. Did he think. then, that Heathcote was guilty? *Could* he think this, knowing him as he did, having been in a certain sense his companion and friend?

Dexter had not liked Heathcote personally, but he was capable of just judgment above his personal likings and dislikings, and Anne knew it. She knew that he had examined the testimony impartially. It must be, then, it must be, that there were grounds for his belief. She took her pen and wrote a burning letter—a letter of entreaty and passionate remonstrance. And then, the next morning, she burned it: she must not write or speak on the subject at all, not even to him.

The slow days moved onward like the processions of a dream. But no one noticed any change in the young teacher, who journeyed wearily through the long hours. Old Nora saw the piles of newspapers in her mistress's room, but as she could not read, they betrayed nothing. She would not, besides, have recognized Helen under the name of Heathcote; the beautiful lady who had visited the half-house in the days of Jeanne-Armande was named Lorrington. The slow days moved on, but not without events. In this case the law had moved speedily. An indictment had been found, and the trial was to take place without delay in the county town of the district to which Timloesville belonged.

Miss Teller had gone to this town; the newspapers said that she had taken a house, and would remain during the trial, or as long as Captain Heathcote was confined there. Anne, reading these items, reading the many descriptions of Heathcote, the suggestions regarding the murder, the theories concerning the blunder (for it was conceded that there had been a blunder), asked herself wonderingly if he had no friends left—no friends on earth, save herself and Miss Teller? The whole world seemed to be against him. But she judged only from the newspapers. There was another side. This was a small, local,

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but in one way powerful, minority, which stood by the accused man immovably. This minority was composed almost entirely of women—women high in New York society, Helen's own companions and friends. They formed a determined band of champions, who, without condescending to use any arguments, but simply through their own personality, exerted a strong influence, limited, it is true, but despotic. If the case was tried beforehand by the newspapers, it was also tried beforehand by sweet voices and scornful lips in many New York drawing-rooms. Society resolved itself into two parties—those who did and those who did not believe in the guilt of the imprisoned man. Those who did believe were almost all men; those who did not, almost all women; the exceptions being a few men who stood by Heathcote in spite of the evidence, and a few women who, having logical minds, stood by the evidence in spite of themselves.

When the trial began, not only was Miss Teller present, but Mrs. Varce and Isabel, Mrs. Bannert and her daughter-in-law, together with others equally well known as friends of Helen's, and prominent members of New York's fashionable society.

Multomah, the little country town, was excited; its one hotel was crowded. The country people came in to attend the trial from miles around; great lawyers were to be present, there was to be "mighty fine speaking." The gentleman had murdered his wife for the million dollars she constantly carried with her. The gentleman had murdered his wife because she had just discovered that he was already married before he met her, and he was afraid she would reveal the secret. A local preacher improved the occasion by a sermon decked profusely with Apollyons and Abaddons. It was not clearly known what he meant, or where he stood; but the discourse was listened to by a densely packed crowd of farming people, who came out wiping their foreheads, and sat down on convenient tombstones to talk it over, and eat their dinners, brought in baskets, trying the case again beforehand for the five-hundredth time, with texts and Scripture phrases thrown in to give it a Sabbath flavor.

The New York dailies had sent their reporters; every evening Anne read their telegraphic summaries of the day's events; every morning, the account of the same in detail. She was not skillful enough to extract the real evidence from the mass of irrelevant testimony with which it was surrounded, the questions and answers, the confusing pertinacity of the lawyers over some little point which seemed to her as far from the real subject as a blade of grass is from the fixed stars. She turned, therefore, to the printed comments which day by day accompanied the report of the proceedings, gathering from them the progress made, and their ideas of the probabilities which lay in the future. The progress seemed rapid; the probabilities were damning. No journal pretended that they were otherwise. Yet still the able pens of the calmer writers counselled deliberation. "There have been cases with even closer evidence than this," they warningly wrote, "in which the accused, by some unexpected and apparently trivial turn in the testimony, has been proven clearly innocent. In this case, while the evidence is strong, it is difficult to imagine a motive. Mrs. Heathcote was much attached to her husband; she was, besides, a beautiful, accomplished, and fascinating woman. That a man should deliberately plan to murder such a wife, merely in order to obtain possession of wealth which was already practically his, is incredible; and until some more reasonable motive is discovered, many will refuse to believe even the evidence."

Anne, reading this sentence, felt faint. So far the mysterious testimony to which vague allusion had been made in the beginning had not been brought forward; the time had been occupied by the evidence concerning the events at Timloesville, and the questioning and cross-questioning of the Timloesville witnesses. "A more reasonable motive." The veiled shape that accompanied her seemed to assume more definite outline, and to grow from Dread into Fear. And yet she could not tell of what she was afraid.

The days passed, and she wondered how it was that she could still eat, and sleep, and speak as usual, while her whole being was away in that little Pennsylvania town. She did speak and teach as usual, but she did not eat or sleep. Something besides food sustained her. Was it hope? Or fear? Oh, why did not all the world cry out that he was not, could not be guilty! Were people all mad, and deaf, and blind? She lived on in a suspense

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which was like a continual endurance of suffocation, which yet never quite attains the relief of death.

Miss Teller's lawyers labored with skill and vigilance; all that talent—nay, more, genius—could do, they did. Their theory was that the murder was committed by a third person, who entered Mrs. Heathcote's room by the same outside stairway which her husband had used, after his departure; and they defied the prosecution to prove that they were wrong. In answer to this theory the prosecution presented certain facts, namely: that Heathcote was seen entering by the outside stairway, and that no one else was seen; that the impressions found there were those of a left hand, and that Heathcote was at the time left-handed; that a towel, marked with the name of the hotel and stained with blood, was found on the river-bank at the end of a direct trail from the garden, and that the chamber-maid testified that, whereas she had placed four towels in the room a few hours before, there were in the morning but two remaining, and that no others were missing from the whole number owned by the hotel.

At this stage of the proceedings, Anne, sitting in her own room as usual, now in the evening, with one newspaper in her hand and the others scattered on the floor by her side, heard a knock on the door below, but, in her absorption, paid no attention to it. In a few moments, however, Nora came up to say that Mr. Dexter was in the parlor, and wished to see her.

Here was an unexpected trial. She had sent a short, carefully guarded answer to his long letter, and he had not written again. It had been comparatively easy to guard written words. But could she command those that must be spoken? She bathed her face in cold water, and stood waiting until she felt that she had called up a calmer expression; she charged herself to guard every look, every word, even the tones of her voice. Then she went down.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

IN the winter of 1830–1, I met Mr. Webster for the first time. The number of those who knew him personally is rapidly diminishing, but the interest of the public in everything connected with him has not abated since his death. Hence the present attempt to recall what I can of my personal intercourse with one whose name and fame belong to the history of his country.

When the late Chief Justice Taney, then practicing law in Baltimore, entered General Jackson's cabinet, he retired from the case of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company against the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, pending in the Court of Appeals of Maryland. The question in dispute was the right of prior choice of route of the respective works at the Point of Rocks, and at other narrow passes on the left bank of the Potomac River. The decision of the Court of Chancery, where the litigation originated, had been in favor of the railroad company, and the canal company had appealed. In the court below the counsel of the former had been Mr. Taney, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, and myself, and the latter had been represented by Mr. Wirt, Mr. Walter Jones, and General Charles Fenton Mercer. When Mr. Taney retired, his clients determined to employ Mr. Webster to replace him; and as he happened to be in Baltimore on a visit, I was directed to call on him, retain him if possible, and go with him afterward to Annapolis, where the Court of Appeals was sitting, under the impression that my familiarity with the facts might probably be of service in facilitating his preparation for the argument about to take place.

I found Mr. Webster at the house of his connection, Mr. Hugh Birckhead, on his way to Washington. He was in the drawing-room with the ladies of the family when I called, and I passed the evening in his company. It was not the occasion for discussing the merits of a legal controversy. He asked me to sit by him on the sofa, and began our very brief conversation by saying, "Well, my brother Latrobe, and so our good friend Birckhead tells me you come to retain me for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company." Something was then said about the shortness of the time allowed for preparation, but he agreed to go with me to Annapolis as soon as he came back from Washington, where some business that could not be postponed required his presence.

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Three things struck me at this interview. The first was the deep sonorous tone of Mr. Webster's voice: it seemed to come *ab imo pectore*, and was unlike any that I had then, or have since, heard. Again, his pronunciation of the word Baltimore, which made the first syllable long and broad. And again, his calling me "my brother Latrobe," not that such form of address was not frequent at the bar, but because of its use by Mr. Webster to such a sprig of the law as I then was.

There were no railroads in those days, and steamboat travel on the Chesapeake being interrupted by ice when Mr. Webster returned from Washington, we left Baltimore in a hack after breakfast, and plodding through "the piney woods" and over the wretched roads of Anne Arundel County, drove into Annapolis after the street lamps were lighted. Mr. William Gwynn, the railroad company's senior counsel, made a third in the carriage. He was an admirable conversationalist without being a talker, a wit without being a satirist, a humorist without being eccentric, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and apt quotation, and, in addition to being an able lawyer, was of a genial, loving nature that endeared him to all that knew him. Mr. Webster appreciated him at once, and the two, with common topics of conversation about men and books and things generally, made the journey seem as short as it was enjoyable to their single listener.

The Legislature of Maryland was in session at this time. The hotel was crowded, and at first there was a doubt whether even Mr. Webster could be received. Finally he was given a room which the occupant vacated for the occasion. It was in a building in the rear of the hotel, and contained two beds, one of which Mr. Webster took possession of, and at his instance I appropriated the other.

Our quarters were in what had been a noble mansion in the palmy days of the old city. We were in a large square room with a lofty ceiling, a broad high fire-place, and a tall old-fashioned mantel-piece. A bright wood fire was burning, and although there was no carpet, and but a single candle on a rickety table, the general aspect was most grateful after our dreary ride from Baltimore. Here we remained for several days, and until separate rooms were allotted to us on the second floor of a galleried building, called the Colony, close by.

Mr. Webster was at this time in his fiftieth year, in the prime of life, and at the height of his reputation, crowned with the glory of his great speech in reply to Hayne. A tall and rather heavily built man, there was little in his person to distinguish him. It was his head that individualized him. His grand forehead, his dark eyes set deep beneath overshadowing brows, his firm determined mouth, made a *tout ensemble* which once seen was never forgotten. Harding's likeness, in the second volume of Curtis's life, is, in my opinion, the most characteristic of the many I have seen. While it wants, no doubt, the accuracy of Whipple's daguerreotype, in the same volume, I see in it more of the man I knew. The likeness by Healy, in the first volume of the same work, does Mr. Webster great injustice. It belittles him. He was a far nobler-looking person. His bearing was grave and dignified. When he addressed a court it was commanding and impressive; and yet no man's manner could be more playful, no man's tone more cordial and genial, than Mr. Webster's, when he pleased. I made him out, too, to have a keen sense of humor, and to appreciate a good story as well as any one, when he was in the mood. Few persons would call him a handsome man, but none could look at him and not recognize him as a distinguished one.

As already said, I accompanied Mr. Webster to Annapolis to inform him of the facts of the case he was about to argue. But these were by no means the main topics of our conversation. It was not until the day before the hearing that he seemed to address himself seriously to the labor of preparation. He then shut himself up in his room for the entire morning, coming occasionally into mine to ask about some question of fact, bringing half-sheets of common blue letter-paper, on which, he would say, he had been making "scratches." They were distinct propositions, texts rather than arguments, carefully studied, and, as was apparent from erasures and interlining, labored with a view to condensation, or to satisfy a fastidious judgment. Once, when I expressed a doubt whether one of his propositions was in accordance with certain facts, Mr. Webster drew his pen through it, saying, "So, then, *that* cock won't fight." The notes thus prepared were the brief of his argument, and he spoke from them. That the glimpses thus afforded of the workings of a great

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intellect were extremely interesting may readily be imagined.*

But if the case did not engross us at all times, conversation did not flag. Our pleasantest talks were after dinner, when we came back from the bar mess-room. Mr. Webster would then put on his slippers, and tilt back his chair, with his feet against the side of the mantel-piece, on a level with his head, saying, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" and go off into a stream of anecdotes, quotations, incidents of his early life, and matters and things generally. On these occasions Shakspeare was a favorite topic, and his familiarity with it was testified by the aptness and frequency of his quotations.†

In one of these protracted talks, which always ran late into the night, Mr. Webster detailed the circumstances of his refusal to accept the clerkship of a county court, as they are related in Curtis, when the salary would have been a little fortune, and amused himself with a humorous comparison between his subsequent career and what would then have been his destiny.

On the same occasion he described his early practice in New Hampshire, and told with almost boyish glee of overtaking, one bright moonlight night, a timber sled at the foot of a hill on which the snow lay deep. The driver had gone to a tavern ahead for an extra horse, and Mr. Webster, hitching his own horse as an addition to the team, got the load to the summit, where the teamster presently found it. "I had hidden behind a tree," said the narrator, "where I enjoyed the fun, and only came forth to stay the hand of the owner of the sled, who was 'larruping' his horses, because the 'tarnal critters' had put him to the expense of hiring assistance, when they were able to do the work themselves, and only refused their load to spite him." It was Mr. Webster's way of telling the story, and his imitation of the driver's tone and manner, that enhanced the drollery of the incident.

Upon another occasion he gave an amusing account of his escape through the back window of an old-fashioned stage-coach when the horses were running away with it, and described the amazement of the driver, after they were stopped, when he found a member of Congress standing on the baggage rack, and playing footman to a stage-driver.

The interest of these anecdotes was not so much in their matter as in the evidence they afforded that neither the wear and tear of political and professional life nor distinguished position had impaired the freshness of early youth.

Another of Mr. Webster's anecdotes I have often repeated to students in my law office. It was the inflexible rule of Theophilus Parsons to give no law advice on Sunday—a rule which he persisted in adhering to when a client came to Salem on that day from Boston to obtain an opinion on a matter of first importance in connection with business to be transacted early on Monday. Angry at having had his journey for nothing, the client was on his way to his carriage, when Mr. Parsons followed him, and asked him whether he had made up his mind as to what was right according to the golden rule, and being answered in the affirmative, told him to go back to Boston, do what he believed was "just right," and when Mr. Parsons got to his office later on Monday, he had no doubt he would find law enough to sustain him.

Speaking, on another occasion, about the elements of success in professional life, Mr. Webster said, "Why, there is ——, a most learned lawyer, a most laborious man, and in all the relations of life absolutely unexceptionable, and yet, confound the fellow! he never produces results."

The age of some one being mentioned one evening, Mr. Webster said, "The worst standard by which to measure a man's life

* The case referred to in the text had been argued before Chancellor Bland the preceding summer, when I had an opportunity of seeing how Mr. Wirt prepared for the trial. I could see from my window Mr. Wirt in his room across the court, sitting at his desk in his shirt sleeves, hard at work upon his brief. The weather was unusually warm, too warm to sleep almost, and yet there sat Mr. Wirt, after midnight, busy with his pen. The small hours came before his candle was extinguished. The next morning, when I told him I had watched him, he laughed, and showed me two piles of foolscap manuscript. "This," he said, laying his hand on one, "is the draft of my argument, and this," laying his hand on the other, "is my revise of it." "But the labor!" I exclaimed. "Never mind the labor, my young friend," was his reply; "never grudge it when the occasion requires you to do your best." When he spoke, I could see that he adhered closely to his brief, reading parts of it occasionally. Mr. Webster's brief before the Court of Appeals did not cover more than one side of three half-sheets of letter-paper, and he rarely did more than glance at it.

† It was my sympathy with Mr. Webster in this regard, I presume, that led him to send me, on his return to Washington, the edition of 1623 (the Roxburghe fac-simile) of a rare book in this country.

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is the parish clerk's register. Some men, sir, are born old; others, again, never grow old;" and certainly, when I listened to his flow of animated talk, the gleefulness of many of his remarks about men and things, I fully appreciated his meaning—that it was the temperament of the man, and not the number of his years, that made him old or young.

One evening, while we still occupied the same room, Mr. Webster was unusually silent. He had his moods, and it was easy to see that the mood for conversation was not now the ruling one. And so we sat in silence, looking at the fire in the twilight, until the supper bell rang. Mr. Webster then drew on his boots, and we left our quarters together. We had to pass through a paved yard, made as bright as day by the full moon just rising over Kent Island. I was on Mr. Webster's right, and we had not yet crossed the yard, when he stopped suddenly, raised his head, and laid his hands upon my shoulders. The moonlight fell full upon his face, making his heavy brow cast deep shadows, out of which his eyes gleamed like living coals. "My young friend," he said, "be in no haste to embark in politics. The time will come when all good men and true must rally round the constitution. *That* will be the time; and when we raise its banner, it must glitter like the oriflamme." Then dropping his hands, we resumed our silent walk. After supper the mood had changed, and we sat up until a late hour, Mr. Webster, as usual, having *les frais de la conversation*. I think it was on this evening that Mr. Webster quoted Shakspeare to prove that right and left shoes were worn in the poet's day, reciting Hubert's account, in *King John*, of the popular feeling in regard to the French invasion.* In the second volume of Curtis's life of Webster are two letters passing between Mr. Webster and myself, in which the above incidents are alluded to.

After the argument before the Court of Appeals, Mr. Webster returned to Washington, and the next time I saw him was in February, 1832. In the course of conversation he asked what I was about, and was told that I was busy in preparing the oration that I was to deliver at the public celebration of the centennial anniversary of Washington's birthday. He then said that there had been some talk in Washington of a grand dinner in honor of the occasion, and as it was possible he might be called on for some remarks, he had made a few "scratches" in anticipation. As he spoke, he took from his portfolio a half-sheet of blue letter-paper, on one side of which were six or seven sentences, which he read. The dinner, he continued, had been given up, however, and if I could make any use of his "scratches," I was welcome to them. I told him that my oration was already memorized, but that I would keep his manuscript as an autograph; and I brought it away with me.

There was one of Mr. Webster's sentences that fitted so well into what I had prepared that I adopted and inserted it, and when I spoke, it "brought down the house." It was this: "Washington stood not only at the commencement of a new era, but at the head of a new world."

The next morning a letter from Mr. Webster was delivered to me at the breakfast table. It had been written the night before, and was brought to Baltimore by a *fast* line of coaches that made the journey from Washington in four hours. It was very brief, and ran thus:

"My dear Sir,—The dinner *did* come off. Look out. Very truly, D. Webster.
"*February* 22, 1832."

As may be supposed, I went at once to the evening paper in which my address was to appear, and cancelled the sentence above referred to.

Singularly, when the Washington papers of the 23d furnished a report of Mr. Webster's speech at the dinner, the sentence I had used was the only one of the "scratchings" that it contained.

When the railroad was opened for travel between Baltimore and Washington, I saw Mr. Webster frequently; but it was not until we were both employed in the important case of Wilson *v.* Rousseau, in the Supreme Court, that I was again brought into professional relations with him. Our client, Mr. James G. Wilson, had no less than seven counsel—Mr. Webster, Mr. William H. Seward, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, Mr. Phelps, of Vermont, Mr. Henderson, of Louisiana, Mr. Hall, of Washing-

* "I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattl[illegible] rank'd in Kent."

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ton, and myself. The Court had consented to our dividing the points—two speaking to each. But the difficulty was to get us all together for consultation. At last, in despair of succeeding otherwise, Mr. Wilson invited us to a supper at the National Hotel, at nine o'clock, with the understanding that a consultation would take place at eight. It was not until half past eight, however, that Mr. Webster called us to order, stated the object of the meeting, and complimented our host for his excellent judgment as displayed in the means adopted for securing the attendance of his professional advisers. Turning then to Mr. Seward, he said, "And now, Brother Seward, you will begin with reading the record." Records in those days were not printed, as now, but were engrossed on folio cap paper, and in this particular case the record was a heavy pile of manuscript, which Mr. Seward rested on his lap, and which would have taken several hours to read, while there remained not more than twenty minutes before supper would be ready. Mr. Seward, however, began with the formal heading, and was going on when interrupted by a burst of laughter, which was not quieted by the grave judicial manner in which Mr. Wilson called for order, and requested "Brother Seward" to proceed. By this time Mr. Seward, who had as yet preserved his countenance, joined in the mirth; when Mr. Webster, shrugging his shoulders and turning to our client, said, "You see how it is, Mr. Wilson; there seems to be no alternative but to begin with supper. Do you think it is ready? Perhaps we may get on better with the record afterward;" and to supper in an adjoining room Mr. Wilson and his counsel marched, with Mr. Webster at the head of the procession.

There was more than one good talker at the table, and for a while the conversation was general. It was not long, however, before we were all listening to Mr. Webster.

"Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant."

He was "i' the vein," and the hours flew by unheeded as there streamed from him, in rapid succession, anecdotes, quotations, references to his boyhood, incidents in his early practice, descriptions of the men who then figured upon the scene, graphic accounts of old familiar places. He was sometimes grave, solemn even; sometimes pathetic; sometimes, and by no means unfrequently, quaint, droll, and humorous; sometimes setting the table in a roar; then again moving his hearers almost to tears. Sure of his company, he was under no restraint, and seemed disposed to let his animal spirits run away with him, to forget the eminent lawyer and the great statesman, to roll off the sixty-five years that then weighed upon him, and be a boy again. I believe I am the sole survivor of that merry party thirty-three years ago; and many as have been the social gatherings at which in my own and other lands I have been present, I have no such experience as that afforded by the attempt at a consultation in the case of Wilson *v.* Rousseau, in the year 1846.

I ought to add that, somehow or other, when the argument came on, we fell into our proper places, and that Mr. Wilson gained his case.

WILD WEATHER OUTSIDE.

Wild weather outside where the brave ships go,
And fierce from all quarters the four winds blow—
Wild weather and cold, and the great waves swell,
With chasms beneath them as black as hell.
The waters frolic in Titan play,
They dash the decks with an icy spray,
The spent sails shiver, the lithe masts reel,
And the sheeted ropes are as smooth as steel.
And oh that the sailor were safe once more
Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door!

The little cottage, it shines afar
O'er the lurid seas, like the polar star.
The mariner tossed in the jaws of death
Hurls at the storm a defiant breath;
Shouts to his mates through the writhing foam,
"Courage! please God, we shall yet win home!"
Frozen and haggard and wan and gray,
But resolute still; 'tis the sailor's way.
And perhaps—at the fancy the stern eyes dim—
Somebody's praying to-night for him.

Ah me, through the drench of the bitter rain,
How bright the picture that rises plain!
Sure he can see, with her merry look,
His little maid crooning her spelling-book;
The baby crows from the cradle fair;
The grandam nods in her easy-chair;
While hither and yon, with a quiet grace,
A woman flits, with an earnest face.
The kitten purrs, and the kettle sings,
And a nameless comfort the picture brings.

Rough weather outside, but the winds of balm
Forever float o'er that isle of calm.
O friends who read over tea and toast
Of the wild night's work on the storm-swept coast,
Think, when the vessels are overdue,
Of the perilous voyage, the baffled crew,
Of stout hearts battling for love and home
'Mid the cruel blasts and the curdling foam,
And breathe a prayer from your happy lips
For those who must go "to the sea in ships";
Ask that the sailor may stand once more
Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door.

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WITCH HAZEL.

ONE of the wildest portions of Western Massachusetts is the region bordering Miller's River—a mad little stream which runs frothing amid ragged rocks, and lies darkling in sullen pools shaded by dense and tangled vegetation. It joins the Connecticut by leaping riotously down a staircase formed of jagged crags and the ruins of a broken dam, forming a striking contrast to the lake-like expanse of the noble river in which it quiets its troubled spirit.

Life on the borders of Miller's River fifty years ago found its prototype in the savage character of nature about it. Tragic histories are told of families who for generation after generation never wanted a suicide. Religion was replaced by superstition; the vices of mankind grew lush and rank, and even woman's nature was warped and deformed by its demoralizing environment. Long after the belief in witchcraft had been stamped out at Boston and Salem, a baleful aftergrowth sprang up and flourished here, and though there were no executions for witchcraft, there was gross credulity and infatuation, ostracism and persecution. Riding one day through this tract of country, and emerging from a dense and dreary wood of butternut and pine, we found ourselves in a little clearing still more desolate than the gloomy forest. A deserted house stood before us, backed by the angry river; a little orchard of neglected crab-apples, grown into a thicket with hedge-rows of tangled barberries, flanked its further side; and a blasted elm felled by lightning, and partly stripped by the woodcutter, barred the front gateway. The house itself presented a most forbidding aspect. Its curtainless windows were riddled as by the firing of sharp-shooters. Some were boarded up; a few stuffed with party-colored rags; hardly a pane was left unbroken. Originally the front of the house had been economically ornamented with yellow paint, but the weather had removed nearly the last vestige of color, and reduced the whole to a uniform and melancholy gray. My companion, more familiar with the region than myself, eyed me curiously as we approached, to notice what impression the scene would make upon me. Involuntarily I touched her arm, and exclaimed, "A real haunted house!"

She laughed drily. "The old people about here declare that it *is* haunted. My aunt could tell you many a strange story about it. I remember when I was a child how she would make cold shivers creep along my spine by her story of Witch Hazel, the old woman who lived here."

"Would she tell me?" I asked.

"I don't know; we can ask her at least. She used to teach school here when a girl." And my friend pointed to a chimney which rose from a dense mass of bushes, a solitary monument to the fact that a house had once occupied the spot. "That was the school-house, and she boarded at that farmhouse opposite, where my grandmother lived; it is the only house between the Hazels' and Durkee's tavern, at the junction of Miller's River with the Connecticut. It was a lonely spot for a young girl to live in. She must have been glad and thankful enough when my granduncle married her and brought her away to Northfield Farms."

Aunt Wealthy was an old lady of marvellous activity and keenness; her hair under her widow's cap was white as snow, but her eyes were black and piercing. Her form was thin to emaciation, but her health was good, and her mind unimpaired by age. She wore a black silk dress, shiny and limp, and unadorned with modern ornament of jet or pleating, but it was unmistakably black silk, and a slender gold chain held her husband's heavy silver watch at her belt. She sat in a stuffed, high-backed rocking-chair, rocking swiftly back and forward, knitting interminable garters, and singing as we approached, in a high cracked voice, a hymn which argued little for her admiration of mankind.

> "'False are the men of high degree:
> The baser sort are vanity:
> Laid in the balance, both appear
> Light as a puff of empty air.'"

"You don't seem to have a high opinion of men, Aunt Wealthy," I remarked.

"That's because I've had experience, child," she replied.

"Uncle Gershom was a gentleman," said my friend: "was he false, Aunt Wealthy?"

"I've no tales to tell against Gershom, now that he's dead," said Aunt Wealthy, placing her lips firmly together, and humming the tune with much expression.

"Aunt Wealthy," said my friend, coaxingly, "we want you to tell us some stories about the witches—"

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"The witches?"

"Yes, old Witch Hazel, whose husband danced on her grave when she died."

"Your grandmother could tell you more about her than I can."

"Yes, but grandmother died ten years ago."

"The Hazels were a queer lot; but then I don't know as any of them were really witches. The people round used to think so, and were mortally afraid of them, especially of the old mother. The old man declared she was a witch, said she sold herself to the devil behind the barn, and he knew when she did it. She was a frightful-looking old creature, and dressed in rags from head to foot, carpet rags tied around her feet and arms, and a piece of old quilt about her body. Your grandmother had an enormous dog—old Rex they called him; he was half bull-dog and half mastiff. There were lots of rough characters rafting logs down the Connecticut in those days, and putting up at Durkee's tavern; but we were never afraid of any of them, for old Rex would have torn them limb from limb if they had offered to touch us. He used to go with me to school, and lie on the door-step. There were only a half-dozen or so of white-haired children that came; they might tramp on Rex or sit on him, and he never offered to hurt them. But let one of those river-men stroll along the road, and his blood was up. They generally finished their walk and concluded to turn back before they reached the school-house. I had come from civilized parts, and I used to be lonesome. I should have been frightened to death many a time if it had not been for Rex; he seemed to constitute himself my regular protector, and he never failed me but once. One afternoon at recess I heard the children screeching, and saw them all come running in. I stepped to the door, and there stood old Mrs. Hazel, and a horrible sight she was, with her gray hair streaming over her tatters, and her crazy grin. I called 'Rex! Rex!' and the dog came bounding over the opposite fence; but as soon as he saw Witch Hazel he howled and slunk away into the bushes. She laughed at me as wicked as could be, and I ran back into the school-house and bolted the door, for I was scared to death.

"That night your grandmother told me stories till near midnight about her. She said there was one woman in the neighborhood that declared Witch Hazel used to change her into a horse, and ride her about at night. Your grandmother said she told the woman she didn't believe it. 'She does,' she said; 'she rides me on the river road. I pass your house at midnight, and the next time I go by I'll whinny.' Well, your grandmother declared that that very night, as the clock struck twelve, she heard Rex howling like one possessed, and then pretty soon there came the sound, clapperty-clap, of hoofs cantering on the turnpike, and a minute after there was a strange, human-like whinny at the gate that made her very blood run cold.

"Your grandmother sat up until after midnight, telling many stories of this sort, and they made a great impression on my mind. At nooning next day, too, the school-children were full of them. One of the Durkee boys said that his mother had taken quite a fancy to Dycie Hazel, and had had her bound out to her. 'But,' says he, 'she'll be as big a witch as the old one. I've seen her in the orchard roll over and over, making herself as round as a cart-wheel, with her fingers just touching her toes. There is nothing can make her mad but to call her Witch Hazel; if you do that, she will froth at the mouth, and she will chase you like a dog till you cross running water.' Then one of the Taft children spoke up: 'My father was going a-hunting, and he met old Witch Hazel in his path. "You won't shoot nothing," says she. But he went, all the same. By-and-by he saw a fat doe a couple of rods off, and he fired at her. She ran a little way, and then sat down and looked at him. He fired again, and took very careful aim; but she never stirred. Then it came over him that this wasn't any kind of game, and he remembered that he'd heard tell if you fire a walnut plug at a witch, it is the only thing that will hurt them. So he cut a sprout, and whittled one end sharp, and put it in his gun, and fired, and the creature gave a cry, and leaped into the bushes, and he couldn't find hide nor hair of her. But when he got home the first news he heard was that old Mrs. Hazel had fallen down stairs and broke her arm.' After he had finished his yarn, Molly Caswell had one to tell. Mrs. Hazel had been to their house, and wanted to borrow her father's horse to ride to Northfield, but her father wouldn't lend it. That very afternoon a bumble-

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bee stung the horse in the pasture, making him throw himself and break his leg, and her father had to kill him to put him out of misery. When he came home, there was Witch Hazel standing by his gate. She gave him a wicked look, and said, 'That was a great deal better than to lend your horse to me, wasn't it?' He always believed that Mrs. Hazel had changed herself into that bumble-bee, and stung the horse out of spite.

"You can imagine that after hearing all these stories I must have thought that I had come to live in rather a pokerish place. I confess my heart did fail me, and I don't know but I would have given up the school and have gone if it hadn't been for Will Darby. He and I had been engaged for a long time, and Will was working on the river floating logs down in the rafting season. Whenever he went by he put up at Durkee's tavern, and would come up and see me. It was my only really happy time throughout the whole summer, though I wasn't so desolate as I might have been, either, for your grandmother's brother Gershom used to drive over with a fine span of horses as often as twice a week from Northfield Farms and take me out to whatever was going on in the whole country round. Gershom was a rich man and good-looking, and he prided himself, so I've heard, on driving the handsomest span and having the prettiest girl to sit beside him in all the country round. Will Darby was as poor as most young lumbermen, and rather of a jealous disposition, but my heart was just set on him. I could tell his figure as far as I could see it on the river, standing on the slippery logs as careless and graceful, with a long pole to keep his balance, his curly hair flowing in the wind, and a crimson silk handkerchief knotted at his throat under the wide collar of his gray flannel shirt.

"One day I was up on the mountain-side looking for fringed gentians. It was late in the fall, and I remember thinking I wouldn't go out for flowers again that season, when just before me a young girl started up. My only thought at first was that she was unusually handsome, for though meanly dressed in an indigo-blue cotton gown, she was as handsome as a picture. Her black hair, coarse and straight as a gypsy's, was knotted in a careless heavy mass at the back of her neck, and grew low over her forehead, shading eyes which were as black as pokeberries. She held a knife in one hand and a basket in the other, and I saw that she had been searching for nervine and sassafras. We joined each other, and rambled about for an hour longer, talking about herbs and flowers, and I remember that I took quite a fancy to her. At last she said, 'Your folks will be anxious about you as soon as they learn that I am out here.' 'Oh no,' says I; 'I often take long walks by myself, and Rex here takes good care of me.' 'Rex would never hurt me,' said the girl, trying to pat the dog, which slunk close to my side, 'and perhaps you would be afraid yourself if you knew who I am.' 'Who are you?' I asked. 'Some people call me Witch Hazel,' she replied.

"Well, I will not say that I was not a little taken aback; still, she wasn't so frightful-looking as the old one, and I answered up as peart as I could, 'You are Dycie Hazel, who live at Durkee's tavern.'

'Yes,' she said; 'you'd be glad to live there yourself, or in a worse place even, if you had a home like mine. Mother has driven us all away. There were my two brothers, they couldn't stand things, and they went east to work at a machine-shop. One day mother had a fit, and when she came out of it she said they were both dead, but that they would never be buried. Two days after, we heard that the boiler had exploded, and there wasn't enough found of them to make a funeral. After that mother took on worse than ever, for the boys was all she cared for in this world. I ran away and joined a show. I performed a long time, dressed as a boy; but father dropped everything and hunted the country over till he found me, and brought me back. When we got home, mother banged the door in our faces, and told us we shouldn't neither of us enter it again. Then he took me to Mrs. Durkee, and I bound myself out to her. He's at the poor-house now, but when I'm of age, I am going to work for wages, and get him out. Mother lives all alone at the old house with the devil.'

"Some way the girl's story touched me, and I put my arm around her. 'I am your friend, Dycie Hazel,' says I. 'I am almost as friendless away out here as you; let us befriend one another.'

"When winter set in, the measles broke out in my school. I had never had them, and they go hard with grown people. Down I came, and as bad luck would have it, your grandmother had never had them

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either, and down she came; and not a soul to nurse us, for your grandfather and the boys were up north chopping. We lay there two days, each of us too sick to lift the hand for the other. On the third day in came Dycie Hazel. 'I knew you were sick,' says she; 'something told me so, and I've come to nurse you. Mrs. Durkee doesn't need me more than half the time, and I can spend the nights here.' And so she did, footing it back and forward through the snow until we were both well. I didn't get real hearty all that winter; but when spring came, and the ice broke up, and Will Darby came down with his first float of logs, I was all right again. It was Dycie's nursing that pulled me through, but it was the sight of Will's face that put the finishing touch to the business. But Will was not quite himself that spring. When he came to the house I was not at home, for Gershom had come to take me out to ride, and your grandmother had persuaded me that it would do me good to go. When I came back, there he was sitting on the door-step playing with Rex. He didn't say anything, but he looked queer. Your grandmother told me afterward that he asked her if that sort of thing had been going on all winter, and she told him it had, for she was anxious that we should quarrel, and that I should marry her brother. I didn't think anything of his queerness until afterward, I was so glad to see him again. I remember his hair had grown pretty long up there in the woods, and I offered to cut it for him, as he was going down into civilized parts. 'All right, Delilah,' says he. After I had cut his hair I wrapped it in a paper, and put it in my desk in the schoolroom. Often and often, when I was teaching those pestering young ones, I would slip my hand into the desk and stroke that paper, and it seemed to give me heart and strength for my tasks.

"Some time after he went away I had a visit from old man Hazel. He was a curious creature. He said that Dycie had told him that I had been kind to her, and he wanted to thank me for it. 'I think Dycie's got the making of a good woman in her,' says he, 'if she ever has the chance.' 'I'll do anything in my power for her,' I said; and I asked him why he had given her such a strange name as Dycie. 'Rightly it's *Boa*dycie,' says he; and I knew that he meant Boadicea. He staid and talked quite a while, and he accused his wife of all their misfortune and of all manner of wickedness, and said that when she died he would dance on her grave. 'You say you are willing to help Dycie,' he added, just as he was leaving, 'and you can help her if you've a mind to. She never had any learning to speak of, but she's took a notion she'd like to come to school this term, and Miss Durkee she's given her leave. So if you'll sort of hear her lessons private, so as not to shame her before the young ones, it would be a great favor; for Dycie's desput high-sperrited.'

"The next Monday Dycie came, and it seemed to me I'd never seen her look so handsome. The bold, hard manner, which was the only thing about her that I did not quite like, was entirely gone, and she was as gentle and modest as any young girl could be. She did not make much progress with her studies, though she tried very hard to do so. She learned to write her name, and to read in a slow, stumbling fashion; that was all. One day she brought some rye straw to school, and braided it at recess. I saw that she was making herself a hat, and was surprised; for she generally went as bare-headed as an Indian. She finished it in a short time, and then took a little ramble in the wood, saying, with a laugh, that she was going to the milliner's to buy some artificials. She came back with the hat wreathed with dogwood berries. It was very pretty, but I screamed right out, 'Why, Dycie child, you will be poisoned!' 'Nothing can poison me,' she replied; and I could not help noticing how sweet and lady-like she looked, so different from her old self. 'What has come over you, Dycie?' I asked. 'You look—' 'Just like other people, don't I?' she asked. 'I hope he will think so.' And then it came out that love had made the change. She had a lover on the river, just as I had, only hers was of higher birth than she, and all her new resolve to study and make something of herself was born of her desire to please him. There was something touching in it that drew me closer to her. It was about this time that in her reading lesson in the Bible she came to the text, 'Unto Him that loved us and washed us.' She stopped right there, and looked at me with all her soul in her eyes. 'Then He loved us *before* we were clean,' she said. 'I didn't think any one could do that but my boy; but if Christ is like him, then I shall love Him too.'

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'And because you love your lover,' I said, 'you are trying to make yourself lovely—' She did not let me finish: 'I will clean myself up for Christ too,' she said.

"I had a great influence over that girl, greater than I ever had over any other human being. I gained it because she thought I believed in her, and I lost it because she found out that I doubted her. God forgive me, I believe she was almost a Christian then." Aunt Wealthy paused in her narrative, and we saw that her keen eyes were dimmed with tears.

"I never meant to wrong her," she proceeded, "and I do not think she would have injured me then for the world; but we each wronged the other bitterly, and I was the greater sinner. When autumn came, Will Darby stopped to see me on his way up the river to the woods, where he was to spend the winter chopping. He was strangely changed, and I could not understand it, and told him so. 'We might as well understand each other, Wealthy,' he said, 'though I didn't think I would be the first to break. I expected that when I came back this fall I would find you married to that other fellow, Gershom What's-his-name, and then there would have been no need of any explanation.' With that I declared up and down that I had never cared one mite for Gershom, and had sent him about his business long ago, for I loved him better than all the world besides. 'I used to feel just that way about you, Wealthy,' said he. 'Used to!' said I, for my temper was up. 'You are bewitched, Will,' I said, a minute later, for he looked so helpless and miserable that in my own torment I could not help pitying him. 'Yes, I'm bewitched,' he replied, 'and yonder's the witch; but she never could have done it if I had been sure that you loved me, Wealthy.' I gave one look out of the window, and there, strolling along the road, with her hat trimmed with the poison-berries swinging on her arm, and my Will's crimson neckerchief knotted at her throat, was Dycie Hazel. She smiled and waved her hat as she saw us standing at the window, and I don't remember clearly anything after that till I found your grandmother rubbing me and pouring hartshorn and vinegar up my nose to bring me to. She didn't ask me what had happened—there was no need—and she was glad enough, for Gershom's sake. I sat and studied over the matter after I came to myself. She is a witch, I thought—she *is* a witch, or she could never have done it. And then I remembered a charm that your grandmother told me Mrs. Durkee had tried for her afflicted baby, and I determined to make a cake of Will's hair and burn it, and see what would happen then to him and Dycie. I slipped into the pantry and got some flour, and then went over to the school-house, so that your grandmother wouldn't suspect what I was doing, and made a fire in the little fire-place there. I remember that when I picked up the chips I noticed that the sky looked threatening. There was a great black cloud that looked like a hurricane bundling up in the northwest. It was lined with sulphur-color, and reminded me, in its shape, of old Witch Hazel grown to a giantess. I locked the school-house door, and took Wil'ls hair from the desk, and kneaded it into my cake. Then I made my fire, and when there was a good bed of coals I set the cake right in the middle of it. It had grown quite dark by this time, and just as I set down the cake there came an awful flash of lightning that lit up the whole country round, and at the same instant such a tremendous roar of thunder that it seemed as if the world had exploded. The light did not die out at once, but lingered in the school-room quite a while, and a ball of fire seemed to be dancing over the desks. With the darkness that followed, the rain came down in one solid sheet. I could hear the river roaring behind, and the trees crashing on its banks.

"A minute later, and above the sound of the storm I heard some one beating at the school-house door, and calling wildly to me to let her in. It was Dycie Hazel. I stepped to the door, and was going to undo it, when I remembered that this was the confirmation of the charm, and that I must not let her in until the cake was burned. It was a proof that she had bewitched Will that she was there now struggling like a wild creature at the door. I walked to the fire-place; the cake was burning, and the nauseous fumes of the singeing hair nearly choked me, but I knelt down on the floor and waited. Dycie had left the door, and I could hear her at the window; she could see me sitting in the fire-light, and she pushed against the sash until she burst it in, and it fell shivering on the floor. Then she leaped in after it, and springing to the fire, raked the burn-

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ing cake off of the coals with her fingers. She thrust it in my face, and laughed. 'You were trying a charm against me,' she said, 'and I have found you out.' Then she looked at the mass of cinders in her hands. 'You have succeeded,' she cried; 'it is all burned. What have you done with him? Where is Will Darby?' Then she began to rave, and I saw she had lost her senses. I ran across the way to your grandmother, and we watched her through the front windows all that night. The storm continued, and she did not leave the school-house. Through the open door we could see her breaking up the chairs, and piling them on the fire for fuel. We could hear her singing and chattering to herself, until the morning broke, and the rain ceased, when she wandered down the road toward Durkee's tavern. Later we saw old Witch Hazel hurrying down the road. Your grandmother called to her, and asked her what was the matter. She answered that the lightning had struck the elm that stood in front of her house, and that it had fallen upon and killed a man who had taken shelter under it. Men came up from Durkee's and carried the dead man away. It was Will Darby.

"Dycie never recovered her senses. She went to live with her mother. At night passers-by would hear her screaming and singing, and her mother swearing at her. The old elm lies across their gateway now just as it fell. Old Witch Hazel died at last. I went to the grave. There wasn't anything that you could call a funeral; only a few neighbors gathered out of curiosity. After the sexton had filled in the earth, the old man, who was there from the poor-house, took Dycie by the hand and led her to the grave, and then he folded his arms and danced just as straight and as hard as he could tramp. Dycie did not dance. She only stood and stared till she caught sight of my face; then she ran to me, and said, as mysterious as though it was a great secret: 'Him that loved us and washed us.' Then she laughed in a silly way, and singing,

> 'The surest fetch
> That you can make
> To charm a witch
> Is burnt hair cake,'

she staggered away to her home. They took her away at last, and she ended her days in the mad-house. No one has lived in the house since.

"I don't know as the charm had anything to do with the lightning killing Will Darby. I only know that I'd give all the money Gershom left me to know that I hadn't a-tried it."

Aunt Wealthy ceased speaking; and that night, as I drove homeward along the banks of brawling Miller's River, and saw the moonlight stream through the vacant windows of the haunted house, I could almost fancy that the stricken elm at the gate was the crooked and malevolent form of the original Witch Hazel.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SPANISH AND FRENCH EXPLORERS.

IF we were engaged upon a philosophical history of the human mind, the career of maritime discovery in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries would have great interest for us, with respect to its influence upon men's habits of thought. In the long-run the effect of increased knowledge of the earth is to dispel mythological mystery and the kind of romance that goes with it, and to strengthen men's belief in the constancy of nature. As long as nothing was known of the lands beyond the equator, it was easy to people them with gnomes and griffins. There was no intrinsic improbability in the existence of a "land east of the sun and west of the moon," or any of the other regions subject to the Queen of the Fairies.

But now our knowledge of the earth's surface has become so nearly complete as to crowd out all thought of enchanted ground. Beyond the dark and perilous sea we no longer look for an El Dorado, since maps and gazetteers have taught us to expect nothing better than the beautiful but cruel, the romantic but humdrum, world with which daily experience has already made us sufficiently well acquainted. In this respect the present age, compared with the sixteenth century, is like mature manhood compared with youth. The bright visions have fled, and naught but the sober realities of life remain. The most ardent adventurer of our time has probably never indulged in such extravagant fancies as must have filled the mind of Father Hennepin when he used to hide "behind tavern doors while the sailors were telling of their voyages. The tobacco smoke," he says, "made me very sick at the stomach; but, notwithstanding, I listened attentively to all said about their adventures at sea and their travels in distant countries. I

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could have passed whole days and nights in this way without eating."*

The first effect of the discovery of America was to arouse this spirit of romantic curiosity to fever heat. Before the newly found lands had been explored, there was no telling what they might not contain. Upon one point most of the early adventurers seem to have been tacitly agreed—that the new countries abounded in illimitable riches, which might be obtained without labor, or at any rate without any labor more prosaic than fighting. Their minds were in a condition like that of the heroes of the *Arabian Nights*, who, if they only wander far enough through the forest, are sure to come upon some gorgeous palace, of which, with the aid of some condescending jinnee, they may fairly hope to become masters. For the causes of this ready belief in the boundless riches of the New World we may perhaps look in part to the glowing accounts which Marco Polo and others had brought back from the remote kingdoms of China and Japan, which were supposed to be closely contiguous with the countries newly discovered by Columbus and Vespucci. But a deeper explanation lies in the personal characters of the first generation of explorers, and in the circumstances by which, through heredity as well as early education, these personal characters had been moulded.

For the first half-century after Columbus the work of exploration and conquest in the New World was conducted principally by Spaniards. America had been discovered by a navigator in the service of the Spanish crown, and the bull of Pope Alexander VI. had granted to Spain the whole of both continents, from north to south, with the exception of Brazil. To colonize these vast regions and convert to Christianity their heathen inhabitants was the work which was to employ the surplus energies of the nation which had just succeeded in wresting from the infidel Moor the last inch of native Spanish territory. The Spaniard of the sixteenth century was what eight hundred years of terrible warfare for home and for religion had made him. During a period as long as that which in English history has now elapsed since the death of William the Conqueror, the Mussulman invaders had held sway in some part of the Spanish peninsula, yet they had never succeeded in entering into any sort of political union with the native inhabitants. From first to last they behaved as invaders, and were treated as invaders, their career in this respect forming a curious and instructive parallel to that of the Turks in Eastern Europe. Entering Spain in 711, they soon conquered the entire peninsula. From this deluge about a century later the Christian kingdom of Leon began to emerge. By the middle of the eleventh century the Spaniards had regained half of their country, and the Mohammedans were placed upon the defensive. After the tremendous battle at Navas de Tolosa in 1212, the Moorish dominion became restricted to the single province of Granada, and finally Granada was subdued by Gonsalvo de Cordova in the same year in which Columbus discovered America. During all this long period, from 711 to 1492, it might almost be said that there was not a year when murderous warfare was not going on in some part of Spanish territory. The intervals of truce were few and far between, but guerrilla fighting went on without cessation. Hence industrial life among the Spaniards was almost completely destroyed. The people were transformed into banditti. The proper way of obtaining the necessaries of life was not to engage in industry, but to plunder the Mussulmans on a frontier raid. The Mussulmans, on the other hand, during the interval between the middle of the eighth and the middle of the eleventh century, being mostly secure from disturbance except along the northern frontier, had become an industrious and thriving people. In material civilization they far surpassed the rest of Europe, except perhaps Constantinople. As the frontier moved gradually southward with the advance of the Christians, this industrious Mohammedan population for the most part remained stationary, and becoming converted to Christianity, continued to cultivate the arts of life. These converts, who were known as Moriscoes, were always despised and persecuted by the Spaniards, and at last, in 1610, by a royal decree they were expelled *en masse* from the country. The effects of this measure upon Spain were similar to the effects upon France, seventy-five years later, of the expulsion of the Huguenots, but vastly greater. The expulsion of the Moriscoes meant the expulsion of nearly all the skilled labor of the country, and with this disastrous act began the social and financial ruin of Spain.

I have dwelt at some length upon these

* Parkman, *Disc. of W.* 121.

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circumstances, because they furnish us at once with the explanation of the peculiar character and aims of Spanish colonization in the New World. Both by inheritance and by training, as we have seen, the mediæval Spaniard was a romantic and glorified freebooter. He had not the slightest idea of peaceful industry, but it had become necessary to his comfortable and respectable existence for him to have somebody at his disposal to slay and plunder. Spinning and weaving and tilling the soil were for the unclean Moriscoes; it was the duty of a Christian Spaniard to appropriate the fruits of other people's labor. Hence it was quite a godsend for the Spaniard when, just as the last Moor had been overcome at Granada, "fresh fields and pastures new" were opened up for him beyond the Atlantic. Here all at once were untold multitudes of heathen to be conquered, converted, and plundered. Here were boundless possibilities of romantic adventure, in comparison with which the narrow annals of Castilian warfare might shrink into insignificance. In the history of Spanish discovery and conquest upon this continent we find this throughout to be the dominant purpose. To the attainment of such ignoble though picturesque objects we see devoted all the heroic energies of these brave and strenuous though misguided men. Sometimes in the lurid story the heroism and the picturesqueness are so great that the historian is fain to forget all the other aspects of the case, and sit in wondering admiration. The annals of mankind may be searched in vain for another such magnificent exploit of knight-errantry as the conquest of Mexico by Cortez. The expeditions of De Soto to the Mississippi, and of Gonzalo Pizarro down the Amazon, abound in examples of almost preternatural heroism and endurance of suffering. Yet when we consider only their immediate purpose, there is little which the historian can seriously commend in these wild attempts to discover an El Dorado where riches may be obtained without labor. The annals of New Spain, however incomparably brilliant, have until lately been fraught with little result that is of permanent value. The principle of Spanish colonization was, from an economic point of view, rotten to the core; and accordingly, in the struggle for the possession of the best part of the New World, Spain soon drops out of sight, being quite outdistanced in the race by France and England. Nevertheless, so enormous was the sheer power of Spain at the time of the conquest—a concentrated power the like of which had not been seen in the world since the days of Trajan—that over all the southern portion of the New World she has left an enduring impression in language and laws. Though the original impulse from Spain, moreover, was not fruitful in great results, yet during the past century Spanish America has begun to enter upon a new life, under the influence of a new and healthy impulse from the United States. The whole of America to-day has come under the influence of the ideas which prevail in the English-speaking world, and from this new starting-point a great future may perhaps be in store for New Spain. But this shifting of the historic centre of influence from Spain to England shows only the more completely how thorough was the failure of mediæval Spain in the contest for the leadership of the American world.

But before we leave the Spaniards we have still to consider another feature of their character, which is to be largely attributed to their interminable warfare with Mohammedans. I refer to their unexampled bigotry. In the history of the Aryan race, the Spaniards are the bigots *par excellence*. It was in Spain that the Inquisition—most abominable and pernicious of human institutions—had its origin, and it was in Spain that men and women were burned at the stake for heresy so late in the world's history as 1781. Whatever may have been the Spanish character in ancient times, it is not difficult to see how eight centuries of warfare against invaders of an alien creed must have stamped it upon the mind of the nation that non-conformity in belief was an evil to be extirpated at whatever cost.

In the sixteenth century the Spaniard was naturally the most implacable foe which Protestantism had to confront. He was also the most formidable. In every country the party opposed to freedom and progress was also, for the time being, the Spanish party, and carried on intrigues with Spain which were more or less fraught with danger to national independence. The old King Philip II.—more treacherous and ferocious than any tiger of the jungle—with Italy and Portugal under his feet, and with designs upon every crown in Europe—to-day slaughtering Morisco women in the mountains of Granada; to-morrow burning Protestants

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by hundreds in the towns of Flanders; suggesting to the French court the atrocious massacre of St. Bartholomew; sending great fleets to inaugurate the same murderous work among our own liberty-loving ancestors—this terrible king, with his long monotonous career of perjury and assassination carried on in the name of the holy Christian religion, seems to me at once the most baleful and the most loathsome figure in the annals of mankind.

In those days it used to be said that wherever in Europe there turned up a really first-class job of murder, the King of Spain was sure to have been at the bottom of it. But no part of the earth was too remote for the wickedness of this monster; and his diabolical industry succeeded in casting a lurid glare over the first beginnings of the history of our own country. Every one knows that St. Augustine, in Florida, is the oldest town in the United States, and that it was founded by Spaniards in 1565; but it may not be so generally remembered that the founding of St. Augustine was marked with a deed of blood as abominable and as appalling as anything recorded in history. The first considerable scene in the annals of what are now the United States was the perfidious massacre of a Huguenot colony by Spanish bigots.

Fifty-eight years before the arrival of the English Puritans at Plymouth, a party of French Huguenots set sail from Havre, with similar intent of founding a colony in America, where they might worship God after their own manner without let or hinderance. Unlike the Puritans, however, these Huguenots had no matured plans for forming a community which might be self-supporting, but they looked for aid from the government, at least in so far as it was represented by the illustrious Coligny, Admiral of France. The expedition in reality was little else but a military colony inaugurated under the auspices of Coligny. It was conducted by Jean Ribaut, a hardy Huguenot of Dieppe, and on the 1st of May, 1562, they made the coast of Florida, and entered the St. John's River. Skirting northward along the coast, by way of preliminary exploration, they reached and named Port Royal in what is now South Carolina. Here they built a small fortress, and leaving thirty men in charge of it, Ribaut started back for France, hoping shortly to return with more ships, men, and supplies. The thirty who were left were mostly common soldiers, with two or three noble gentlemen, and not one of them knew how to till the soil or do any regular work. So they lived on the hospitality of the friendly Indians, until the latter, who had at first esteemed them as children of the sun, began to despise them as sturdy beggars. Then when hunger began to pinch them, they mutinied, and slew their commander. At last, with the fury of despair, though there was not a carpenter among them, they resolved to build a ship and return to France. Cutting down forest trees, and working with Herculean effort, they succeeded in patching together some kind of a crazy vessel, and calked it with Spanish moss, and pieced their shirts and blankets together for sails, and so trusted themselves to the sea. The waves came within little of beating their feeble tub to pieces, their corn gave out, and they ate their own shoes. They began to cast lots for each other's lives, and one of the company had already been devoured by the rest, when, just as, after all this agony, the French coast rose before them, they were captured by an English cruiser, and carried off prisoners to London.

The return of Ribaut had been delayed by the breaking out of war at home between the Huguenots and the Guise party; but in 1563 the Truce of Amboise made things quiet for a while, and in the following year a new expedition set out for Florida, under the leadership of Ribaut's friend, René de Laudonnière, a pious and valiant knight, and a kinsman of Coligny. This company was much larger and better equipped than the former, but there was the same essential vice in its composition. There were plenty of soldiers and gentlemen unused to labor, and a few clever mechanics and tradesmen, but no tillers of the soil. In France, indeed, the rural population remained wedded to the old faith, and there were no Protestant yeomen as in England. The new expedition landed at the St. John's River, and built a fort near its mouth, which, in honor of Charles IX., was called Fort Caroline. This work off their hands, they devoted themselves to injudicious intrigues with the Indian potentates of the neighborhood, explored the country for gold, and sent home to France for more assistance. Then they began to be mutinous, and various futile plots were laid for the assassination

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of the virtuous Laudonnière. Worst of all in its consequences, buccaneering was resorted to. A gang of malcontents stole two of the pinnaces and set out for the coast of Cuba, where, after capturing a small Spanish vessel, they were obliged to go ashore for food. Seized and carried before the authorities at Havana, they sought to make things right for themselves by giving full information of the settlement at Fort Caroline, and this ill-omened news was not slow in finding its way to the ears of the King of Spain. The news reached Philip at a moment most opportune for his purposes. He had just appointed an *adelantado*, or governor-general, for his viceroyalty of Florida—Pedro Menendez de Avilès, a man after his own heart, an admirable soldier and matchless liar, with the courage of a mastiff and the ferocity of a wolf. This man Menendez was to be Governor of all North America, from the Mexican frontier to the Arctic Ocean, for such was the comprehensive meaning of Florida in those days. So little was as yet known of this great country beyond the mere coast-line, that Chesapeake Bay was supposed to afford a northwest passage to India. Menendez was empowered to investigate this and other such geographical questions as might concern the commercial advantage of Spain. But it was above all enjoined upon him to convert the Indians, and to burn as many of them as should prove contumacious. Such, in general, were the instructions of the new viceroy. But a more specific object now presented itself for immediate action; for just as Menendez was preparing to start, there came the news of the ill-fated colony of Laudonnière. These heretics were trespassers on the territory which Pope Alexander VI. had assigned to the Spanish crown, and both as trespassers and as heretics they must be exterminated. Rumor had added, too, that Ribaut was expected from France with a large armament, so that no time was to be lost. The force at Menendez's disposal was largely increased, and on the 29th of June, 1565, he set sail from Cadiz, with eleven ships and more than a thousand fighting men, hoping, if possible, to forestall the arrival of the French commander.

Meanwhile it had fared badly with the colony at Fort Caroline. Mutiny had been checked by the summary execution of three or four ringleaders, but famine had set in, and they had come to blows with the Indians. Events succeeded each other curiously. On the 3d of August, in the depth of their distress, Elizabeth's doughty sea-king, Sir John Hawkins, touched at the mouth of the St. John's, and gave them food and wine, and offered them a free passage to France in his own ships, and on Laudonnière's refusal, left with them a ship that they might make the voyage by themselves. On the 28th of August Ribaut at last arrived with seven ships and three hundred men and ample supplies. On the 4th of September, toward midnight, appeared the Spanish fleet!

The squadron of Menendez had undergone great hardships on the way, but unfortunately had escaped total wreck. Five of the vessels now arrived, but after exchanging defiances with the French, and spending the remainder of the night in idle skirmishing, Menendez concluded not to risk a direct attack, and crept off down the coast until he came to the site of St. Augustine. Some five hundred negroes had been brought on the fleet, and were at once set to work throwing up intrenchments. "Such," says Mr. Parkman, "was the birth of the oldest town of the United States, and such the introduction of slave labor upon their soil."

One of the French ships, hanging on their rear, had taken note of these proceedings, and hurried back to Fort Caroline with the information. Now ensued an anxious council of war. Three courses were open to the French. To remain where they were and hold the fort was perhaps the safest policy, but it would leave their ships exposed to the Spaniards. To push overland for St. Augustine was certainly the boldest, and therefore perhaps the wisest course, but it would equally expose the ships, and the route through the ill-explored forest was fraught with peril. It was finally decided to leave Laudonnière with a small force to garrison the fort, while Ribaut by a sudden naval attack should overwhelm the Spanish fleet, and then pounce upon the troops at St. Augustine before their intrenchments were completed. This plan seemed to combine caution with boldness, and probably nothing but the treachery of wind and weather prevented its success. On the 10th of September Ribaut set sail, and early next morning his whole fleet bore down upon the astonished and terrified Spaniards. But before they could come to action there sprang up a tremendous equinoctial gale,

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which drove the French vessels out to sea, and raged so fiercely for several days as to render it morally certain that, wherever they might be, they could not have effected a return to their fort. It was now the turn of Menendez to take the offensive. He comprehended the plan of Ribaut, and saw how to foil it. Two or three days were spent before his followers could be wrought up to the requisite pitch of audacity. But on the morning of the 17th, the storm still raging with such fury that no man could be thought fool-hardy enough to encounter it, Menendez started forth, with five hundred men and a couple of Indian guides, to force his way through the well-nigh impenetrable forest. For thrice twenty-four hours they waded through swamps and forded swollen brooks, struggling with tall grass and fighting with hatchets the tangled wilderness of underbrush, until just before dawn of the 20th, drenched with rain, covered from head to foot with mud, torn with briers, fainting with hunger and weariness, but more than ever maddened with bigotry and hate, this wolfish company swept down the slope before Fort Caroline. The surprise was complete, and the defenses, which might barely have sufficed against an Indian assault, were of no avail to keep out these more determined foes. Resistance was short and feeble. Laudonnière and a few others escaped into the woods, whence, a few days later, they sought the shore, and were picked up by a friendly vessel and carried home to France. Of those who remained in the fort, men, women, and children, to the number of one hundred and forty-two, were butchered; about fifty women and children were spared, though Menendez afterward, in his letter to the king, reproached himself for this moment of clemency.

While these things were taking place on the land, the ships of Jean Ribaut were hopelessly buffeting the waves. One after another they were all wrecked somewhere below Matanzas Inlet, a dozen miles south of St. Augustine. Most of the crews and troops were saved, and, collecting in two bodies, began to work their way toward Fort Caroline. On the 28th of September the first body, some two hundred in number, had halted at Matanzas Inlet, which they had no obvious means of crossing, when they encountered Menendez, who, with a scouting party of sixty or seventy, was on the look-out for them. The two parties were on opposite sides of the broad river, or arm of the sea, and the Spaniard so disposed his force among the bushes that it was impossible for the enemy to estimate their real number. A boat was then sent out, and three or four French officers were decoyed across the river under promise of safety. They now learned that their fort was destroyed, and their wives and comrades murdered, and they were requested, in courteous terms, to lay down their arms and intrust themselves to the clemency of Menendez. Hard as it was, there seemed to be nothing else to do; starvation was the only alternative, and after some parley it was decided to surrender. The arms were first sent across the river, and then the prisoners were brought over, ten at a time, each party being escorted by twenty Spaniards. As each party of ten arrived, they were led behind a sand-hill some distance from the bank, and their hands were tied behind their backs. The whole day was consumed in these proceedings, and at sunset, when the whole company of Huguenots had been thus delivered defenseless into the hands of their enemy, they were all murdered in cold blood. Not one was left alive to tell the tale.

A day or two later, Ribaut himself, with three hundred and fifty men, his entire remaining force, arrived at the inlet, and found Menendez duly ambushed to receive him. The same odious scene was re-enacted. The Frenchmen were informed of the ruin of their fort, but were treated with extreme courtesy, regaled with bread and wine, and coaxed to surrender. This time there was a difference of opinion. Some two hundred declared that they would rather be devoured by the Indians than trust to the clemency of a Spaniard, and they marched off into the forest. The remaining hundred and fifty, with Ribaut, were ferried across in small detachments, disarmed and bound, as had been done to their comrades, and when all had been collected together, all but five were put to death. That is to say, five were spared, but besides these, one sailor who was not quite killed contrived to crawl away, and after many strange adventures made his way back to France to tell the horrid tale. From this sailor and from one of the five who were spared we get the French account of the affair. The Spanish account we have from Menendez himself, who writes about the massacre to the

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king as coolly as if he were writing about the slaughter of cattle. The two accounts substantially agree, except as regards the promise of safety by which the Frenchmen were induced to surrender. Menendez represents himself as having resorted to a pious fraud in using an equivocal form of words, but the Frenchmen declare that he promised most explicitly to spare them, and even swore it upon the cross. When we consider that the form used, whatever it may have been, was such as to prevail upon the bold and wary Ribaut to surrender, the latter account seems far the more probable. In either case we have an act of atrocious perfidy such as even the annals of Spain can but seldom have surpassed.

This terrible blow was the end of the Huguenot colony in Florida. Of the remnant of Ribaut's force which did not surrender some disappeared among the Indians, and many, no doubt, perished. Many were captured by Menendez, and these he spared, being now satiated with slaughter, and having been roundly blamed for his cruelty by several of his less bloodthirsty followers. From his murder-loving master, however, Menendez received warm approval for his ferocity, relieved by a slight hint of disapprobation for his scant and tardy humanity. "Tell him," said Philip, "that as to those he has killed he has done well, and as to those he has saved, they shall be sent to the galleys."

This massacre of Frenchmen by Spaniards was perpretrated in a season of peace between the two governments. It was a direct insult to France, inasmuch as the Huguenot expeditions had been undertaken with the royal commission. But Charles IX. stood in awe of Philip, and would not call him to account, though the honor of France was at stake, and the relatives of the murdered men called loudly for vengeance. Redress was not far off, however; but it came in a most unexpected way, and at the hands of a private gentleman.

Dominique de Gourgues was a Gascon of noble birth, who had won high distinction in the Italian wars and in various naval enterprises. Whether he was Catholic or Protestant has never been determined; but he was a patriotic Frenchman, and had no mind to see his countrymen butchered with impunity by Spaniards. If no one else would take up the quarrel, he at least would not rest until the affair was set right. So he sold his family estate, and borrowed money besides, and fitted out three small vessels, and enlisted some two hundred men. From the king's lieutenant, the famous Blaise de Montluc, he obtained a commission to kidnap negroes, and in August, 1567, he set sail for Africa. After more or less cruising about during the autumn and winter, he crossed the Atlantic to the coast of Cuba, and there revealed his purpose to his astonished followers. To incite them to avenge their murdered countrymen required but little persuasion. With eager enthusiasm they turned their prows toward Florida, and early one morning in March, 1568, they came to anchor some forty miles north of the St. John's River. The Indians were overjoyed at their arrival. At first these savages had regarded Menendez with great admiration for his consummate craftiness and the thorough-going way in which he disposed of his enemies. But their admiration changed to vindictive hatred as soon as the craft and cruelty of the Spaniards were directed against themselves. Of the three great peoples who have competed for the mastery of North America, the French seem best to have understood the art of humoring and cajoling the Indian so as to retain his good-will. The English settlers usually treated the natives with cold dislike, and had as little to do with them as possible; except where self-defense required it, they seldom went out of their way to injure them. The Spaniards, on the other hand, whether by way of saving the Indian's soul, or in order to coerce him to labor, or, as too often happened, out of mere wanton mischief, usually contrived to inflict upon him unendurable torment and woe. One of the most dreadful books that ever has been written is that in which Las Casas describes the treatment of the natives of the West Indies by their Spanish conquerors.

During the two years and a half that had elapsed since the massacre of St. Augustine the Indians had found ample cause to regret their change of neighbors. On the arrival of Gourgues they hailed him as a deliverer, and flocked to his standard in such numbers that he at once undertook to surround and overwhelm the Spanish garrison, although it consisted of at least four hundred men. The march was conducted with great secrecy and celerity. The Spaniards, not dreaming that there could be any Frenchmen within three thousand miles of

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Florida, had grown careless about their watch, and were completely surprised. At mid-day, just as they had finished their dinner, the French and Indians came swarming upon them from all points of the compass. A wild panic ensued, the works were all carried, and the defenders slaughtered. Of the whole Spanish force, it is said, not a man escaped the sword, save some fifteen or twenty, whom Gourgues reserved for a more ignominious fate, and to point a moral, as it were, to this most extraordinary tale. At the capture of Fort Caroline, Menendez had hanged several of his prisoners to trees near by, and nailed above them a board with the inscription, "Not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans." Gourgues now led the fifteen or twenty survivors to these same trees, and after reading them a severe lecture, hanged them all, and nailed above them the inscription, "Not as to Spaniards, but as to traitors and murderers." The fort was then totally demolished, so that not a beam or a stone was left in place. And so, having done his work with exemplary thoroughness, the terrible Gourgues immediately set sail for France.

In the matter of repartee we must admit that Gourgues was quite successful. The retort would have had still more point if Menendez himself had been one of the hanged. But, unfortunately for the requirements of poetic justice, the principal traitor and murderer was then in Spain, whence he returned a couple of years later, to rebuild his fort and go on converting the Indians.

With the romantic exploit of Gourgues, the story of the Huguenots in Florida comes to an end. The story no doubt has its historic importance, over and above its romantic interest. Unpromising as was the beginning of the Florida colony, it was no more unpromising than the earliest attempts to settle Canada and Louisiana. In the brief glimpses that we get of Ribaut we can plainly discern the outlines of a heroic character worthy of a Champlain or a Lasalle—a character which would have persevered until some great result had been accomplished. And had it not been for the untoward accidents which delivered him helpless into the hands of the Spaniards, it is not at all unlikely that the beginning of the seventeenth century might have seen France acquire a firm foot-hold to the south of Virginia as well as to the north of New England. Menendez himself paid some such kind of tribute to the capacity of his antagonist, when he wrote to Philip that by killing Ribaut he conceived himself to have dealt a heavier blow to France than if he had defeated an army. It is useless to inquire too curiously as to what might have happened; but we can see how this violent overthrow of the French in the South removed what might have been one additional obstacle in the way of the English, when France and England came to struggle for the mastery of the New World.

Neither France nor England paid much respect to the papal decree which assigned the whole of North America to Spain, but each nation laid claim to this country by right of priority in discovery, and each in practice took as much as it could lay hands upon. The question of absolute priority would be a very difficult one to settle, for while the voyage of John Cabot in 1497 might be cited in behalf of the English claim, there is reason to believe that both Basque and Breton fishermen had found their way to the cod banks of Newfoundland a year or two earlier. During the sixteenth century the French showed on the whole more activity than their neighbors in exploring the North American coasts. In 1524, Verrazzano, a Florentine navigator in the service of Francis I., explored the entire coast from North Carolina to Nova Scotia; but the staggering blows inflicted on the French arms by Spain in the Italian campaigns of this and the following year prevented the further prosecution of the enterprise. Ten years later, in 1534, Jacques Cartier began a series of voyages for the purpose of discovering a northwest passage to India. By this time the discoveries of Magellan had begun to make it clear that America was not exactly Asia, but no idea had been formed of the vast breadth of this continent, and wherever a great opening appeared, such as Chesapeake Bay or the mouth of the St. Lawrence, it was at first supposed to afford an opportunity of reaching the Pacific Ocean and the Asiatic coast. The voyages of Cartier resulted in the exploration of the St. Lawrence as far as the site of Montreal, and in the attempt to found a colony. But this attempt was defeated by famine and scurvy in 1542. The energies of France were soon absorbed in her religious wars, and, with the exception of the Florida enterprise whose tragic history we have above surveyed, nothing

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more is heard of French colonization in America until this frightful period of anarchy had been brought to a close by the overthrow of the Leaguers and the accession of Henri IV. Meanwhile England had entered the lists. In 1576, Frobisher entered the Arctic Ocean in search of a northwest passage; in 1579, Drake sailed up the Pacific as far as the coast of Oregon; in 1585, Raleigh began the exploration of North Carolina and Virginia. The first child of English parents born on the soil of the United States was Virginia Dare, born on Roanoke Island August 18, 1587. Just twenty years after this the history of English America fairly begins with the settlement of Jamestown in 1607. During the first decade of the seventeenth century several English voyagers visited the coasts of Massachusetts and Maine. The expeditions of Champlain, on the other hand, began in 1603, and Quebec was founded in 1608. So that, although the French were a little earlier in the field, yet if we look at the dates when the work of colonization began in earnest, we may say that the origins of New France and New England were contemporaneous.

Samuel de Champlain, founder of Quebec and Montreal, discoverer of the beautiful lake which bears his name, and of the great lakes Ontario and Huron, for thirty-two years the mainstay and dependence of Canadian colonization, and foremost among the pioneers of New France, was a hero to whom any people might delight to do reverence. On the long honor-roll of French chivalry there are few names that shine with a brighter or purer lustre. In his character there was much that reminds one of the highest type of mediæval knight—of a Godfrey or a St. Louis; yet combined with this was that keen scientific curiosity which in our own day animates a Baker or a Livingstone. His piety and probity were equal to his courage and endurance, and these qualities were united with a tact which made him the idol of Indians and white men alike.

Champlain was not merely the founder of the Canadian colony, but he impressed upon it most of the principal features of its policy, internal and external. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that these features were determined by the position of the colony and the circumstances of French society; it is none the less true that they assumed a permanent character during Champlain's lifetime and in accordance with his views. That curious combination of mercantile with missionary enterprise, the black-robed Jesuit and the trader in beaver-skins perpetually jostling each other; the attempt to reproduce, in this uncongenial soil, the institutions of a feudalism already doomed in the Old World; the policy of fraternization with the Indians, and participation in their never-ending intertribal quarrels; and the tendency toward territorial aggrandizement on a great scale, carried on by means of far-reaching exploration and subtle alliances, with the systematic establishment of well-selected military posts—all these peculiarities, which give to early Canadian history such rare and fascinating interest, were distinctly brought out between the time when Quebec was founded and the death of Champlain on the Christmas of 1635.

Second only to Champlain among the heroes of Canadian history stands Robert Cavelier de la Salle—a man of iron if ever there was one—a man austere and cold in manner, and endowed with such indomitable pluck and perseverance as have never been surpassed in this world. He did more than any other man to extend the dominion of France in the New World. As Champlain had founded the colony of Canada and opened the way to the great lakes, so La Salle completed the discovery of the Mississippi, and added to the French possessions the vast province of Louisiana. In 1541 De Soto had discovered the Mississippi River, and ascended it perhaps as far as New Madrid, but the Spaniards had never carried on further exploration in this quarter, and De Soto's achievements lapsed nearly or quite into oblivion. The approaches of the French were made from the north. In 1639 Jean Nicollet reached the Wisconsin, and heard of a great water beyond, which was no doubt the Mississippi, but which he, of course, took to be the Pacific Ocean, or whatever water might afford a passage to China. In the following years the Jesuit missionaries penetrated as far as Lake Superior, and settlements were founded at Saut Ste. Marie and at Michilimackinac, in the extreme north of Michigan. In 1669 La Salle made his first journey to the west, hoping to find a northwest passage to China, but very little is known about this expedition, except that the Ohio River was discovered, and perhaps also the Illinois. La Salle's feudal domain of St.

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Sulpice, some eight miles from Montreal, bears to day the name of La Chine, or China, which is said to have been applied to it in derision of this fruitless expedition. In 1673 the priest Marquette and the fur-trader Joliet actually reached the Mississippi by way of the Wisconsin, and sailed down the great river as far as the mouth of the Arkansas; and now the life-work of La Salle began in earnest. He formed a grand project for exploring the Mississippi to its mouth, and determining whether it flowed into the Gulf of California or the Gulf of Mexico. The advance of Spain on the side of Mexico was to be checked forever, the English were to be confined to the east of the Alleghanies, and such military posts were to be established as would effectually confirm the authority of Louis XIV. throughout the centre of this continent. La Salle had but little ready money, and was surrounded by rivals and enemies; but he had a powerful friend in Count Frontenac, the Viceroy of Canada, a man of heroic mould like himself, though of smaller calibre and coarser fibre. At length, after surmounting innumerable difficulties, a vessel was built and launched on the Niagara River, a small party of thirty or forty men were gathered together, and La Salle, having just recovered from a treacherous dose of poison, embarked on his great enterprise. His departure was clouded by the news that his impatient creditors had laid hands upon his Canadian estates; but, nothing daunted, he pushed on through lakes Erie and Huron, and after many disasters reached the southern extremity of Lake Michigan. The vessel was now sent back, with half the party, to Niagara, carrying furs to appease the creditors and purchase additional supplies for the remainder of the journey, while La Salle with his diminished company pushed on to the Illinois, where a fort was built, and appropriately named Fort Crèvecœur, or, as we might translate it, the "fort of the breaking heart." Here, amid perils of famine, mutiny, and Indian attack, and exposed to death from the wintry cold, they waited until it became evident to all that their vessel must have perished. She never was heard from again, and most likely had foundered on her perilous voyage. To add to the trouble, La Salle was again poisoned; but his iron constitution, aided by some lucky antidote, again carried him safely through the ordeal, and about the first of March, 1680, he started on foot for Montreal. Leaving Fort Crèvecœur and its tiny garrison under command of his faithful lieutenant, Tonty, he set out with four Frenchmen and one Mohegan guide, who for his bravery regarded him as something superhuman; and these six men fought their way eastward through the trackless wilderness, now floundering through the melting snow, now bivouacking with their clothes stiffened with frost, now stopping to make a bark canoe, now crossing streams on the floating ice-cakes like the runaway slave-girl in *Uncle Tom's Cabin:* in such desperate plight as this they made their way for a thousand miles across Michigan and western Canada to Niagara, and so on to Montreal. I say "*they* made their way," but it was only La Salle who reached Montreal. The others, even to the Indian, gave out on reaching Lake Ontario, and La Salle had to ferry them as invalids in a bark canoe across to Niagara, whence he continued his journey with three fresh men. Thus the college-bred man, the gentleman who had been reared in luxury, surpassed in endurance the savage and the hunters inured to the forest, because his lofty thoughts conspired with his hardy frame to carry out the behests of his unconquerable will.

At Niagara La Salle learned that a ship from France, freighted for him with a cargo worth more than twenty thousand livres, had been wrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and nothing had been saved.

In spite of this dreadful blow he contrived to get together supplies and re-enforcements at Montreal, and had returned to Fort Frontenac, at the lower end of Lake Ontario, when still more woful tidings were received. Here, toward the end of July, a message came from the fortress so well named Crèvecœur. The garrison had mutinied and destroyed the fort, and made their way back through Michigan. Recruiting their ranks with other worthless freebooters, they had plundered the station at Niagara, and were now cruising about Lake Ontario in canoes, hoping to kill La Salle for fear he should punish their misdeeds. It was these wretches themselves, however, that fell into the pit they had dug. The indignant commander instantly pursued them on the lake with a fleet of canoes, overtook, defeated, and captured them, and sent them in chains to be dealt with by the viceroy. After this

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prompt chastisement, he proceeded again to the Illinois to reconstruct his fort, and rescue, if possible, his lieutenant Tonty and the few faithful followers who had survived the mutiny. This little party, abandoned in the wilderness, had found shelter among the Illinois Indians; but during the summer of 1680 the great village or town of the Illinois was destroyed by the Iroquois, and the hard-pressed Frenchmen retreated up the western shore of Lake Michigan to Green Bay. On arriving at the Illinois, therefore, La Salle found nothing but the terrible traces of fire and massacre and cannibal orgies; but he spent the following winter to good purpose in securing the friendship of the western Indians, and in making an alliance with them against the Iroquois. Then, in May, 1681, he set out again for Canada, to look after his creditors and obtain new resources; on the way home, at the outlet of Lake Michigan, he met his friend Tonty, and together they paddled their canoes a thousand miles, and came to Fort Frontenac.

So, after all this hardship and disaster, the work was to be begun anew; and the enemies of the great explorer were exulting in what they imagined must be his despair. But that was a word of which La Salle knew not the meaning, and now his fortunes began to change. In Mr. Parkman's words, "Fate at length seemed tired of the conflict with so stubborn an adversary." At this third venture everything went smoothly. The little fleet passed up the great lakes, from the outlet of Ontario to the head of Michigan, and gained the Chicago River. Crossing the narrow portage, they descended the Illinois and the Mississippi till they came out upon the Gulf of Mexico; and on the 9th of April, 1682, the fleurs-de-lis were planted at the mouth of the great river, and all the country drained by its tributaries, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, was formally declared to be the property of the King of France, and named after him Louisiana.

Returning up the river after his triumph, La Salle founded a station or small colony on the Illinois, which he called St. Louis, and leaving Tonty in command, kept on to Canada, and crossed to France for means to circumvent his enemies, and complete his far-reaching schemes. A colony was to be founded at the mouth of the Mississippi, and military stations were to connect this with the French settlement in Canada. At the French court La Salle was treated like a hero, and a fine expedition was soon fitted out, but everything was ruined by jealousy and ill-will between La Salle and the naval commander, Beaujeu. The fleet sailed beyond the mouth of the Mississippi, the colony was thrown upon the coast of Texas, some of the vessels were wrecked, and Beaujeu—though apparently without sinister design—sailed away with the rest, and two years of terrible suffering followed. At last, in March, 1687, La Salle started to find the Mississippi, hoping to ascend it to Tonty's fort on the Illinois, and obtain relief for his followers. But he had scarcely set out on this desperate enterprise when two or three mutinous wretches of his party laid an ambush for him in the forest, and shot him dead.

Thus, at the early age of forty-three, perished this extraordinary man, with his life-work but half accomplished. Yet his labors had done much toward building up the imposing dominion with which New France confronted New England in the following century; and vast as were his schemes when compared with his resources, they were conceived with statesman-like sagacity, and but for circumstances lying deeper in the structure of French and English society than any statesman could have been expected to fathom, they might ultimately and by other hands have been gloriously realized. As it was, the colony of Louisiana was planted by Iberville some twelve years after La Salle's death; but two generations more had not passed away before the Mississippi Valley was partitioned between England and Spain. Could La Salle have looked forward to the victory of Wolfe and its immediate consequences, could he have beheld the realm of New France for which he had toiled so bravely given over forever to Englishmen and Protestants, the blow would, I doubt not, have been harder than any he had actually been called upon to endure. Yet could still wider forecast of the future have been vouchsafed him, he might have seen that what he had failed to achieve for France had been achieved for America and for mankind. America will in the future revere him as one of the chief among her early heroes, and mankind will not refuse him that meed of praise which is accorded to those that endure to the end.

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PRUDENCE.

I.

THE first time Prudence Marlitt appeared in English society was at a dance at the Jamison-Poynsetts'. Mrs. Poynsett, as every one knows, is the wife of the famous R.A., and is herself a leader of æsthetic fashion in that region hovering between Kensington and Belgravia, and known as "Passionate Brompton." The highest forms of art, culture, and even science are expressed within the Poynsetts' hospitable walls; all the impressive social influences of the day gather new force when diffused by Mrs. Poynsett or her daughters; young poets can put their emotional impressions into verse when gazing upon the dado of Mrs. Poynsett's inner drawing-room; artists can gather that inspiration needed for their work by studying the willowy angles and sadly sunken eyes of the elder Miss Poynsett; yet there is nothing oppressive in the suggestions of the beautiful house—in the courtesy and grace of its occupants. They are "æsthetes," and they look forward to something even more æsthetic in the future, but the young ladies are very young, and still human enough to enjoy a dance; so that once or twice in the season cards are issued for an evening which will include some hours devoted to Terpsichore. But, at the same time, Mrs. Poynsett's friends well know what is required of them, even on such an occasion, in the way of costume. The *feelings* as well as the tastes of the company must be consulted; for are we not so delicately organized to-day that we must be saved any kind of artistic shock? As Barley Simmonson, a constant visitor at the Poynsetts', remarked, "There is power to *pain*—actually to pain—in that shade of our youth known as magenta or solferino, just as there is the power to lull anguish into calm"—and here Mr. Simmonson smiled with ineffable tenderness—"in Bordone's reds."

On the evening in question two American ladies made their way rather late toward the room where Mrs. Poynsett was receiving her guests. They approached with that air which comes less of beauty and grace than of social distinction. They were both young, and handsome as American women are expected to be abroad, but the younger and unmarried sister had the charm of a peculiar piquant intellectuality. It was difficult to say wherein this was expressed. She had delicate, dark eyebrows, rather inclined to be supercilious; eyes and lips ready enough to be merry, yet full of thought; a nose and chin that were nearly faultless; and a profusion of the softest brown hair coiled *à la Grecque* low upon her neck. She was bright and lovely, and I am sure she knew precisely how valuable such adjuncts to a young lady's appearance in society are, yet there was not a touch of arrogance in her manner. She wore her costume of pale yellow brocade, with its flutterings of old lace and quaintly wrought silver ornaments, as easily as she would have worn her riding-habit in the Row; yet something half amused at her own way of contributing to the artistic effect of the company was evident in the pose of her charming head, in the smile which curved her pretty mouth. The elder lady, whose good looks were of the reddish-blonde type so favored to-day, was dressed, with great effect, in a gown the cut and color of which reminded one strongly of Titian's women. She was an ardent disciple of the new gospel of the "æsthetes," and felt herself one of a chosen few, but she moved with the languorous grace necessary when one has yards of plush and satin to consider, and seemed to have no idea or desire of creating a sensation. The dark and the blonde beauty, however, were peculiarly charming as they came up the crowded corridor, and the names, "Mrs. Boyce and Miss Armory," duly announced, caused a certain degree of interest among the people gathered about the first doorway.

"At last!" said Mrs. Poynsett, holding out a friendly, tired hand. "Now, my dear, where is your wicked husband?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Boyce, with her pretty smile, "he was *so* sorry! But at the last moment an American friend turned up, and he could not possibly leave."

"And are you ready to dance, Helena?" said the hostess, looking at Miss Armory with fond admiration. "You American girls are always in demand. There is young Benison looking at you, and I know what that means."

"Of course I am ready to dance," said Helena Armory, "and Dick Benison is a

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"MRS. BOYCE AND MISS ARMORY."

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capital partner; but, dear Mrs. Poynsett, can't we stay here a moment to look on? It is all so beautiful!"

A dance necessarily makes decoration out of place, but in this first room enough of color remained to give an Oriental splendor to the scene. Heavy and pompous as were the fabrics, the wax lights and the languid fragrances filling the room softened the effect, making it almost like some bit of dreamland. Against the rich and somewhat fanciful background the artistic figures were most effective. In the distance the dancers were whirling to the strains of the "Sweethearts" waltz. Nearer to the archway in which Miss Armory and her sister were standing were various suggestive groups: pretty girls in quaint gowns; dowagers splendid in diamonds and æsthetic colors; one or two fashionable beauties reviving the last century in their attire and their frivolous animation; people with nothing to do or to say trying to extract intensity from the brilliancy of their surroundings. Miss Armory was used to such companies, and knew what to expect, yet she enjoyed looking about her with good-humored criticism before she responded to the appeals of young Mr. Benison.

It was in this first careless survey of the room that Prudence Marlitt came in view—a girl of twenty-one or two, dazzlingly pretty, sitting against a gorgeous screen, which made a background whose brilliancy seemed only to enforce her own. She was gazing eagerly at her companion, Barley Simmonson himself, and her uplifted face shone beneath the radiance of candle-light with charming effect. There was a certain splendor in her eyes, a Southern tint in complexion that made her reddish-brown hair peculiar; but Miss Armory's memory, stored with all that was precious in Continental art, failed her as she tried to think of anything so lovely as this girl sitting in a shabby white muslin gown against the splendid screen. She was talking to Simmonson with an air that was simply adorable; there came a dimple in her cheek as she smiled, showing her pretty teeth; a

"THERE WAS A CERTAIN SPLENDOR IN HER EYES."

child-like radiance was about her mouth and eyes; but it was difficult, thought Miss Armory, to decide whether the girl were thoroughly versed in the arts of coquetry, or a Miranda, "untravelled and unseen."

"Oh, I see whom you are looking at," exclaimed Mrs. Poynsett. "That is an American girl—a Miss Marlitt. I think she is the loveliest creature on earth. But was there ever such a gown!"

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"Lovely! She is perfect," said Mrs. Boyce. "An American? Helena, we knew some Marlitts once."

"I am really quite bothered about her," said Mrs. Poynsett, sinking her voice. "All the men in the room are talking about her, yet, do you know, she has come entirely alone! *Quite* unchaperoned! I suppose it might do in America, but it certainly looks odd in London."

"Dear Mrs. Poynsett," exclaimed Mrs. Boyce, opening her gray eyes widely, "it would *not* do in America. There must be some mistake; and she looks such a perfect lady! Did you invite a chaperon?"

"Of course. She has just come to London with her aunt, a Mrs. Crane. They brought a letter to me from Colonel Wheeler; but all this divine young thing did when she appeared this evening was to apologize for her aunt's being obliged to stay at home. A cold or something! In a minute more I had to introduce half a dozen men to her. Barley Simmonson, as you see, is tremendously taken with her, but he'll tell every man at the 'Arts' about it to-morrow.—My dear Helena, how lovely your yellow gown is! Quite as good as Ellen Terry's.—How do you do, Mrs. Jenness?"

And Mrs. Poynsett's kindly hand began again to be engrossed. Mrs. Boyce and her sister remained silent a moment, watching Prudence with deep admiration. Mrs. Boyce is a most decided person. To watch her languid movements, her slow smile, her sleepy gray eyes, you would never think her capable of any impulsive action, but at heart she is one of the most impetuous women I know. When Mrs. Poynsett had finished speaking, there was a peculiar glow upon Mrs. Boyce's face.

"Helena," she said to her sister, "wait here a moment. I think I can arrange it for that poor child."

And so saying, she deliberately crossed the room to the peacock screen, where she smiled pleasantly upon Prudence and Lord Bairham's heir.

Barley Simmonson was conducting the conversation; but Miss Marlitt was listening, with her charming smile and little words now and then of assent, wonder, dissent perhaps, or interrogation. Into the conversation Mrs. Boyce came with a graceful sweep of her draperies which attracted Simmonson's attention.

"My dear," she said, in her soft voice, laying one hand upon Miss Marlitt's shabby sleeve, "I don't think I can let you dance much more to-night"; and with that the accomplished hypocrite beamed upon the young man. "Don't persist, Mr. Simmonson; I can't let Miss Marlitt tire herself, or her aunt will think me a very poor chaperon."

And before any one of the three had time to think about it, Barley Simmonson had bowed and moved away. Prudence had made room for her impromptu chaperon upon the crimson bench, and was looking at her with a wondering, lovely gaze. Mrs. Boyce was perfectly undisturbed.

II.

"My dear," said Mrs. Boyce, "you must excuse me for what I have done; I thought you would be glad afterward. You see, in London a girl is criticised for coming to an evening party alone, and—I am an American myself—I know how English people can talk of us sometimes. Do you understand me?" and Alice Boyce looked at the girl with gentle friendliness.

Little Miss Marlitt flashed one of her sweet looks upon her new friend. There was humility, gratitude, comprehension, in her glance.

"Oh, of *course*, I understand," she exclaimed, quickly, putting one of her hands into Mrs. Boyce's. "How good of you!" The color swept across the girl's cheeks; her voice trembled. "How thoughtful! Oh, thank you! Yes, yes, I know. My aunt could not come, but she said it would be too bad to disappoint me, and Jonas Fielding, a friend of ours, brought me to the door, and will call for me at one o'clock. Have I done anything *very* dreadful?" she added, wistfully, and cast a nervous glance in the direction of Mrs. Poynsett's magnificent shoulders.

At this Mrs. Boyce grew very encouraging. She tried to set the girl completely at ease, and there was a charm in her manner which Prudence, in spite of her bewilderment, felt at once. She looked at the pretty, splendidly dressed young woman with soft gratitude.

"I am Mrs. Boyce," said that lady, "and you must consider me your chaperon for the evening. Now will you tell me all about yourself, dear? I shall see that your partners are not all frightened away."

Prudence gave Mrs. Boyce's hand another pressure. "There is not much to

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tell," she said, simply; and she told her meagre little history with an air of charming frankness. To begin with, she said they came from Ponkamak, in Maine; she was an orphan, educated by Jonas Fielding's father, and lately she had lived with her aunt, Mrs. Crane; she had been at school in Boston for a year; she had taught school herself for three or four months. Although these seemed but the dullest outlines, there really was little shading to put in. Prudence Marlitt, up to the present hour, had certainly led the colorless existence which with so many American women in the country grows grayer and grayer as years go by. She talked of herself with absolute simplicity, yet with an air that showed her practical common-sense. Mrs. Boyce understood her perfectly: she had thought out life, but had never lived; she had read and studied hard, no doubt, with no opportunity for exchanging an idea; and now she was unquestionably the most charming object in one of the most renowned drawing-rooms of London. The suggestiveness of it all was to Mrs. Boyce peculiarly striking.

"My aunt is very much interested in women's rights," Miss Marlitt continued, seeing that her listener's interest grew, "and also in the international copyright. She has corresponded with a great many distinguished people about it. It is so nice to have their autographs. We are hoping to see Carlyle."

"That will be very nice," assented Mrs. Boyce. And then she added: "I see my young friend Mr. Benison is looking at me as if he thought me very cruel not to introduce him. He dances very well, and is such a nice fellow!"

"Oh, *thank* you!" said Miss Marlitt, with enthusiasm. She turned her pretty head, following the direction of Mrs. Boyce's glance to the doorway, in which a tall, yellow-haired young Yorkshireman stood talking with Miss Armory. The two were not saying very much, but it was certainly about Prudence Marlitt.

"I never saw so lovely a girl anywhere," pronounced honest Dick, with enthusiasm.

"There isn't any one in the room like her," said Helena Armory, "and I know you want to be introduced—only I don't know her."

"Well, she and your sister are great friends," said the young man.

"We will go over and melt Alice's heart, then," said Miss Armory, and accordingly she led the way toward Prudence. The introduction was quickly effected, and in a moment Prudence was among the dancers, being whirled stoutly around by the young Englishman. At first she protested she could not dance—as they did in England.

"But we know the 'Dip,'" pleaded Mr. Benison.

"The 'Dip'?" responded little Prudence. It so happened that Miss Marlitt was running about in short frocks on the beach at Ponkamak when the "Dip" went out of fashion in America.

"Well, then, let us try a *deux-temps*," said Dick; and Prudence, who was young and light-hearted, easily submitted to such a pleasant effort. Away they went. Mrs. Boyce and her sister, sitting against the peacock screen, and talking to half a dozen men, looked from time to time into the other room, where the girl's shabby muslin and beautiful face were constantly to be seen among the dancers. By this time Miss Armory was quite ready to announce herself as Prudence Marlitt's friend. The young lady had her usual circle of admirers, to whom she talked with that mixture of frankness and piquancy which made her charming. She knew a little of all the topics floating in the æsthetic circle, and a great deal of some of them, and she was keenly interested in everything people had to say. She had been long enough in England to feel herself in harmony with such traditions as affect society and every-day life, yet her American instincts were always apparent, giving a transatlantic flavor even to the way in which she wore her most æsthetic garments. Few English girls in society were more popular than Miss Armory, and her fortune was moderate enough to make the attentions paid her very complimentary. During part of the winter and in the regular season she and her sister, Mrs. Boyce, presided over a charming house in Cornwall Gardens, to which Americans were always cordially welcome, for neither of the two women had learned the art of patronizing her country people, while she assumed to be thoroughly one with them in feeling and tradition. During the hot months of the year Miss Armory was always with a cousin, who was keenly addicted to Continental travel; and for a certain number of

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weeks the young lady was to be found in two or three very fine country houses, where, though she never hunted, she was fond of riding, and was famous in the organization and performance of private theatricals. Mrs. Boyce's marriage, of course, had been the reason of her orphan sister's coming to live in England. Mr. Boyce was a wealthy Cornishman, who had met his charming wife while doing legation duty in Washington. Helena was only a girl of seventeen then, with silent, awkward beauty, and a fixed intention to be philanthropical. It was well known among her sister's friends that she had already refused two or three brilliant offers, and made the determination calmly never to marry. Whether English life had changed her views it was hard to say; she theorized a little more, and acted much less, and certainly never willfully encouraged the men who had laid their hearts at her feet; but her manner had developed into self-possessed brilliancy. People declared her prettier and more fascinating than ever since æstheticism had crept across the land, but more inscrutable. "I don't know what it is she wants," Mrs. Boyce would say, with resignation, when asked by some interested lady friend why Helena did not marry.

"I am too worldly—that is it," Helena would always answer to such importunities. "Don't you see I love life so, I'm afraid of losing something by giving myself into a poor man's keeping—or an uninteresting man's—or a tyrannical man's—and then, I'm too worldly."

This was the young lady who, standing with a little circle of admirers about her at Mrs. Poynsett's, determined to assert herself as Prudence Marlitt's friend. She was rarely capricious, yet this sudden feeling of friendship was certainly impulsive.

"Mr. Simmonson," she said, sedately, to that young man, "if you really wish to know Miss Marlitt well, you will have to be most attentive to me. I am going to be a perfect Cerberus."

"Charming!" said Lord Bairham's heir. "Then there will be double satisfaction in attentions to Miss Marlitt."

"What an obvious compliment! All the same, I suppose, I should have felt slighted if you had neglected the chance. How does your Grosvenor work go on?"

"Languidly," said Barley Simmonson, slowly. "The subject has less—less of soul—than I thought. Nothing responds, as it were, to the feeling I put into the execution of the work."

"I wish I knew what to suggest," said Miss Armory. "Shall I come and read aloud Uhland to you, or play Raff?"

"What a sweet idea!" said the young artist. "That would be too delightful. Won't you dance now, Miss Armory? Our waltz is half over."

And so the young lady allowed herself to be carried off to the dancers, where she passed Miss Marlitt, radiant upon Dick Benison's arm.

Before the evening was over, the young girl from Ponkamak, sternly chaperoned by Mrs. Boyce, had made a multitude of friends, and given her address a dozen times to different people. Mrs. Field Mowbray, whose Queen Anne house in Kensington is an æsthetic centre, declared herself fascinated by the girl's beauty and charm of manner.

"My dear," she whispered to Miss Armory, "the child is like the Pompeiian Psyche."

Poor little Prudence! After the fashion among the "æsthetes" of the day, she was likened to every type of beauty since the days of our first parents. She was a Titian, a Bordone, a Botticelli—even a Sir Joshua and a Greuze. On the whole, Dick Benison came nearest to the truth when he called her, to Miss Armory, "a little darling." Mrs. Poynsett fully appreciated the success of Mrs. Boyce's *coup*. "But suppose," said the latter lady to her sister—"suppose they should turn out awful people to know—I mean the international copyright lady—what shall I do? And I never could pretend I didn't know the poor little thing after this."

Miss Armory declared she was not afraid. To her the whole charm of the evening resolved itself into watching or talking to Prudence. The way in which the girl received the attentions fluttering about her was beautiful. She had a smile, a bright word, a gay little laugh, always ready, and her cheek glowed with simple, heart-felt pleasure. The jargon of London society meant nothing to her. Was she a Bordone? a Titian? She may have heard the terms, but they implied nothing beyond civilities and kind heart.

"I think English people are perfectly *lovely*," she said once to Miss Armory. "And yet I always thought they would

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be so cold and reserved. But then you have been here so long."

"I've had five London seasons," said Miss Armory. "I love the people dearly," she added, with hearty meaning, and yet she would have liked to say a cynical word of warning to the girl beside her. Not for an instant did the homage paid her occur to the fresh young mind as subjective. Miss Armory would fain have guarded her from any chill, any disappointment, for she well knew how the girl's American mind was working. She danced two or three times with Mr. Simmonson, who succeeded better than young Benison in teaching her to waltz.

"In Ponkamak," she said to him once, in a breathless pause, "we dance the polka. Are you fond of it?"

Mr. Simmonson explained it was such an inartistic performance.

"Inartistic?" queried Prudence, lifting beautiful puzzled brows to the young man.

"Well, it has no purpose," he said, dreamily. "Now, Miss Marlitt, a waltz has its own power of harmonizing thought and movement. It is different."

Prudence stood still, not satisfied with herself, yet wondering what to say.

"Well," she said, finally, "I suppose Ponkamak *is* countrified."

And then the two drifted on again, harmonizing thought and movement charmingly, to judge by Simmonson's rapt expression.

A little later, Mrs. Boyce and Miss Armory carried Prudence away. In the dressing-room the girl had an old seal-skin jacket and a faded pink worsted cloud. Helena looked at the latter with a thrill of remembrance. She could see herself, one of a group of girls, at the Cliff House in L——, Connecticut, learning that stitch. What a boon the stitch had been! After tea, she remembered, they had all sat out on the piazza in crisp white gowns, plying crochet-needles and comparing progress. That evening, she remembered, the stage unexpectedly deposited Raymond De Kay, who had come up, in spite of her silence, to see—the Cliff House, he said. As Prudence Marlitt framed her beauty in the worn bit of wool, Miss Armory stood, across the room, a quiet, splendid figure in white furs, with an expression few of her English friends were familiar with. She wondered, as they made their way into the hall, whether she were fifty instead of twenty-five.

Prudence's cavalier, Mr. Jonas Fielding, was waiting, and Miss Armory instantly regretted the slight feeling of shame that she felt on beholding one of the kindliest, truest-hearted men she ever knew. But the typical Westerner is not ornamental in a hallway sombre with dull colors, lighted by wax candles and the flash of old brass and steel. Mr. Jonas Fielding stood severely straight in a side doorway against an Oriental portière. He was a tall, well-built young man, with a fair, quiet face, rather stiff light hair, and gentle blue eyes. He typified the same part of the country, the same influences, which had produced this brilliant girl, with her air of unconscious right to wear a coronet if one were offered to her. They had been bred within sight of each other's doorways, yet, as Miss Armory felt at once, for some subtle reason they were as far asunder as the poles. Miss Armory did not feel equal then to measuring any but the suggestive differences; she could not define Jonas Fielding beyond the momentary effect he produced. Yet in some ways the man's appearance startled her. He was a curious, forcible suggestion of home—not the brilliant life of Washington, New York, or Boston, which was in effect the life of London, but the fervider, more intrinsically American life which has for its background, as it were, the cañons of Colorado, the ranches of California. He oppressed Miss Armory with a miserable sense that she had been in her heart of hearts guilty of some forgetfulness. The subtlety of her feeling was what puzzled her. Yet she knew that, were she to meet the man a dozen times, she would hang her head for very shame.

The little "Bordone" went up to her friend with a lovely smile.

"How good of you, Jo!" she said, putting out one shabby glove. "I am so much obliged!" and then she turned and introduced him to Mrs. Boyce and Miss Armory. Mr. Fielding bowed and shook hands with each lady.

"Am I very late, Prue?" he said, gravely; but his mild eyes rested upon the girl as on some joyful object.

"Oh no," laughed Prudence. "I've had a perfectly *splendid* time. Mrs. Boyce and Miss Armory have been most kind. Do you know, Jo, it's awful here to go alone anywhere; and so Mrs. Boyce undertook to be my chaperon."

She laughed as she half whispered the

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words, and blushed prettily. As for the man, the color rushed into his face like a flame. For a moment he looked as if he would carry her away then and there.

"It is all right," said Mrs. Boyce. "I hope I may be her chaperon a great many times yet."

"Oh, thank you," said Jonas Fielding, in a deep, undemonstrative tone.

"Are you all fixed, Prue?" he asked presently; and then, lightly, with a reverence which seemed to beautify the dingy color, he touched the pink cloud near her cheek.

Prudence gave a little extra tie to the cloud, and laughed and nodded. She was in beaming spirits. She exchanged fervent good-byes with Mrs. Boyce and Miss Armory, and begged they would call *early* the next day, and then she followed Jonas Fielding out into the winter starlight, where he had a cab in waiting. As the young man carefully led Prudence to the cab there was something quaintly chivalrous in his manner, his way of helping her to gather her limp draperies into one little gloved hand. Were they faded and poor to him? He touched the dingy folds with a gesture as of a knight kissing his lady's ribbon.

Driving toward Cornwall Gardens, Miss Armory was peculiarly despondent.

"I think it is the greatest pity in the world," she said at last, "that there should be *any* Jonas Fielding. Otherwise that girl might be a *perfect* success."

"She will be in spite of him," said Mrs. Boyce. "I *never* saw anything lovelier."

But in her own room, half an hour later, Miss Armory's despondency merged into something like melancholy.

"If I were a heroine in a novel," she thought, smiling to herself, "I would hunt up old love-letters and burn them. As it is, I am only"—the girl was sitting before her mirror, and she regarded herself dubiously—"only *what?*" she thought; and added, as she blew out her candle, "A modern 'æsthete'!"

III.

Prudence Marlitt and her aunt were in lodgings near Russell Square. Early the next day Mrs. Boyce's footman rapped at the door of the dull old house, and a maid-servant, down at the heel, and fragmentary as to cap and hooks and eyes, admitted Mrs. Boyce and Miss Armory. The maid carelessly led the way up to the front drawing-room, within which a clear American voice, like Prudence's grown thin, bade the visitors enter.

It was late in the autumn, yet, singular to say, not foggy, but the sitting-room looked dingy and comfortless in the extreme: a fire struggled in the grate; the usual ornaments under glass cases; antimacassars and prints vied with green and red furniture as depressing influences; but there was a piano open at the lighter end of the room, and from it Prudence, in a neat little walking dress, was turning as the ladies came into the room. As Miss Armory kissed her, she encountered the brilliant gaze of a lady to whom Prudence smilingly introduced her new friends. Mrs. Crane was a woman of about forty, tall and dark, but handsome enough to show that beauty was a heritage among the Marlitts of Ponkamak; but she had none of Prudence's soft charm. She was thin, sharply cut, and decided in manner; and although she smiled a great deal, and with a very brilliant effect, her voice had the power of slowly reducing her hearers to subjection. Helena could always recall that morning visit accurately—the look of the room, the table littered with papers, the piano with Kücken's "Good-night" open upon it, the big windows through which the muffled tones of a street organ were to be heard, Prudence sitting in the shadow of the dreary fire, Mrs. Crane's eager glance at her guests—yet all strong impression seemed to be of that lady's voice as it went on and on, of her insistent personality, the movement of her thin, delicately moulded lips, her graceful domineering gestures.

"Prudence was very much obliged for your kindness last night," Mrs. Crane said, looking from one to the other of her visitors. "I'm sorry it wasn't the thing for her to go alone. The lady had been very kind. I don't know as I should have minded a girl's coming to my house just that way; still, each land has its laws. For myself, I claim individuality."

"English society is always very conventional outwardly," said Mrs. Boyce, smiling.

"Oh, I know." Mrs. Crane returned the smile like the flash of steel. "The hollowest things can bear a strong outer glaze; but I feel our ideas are best. Still, I'm just as much obliged to you. I don't go out much in the evening myself."

"There are a great many social oppor-

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tunities in the daytime," said Helena; "so many people receive between three and six."

"So I hear. Those are busy hours with me. You know I'm very much interested in public questions. I am to address a company at Lady Frances Holbrook's to-day." Mrs. Crane pronounced the title with a certain disdainful precision. "Not that her being what they call *Lady* over here makes any difference that I can see; but she is an *excellent* woman. I claim that a farmer's wife in America is equal to any 'Lady,' as they have it. I don't admit any social difference between the Queen and myself, and I think, if I met her to-morrow, I shouldn't give in to much bowing down."

Mrs. Boyce wondered if she had better answer this remark. She thought of one or two fitting speeches on the good-breeding of observing the etiquette of foreign countries; but Mrs. Crane's coldly brilliant gaze seemed to check the utterance of all opinions. She only said, "Is it to be a lecture this afternoon at Lady Frances's?"

"Well," said Mrs. Crane, with an elaborate manner, "I've been asked to give an account of our public schools in America, and I have prepared a paper to read on the subject. Are you interested in the question?"

"A little," Mrs. Boyce admitted. "But, you see, I've been six years away from home."

"But you read the papers—you know what is going on? Oh, Mrs. Boyce," exclaimed Mrs. Crane, putting her hands tightly together, "don't say you are one of those self-exiled American women who fall down at the feet of foreign aristocracy to worship, and forget their own country!"

Mrs. Crane, in uttering these impressive words, looked at the graceful figure of her visitor, taking in a swift impression of her charms, and I am afraid she measured her, although half-consciously, as the subject for "remarks" in Ponkamak. Certain phrases, indeed, flitted, half formed, through her mind: "An American lady, a beautiful, popular woman whom I met in London," etc.; or, "Few of our American women bear transplanting"; or, "English associations are taking so strong a hold upon our American women," etc.—various opening sentences occurred, as I say, to the lady's fertile mind while she looked at Mrs. Boyce's fair, delicate face, framed in the reddish-blonde hair and gray felt bonnet.

"What is that?" said Miss Armory, turning from her chat with Prudence by the fire.

"Mrs. Crane is disappointed in me," said Mrs. Boyce. "But I hope you won't think all that of me really. Do you know, although my husband is such a complete Englishman, and my children were both born here, I am considered a most rabid American. But one can be that, I hope, even in New York, and yet confess to ignorance of the public-school question. I can tell you all you like of art and literature and science over there; and I know a little bit about the President too!" Mrs. Boyce spoke with the most good-humored courtesy.

Mrs. Crane only answered by an earnest gaze at both Mrs. Boyce and Miss Armory: the younger lady had begun to be smilingly interested in Prudence Marlitt's aunt.

"Come to Lady Frances Holbrook's," said Mrs. Crane, with a gentle persistence. "I *know* you will be interested."

"Oh," said Miss Armory, "I am sure we should be, if we weren't engaged elsewhere. Lady Fanny is a great friend of ours, though I don't think she has ever quite forgiven me for laughing at her about something which happened in Paris last year. There was a meeting of ladies who discoursed on rights, and of course Lady Fanny was one of the principal people. You know how eager and earnest she is. She had a prominent place on the platform. We were in the audience, and I could see her plainly. She had been the prime mover in calling the meeting together, and all the speeches tended to prove that women can project themselves utterly into any public question, forgetting every minor point of feminine interest. I am sure the arguments were admirable. I was half determined to go home and declare new principles myself. Suddenly I saw Lady Fanny looking fixedly at me. Then she scribbled something on a bit of paper, and in a moment a boy brought it to me. It was about this: 'Dear Helena, I am in a perfect fidget. It is after four o'clock, and there is an *occasion* of pink foulard morning wrappers at the Louvre, and I know there won't be one left. I can't get away, and Janet dislikes to go, as Lord Roxburghley

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is going to speak, and he is sure to feel hurt if she leaves. Can you go over, dear, and secure for me *two*, and find out if all the white parasols are gone.'"

Mrs. Crane laughed—she could scarcely help it, indeed—yet her tone was not encouraging.

"Well," she said, "Lady Frances Holbrook seems earnest; but she is young and pretty, and I suppose a woman of fashion. What is an *occasion?*" and Mrs. Crane's tone varied slightly. "Is the Louvre a good store—I mean for black silks?" she said, as Mrs. Boyce explained the term. "I wonder if Paris *is* the best place to shop in? But black silks are all chance now." Mrs. Crane grew a little more studious of Miss Armory's dark plush, and then she said: "This brings me to a question about Prudence, Mrs. Boyce. She needs to have some things bought, if she's to go out any more in this English society, and your advice would be valuable. From what she tells me, they dress very oddly here in company, but she says it's pretty. Really, if you *could* direct her a little. I should like her to have everything nice. Last night it was all done in such a hurry, just anything she'd chanced to bring over."

Now when people met Prudence Marlitt later, it was always a source of astonishment how the girl had so quickly learned the art of æsthetic dress. Mrs. Boyce and her sister never told the story of that morning's expedition; how they carried the girl off in triumph to Regent Street, and to Burnett's and Madame J——'s, and bought those pretty gowns, the long cloak, the big felt hat, which made Prudence more than ever bewitching. The shabby muslin was packed away, and before Mrs. Boyce's famous *conversazione* on December 20, Prudence had a gown of shining satin, devised by Miss Armory in what she considered her most æsthetic moment.

"But one can't help thinking," Helena remarked to her sister, "what Jonas Fielding will say to it."

"What do you care?"

"A great deal," answered Helena. "I'm afraid—though I don't know why—he will think her crazy."

"Then let him find out his mistake," said Mrs. Boyce. The two were matching wools in South Kensington, and Helena became very critical of the green shades offered for inspection.

"It will never seem a mistake to him," she said, with a sigh, "and there's the pity of it. This will do, Alice, I think. Now I mean to make those leaves perfect. Oh, what a joy it is!"

Before the evening of the *conversazione* in Cornwall Gardens, Miss Armory made a discovery which delighted her. Going into the dingy sitting-room in Guildford Street one day, she found Prudence singing, and it ensued that the girl possessed a lovely voice. The compass was not great, but it was a clear mezzo, full of impassioned cadence, such tones as our Western nightingales often unconsciously possess.

"The very thing to complete her character here!" Helena thought, as she drove home that afternoon. "Oh, if Jonas Fielding were only miles away!"

But he was much nearer. Indeed, half his time seemed to be spent in Guildford Street, where his broad shoulders were constantly to be seen darkening the window, while Mrs. Crane wrote letters, and Prudence worked in the fire-light. Sometimes Miss Armory encountered him on the dusky staircase as she came up or down. He was unfailing in his attentions to his friends; he performed endless little services for them with a quiet, manly air that took away all idea of slavery; once Helena declared she met him bringing in cold chicken.

"Horrible!" said Mrs. Boyce.

"Well, perhaps it wasn't quite that," answered Miss Armory; "but it was something to eat—oranges, perhaps."

"Can't you forgive the man for existing?" Mrs. Boyce declared.

"No, I can't," said her sister. "He is my 'Old Man of the Sea.' I wonder how I can shake him off?"

IV.

Miss Armory, in declaring that Jonas Fielding was her "Old Man of the Sea," gave rather exaggerated expression to the estimate she had, half-consciously, made of the man's power. Something about him, awkward and reserved as he seemed, impressed her as worth considering, and in inducting Prudence into the ways of the "æsthetes," she felt as if she, in some fashion, owed him an apology. But Miss Armory's mind was, as she knew herself, morbidly analytical. She was given to taking out her opinions and dissecting and elaborating them for her own amuse-

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ment, in a way that perhaps even Mrs. Boyce would not understand; she was perpetually commenting to herself on the motive of the most commonplace actions; she declared herself without a creed, yet she was haunted by a sense that a conscience was one of the grandest things appertaining to human nature, and that it needed some unseen awful guidance. In the fine, high-bred face of the girl one read this critical, self-reproachful faculty; it was in the curve of her lips, the glance of her dark eyes. She had an almost passionate sense of justice, and was perpetually telling herself that her whole life was an imposition upon her better self; yet nothing in the world pleased her nearly so well as the close association with the world of poetry, pictures, and color in its varied forms which was called "æsthetic London." Introducing Prudence Marlitt into this visionary region afforded Helena the keenest delight, but as the evening of Mrs. Boyce's *conversazione* approached, she declared she felt it was not altogether merciful.

"I am not rendering unto Jonas the things that are Jonas's," she said to Mrs. Boyce, in an indolent moment when they were taking tea together in Helena's dressing room.

"I wouldn't be wicked and strike my breast together," said Alice Boyce.

"Oh yes you would, if you were me," said Helena. "Don't you know I always do, and I take a grim pleasure in my power of dissecting my own wickedness. I wonder what I am the result of—some intense Puritanism, and modern American infidelity—and it's so horrible to feel one's self so real!"

Mrs. Boyce, for all her æstheticism, had calm, old-fashioned views on religion.

"If you were a Roman Catholic, you'd be a Trappist," she said, laughing.

"I know I should. Sometimes I think I will be—after I've finished being an 'æsthete.'"

As for Prudence herself, she appeared to have no doubt at all about the fitness of her appearance at Mrs. Boyce's *conversazione* in the shining satin, short-waisted and short-sleeved, with her hair coiled high in those careless waves which we see in old pictures, wondering at the craft of our grandmothers' handmaidens. She came early, as Mrs. Crane was at Lady Fanny's, and "received" with her two friends. She was a little startled by the exquisite beauty of the rooms, for so far she had only seen the house in Cornwall Gardens in dusky moments and dull weather. Mrs. Boyce's house is not too large a one to have pretty rooms, yet there is given an idea of space: doors give way to portières, width is cherished, corners are not overcrowded. The drawing-room is full of comfort as well as beauty. There are tranquil places in it, with deep window-seats, soft carpets, the repose of some good picture or dainty bit of blue. No one is ever wearied in that drawing-room; the colors seem to have gathered there of themselves, a slow procession, as it were—tributes to the harmonies of the house; and whatever of art or decoration there is, is of the best. Prudence seemed thoroughly to fit her surroundings, and Miss Armory, whose spirits rose as the rooms filled and æstheticism was heavy on the air, forgot to cry "Peccavi." The girl was utterly lovely in her dainty gown. She had a rich cluster of yellow roses in her belt, soft frills of yellowish lace in her neck and sleeves, and long white Swedish gloves. The effect was perfect, and Miss Armory, when the first hour of receiving was over, sat down in the embrasure of a window, amused and interested by the sensation the girl was creating. Prudence had her circle of admirers very soon, but she sat and talked very gayly, betraying no special interest in any peculiar features of the scene. The names of certain famous people, painters and scholars and musicians, had awakened a keen though momentary interest in her; but Miss Armory could not decide whether the picturesqueness appealed to anything responsive in her, or whether it only amused her—whether she "believed" in the cut of her own lovely gown, or whether she thought she had "dressed up." It was hard, indeed, to tell just what effect this concentrated London would produce on her concentrated Americanism.

While Miss Armory was puzzling over the subtleties this involved, Prudence glanced at her with a dimpling smile, and Helena observed Barley Simmonson approaching them. As this young man has something especial to do with my story, I am afraid I must say a few words regarding him. He was a young man born and bred to such expectations that it would be cruel to criticise his indolence and various peculiarities. At thirty he had tired of the usual occupations of noble youth,

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and turned, for amusement and occupation, to art and poetry, doing most in the former: painting all the pretty women of society in water-colors with a sort of air which people were pleased to call charming. "A Barley Simmonson" was already talked about, and Kensington and Bond Street shop windows displayed his "heads," while Lord Bairham spoke of "my nephew—the artist, you know—Simmonson." Mr. Simmonson was regarded as an authority where Intensity and Soul were concerned, and his countenancing a thing made it acceptable, though some people, like Miss Armory, were inclined to say he needed a check. "If I were to let Barley Simmonson crawl about the rug of my sitting-room," this young lady once said, in calm opposition to laudatory remarks upon his ease of manner, "I should be as much ashamed of myself as I was of him. It's all very well to have temperament, but Mr. Simmonson need not lie down on the floor when he reads poetry to me." It was this young man who, with a certain melancholy grace, approached Prudence, and, as it were, seemed prepared to pose his lurid Intensity against her fresh, unaffected, unthinking nature.

V.

Prudence was delighted to see a young man whom she had met before.

"Oh, *how* do you do, Mr. Simmonson?" she said, and held out her long, wrinkled glove prettily. Mr. Simmonson took the girl's fingers, holding them a moment as though he were imprisoning something precious.

"I hope Miss Marlitt is well," he said, smiling.

Prudence nodded.

"Oh, *very*," she added, drawing a little quick breath of satisfaction. "But then, I am *always* well." She laughed, dimpling and coloring like a June rose. She looked utterly lovely, and Mr. Simmonson was not too much engrossed by the thought surging, or, as he would have said, "pulsating," within him, to observe it.

"Health is certainly a blessing," he said, sinking into a chair near Prudence and Miss Armory. "I never go into my own county—Somerset—without envying the peasant his vigor—envying, that is, in a subjective way." Prudence's alert brightness was a little clouded, but she listened intently. "I like to see the peasant at his work. I like to imagine how he feels, walking up a brown hill—the furze in feathery outline, the sky streaked with red and gray lines—"

"But does he care for the sky?" said Prudence, gayly. Mr. Simmonson looked at her with a pensive smile.

"But I like him better with these surroundings," he said, gently insistent. "It is *then* his vigor appeals to me: given the picturesqueness of a Somerset heath, a windy day, and that plodding, upward-toiling figure excites my strongest pulsations—then his vigor is not repulsive."

"Repulsive!" echoed little Prue. She smiled, but looked troubled. "I didn't suppose *vigor* had anything *repulsive* in it."

"Abstractly, of course," assented Barley. "Yet muscle can be repulsive. Who can be *soulful* and an athlete? The *mind* never succeeds unless the body suffers."

"Is that so?" said Prudence, as though Mr. Simmonson were pronouncing a medical opinion. "Yet I have a particular friend—Jonas Fielding, you know, Miss Armory—and if his lungs were *only* stronger, he'd be a real success as a preacher, every one says. He *looks* well enough, but he's had pneumonia two winters. He used to be a Methodist, but he's changed his views; he's a Congregationalist now—at least, a *sort* of Congregationalist. I don't think he accepts quite all they do. At one time he was very near being a Unitarian; but anyway he's a real believer, and oh! it's *such* a pity his lungs are weak! He was smarter than any one in my brother's class at Andover or Yale."

Prudence's sweet eyes had real light in them, but the effect of her gentle, rapid utterances was to set Mr. Simmonson dreamily communing with himself. The figure of Jonas Fielding, quondam Methodist, full of genuine meaning and real life, as opposed to his visionary peasant toiling upward against a red-streaked sky, made the conversation uninteresting. He sat still a moment, leaning one arm on the back of his chair, his eyes absently resting on Prudence, whose outlines seemed gradually to impress him anew.

"The flesh comes wonderfully with that satin," he said, earnestly.

Prudence gave a little start.

"I wish you would sit for me, Miss Marlitt. Your head is perfect." Mr. Simmonson's eyes were mere lines between their

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fair lashes as he looked at the girl. "The drawing about the chin, too, is wonderfully fine." He waved a significant thumb. "Couldn't you get Mrs. Boyce and Miss Armory to come with you to my studio? I would give much for some impression of you as you look to-night."

What might have been Prudence's answer it is impossible to say. By this time Miss Armory was engaged in conversation with two or three people on the other side of her, but she heard Mr. Simmonson's request. As she flashed an amused, inquisitive glance around at Prudence, she beheld Mrs. Crane approaching. Mrs. Crane was expensively dressed in a black silk about which there were a great many frills and fringes, and a suggestion of Sunday church-going as well as tea parties. Her hair was done up in a myriad of finger puffs. She wore some very good Valenciennes lace in her neck and sleeves. As she crossed the room she dispensed brilliant glances right and left. She was evidently in the very height of good spirits. By the time she shook hands with Miss Armory she was positively laughing.

"Well," she said, standing before Prudence; and after a brief glance at her niece, she swept the room again with her gold eyeglass; then she brought her amused glance back to Prudence, whose charming gown she studied critically. "Isn't it ridiculous!" she said, very good-humoredly—"*ridiculous!*"

Miss Armory offered no defense of her pet opinions, and Prudence only looked at her aunt with a sweet beseeching eagerness. She wanted that absorbed lady to participate in her pleasure in the evening. Mrs. Crane's eyes had scanned Mr. Simmonson for a few seconds before Prue whispered to Helena, "Do introduce this funny gentleman to Aunt Rebecca," and Miss Armory had taken what seemed to her a most interesting suggestion. Mr. Simmonson had already risen, and was standing beside his chair when Miss Armory made the introduction. Helena was much entertained by observing the two together, exchanging greetings. If one wanted a study of types, it was assuredly to be found here. The American lady intensely, eagerly alert, as conscious of herself and her "cause" as Barley Simmonson was of a "temperament" and a "soul"; each embodied something so peculiarly belonging to their period that the meeting might have been recorded as a picture of the time, a suggestion of thought, fancy, or feeling in a human form. But as actual fact there was only a commonplace hand-shaking—a few words, while Mrs. Crane dangled her eyeglass, and Barley Simmonson looked out from the heavy locks of light hair which fell upon his brow. In a moment his glance returned to the "flesh effects" above Prudence's shining gown.

"I've just been asking Miss Marlitt to sit for me, Mrs. Crane," he said, softly; "I want to paint her head."

Mrs. Crane was again sweeping the room through her glass.

"Yes?" she said. She smiled abstractedly, and seemed to nod an assent. In a moment she passed her smile on to Miss Armory. "Browning was at Lady Frances Holbrook's to-night," she said; "I was *so* glad to meet him!"

By this time Mr. Simmonson had begun a low-toned conversation with Miss Marlitt. Helena proposed to Mrs. Crane to make the tour of the rooms, and in so doing the latter's brilliant gaze fell upon Dr. Huxfell. She was speedily engrossed in a talk with him, and Helena wandered on, making a few introductions here and there, stopping for light piquant remarks to one or another of the people, who were all ready enough to talk to Mrs. Boyce's charming sister. By this time the music was fairly under progress, and it had come Prudence's turn to sing. Two young ladies had given an abrupt little German duet, beginning on a shrill high note, and ending in about half a moment with a cry of despair. The usual "Ohs" and "Ahs" were uttered; one lady, not far from Prudence, convulsively caught her companion by the arm, sinking her head in her shoulders, and allowing tears to course unchecked down her cheeks. Hergliebe, standing near Miss Armory, glanced at her in a sort of horror. When Prudence Marlitt stood up to sing, he expected nothing better; but I think he will always remember the impression she created, the picture she made. She stood by the piano, a shining figure against the darkly polished floor, the sombre tints of the room. Her head was daintily poised; the roses in her belt hung in a rich cluster; above her shone a mild radiance of candle-light, which seemed to vibrate in the dusky places, making even her rich beauty more fair.

Had the girl, in reality, all that unut-

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tered, unutterable longing within her? She sang as though something in her heart was breaking. It was a little Finnish ballad almost unknown in London. There was not despair—only simple, untutored feeling in it, and Prudence could interpret primitive meanings. She attempted no elaborate expression. Her lips parted in pure, delicious sound, and the sweet nature of the girl was in every note.

While Prudence was singing, Helena became conscious of a new presence just beside her, and looked up to see Jonas Fielding's tall figure, a shadow in the doorway. He smiled upon Miss Armory, who was conscious of a sudden desire to watch him; but he turned his gaze almost at once, and with eager intentness, upon Prudence.

The faintest shadow of surprise, that might have deepened into pain, crossed the man's face. He had pictured Prudence in so many ways. There seemed in his mind a precedent for anything she might do or say, or even seem to be; but never before had he thought of her fashioned thus, or in such surroundings. It was scarcely so much a revelation to him as it was a curious phase of life newly presented to him, with Prudence—*his* Prudence—for a centre-piece. A strange look gathered in his eye. He was trying to accustom himself to what jarred upon his earlier remembrances—what made association painful—what tinged his simple faith with a distrust of which he felt afraid. He stood quite still while she sang, now and then beating time on his chin with one hand; but the music meant little to him. Almost before she had finished, he bent down and half whispered to Miss Armory:

"Did you ever hear Prudence sing, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee'?"

A quiet smile flickered into his eyes—a look of one who, in the midst of many sounds, recalls the tenderness of some vibrating long ago.

Helena returned his confidential glance.

"No," she whispered back; "but she must sing it some day for me. It is a great favorite of mine."

"Yes," he said, and made a gesture which, rather scornfully, included the whole company, "of course it wouldn't do here."

Helena nodded, and swept away her white draperies that Fielding might take a place beside her. He looked pleasantly at her, and was rather struck by her very delicate good looks. Miss Armory's type was distinctively American, yet she might have belonged to the French court a century ago. She had the clearly cut features, expressive mouth, and dark eyes which we are accustomed to associate with beauties of the eighteenth century. Her hair was richly brown. There was a grace even in the thin curves of her face—certainly nothing meagre in her outlines, and the delicacy seemed only of type, for her coloring was a clear, healthful white. What was lacking in regular beauty she certainly made up for in brilliancy and expression. Her mouth was rather wide, but her smile was perfect, and her voice had a pure, clear tone, which, though it had never acquired the undulations of the English voice, was pronounced charming by the most Saxon of her friends.

Fielding sat down by Miss Armory, but after his first gratifying glance at her profile, he let his thoughts drift away. By this time Prudence's song was ended, and people were roused to very audible enthusiasm. The girl had a little court about her. Fielding looked at her with a strained sort of expression, pleased and yet perplexed. Of what period in their lives was he thinking? Helena, looking at him half-furtively, fancied she could read his thoughts. She knew just what he and Prudence might have been in Ponkamak. She could see the cheerful parlor in which the girl might have read with him or sung for him, its homely attractions, the fancy-work, the stiff sofas, the piano and melodeon, the good engravings, and the well-lined book-shelves. She could see them in such a room, lamp-lit and curtained cozily, against the cruelty of an Eastern winter; the girl, beautiful, sweet-tempered, and charming; the man, merging his Methodistical fervor into broader planes, something in his mind or nature, as it wrestled with spiritual problems, needing the warmth and beauty of her companionship. As years drifted on, thought Helena, he may have come to know that this girl was all his world, that she fulfilled all his unspoken longings. He analyzed nothing, for he accepted everything; and now, now he sat there only demonstrating by that strange look in his eyes, the slow beating of the sinewy fingers on his chin, that he feared he should lose her utterly in a chaos of hateful sound and

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color and movement, for which his life in its most unfettered moments offered no precedent.

Prudence, from among her admirers, drifted toward Miss Armory, flushed and pleased. She laughed, a little nervously, as she saw Jonas.

"Well, Prue," he said, in his kind voice.

She nodded her head smiling, and drawing one or two long breaths of pleasure.

"I was frightened when I began," she said to him. "Did I show it?"

"No, dear; it was beautiful."

These were almost the only words they exchanged that evening. Prudence was sought for on all sides, and Jonas Fielding withdrew into the inner library, a sort of sanctum of Mr. Boyce's, where the newest as well as the oldest in literature was to be found. The young man had occupied some time in examining the backs of the books, when Miss Armory discovered him alone, but with no dejection in his manner.

"You must let me introduce you to some one," she said, pleasantly.

"Thank you," Fielding said, simply. But Miss Armory stood irresolute a moment, a graceful figure leaning against the dark book-shelves, and moving a big white fan slowly.

"What kind of people do you like?" she said, looking at him good-humoredly.

Fielding smiled.

"Have you all kinds?" he said, and glanced through the portières to the crowded rooms beyond, where everything was light and movement and sound. Even as he did so he came back, with a grateful sense of repose, to Miss Armory's charming figure and delicate face.

"Almost all kinds," she said, laughing; "but let me make a choice for you. I wonder if I shall do it well?"

She looked at Jonas with almost tender inquiry in her eyes. There is no mode of flattering man or woman so sure as that which insinuates a knowledge of personal opinions or feelings, but Miss Armory had not the vaguest idea of being personal in what she looked or said. If she had any motive it was a half-formed one, prompted by that sense of treason toward Jonas Fielding which had lurked in her mind since the day at Burnett's with Prudence. There was also an undefined longing to understand the motive of the man's life and thought, and to see if she underrated it. But Jonas Fielding saw only kindness and courtesy and a certain something that was pleasing in the girl's soft glance.

"I shall introduce you to Lady Ericson," she said, mentioning a famous traveller's wife; "I know you and she will like each other," and so saying she led the way from Mr. Boyce's room. But just beyond the curtains she stopped with another brilliant glance at Fielding. "I want you to come and see me especially," she said. "I am always at home between eleven and one in the morning; now don't forget it!"

Jonas assured her he would not, and before she made the promised introduction she removed one more burden from her conscience. "I want also to have you know Barley Simmonson, the artist," she said. "Prudence Marlitt has agreed to sit to him." To this Jonas said nothing, but he gave Miss Armory a searching look.

GARFIELD.

A MESSAGE TO AMERICA.

[When the news of President Garfield's death reached England, one of the teachers at Rugby School addressed the boys on the subject, and they were so interested that they were glad even to leave their play to hear about Garfield's life and noble character. The following poem was written under the influence of that occasion, and it can not but be gratifying (apart from the merits of the poem itself) to have such an expression of warm feeling from such a source.]

Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi,
Sunt lacrimæ rerum.

THEN are there Heroes yet!
As in the days of old,
As in the Age of Gold,
When Love and Hope and Constancy were young.
Heroes among us, living, dying, yet,
Howe'er we deemed they trod our earth no more!
Not out of reach, to wake a vain regret,
The Martyr's wreath, e'en now, is hung;
Nor in the sea of centuries hath set
That Sun that shone in splendid deeds of yore,
But bursts from dull eclipse, and, bright

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As in its dawning light,
With evening glories floods the Western shore.

Woe to the land whose ruler falls
Struck down amid his joyless state,
Between his palace-prison's guarded walls,
By such fell Furies of relentless Hate
As, in the irony of Fate,
The fears of despots for themselves create!
Whether he fall in piteous innocence,
Crushed by some burden of ancestral guilt,
Or by his own offense
Made keen the dagger that his blood hath spilt,
Whether his ending claim
Vain tears or blame—
Woe to the land whose ruler falls in shame!

But not with such a lamentation
We greet the mourning of a nation
When he for whom she gave her voice
Hath fallen amid his glory,
The ruler of her choice;
Not on the field of battle gory,
And yet in warring for his country's good;
Who, as in her defense he stood,
And with serene unyielding countenance,
Opposed Corruption's fell advance
(True to his land in sorer need
Than when for her he faced the Southern foe),
By foiled ambition and ignoble greed
Suddenly laid low,
Sank in his blood.
O twice-accursed deed! O hardihood
Of double treason! in the cause of Ill
Resisting Right to kill;
And in Greed's self-assertion falsify
The verdict of a nation's voice,
Annul her sovereign choice,
And wrest to private ends her destiny.
O twice-accursed deed! Yet thee, O nation,
We greet with other salutation:
Hail, favored land, whose ruler fell in glory!

America! thy soil is holy ground,
Twice sanctified
With martyr-blood of kings uncrowned,
That for thy truest, holiest rights have died.
Not lowly among nations thou!
But one to whom thy elders bow.
For of all glories they can boast,
All memories that exalt them most,
Is none of fairer fame
Than these sublimest griefs, that make thy name
A Thing of Holiness, a Joy, and Treasure
Of worth surpassing measure,
To every land that lies 'neath sun or stars,
Circled with ocean's bars.

But to our England most!
Thy England too! For thou and she
Are sisters nursed upon one mother's knee,
Howe'er have Space and ancient Wrong combined
That this (which yet shall be the proudest boast
Both of ourselves and thee)
Hath faded sometimes from the mind,
Yet ever left an aching void behind,
For truly this
Is slighted Nature's Nemesis,
That never other smart
So rankles in the heart
As that resentful pang when kinship makes not kind.

But now with thee we stand
Beside thy Hero's bier;
Sister nations, hand in hand,
Deep answering deep, heart heart, with tear for tear;
Sisters in blood,
Linked closer yet in common love of Good;
And as we gaze on this good life's good end
(This victory of Ill's victim over Ill),
Not by the tears alone that needs must fill
The eyes of each, grows each to each more dear,
But by some deeper thrill
Of sympathetic triumph in possessing
This common heritage of new Pride and Blessing,
A concord that doth blend
The music of our souls in one true harmony,
A pæan that o'erleaps yon sundering sea,
Wherein, O other England, we
Make boast to share with thee.
For in our English fields of yore
That English virtue's seed was reared
Whose harvest, ripened on no alien shore,
America, hath in thy Son appeared,
The Brave, the Pure, the True!
O England old, and England new,
Thus ever stand,
Hand in hand,
Past wrongs remembered not,
Past pride and all forgot,
Save, O our brothers, this—that here
With you, by Garfield's bier,
Your brothers stand, to weep and to revere!

F. D. M.

RUGBY, ENGLAND.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

ONE of the most delightful recollections which the Easy Chair shares with other "men still living," as the stately Macaulay says in beginning his history, is that of Thackeray lecturing upon Oliver Goldsmith. It was in Dr. Chapin's old church on Broadway, just below Prince Street, which was filled with such an audience as Thackeray liked, and such as any speaker would wish to see before him. The huge high-shouldered humorist and lecturer stood in the pulpit, the desk upon which his manuscript lay raised very high before him, as Mr. Greeley used to like his desk, and with the thumb and forefinger of each hand thrust into his waistcoat pockets, and looking occasionally at the audience with the utmost blandness through his round spectacles, he told the familiar and touching story of Goldsmith in tones so rich and manly and tender, and with such true and kindly sympathy, that when it was ended we seemed to have been looking at a vivid portrait of the simple, fascinating Irishman, while, half unheeded, soft, melancholy music filled the air.

With delicate art Thackeray chose to treat Sterne and Goldsmith in the same lecture, so that his two veins of satire and gentle tenderness were exquisitely contrasted. The sentimental insincerity of Sterne was peculiarly repulsive to the simple and manly nature of the modern humorist, and it is hardly doubtful that his estimate of Sterne will be a final judgment. It is a mere sketch that he gives of Sterne. He does not pretend to criticise his works or determine their literary value. Indeed, he passes by the great work, *Tristram Shandy*, altogether. It is not the book that he cares for; it is the author, unclean, false, meretricious, as he believes him to be. It is that strong conviction which makes the humor and the pathos of Sterne absolutely unreal to him, and when he turns from the indignant, scornful feeling which Sterne excites, to the loving and pitying and admiring strain in which he speaks of Goldsmith, it is as if the harsh, icy winds of March were suddenly penetrated and overborne by a soft air of April, breathing of the south and violets and spring. "Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind, vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon save the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the *Vicar of Wakefield* he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music."

The spell of that sweet and gentle genius is perennial. His simple story has been told how often, and yet we listen to it as children eagerly hear the fairy tale they know by heart. Irving, whose sweet nature was akin to Goldsmith's, did nothing in its kind more beautiful than his life of the older author. William Black, in the "English Men of Letters," catches something of Goldsmith's tone in repeating the tale. Even John Forster is thawed and mellowed by the resistless influence of the hero of the biography he writes, although no power could subdue his style into simplicity and grace. Indeed, Goldsmith alone redeems the eighteenth-century English literature of its artificiality and chill. He alone, although not an equal master, may be named with Burns for the purity and pathos of his genius. The pensive pictures of "the deserted village," his childhood's Lissoy, poor and squalid as it doubtless was, transfigured into romantic Auburn; the village clergyman and school-master, and the tavern,

> "Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
> And news much older than their ale went round"—

are—is it too daring to say it?—mere sketches, indeed, but imperishable in our literature as the immortal pictures of the forest of Arden and the palace of Verona.

In all that Goldsmith wrote which was not hack work, like his histories and his *Animated Nature*—in all his works in which his genius had free play, there is almost no alloy. It is pure gold. What could we spare from *The Traveller*, from *The Deserted Village*, from *The Vicar*, from *The Citizen of the World?* Yet personally the author of these works, the man whose very name is beloved, and over whose pages every successive generation hangs charmed, the gentle magician whose purifying and softening influence touches the universal human heart, is one of the most pathetic of historic figures. Penniless and homely, his face scarred with small-pox, awkward and tactless, and proud of a colored suit of clothes, yet as guileless and sweet-natured as a child, absolutely unselfish and generous, the equal companion of the most illustrious men, and beloved by children in the dreary London court, and by the poor women who sat weeping on the stairs when he lay dead at forty-six in his wretched chamber, Oliver Goldsmith is one of the most touching of characters, and one of the true benefactors of his kind. Think of Richard Cumberland patronizing him, and Horace Walpole throwing a vicious gibe at him! It is a precious revenge for one of his lovers at least to have heard an English author of a great and in many ways a kindred genius pay him the most affectionate homage. Cumber-

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land and Walpole spoke of Goldsmith contemptuously. But when Edmund Burke heard that he was dead, he burst into tears. When Sir Joshua Reynolds heard it, he laid down his palette and painted no more that day. When Dr. Johnson knew it, he said, "Let not his failings be remembered; he was a very great man." When Thackeray spoke of him, it was with tears in his voice.

It is a pleasant proof of the perpetual delight in Goldsmith's works that the Harpers should have issued so beautiful an edition as that which is just published. What would he have thought of it? When he was a lad he declared to his mother and uncle that he went to Cork with a little kit resolved to sail away to America, and that the nameless ship departed with his luggage, leaving the luckless traveller behind. Thackeray says it was a very simple mother and uncle if they believed the story of the artless rogue. But even if it were a fable, even if he staid behind, and there was no luggage and no ship to bear it away, something more precious than baggage escaped and crossed the ocean. Love and pity and admiration for a sweet and true genius, and for its beneficent work in the world—this is what has come over the sea. The boy took no note of it; the man did not dream of it; but this blended feeling has grown more and more, until love of Goldsmith is a kind of test of love of literature and appreciation of genius.

An Easy Chair, and especially an old Easy Chair, may indulge its harmless fancies and dream dreams at its pleasure. And in that mood this Easy Chair often thinks of the amazement with which some of the simpler earlier fathers of the republic would look upon spectacles which have become so familiar to us that they are either unnoted or regarded as natural and necessary political phenomena. The republic that our fathers established was a rural republic, with the simple virtues of a simple people. Among the simple beliefs of the fathers was the conviction that if the community wished the services of any citizen, it would ask him to serve them. But that a man should propose himself as the man that the community wanted was not the practice. Political ambition was not unknown, for the race was English. But that George Washington ever offered himself as a proper person to fill any position; that he besought people to vote for him; that he sent for them, or went to them, and argued, cajoled, and implored them to give him an office; that he opened head-quarters at a tavern, and established literary bureaus to praise him, and hired agents to urge his candidacy by writing and appealing and proclaiming—all this is not recorded.

John Jay was the second Governor of New York. His political friends earnestly and skillfully did all that they could to secure his election. They appealed to every motive which influences voters under such circumstances. Some votes even may have been bought for him with money, although there is no record of any such transaction, nor is such bribery any worse than bribery by the offer of place, which in this instance, and so far as Mr. Jay was concerned, was out of the question. But if Mr. Jay had busied himself to elect himself, if he had "button-holed" and whispered and flattered, if he had done anything but pursue steadily the regular order of his life, willing to serve the people as Governor if the majority desired it, and not otherwise, he would not have been the John Jay whom Daniel Webster praised more than he praised any other man. If John Jay had undertaken in any other way than by frank and able discussion of public questions, and by plain declarations of his opinions, to persuade a majority to vote for him, he would have lost his self-respect and the reverence in which his memory is held.

Is it possible to suppose Washington and Jay—had they been Senators of the United States—when their terms were about expiring, leaving their seats in the Senate, hastening back to the capitals of their States, where the Legislature was to choose their successors, opening head-quarters at a hotel, holding a kind of court in it, condescending to low arts, drawing a voter, who was to be propitiated, away from a chamber-maid's slop closet, lest some eavesdropper should be hidden in it to hear what he could—an incident in such a contest which the Easy Chair knew—and recommending themselves to voters by methods which as gentlemen they must have scorned? Such conduct in Washington and Jay is inconceivable. Such a spectacle at the beginning of the government of the United States under the Constitution would have been regarded as evidence that the system was rotten before it was ripe. Perhaps Washington and Jay were altogether too good for this world. But if a republic has no place for such men, what is a republic good for?

Times and methods have changed. The office of Governor sought John Jay, as that of President sought George Washington. In our time, however, the man seeks the office. At this point let not the incautious reader suppose that the Easy Chair is becoming querulous and ideally exigent, or that it secretly pines for an Oriental despotism. Do we denounce a lofty and patriotic political ambition? Do we demand an austere and impossible virtue? Do we mean to say that a man with the instinct and power of leadership shall not aspire to lead? Do we hint that in a self-governing state the desire to mould its decrees or to direct their execution is an unworthy and mean desire?

Far from it. Nothing is more natural, nothing more admirable, than the aspiration of good and capable men to lead men and to govern great states. But honorable objects must be honorably sought. A man with a true political ambition, with the instinct of leader-

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ship, advocates wise measures, and, by the power which belongs to the instinct, impresses his views upon the minds of others. He leads by natural ascendency, and they naturally and gladly follow. So Washington led. So Jay was a leader. But the modern system of a "still hunt," of private, illicit influence upon those whose votes elect to high place, of mousing intrigue, of bargain and barter and corruption, is not only dishonorable, but it is destructive of the essential principle of the government. The majority must rule. But only an honest majority can rule justly. To open head-quarters at a capital in order to procure votes, not by personal preference founded upon knowledge of character and of a career, but by private solicitation and representation and trade, and so to secure a majority, is to cheat the people and to caricature the popular principle. A majority so obtained is not a moral majority. It is not only not binding, it is to be repudiated as a crime against the people.

What was good enough for Jay and Washington, ought to be good enough for us. If they disdained to propose themselves as the choice of the people, we may safely disdain it. The current question now is, "Who is an applicant?" "Who wants it?" And the fittest man is passed by because he has not asked for it. Washington and Jay did not ask. But when the people selected them, the people found officers quite as honorable and efficient as those who do ask. The man whose self-respect and respect for the principle of the government prevent his "conducting his own campaign" to be elected or appointed to an office is thought to be altogether too "high and mighty," and too ridiculously squeamish. "If a man won't help himself, who will help him?" is supposed to be a conclusive question in the realm of politics.—"Nay, master, we are seven," quoth the little maid in Wordsworth's poem. And the benign Muse of History avers that Washington and Jay did not care to help themselves, as Elijah Pogram helps himself to-day, and she insists that they were as useful citizens and as patriotic and successful statesmen as Pogram himself.

THE singing of Patti has been greatly enjoyed and warmly commended. But her success at first was imperiled by misconception and mismanagement. It is one of the kindly compensations of fate that as the fame of an actor or a singer must be but an airy syllable, the immediate enjoyment of success is intense and intoxicating. Moreover, the gift which assures the success is a caprice of nature, and the possessor may be wholly devoid of the power of self-restraint which insures the wisest use of success. The newspaper critic suddenly observes the young girl singing at the café, and perceives the gift which is known as Rachel. The city manager, unknown in the country village, hears the voice in the church choir or at the little theatre, and discovers the superb soprano or contralto or tenor which shall enchant the metropolis. The singer or the actor found in the humblest life, ignorant, and wayward, and trained only in the special art in which nature has fitted him to excel, is still the child of the street or the village peasant. It is not often that he commands a wide range of interest and cultivation. Nobody is more likely to be absolutely absorbed in his own profession, or to be less familiar with what lies beyond it.

It is not surprising that Patti should suppose that she had returned to the America that she left many years ago, nor that the career of Jenny Lind in this country should seem to her the career which every great prima donna might expect. She knew that the excited youth of New York, forty years ago, unhitched the horses from Fanny Elssler's carriage, and drew her home in triumph from the old Park Theatre. She knew—not knowing, perhaps, his kinship to the excellent manager of Jenny Lind's concerts—that Genin had paid some hundreds of dollars for the first choice of seats at Jenny Lind's first concert. She knew that the Philharmonic Concerts at that time were a highly meritorious aspiration of a select circle, but that they were not the delight of the great public. She knew also that Jenny Lind sang only in concerts, in supposed deference to the great "serious" public sentiment of the country, which was not friendly to the theatre. This was the America that Patti knew, and to which she proposed to return—she the acknowledged *diva* of the hour, who sang to applauding Europe the songs that the elder *diva* had sung. Why in America should she not have her own sweet way? Why not sing in concerts, and charge enormous prices, and bring a tenor and a virtuoso or two, and witch the Western World with her magical vocalization, and turn the heads of the sons and daughters of Jenny Lind's votaries, and embroider her vast silken pockets with gold?

Why not, indeed? If only the sun stood still once more, and the river of time would stop! Could Patti have come to the America of Jenny Lind, she might—an Easy Chair loyal to the incomparable Swede can not concede more—she might have renewed Jenny Lind's American career. But even then she must have had Jules Benedict and Belletti, and every artist must have been of the best. Jenny Lind did not presume to conquer even the wild hordes of New York without adequate weapons. She did not enter upon her victorious campaign with a questionable tenor, and a worthy but not surpassing violinist. Even the rude and primitive people to whom she sang did not feel that they were contemned, if not despised, and although the prices they paid for their pleasure were large, they were paid gladly, and with a satisfactory feeling that the barter was fair.

But it was another America to which Patti

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came. It was an America which had half outgrown the Italian opera, and which listened with delight to the music of the future. It was indeed the cultivated, intelligent, musically developed America of which we spoke last month, accustomed to hear the greatest works of the greatest masters performed in a manner which would not discredit the Akademie in Berlin, the Gewandhaus in Leipsic, the Conservatoire in Paris. It was an America glad to welcome once more the charming singer whom it had heard at her girlish début, and who returned a *prima donna assoluta*. Yet while she had been enchanting Europe, she had not known the marvellous growth of the land that she had left. Jenny Lind—even Jenny Lind!—had become a tuneful tradition heard by the newest America not without head-shakes and murmurs of incredulity, and when in this year of grace it was offered something less than Jenny Lind's concerts for four or five times the price, the amused incredulity became so excessive that the hall was left half empty.

There is much money in New York, but there is also some taste, some sense of proportion, some knowledge of the fitness of things. It is not altogether a miner's camp upon the frontier. It will pay generously for the good thing that it desires. But the queen of the Italian lyric stage, warbling a ballad at the piano today, ought not to have expected to take the place of Jenny Lind in the concert-room of thirty years ago. It was an error. It was presently repaired. It will not be repeated. But for a moment it seemed as if the charming *diva* were disposed to wrestle with a continent, and to insist that she would be heard upon her own terms or not at all. But *divas*, like mere human beings, learn, and sometimes by ungracious experience, that the world listens only upon its own terms.

WHEN *Nicholas Nickleby* was published, Dickens received a dozen letters from various schools in England complaining that they were vilely slandered and caricatured in the description of Dotheboys Hall. But he had mentioned no names. Like the heat which brings out invisible writing, the truth of the satirist extorted a defiant denial from those whom he had not nominally accused. Some years ago the Easy Chair upon its winter travels came to a railroad restaurant of which it heard some singular stories from a friend who was an eyewitness of what he related. The Easy Chair repeated the story for the benefit of whom it might concern. But its description intentionally furnished no clew to the particular Mugby Junction of the tale. No names were mentioned. There was no "local coloring" in the description which would have enabled the reader to guess whether the place described was in Maine, or California, or Carolina, or inland, or on the sea-coast. The practices described were such as should not occur in any public eating-house, and they were the proper subjects of public comment; and unhappily they were such as were probably not exceptional.

Yet the Magazine had not been issued for a week when the Easy Chair received a letter from the very Mugby which had furnished the text of its sermon, warmly repelling what were denounced as injurious aspersions, and proudly inviting the Easy Chair to visit the place, search it from top to bottom, scrutinize its internal economy and the details of its operation, and then to recant as publicly as it had professed its belief in the abuses which it had described. No other railroad restaurant in the Union showed that it felt its withers to be wrung. But although no accusation had been made which could possibly identify any one offender if all held their peace, the very sinner himself lifted up his voice to cry "'Tis false."

The Easy Chair recently commented upon the case of Fatima, "a newspaper woman," who, with just self-respect, returned a railroad pass which had been sent to her. The return was acknowledged in a manner which seemed to be insulting, and which therefore seemed to confirm the suspicion that the pass was designed as a bribe. The correspondence ended angrily, and Fatima related the story to the Easy Chair, which, with some knowledge of the difficulties that often environ the Fatimas who diligently support themselves by newspaper work, and with great sympathy for such workers, made "a few appropriate remarks." There was, of course, no clew to persons or places. There was nothing said which, however remotely, could identify to the general reader either the giver or the intended beneficiary of the gift. Indeed, the sermon preached upon the occasion was absolutely impersonal, and was confined rather to the disadvantages which weigh upon women in all pursuits that have been traditionally followed by men. There were, indeed, some caustic words applied to the specific transaction, but that was all. The preacher took note of the offense, but knew nothing personally of any offender, for names had not been mentioned.

Promptly, however, came a letter from the lady who had sent the pass, protesting against the severity of the Easy Chair's judgment, and asking that it be reversed, upon the ground of the absolute misrepresentation upon which it was founded. The letter contained, also, copies of the entire correspondence. The statement of Fatima's correspondent is that she received from a friend, who was president of a steamboat company, a package of passes for the summer to a neighboring pleasant resort, intended for distribution among the "female journalists and artists," in whose relief and recreation the president said that he knew the lady to be interested: "Take them, distribute them, and make your protégées and yourself happy." The season was already advanced, but the lady hastened to diffuse the blessing as widely and as quickly as possible;

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and upon hearing from a friend that Fatima was a most deserving "female journalist," and supposing her to be a girl with her name yet to make, she sent one of the passes to Fatima. It was returned with a perfectly civil note. This return seemed to the giver the foolish and ill-bred act of an inexperienced girl, and she wrote in reply a letter intended to instruct her in propriety of conduct. This naturally drew a sharp retort. Fatima's suspicions were naturally aroused, and the peace was hopelessly broken.

According to the statement of the giver, the pass was meant as a courtesy to a tired worker of her own sex. That was certainly generous. But how was Fatima to know it? She begged to return the pass, because to accept it would be the violation of a well-known rule among journalists, and she trusted that the giver would not suppose the kindness to be misunderstood. Here was a courtesy civilly offered and civilly declined. That should have been the end of it. The reply of the giver should not have been written, and it was fairly open to the interpretation which Fatima placed upon it. Had the giver been more fully informed of the situation, she would have known that newspaper men and women are subject to every kind of bribery, and that passes are often meant to be bribes. It is not only newspaper writers and editors who are approached, but every year the great railroads send their passes to members of the Legislature, and even to the judges of the courts. Why do they send them? Is it generosity, or courtesy, or compassion? We do not know what answer to these questions may be current among the marines, but other people know that they are bribes. They are intended to produce a kindly feeling toward the railroad companies; and the company that sends its passes to judges and legislators would not hesitate to buy judges and legislators at a much higher price than the cost of the passes.

Therefore, while there may have been a misapprehension upon Fatima's part of the actual intention of her correspondent, she was perfectly justified in her return of the pass, and, after the reply to her note, in her suspicion of the original intention. On the other hand, by her own statement—which there is no reason to question—the sender of the pass is acquitted of any ill design, and may naturally have been hurt by the rejection of her friendly proffer. Upon reflection, however, she will undoubtedly see that unwittingly her kindness had taken a form which is necessarily suspicious to every journalist, because it is the very form which is always sought by the wholesale bribery practiced by such corporations as that which issued the pass.

THE New York *Times*, commenting recently upon the marriage of a young Yorkshire baronet in the Life Guards with a young woman of Cuban extraction not unknown in the gayer circles of New York dissipation, described a section of the richer and luxurious class in English society as devoted to killing time and seeking selfish indulgence. This has given the fashionable society in England, says the *Times*, "an intensely low tone." It accounts certainly for much of the vulgarity and ignorance and coarseness which so often distinguish persons who belong to that class. "For a section of fashionable society in New York," says the unshrinking Juvenal of the press, "this has an ineffable charm," and "the modern fast and fashionable set in London, as in New York, is as brainless as it is debauched." In the *Tale of Two Cities*, Dickens describes the social condition of France at the beginning of the Revolution. A similar account may be read in Arthur Young's *Travels*, and in Taine, and in De Tocqueville. The tone and glare of it are in the beginning of Carlyle's *French Revolution*. What is called "society" was a huge orgy, a ceaseless carnival of wild and extravagant dissipation. To the appeal of humanity, of justice, of common-sense, the reply of France of the old régime was that of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The "fast set" in American society whose breast quivers and tingles with delight at the idea of friendly notice upon its travels from the Prince of Wales, and which at home grovels in its own way before any titled Tom Noddy, is a social pest. Its influence is degrading and demoralizing. But it has a ridiculous aspect which is wanting in its prototype. Lady Clara Vere de Vere may be selfish and cruel and a wholly useless and encumbering person in the world. But she is the daughter of a hundred earls, and she shows it as certainly as a high-bred racer shows his Arabian descent. A certain nameless refinement and elegance and grace may distinguish her—for it is not, of course, always so—as Lovelace, although a scoundrel, may have the urbane and gentle courtesy of the chevalier without fear and without reproach.

> "Oh, your soft eyes, your low replies!
> A great enchantress you may be."

With all her stony-heartedness and selfish vanity and inhuman pride, the Lady Clara Vere de Vere is still a swan among inferior birds. But no mushroom wealth, no buying of the crown jewels of France as shirt studs, no improvised magnificence and astounding luxury and extravagance, can rival this effect. The tone that time alone, lapsing through long centuries, gives the picture, the tone which is its secret splendor and charm and worth—how will you supply that in a morning? The son and daughter or the grandson and granddaughter of the haberdasher and the coal-heaver and the fat-boiler may outbid emperors for a vase and queens for necklaces, but they can no more buy the poetic perspective and the association and historic setting which belong to the emperor and queen than they can buy the moon.

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Moreover, it is a compensation of justice that those in whom the refinement of long training is most conspicuous disdain the shoddy splendor of sudden wealth. The amazing extravagance of luxury in some instances in America is as little representative of distinctive American character and quality as an English rake of a noble family who comes to hunt up a rich American wife is a type of that trained intelligence and public spirit and service which mark an Englishman like Lord Granville in Parliament or the late Dean Stanley in the Church. The mischief of such unions is that they are likely to continue their kind. They become public nuisances and perils, like the propagation of a pauper class. The chief dangerous and criminal class in a community is that which abandons itself to courses that stifle the sentiment of justice and humanity. It was the Monseigneur of the *Two Cities* who produced the sans-culottes. Thomas Paine said of Burke's splendid eulogy of the French court and noblesse, "He pities the plumage, and forgets the dying bird." It was the cruel selfishness and inhumanity of the old régime that is guilty of the crimes of the Revolution. That is a truth which wealth and fashion everywhere can not lay too closely to heart.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE lovers of polite literature are to be congratulated upon the publication, by the Messrs. Harper, of a superb library edition of the *Works of Oliver Goldsmith*,[1] in four volumes, and in a style uniform with their editions of Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Motley, and other standard authors. And it is a further matter for congratulation that, in the exercise of a sound literary discretion, the publishers have adopted in their integrity the text, notes, readings, and arrangement of Mr. Peter Cunningham's admirably edited edition, which, since its publication in 1854, has superseded all other editions, and is now recognized by scholars as the standard reprint of Goldsmith. The earliest editions of Goldsmith's collected works, from 1780 till 1800, were tentative merely, and it was not until the edition of 1801—with which Bishop Percy's name was associated, because the life prefixed to it was principally written by him, and also because he had a share in the choice and arrangement of the materials—that any approach was made to completeness. Notwithstanding its numerous omissions, inaccuracies, and imperfections, this edition was held in fair esteem, and was frequently reprinted, or was the basis of other editions, for more than thirty years, until 1836–7, when it was thrown into the shade by the appearance of Prior's well-known edition, comprising the miscellaneous works of Goldsmith, and a life. Prior's edition was in six volumes; the two final volumes, containing the life, were written by Prior; and the works, occupying the first four volumes, were ostensibly edited by him, but really by Mr. Thomas Wright, a printer who was familiar with Goldsmith's manuscript. It was reprinted in this country, minus the life, in 1850. Prior's edition was undoubtedly a great improvement upon its predecessors. Besides additions to the previous collections that nearly doubled their volume, it contained a body of judicious notes, giving many of Goldsmith's original or amended readings, tracing the resemblances of thought or expression between particular passages in certain of Goldsmith's writings and passages in his other writings or in the works of other authors, and clearing up the numerous personal, local, and temporary allusions in which Goldsmith's poems and essays abound. Upon the publication of Mr. Cunningham's edition of Goldsmith, in 1854, Mr. Prior's edition shared the fate of Bishop Percy's, and in its turn was superseded by the superior merits of the new edition, and the larger opportunities and greater knowledge of its editor. Justly as it was esteemed up to this time, Prior's edition was very defective. It lacked that scrupulous textual exactness which is indispensable in the reprint of an author who is regarded as a classic. Moreover, not only was its text marred by obvious errors and inaccuracies, but important passages were entirely omitted from it, the final alterations and variations made by Goldsmith himself were often disregarded and left unnoticed, doubtful essays were assigned an equality with those that were authentic, and its arrangement was illogical and often absurd. To say that all these defects have been remedied in Mr. Cunningham's edition were far less than justice. Not only is it true that his reprint is literal and accurate, that all those minute and delicate final touches which Goldsmith gave with a master's hand, and which imparted a new grace and unfolded a more subtle meaning to his original conceptions, are carefully incorporated, the variations noted, and the opportunity for study and comparison afforded, and that all the omitted passages are restored, but entire essays that had escaped the diligence of Mr. Prior and Mr. Wright, and a new poem of which they were ignorant, are added; the history of the author's mind, of the growth of his taste, of the crystallization of his thought, and of his mastery

[1] *The Works of Oliver Goldsmith.* Edited by PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.R.S. In Four Volumes. 8vo. Volume I.: Poetical Works, Dramas, The Vicar of Wakefield—pp. 487. Volume II.: Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning, The Citizen of the World—pp. 521. Volume III.: The Bee, Essays, Unacknowledged Essays, Prefaces, Introductions, etc.—pp. 502. Volume IV.: Biographies, Reviews, Animated Nature, Cock Lane Ghost, Vida's Game of Chess, Letters—pp. 531. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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of the felicities of the English language, is traced in his works, especially in those which he again and again retouched or threw into new forms; and the arrangement is orderly, consistent, and logical. Instead of reserving Goldsmith's masterpieces to bring up the rear of his fugitive pieces and occasional essays, Mr. Cunningham gives them the place of honor which their merits deserve and the expectation of the intelligent scholar demands. The first volume contains the Poems, Dramas, and the inimitable "Vicar of Wakefield," each of them carefully annotated, the annotations showing the various alterations Goldsmith made in them, exhibiting the coincidence of thought and expression in his different compositions, suggesting the sources from whence he derived his impressions or information, and referring to the incidents, anecdotes, and passages in his literary and social life, and in his companionships and surroundings, that explain or illustrate the allusions in the text. These notes (and the same may be said, once for all, of the notes throughout the entire four volumes) are in part the result of Mr. Cunningham's own industrious collation, but are also largely derived from the researches of the previous editors, whose minutes have been adopted by him after due verification and compression; and altogether they form a valuable variorum of gleanings, criticisms, anecdotes, and interesting matter throwing light on Goldsmith's life, literary methods, friendships, associations, and bearing under alternations of fortune. The second volume comprises Goldsmith's first publication, the "Inquiry into the State of Polite Literature in Europe," which was printed anonymously, while he was yet young and unknown, in 1759, and the series of delightful letters, entitled "The Citizen of the World," which he contributed to the *Public Ledger* in 1760, and afterward himself collected, and published in separate form. In his reprint of these early writings of Goldsmith, and of others belonging to the same period yet to be mentioned, Mr. Cunningham has been particular to mark all of Goldsmith's own notes with his name, and the text is the result of a careful collation of the editions that Goldsmith saw through the press, and improved by his latest corrections. Less known than his poems, dramas, and "Vicar of Wakefield," none of Goldsmith's writings are fuller of instructive suggestiveness to those who would master the art of writing English with purity and elegance than these early productions. Especially "The Chinese Letters," which is another name for "The Citizen of the World," excel in the delicacy, archness, and mellowness of their satire, their genial raillery, their humor, pathos, sound common-sense, perennial freshness, and simple elegance. In the third volume Mr. Cunningham has grouped Goldsmith's shorter unconnected pieces—essays, tales, historical sketches, prefaces, and introductions—written from 1758 to 1776, and has arranged them in four divisions: (1) "The Bee," a series of essays, tales, criticisms, and reflections on men and manners, originally printed in a weekly paper of that name, conducted by Goldsmith, in October and November, 1759; (2) "Essays," being a reprint of a collection made by Goldsmith himself in 1765, from his anonymous communications to various periodicals in 1759–60; (3) a body of "Unacknowledged Essays," which principally appeared in different periodicals in 1759–60, and have been attributed to Goldsmith by high authority, but of the genuineness of some of which Mr. Cunningham has more than a suspicion, though a portion of them "have the weight of bullion and mint-mark of Goldsmith himself"; and (4) a collection of "Prefaces, Introductions," etc., written by Goldsmith to accompany his own works, or the works of others in whom he was interested, and covering the entire period of his active literary life. The fourth volume consists of his "Memoirs of Voltaire," written in 1759; his inimitable "Life of Beau Nash," written in 1762; his biographies of Dr. Parnell and Lord Bolingbroke, written in 1770; his contributions to the *Critical Review* and the *Monthly Review*, from 1758 to 1760; selections from his "Animated Nature," embodying all the finest passages in that compilation, among which is some most delightful matter showing the poet and prose-writer in his happiest moods; his clear and convincing exposure of the pretended mystery of the "Cock Lane Ghost"; a long and hitherto unpublished poem printed from the original manuscript in Goldsmith's handwriting, being a translation of Vida's "Game of Chess"; and a collection of his Letters. These last form a more complete collection than any that has appeared hitherto, and contain some of Goldsmith's happiest touches of humor and strokes of character, and the germs of many of the best-known and finest passages in his poems, dramas, and tales. It will be apparent from this synopsis that Mr. Cunningham has arranged Goldsmith's writings (with the exception of those in the first volume, which is appropriated to his masterpieces), so that each volume groups those that have a related character, and with as close a regard to chronological order as was possible. The reader is thus enabled to follow the evolution of Goldsmith's literary powers, to watch the development of his taste, to study the literary methods by which he became master of the most perfect of English prose, and to note the process by which his genius transmuted homely and commonplace incidents into the truest poesy.

THE sketch of the life and writings of *De Quincey*,[2] contributed by Mr. David Masson to the "English Men of Letters Series," is a good example of the ingenious literary mosaic that may be constructed out of superabundant and

[2] *De Quincey*. By DAVID MASSON. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 198. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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heterogeneous materials by a man of ripe taste and catholic scholarship. Taking a bit here and a bit there from the overwhelming mass of De Quincey's letters, essays, critical prolusions, autobiographical sketches, and recollections, and from the expanded biography of De Quincey by Mr. Page, and the correspondence included in it, Mr. Masson has disposed these judiciously selected fragments, together with reminiscences of his own, with a careful regard to unity, so that they blend harmoniously, and faithfully unfold the sequence of events that shaped and colored De Quincey's life, or that illustrate the development and ripening of his moral and intellectual powers. There is scarcely a salient passage in De Quincey's life, or an incident that affected his person or career, or a circumstance or state of feeling that helped evolve the phenomenal characteristics of the man or the writer, but is reproduced by Mr. Masson, with the redundancies pruned off, it may be, but without any destruction of the vivid lines which are essential to a life-like portrait. Mr. Masson traces the analogy that exists between the writings and the abnormal personality of De Quincey with great subtlety, and, we think, deduces therefrom a true conception of his mental organization, and of his literary character and workmanship. Dwelling as largely as is desirable upon the unhealthful psychical and physical traits of De Quincey, including those audacities, or rather mendacities, of his inventive faculty which have exercised an unwholesome fascination upon immature or exuberant imaginations, and toning down his eccentricities and aberrations so that they do not usurp an undue prominence, Mr. Masson's delineation of De Quincey is a kindly but not flattering, and, though it may not have the literal exactitude of a photograph, generally a faithful likeness.

As was the case with his life of Gladstone, noticed in this Record for March, 1880, Mr. George Barnett Smith's *Life and Speeches of John Bright*[3] is very largely political in its character. Dealing more amply with Mr. Bright's public than with his private life, the account of the statesman is full and satisfactory, though somewhat colored by his biographer's political sympathies; but the account of the man is barren and disappointing. To the young, therefore, and those upon whom the life of a man of the people like Bright should act as an inspiring example, the volume will be comparatively uninteresting and uninfluential. On the other hand, for the student of political history, for legislators and statesmen, and those who would fit themselves to become such, this record of the public career and speeches of the great English Liberal statesman and orator is an invaluable study, giving a succinct detailed outline of the political history of Great Britain during the last fifty years, more especially as it was influenced by the convictions and exertions of Mr. Bright, and the other reform leaders who were in affiliation with him. The volume is pregnant with political information, valuable alike to Americans and Englishmen, on matters of grave and living interest, pertaining to trade, finance, commerce, manufactures, tariffs and excise, and incidentally the duties and rights of citizens.

IF Mrs. Gustafson could have maintained the dignity and moderation of tone and the graceful and spirited flow of narrative with which she set out in the earlier chapters of her *Biographical Sketch of Genevieve Ward*,[4] her book would have been deserving of liberal praise, albeit even these are defaced by some thoughtless indiscretions, and relate almost as largely to the mother of the artist as to the artist herself. But unfortunately the task of writing the life of a living celebrity and personal friend has proved too severe an ordeal for her, as it has for hundreds before. It may be set down among the impossibilities for a contemporary to write either history or biography with perfect impartiality. And in the case of a biography written by an ardent friend and admirer while its subject is still living, the difficulty of preserving a calm and judicial equilibrium is immeasurably enhanced. Mrs. Gustafson has attempted this impossibility, and the last half of her sketch is the memorial of her failure, as well as of the generous warmth of her friendship.

THE Messrs. Harper have added to their select "Classical Series for Schools and Colleges" the Greek text of Plato's chef-d'œuvre, *The Protagoras*,[5] ably edited by Mr. E. G. Sihler, who has prefixed to the text a brief and scholarly introduction giving a sketch of the Sophists, against whom and whose philosophy the dialogue is directed, a delineation of their doctrine and philosophical teachings, an analysis of the thought of the Protagoras stripped of its personal, historical, and dramatic elements, and an outline or argument of its action as a dramatic composition. The text is based on the critical edition of Schanz, published by Tauchnitz in 1880, though it has not been servilely followed, other readings having been incorporated into the text where they seemed preferable, or quoted in foot-notes when deserving consideration for the emendations or conjectures they suggested. The dialogue is enriched with a large body of notes, printed separately after the text, which form a very

[3] *The Life and Speeches of The Right Honorable John Bright, M.P.* By GEORGE BARNETT SMITH. With Portraits. Two Volumes in One. 8vo, pp. 331 and 383. New York: A. C. Armstrong and Co.

[4] *Genevieve Ward.* A Biographical Sketch from Original Material Derived from her Family and Friends. With Portrait. By ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON. 16mo, pp. 261. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[5] *The Protagoras of Plato.* With an Introduction and Critical and Explanatory Notes. By E. G. SIHLER, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 140. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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complete critical apparatus and explanatory commentary, embodying the results of the most approved modern scholarship.

A NEW volume of *Ballads and Sonnets*[6] by Mr. Rossetti furnishes abundant evidences of his industry, but fails to afford any striking indications of originality or of poetic genius. Nevertheless, his ballads are vigorous productions, and especially will the historical ballads in this volume, entitled "The White Ship" and "The King's Tragedy," compare favorably with the best of their kind in our language by any modern author. "The White Ship" has for its theme one of the most tragic incidents in English history. In the year 1120, Henry I. of England visited Normandy to receive the homage of the barons of that duchy, and was accompanied thither by his eldest son, William the Ætheling, and a large crowd of nobles and courtiers. On his return, Henry set sail from Barfleur, and was soon carried out of sight of land by a favoring wind; but the White Ship, in which the prince and his party had embarked, was detained by some accident, and lingered behind the rest of the fleet. Meanwhile the sailors, as well as their captain, Thomas Fitz-Stephens, spent the time in carousing, and were so incapacitated for duty by their debauch that hardly had the ship cleared the harbor when she struck upon a rock, and sunk almost instantly. One terrible cry, ringing through the night, was heard on board the royal fleet, but was attributed to some other than the real cause, and was soon forgotten. The young prince had hitherto shown himself to be of a violent and tyrannical disposition, and had even been heard to threaten that when he became king he would make the people of England draw the plough, and would turn them into beasts of burden. That he was not entirely destitute of noble and generous qualities, however, was shown by the last act of his short but turbulent life. When the White Ship struck, William was put into the long-boat, and had got safely clear of the wreck, when, hearing the cries for aid of his natural sister, the Countess of Perche, he ordered the seamen to row back in hopes of saving her; but the numbers who crowded in soon sank the boat, and the prince perished, with all his retinue, among whom were more than a hundred and forty of the flower of the principal families of England and Normandy. A butcher of Rouen was the only person on board who escaped. He clung to a floating mast, and was taken up next morning by some fishermen. Fitz-Stephens also took hold of the mast, but learning that the prince had perished, he declared that he would not survive the disaster, and threw himself headlong into the sea. For three days Henry beguiled himself with the belief that the prince's ship had put into some distant port of England; but when certain information of the loss of his son reached him, he fell senseless to the ground, and never afterward was seen to smile. These incidents are described in the ballad with power and pathos, as if related by Berold, the butcher, who was the witness and sole survivor of the catastrophe. The theme of "The King's Tragedy" is the well-known heroic act of Catharine Douglas, in barring the door of the king's chamber with her arm against the murderers of James I., the poet king of Scotland. Of Mr. Rossetti's sonnets we are unable to speak with enthusiasm. Elaborately and even elegantly finished specimens of the art of poetic feigning, for the most part their emotion is manufactured, their passion pretended, their sentiment cold and artificial, and their style and language stilted and enigmatical.

FEW poems are more suggestive of pictorial embellishment than Owen Meredith's (Sir E. R. Bulwer-Lytton) delightful narrative and dramatic poem *Lucile*,[7] and few have been more worthily and ornately illustrated than the edition just published by Messrs. James R. Osgood and Co., of Boston. The poem abounds in graphic descriptions of grand or picturesque scenery and in highly dramatic incidents and situations, and these, combined with the poet's exquisite conception of womanly beauty, purity, and power in the person of the heroine, afford numberless opportunities for the genius of the painter to vie with, or at least to suitably interpret, the genius of the poet. The illustrations comprise twelve superb full-page engravings and one hundred and fifty smaller ones, from drawings by Mary Hallock Foote, E. H. Garrett, E. P. Hayden, L. S. Ipsen, E. F. Lummis, Thomas Moran, J. E. Palmer, Granville Perkins, James D. Smillie, A. R. Waud, W. P. Snyder, and other artists. The engravings are by A. V. S. Anthony, John Andrew and Son, T. Cole, W. B. Closson, W. J. Dana, W. J. Linton, W. H. Morse, N. Orr, G. C. Lowenthal, F. S. King, R. Varley, J. Karst, W. M. Tenny, and G. Kruell.

THE delicacy and gracefulness of the collection of *Songs and Lyrics*,[8] by Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, are not their greatest merits, though they possess these in an unusual degree. Their descriptions of the changes of the seasons, and of the flowers that gladden and give a peculiar charm to the vernal, the summer, and the autumnal months, are charged with the pensive fancies and gentle enthusiasm of a true poet who sees Nature with loving eyes, and interprets her with reverent fidelity. The snatches of song in this dainty little volume are brief, but their brevity is compensated for by the rare sweetness of their melody.

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[6] *Ballads and Sonnets*. By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. 18mo, pp. 335. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[7] *Lucile*. By Owen Meredith. Illustrated. Royal 4to, pp. 332. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[8] *Songs and Lyrics*. By ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON. 24mo, pp. 98. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

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The Homes and Haunts of our Elder Poets[9] is the title of a beautifully printed and elegantly illustrated quarto, in which both the pen and the pencil have been enlisted to reproduce the dwellings of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell, their exteriors, interiors, and rural and other surroundings. The text is from the pens of H. N. Powers, F. B. Sanborn, and R. H. Stoddard, the first-named describing the home and haunts of Bryant, Mr. Sanborn performing the like office for Emerson, Holmes, and Lowell, and Mr. Stoddard for Longfellow and Whittier. The portraits of the poets (Lowell's is omitted) are given from drawings by Wyatt Eaton; and the numerous views and sights of interiors with which the volume is embellished are from drawings and sketches by R. Swain Gifford, Homer Martin, Francis Lathrop, R. Riordan, G. M. White, C. A. Vanderhoof, A. R. Waud, and Appleton Brown.

THE recent death of Dr. Holland imparts a peculiar and tender interest to the edition of his writings now in course of publication. His latest literary task, the preparation of it for the press, would naturally prompt him to pass in review the whole of his literary career, the motives and aspirations that governed and the gratifications and regrets that checkered it. And we are prone to fancy that his friends and admirers will be apt to picture him as in this attitude of pensive retrospection, while giving the final touches to his honorable life-work. Published in a neat, modest, and uniform style, so as to be accessible to the large constituency of readers whose means are moderate, this edition is a fitting memorial, silent but eloquent, of the active toiler who now rests from his labors. In foot-notes ([10–18]) we give the titles of such of the volumes as have thus far issued from the press.

The Portrait of a Lady,[19] by Henry James, Jun., fulfills all the technical conditions that are essential for the production of a perfect portrait in oil, save those that are mechanical or manual, and manifests clearly enough how successfully the pen may compete with the pencil in the sphere of pictorial art. Undoubtedly, in dealing with form and color, the pencil has the advantage of appealing directly to and delighting the eye, and the impressions it is thus able to make upon us are instantaneous and permanent; but it is subject to limitations which do not circumscribe the range or hamper the freedom of the pen. For however admirable a portrait in colors may be, it can present its subject in one only of his attitudes, it must drape him in an unvarying garb, it must environ him with accessories that become monotonous under their unchanging fixedness, and it can only reproduce the expression that he wore at a single moment of his life. In his contention with the limitations of his art, the painter, among other devices of technical detail that we need not specify, has been obliged to resort to the expedient of repeated sittings, so that his work shall not reflect a single fleeting or momentary play of expression, but shall combine those regnant and characteristic expressions which reflect the man when at his best, and which may be caught by studying him in different moods and fluctuations of feeling and temperament. An artist with the pen has no need to resort to this expedient, as Mr. James demonstrates in his continuous and sustained portraiture of the heroine of his long and fragmentary but profoundly interesting tale. Instead of her repeated sittings being condensed into one final touch, which necessarily sacrifices far more than it preserves, each contributes to the completeness of the picture without detracting from its unity. And the result is a vivid and life-like portrait of a woman at different stages of her life from girlhood to womanhood, as she is insensibly influenced by varying local, personal, and social environments, or by the teachings of sweet or bitter experience, but yet ever remaining intrinsically the same, and notwithstanding the shipwreck of some of her ideals, throughout preserving her cherished illusions and her distinctive and winsome individuality. Besides this elaborate portrait, several other subsidiary and contrasted portraits are introduced of men and women who came into the life of the heroine, and alternately checkered it with cloud or sunshine, which, like the principal figure, are painted in rich but delicate colors, and are noteworthy for the clearness and definiteness of their outlines, and for their display of emphatic but not violent contrasts.

MR. HARDY has pitched his new romance, *A Laodicean*,[20] on a lower and feebler key than

[9] *The Homes and Haunts of our Elder Poets.* With Portraits and Illustrations. Royal 4to, pp. 192. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[10] *Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Single and Married.* By Timothy Titcomb, Esquire. Fiftieth edition. 16mo, pp. 223. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[11] *Gold-Foil Hammered from Popular Proverbs.* By Timothy Titcomb. 16mo, pp. 333. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[12] *Lessons in Life.* A Series of Familiar Essays. By Timothy Titcomb. 16mo, pp. 321. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[13] *Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects.* By J. G. HOLLAND. 16mo, pp. 319. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[14] *Kathrina.* A Poem. By J. G. HOLLAND. 16mo, pp. 223. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[15] *Bitter-Sweet.* A Poem. By J. G. HOLLAND. 16mo, pp. 202. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[16] *Concerning the Jones Family.* By Timothy Titcomb. 16mo, pp. 308. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[17] *The Puritan's Guest, and Other Poems.* By J. G. HOLLAND. 16mo, pp. 166. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[18] *The Mistress of the Manse.* A Poem. By J. G. HOLLAND. 16mo, pp. 187. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[19] *The Portrait of a Lady.* By HENRY JAMES, Jun. 12mo, pp. 520. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[20] *A Laodicean.* A Novel. By THOMAS HARDY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 71. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 432. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

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usual. Compared with the best of his former novels, its movement is languid, its actors tame and colorless, and its plot and incidents hackneyed. Hitherto one of the most unconventional of modern novelists, in this story he rivals the most conventional, without, however, falling into the depths of their insipidity. Too practiced and experienced an artist for this, and too rich in resources and narrative power to fail to keenly excite the interest of his readers, his admirers will yet look regretfully and vainly through *The Laodicean* for the powerful scenic and dramatic effects and the deep Rembrant-like tones with which he has made them familiar, or for the intensely realistic delineations of picturesque aspects of common life among the agricultural laborers and peasantry of England, and the vivid descriptions of heath and fen and moorland scenery that have characterized the strongest of his previous performances.

FROM among the large number of novels, good, bad, and indifferent, that had accumulated on the editor's table, several had been selected as deserving of somewhat extended notice for their readableness, the purity of their tone, and the commendable quality of their literary execution; but at the last moment we are constrained to invite attention to them by their titles only, as follows: *A Grape from a Thorn*,[21] by James Payn; *My Wife and My Wife's Sister*,[22] a new volume in the "No Name Series"; *Joyce Morrell's Harvest*,[23] by Emily Sarah Holt; *The Vicar's People*,[24] by George Manville Fenn; *John Barlow's Ward*,[25] by an anonymous English author; and *The Comet of a Season*,[26] by Justin McCarthy.

THE following books for young people, primarily intended for the holiday season, but received too late for timely notice at that time, are deserving of brief mention, because they have more than an ephemeral value: A new and appropriately illustrated edition of Mr. Day's perennially delightful *History of Sandford and Merton*.[27]—A pleasing biographical sketch of the life, character, and career, the writings, exploits, voyages, imprisonments, and execution, of *Sir Walter Raleigh*,[28] by Mr. George M. Towle, forms an additional volume in his useful series of "Young Folks' Heroes of History."—An entertaining and instructive historical sketch, by the author of the popular "Zigzag" books, entitled *The Young Folks' History of Boston*,[29] tells the history of that ancient town from its founding to the present day, and the narrative is enlivened by illustrative stories, legends, traditions, poems, and chronicles of exciting or eventful occurrences.—In two absorbing sea stories, *The Deserted Ship*[30] and *Driven to Sea*,[31] the peril and adventure of a sailor's life are graphically described, its amenities and allurements being skillfully offset by pictures of its hardships and exposures, and the virtues of endurance, fortitude, fidelity, and courage are portrayed with rough and ready and highly attractive effusiveness.—*Eight Hundred Leagues on the Amazon*[32] is a new volume by Jules Verne, in which that indefatigable caterer to the love of the marvellous gives an engaging sketch of travel and adventure in South America, being an account of a voyage down the Amazon, from one of its remote sources in the forests and mountains of Peru to its mouth, accompanied by spirited descriptions of the people, beasts, birds, reptiles, and tropical products that were met, and of the dangers that were encountered in the journey.—*A World of Wonders*[33] is a copiously illustrated compilation of interesting knowledge relating to the wonders of marine life, the curiosities of the vegetable, the insect, and the reptile world, the marvels of bird and beast life, and the phenomenal forces of nature, especially as exhibited by the action of air and water, ice and fire.—*The Young Americans in Japan*[34] is closely modelled upon the same general plan as Mr. Knox's series, "The Boy Travellers in the East." The Jewett family are supposed to leave their New England home on a visit to Japan, in company with and chaperoned by an intelligent young Japanese who had been educated in this country. The narration of the incidents of travel of the party affords an opportunity for descriptions of the characteristics of national and social life, customs, manners, observances, and institutions that were revealed to them.

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[21] *A Grape from a Thorn.* A Novel. By JAMES PAYN. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 78. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[22] *My Wife and My Wife's Sister.* "No Name Series." 16mo, pp. 319. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[23] *Joyce Morrell's Harvest; or, The Annals of Selwick Hall.* A Story of the Reign of Elizabeth. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. 12mo, pp. 372. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[24] *The Vicar's People.* By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN. Sq. 16mo, pp. 446. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[25] *John Barlow's Ward.* Sq. 16mo, pp. 287. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[26] *The Comet of a Season.* A Novel. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 66. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[27] *The History of Sandford and Merton.* By THOMAS DAY. Corrected and Revised by CECIL HARTLEY, M.A. 12mo, pp. 448. New York: George Routledge and Sons.

[28] *Raleigh: His Life and Voyages.* By GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 273. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[29] *Young Folks' History of Boston.* By HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. 16mo, pp. 480. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[30] *The Deserted Ship:* A Story of the Atlantic. Being Adventures in the Early Life of Cupples Howe, Mariner. By GEORGE CUPPLES. 12mo, pp. 258. Boston: A. Williams and Co.

[31] *Driven to Sea; or, The Adventures of Norrie Seton.* By Mrs. GEORGE CUPPLES. 12mo, pp. 332. Boston: A. Williams and Co.

[32] *Eight Hundred Leagues on the Amazon.* By JULES VERNE. Translated by W. J. GORDON. Illustrated. Sq. 12mo, pp. 244. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[33] *A World of Wonders; or, Marvels in Animate and Inanimate Nature.* With Three Hundred and Twenty-two Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 496. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[34] *Young Americans in Japan; or, The Adventures of the Jewett Family and their Friend Oto Nambo.* By EDWARD GREEY. One Hundred and Seventy-one Illustrations. Royal 8vo, pp. 372. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of December.—The first regular session of the Forty-seventh Congress began December 5. Mr. David Davis, of Illinois, President *pro tem.*, called the Senate to order. The Republicans elected General Keifer Speaker of the House, and Edward McPherson Clerk. President Arthur's first annual Message was read in both Houses December 6. The sad event which called him to the Presidential chair was appropriately mentioned. The relations between this country and foreign nations were spoken of as harmonious. The President concurred in the recommendation of the Secretary of the Treasury that the coinage of silver be stopped, and that silver certificates be called in. He reiterated the views on civil service stated by him in his letter accepting the nomination for Vice-President, and suggested methods by which the present system of appointments and promotions might be improved. He recommended legislation touching the Mormon question, called attention to the requirements of the army and the navy, commended the management of the Post-office Department, and offered suggestions for the civilization of the Indians.

The following nominations were made by the President, and confirmed by the Senate: F. T. Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State; J. Bancroft Davis, Assistant Secretary of State; B. H. Brewster, Attorney-General; T. O. Howe, Postmaster-General; Horace Gray, Justice of United States Supreme Court; Thomas C. Acton, Assistant United States Treasurer; W. H. Trescott, Minister to Chili, Peru, and Bolivia.

Secretary Blaine's letter to Minister Lowell, stating the objections to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, was sent to the Senate December 15.

H. H. Riddleberger was elected, December 20, to succeed John W. Johnston as United States Senator from Virginia.

The French Chamber of Deputies, December 1, passed supplementary votes for the Tunisian expedition, by a vote of 400 to 52. M. Gambetta, replying to various speeches, defended the course of the government, saying that the treaty with Tunis existed, and no protest could invalidate it.

Herr Tevitzow, of the Conservative coalition, was elected President of the German Reichstag November 19.—In the debate on the budget in the Reichstag, November 24, Herr Richter made a vigorous assault on the Bismarck policy. Subsequently two measures urgently pressed by the government were voted down, one for the expenses of an Economical Council, and the other for a sum for the establishment of a training institute for non-commissioned officers in Alsace.

Pierola, the ex-Dictator of Peru, has resigned his claim to the Presidency, and left the country for Europe.

Serious troubles have broken out in the Soudan. A false prophet with 1500 followers has totally annihilated Governor Fashoda's force of 350 Egyptians, and killed the Governor.

An extraordinary plot against the Czar was discovered in the latter part of November by the Russian police, and many arrests were made. It was the intention of the conspirators to send up a balloon near Gatchina laden with dynamite and explosive fire-balls, together with appliances to cause the balloon to fall within the palace yard, when it would explode and set the palace on fire. In the confusion it was intended to seize the Czar and his family. The machinery seized shows that everything was in readiness for the execution of the plot.

A man named Macaluso threw a loaded revolver at Premier Depretis in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, November 21, but the weapon failed to explode.

OBITUARY.

November 21.—In Philadelphia, Robert Shelton Mackenzie, author and journalist, aged seventy-two years.

December 6.—In Santiago, Chili, General Judson Kilpatrick, United States Minister to Chili, in his forty-sixth year.

December 9.—In Philadelphia, John W. Forney, aged sixty-four years.

December 13.—At Nice, France, General John H. Martindale, of New York, aged sixty-six years.

December 17.—In New York, Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, arctic explorer, aged forty-nine years.

December 19.—In New York, Siro Delmonico, in his fifty-ninth year.

DISASTERS.

November 5.—River-steamer *Albion* foundered off Point Barbacoas, on the Colombian coast. Thirty-two lives lost.

November 25.—Spanish steamer *Jovellanos* foundered while entering the harbor of San Sebastian. Fifteen lives lost.

December 4.—News confirmed of the loss of the propeller *Jane Miller* in Georgian Bay, with twenty-five persons.

December 8.—Ring Theatre, formerly Comic Opera House, Vienna, Austria, burned. Seven hundred and ninety-four lives lost.

December 9.—Explosion in Cockerell Colliery, Brussels, killing sixty-six persons.—Colliery explosion near Bolton, England. Forty men killed.

December 20.—News received of the destruction of the arctic exploring steamer *Jeannette* by the ice in the Siberian seas, June 11. One boat's crew not heard from.—News of the loss of the steamer *Bath City*, from Bristol to New York, off the coast of Newfoundland. Ten of the crew lost.

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Editor's Drawer.

JUDGING from the progress that has been made by American colleges during the last ten years, the newspaper reports of college affairs ten years hence will read somewhat as follows:

"THE YALE AND PRINCETON FOOT-BALL MATCH.

"Yesterday the long-expected foot-ball match for the championship of the American colleges was played by the representatives of Yale and Princeton in the presence of at least thirty thousand spectators, assembled in the new Coliseum. A more sanguinary and exciting struggle has seldom taken place, and the list of killed and wounded reflects great credit upon both colleges. The match was played in accordance with the Roughby rules; one of which provides that the clubs used by the players shall each be four feet long, made of the best oak, loaded with lead, and weighing ten pounds. The Hon. Patrick McGinnis acted as referee, and sat on a platform in the centre of the arena, holding the ball on his lap during the entire game. The repeating rifle which he held on his knees in readiness to enforce his decisions was the same with which he convinced the Columbia men, two weeks ago, that they were guilty of a foul in the match with Harvard.

"At ten o'clock precisely the Princeton men entered the arena, and were greeted by their friends with the familiar college cheer, 'N-A-S-S-A-U–H-A-L-L–C-O-M-M-O-N-L-Y–C-A-L-L-E-D–P-R-I-N-C-E-T-O-N–C-O-L-L-E-G-E.' The Yale men appeared five minutes later, and at a given signal the two gallant bands fell upon each other. The clubs were wielded with tremendous force, and within the first three minutes young Smith, of the Princetons, had his skull smashed by a blow delivered by the renowned Jones, of Yale. Encouraged by the cheers of the Yale partisans and the waving handkerchiefs of the enthusiastic ladies, Jones rushed at a formidable Princetonian, and would have killed him as handsomely as he had killed Smith, had not his foot slipped, so that his blow fell upon his enemy's nose. Meanwhile three Yale legs had been broken, and one of the best of the Yale players had lost both eyes. During the next half-hour the game was played with the utmost fury by Princeton and the utmost stubbornness by Yale. More than once the dwindling band who upheld the fortunes of the New England college seemed about to give way, but each time they rallied and drove back the enemy. Fate, however, was against them. At 10.45 the four surviving Yale men who were still able to wield their clubs cried for quarter, and the referee, announcing that Princeton had won the championship, delivered the ball to the Princeton leader. The casualties are: three Yale men and three Princeton men killed; four Yale men and seven Princeton men wounded, two of the latter not being expected to recover. Robinson and Brown, of Yale, have each both legs broken, and Jenkins, of Princeton, has lost an eye and all his front teeth. The only incident which marred the gayety of this most enjoyable match was the spoiling of the exquisite dress of a young lady well known in the fashionable world. A Princeton man scattered the brains of a Yale man all over the dress, but his apology was smilingly accepted, and the affair overlooked by the young lady's brother."

"THE YALE-HARVARD ROWING MATCH.

"This event, which is to take place next Wednesday, promises to be an unusually exciting affair. The Yale eight, with the exception of the coxswain, are now in the hospital with malarious fever, but their physician thinks that they may be able to row on the appointed day. The Harvard stroke and bow had each an attack of cholera yesterday, and are still very low. Nos. 2, 3, and 6 are believed to be suffering from severe hemorrhages from the lungs, and the three remaining oarsmen are slowly recovering from typhoid fever. It will thus be seen that, on the whole, the two crews are in better physical condition than most of our professional oarsmen are apt to be on the eve of a race. Harvard's boat was sawed in two for the seventh time this season a few days ago, and the Yale boat-house, with its contents, was burned for the fourth time last night. It is understood that every man of each crew has been heavily bribed to faint while the race is in progress, but there is no doubt that the bribes which have also been paid to them to induce them to win are very large. The betting, at last advices, was even, but President Hanlon, of Harvard, confidently informed a leading citizen of Boston yesterday that he might safely put his bottom dollar on Harvard."

"It is rumored that the standard of admission to Cornell University is to be raised to five feet ten inches next term. The Examining Board, consisting of President Ross and Professors Trickett and Riley, will admit no one to the Freshman Class who weighs less than one hundred and fifty or more than two hundred pounds, and who can not row over the measured mile in the time specified in the college laws. Last year, owing to the laxity of the examiners, two young men were admitted to the Freshman Class one of whom had studied algebra, the other of whom had actually read one book of Cæsar. It is needless to say that neither of these men can row, and the scandal which their admission has caused has

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led to a demand on the part of the trustees for greater thoroughness in examining candidates in future." W. L. A.

MODERN FABLES.

THE DOG OF ALCIBIADES.

ALCIBIADES, having a desire to crop the tail of his Dog, persuaded the simple animal that by submitting to the operation it would become the sole subject of Athenian conversation. The faithful brute fell in with the suggestion, and, to show its gratitude, wheeled suddenly round and attempted to lick its master's hand at the critical moment, with the disastrous effect that the blow severed its tail just behind the ears.

Moral.—This fable teaches, first, the importance of always aiming at the right end, and secondly, the impropriety of interrupting a man in his attempt to cut a tale short.

THE CUCKOO AND THE HEDGE-SPARROW.

A Hedge-Sparrow, having adopted (with full surrender) a young Cuckoo, soon found that the Diet of Worms demanded by the little stranger was taxing severely her own limited resources. In this strait she was sorely tempted to turn the Cuckoo out; but repressing the unworthy thought, she had herself incorporated as an Orphans' Home, and lived sumptuously upon the stores contributed by the generous birds for its support.

Moral.—Be it ever so humble, there's no place like a Home.

THE SPARTANS AND THE FOX.

A Spartan, having stolen a Fox, intrusted the animal to a faithful friend, who concealed it beneath his robe, and permitted it to gnaw his vitals sooner than he would betray the trust reposed in him. Nor did his heroism pass unrewarded; for the surviving friend promptly identified the Fox as having been stolen from him, and blackened the hero's memory by showing that, as the Fox was a wild animal, there was no property in it, hence no theft, and consequently no necessity for concealing the transaction.

Moral.—Thus we learn the absurdity of taking other people's troubles to heart. G. T. L.

AMERICAN visitors to Canada during the past season can not have failed to bless the constructors of the new railroad along the northern shore of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers, which makes Quebec and Ottawa city accessible without a lamentable waste of time. The latter place was selected as the capital of Canada about a quarter of a century ago as a compromise, and though "beautiful for situation," was no less inconvenient, being reached by a slow steamboat line or a roundabout railway route. Its original name was Bytown, from Colonel By, an illegitimate son of an English monarch, but when it became the capital this appellation was discarded for the lofter title it now holds. "Not so much of a change, after all," grumbled Thomas Darcy McGee, during a tedious passage by river—"from Bytown to Out-of-the-way city."

AT THE MESS TABLE.

AT the mess table brooded silence,
And the fire flickered low,
And the guests seemed thinking sadly
Of home and long ago;
And the General bade the Captain,
Bearded and bronzed and hale,
"Come, give us one of your stories,"
And the Captain told this tale:

"THE PHANTOM OF THE PECOS.

"It was a sultry summer, some twenty years ago,
When the emigrant train left Texas, bound for New Mexico.
Strong men and gentle women threescore were in the band,
And nigh as many children left wee foot-prints in the sand.

"Northward they travelled slowly, and bitter was the road.
The sun, a ball of fire, in the brazen heaven glowed;
The sands were like red ploughshares beneath a martyr's feet;
And the thorny spikes of cactus drooped, shrivelled in the heat.

"There was no wind till evening, and then its fevered breath
Like that was of the angel that bears the brand of death;
And the moon, a fiery crescent, swooned in the sky afar,
As it had been the reddened blade of his baleful scimetar.

"And as they travelled northward, within its sandy bed
The river shrank away from them, as if with guilty dread,
And narrower grew the water, and shallower, until
The river had dwindled to a creek, the creek to a muddy rill.

"Then here and there a languid pool in those accursed lands,
And then the river-bed was naught but rocks and arid sands,
And the little water that they found by digging long and deep
Was bitter as that on sea-side rocks when the tide is at the neap.

"And as into the flinty earth the treacherous river sank,
Fewer the following foot-prints were upon its burning bank;
Twenty beheld the red sun rise, fifteen flagged faint at noon,
And only ten went into camp under the lurid moon.

"And twice again the red moon sank, twice rose the copper sun,
And the ten that staggered on were eight, were five, were three, were one.
One man was left of the emigrant train that two short weeks ago
Had left the Texan valley bound for New Mexico.

"And as he tottered northward across the endless sands,
His blood-shot eyes still shading with thin and blistered hands,

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Sudden from out the desert, up to the cloudless skies,
A vast and awful figure the traveller saw arise.

"It was the watery mirage. There shimmer to his view
Fleecy cascades down-falling and lakes of deepest blue;
But though he strains to reach them, and desperate staggers on,
Ever a step beyond him the vision is withdrawn.

"Ever before him hovers, and seems to bar the way,
The Phantom of the Pecos, a cloud of dusty gray;
Its mocking eyes glare on him, and through the fervid air
Its voice of doom makes answer to his question of despair.

"The dying wanderer listens the Phantom speak his name,
And moves his cracking lips in vain one piteous prayer to frame;
And the awful vision mutters on the salt sand as he sinks,
'Don't you think that it's a long time—a long time between drinks?'"

The General started from his chair
As he had felt a wound.
"Captain," he said, "you're right, I swear—
Send the decanter round." G. T. L.

FREQUENT allusion has of late been made to the practicability and advisability of making the Erie Canal a ship-canal. When the Erie Canal was in course of construction, Governor Clinton visited Lockport, which its citizens dreamed was to be the great inland city of the continent. Buffalo was hardly born. Lockport was to be the key of the commerce that was to flow through it, and, with its vast water-power, the seat of the great flouring mills and manufactories north of Mason and Dixon's line. Governor Clinton did not throw any cold water on their enthusiasm, but ventured to say that New York city would derive immense advantages from the canal. Some of the wiseacres shook their heads and said, "Too far from Lockport, Governor—too far from Lockport."

DURING the civil war there was, rightly or wrongly, a lamentable prejudice entertained against brevet rank and brigadier-generals. Lincoln's estimate of the comparative value of the mules and brigadiers gobbled up by a Confederate raider—the army mule was affectionately known as a "brevet horse"—is known to most readers; but there is another story, scarcely less complimentary, and much less familiar. According to the anonymous libeller, during an active engagement, a colonel, while bravely leading on his men, received a terrible blow in the head from the fragment of a shell, which completely exposed the brain. He was carried to the rear, and intrusted to the care of a surgeon, who at once resolved upon heroic treatment, and removed the brain bodily to repair the lacerations. While he was absorbed in this delicate operation, an aide-de-camp, unconscious of the severity of the officer's wound, rode up with a message that Colonel Blank was wanted immediately at head-quarters. Mechanically, like the brainless pigeon in the interesting surgical experiment, the gallant officer clambered into the saddle and rode away; and when the surgeon, having completed the re-arrangement of the wounded organ, returned to place it in position, he was astonished to find the patient missing. At that moment his attention was attracted by the sound of galloping hoofs, and looking round, his surprise was intensified on beholding the colonel riding to the front as gayly as if nothing had happened.

"Hi, colonel! ho, colonel!" shouted the surgeon, pursuing him. "Stop. You're forgetting about your brains!"

"Never mind about them," roared the hero, clapping spurs to his horse. "I don't want them—I've just been brevetted brigadier-general."

A CORRESPONDENT at Malden, Massachusetts, sends us two epitaphs, written forty years ago by the late Hannah F. Gould, of Newburyport, one of the wittiest women of her time:

ON ASAHEL HUNTINGTON.
(A prominent lawyer of Salem, Massachusetts.)

Here Huntington hid
Has chewed his last quid,
And all his cigars are done burning;
And if where he goes
No tobacco-plant grows,
We shall surely behold him returning.

ON MASTER WRIGHT.
(Of Andover, Massachusetts.)

Here lies Master Wright:
When he bid us good-night,
The glory of Andover fainted.
He has read his last rule,
Whipped his last rogue at school,
And now he's gone up to the sainted.

WE are indebted to a friend in Washington for exhuming and sending to us the following, which had been pigeon-holed in his desk some fourteen years. It was narrated to him and others by Mr. Stanton in his room in the War Department.

In the year 1850 a case was on trial in the United States Circuit Court at Cincinnati, Ohio, before the late Judge McLean, in which Edwin M. Stanton and Reverdy Johnson were of counsel on opposing sides. Associated with Mr. Johnson was a New York lawyer, whose effort was to belittle the evidence produced on the other side by aiming witticisms at it, with the intent of casting ridicule upon it. Whenever he did so, Mr. Johnson laughed with great gusto over his associate's efforts. It so happened that a half-witted fellow who lived in Cincinnati, hearing that a great lawyer from Maryland was engaged in the court, came into the court-room, and seated himself near Mr. Johnson, and whenever Mr. Johnson laughed, he laughed too. This continued through the first day of the trial without being noticed by Mr. Stanton. The next day the

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same person resumed his seat, and joined, as before, in Mr. Johnson's laughs over the points made by the associate against the other side. After this had occurred several times, Mr. Stanton spoke across the table, and said: "Mr. Johnson, you need not exhaust yourself laughing so; that idiot behind you is paid for doing that." Mr. Johnson did not laugh again during the nine days of the trial.

BISHOP —— was at a hotel where the waiter was very attentive.

"Pleasant day, Governor."

"Yes, nice day, old man; but I am not a Governor."

After a while the waiter remarked, "Make a long stay, General?"

"Oh no; only several days. But then I am not a General."

"BLESS THE LORD! THEN, MARSTER, WHAT IS YOU?"

Soon the waiter ventured to say, "Splendid country this, Commodore; don't you think so?"

"Oh yes; but I am not a Commodore either."

"Bless the Lord! then, marster, what *is* you?"

"I'm only a Bishop, my friend; I'm Bishop of so-and-so."

"Couldn't spot you 'zactly, sir, but I knew you was *top of the pile* somewhere, sir."

ULSTER HUMOR.

THERE is a story about a nervous student who was asked by his college professor to open the class with prayer. The prayer began, rather strangely, with the words,

"O Lord, though our mother was an Amorite, and our father a Hittite—"

The student was at this point rather irreverently interrupted by a student behind him, who whispered, "And what was your grandfather?"

This caused a breakdown in the prayer.

Ecclesiastical interests have great importance for Ulster men. Indeed, religion in Ulster is a condition of social existence. Hence there is many an anecdote about ministers and sermons. A very cold preacher was once officiating for the day in a country parish. One of the hearers remarked: "Weel, it will be a lang time afore that man maks the deil swat."

An eccentric but most worthy minister was in the habit of interjecting remarks in his sermon, occasionally sarcastic, sometimes severe. He always censured people for going out of church during the sermon. He was one day preaching for his son, who was also a minister, and who, knowing his father's habits, had warned him beforehand to take no notice of people going out during sermon. The old man was preaching away with his usual energy, when one and another and another went quietly out. He seemed to take no notice of them, further than from time to time to throw a glance down at his son, who was sitting in an adjoining pew. But the old man's patience was soon exhausted, and he said to his son, in a loud whisper easily heard over the whole church, "Harry, I'll not say one word if they should every one of them rise up and go out."

Sometimes there is a sort of rich humor in the social or political situation itself. More than sixty years ago a miller in County Armagh was the means of bringing a Ribbonman to the gallows. His life was afterward in constant peril. Many a bullet whistled past him. He wrote to his landlord that he would be obliged to leave the district, as the Ribbonmen would never forgive him. The landlord made him the "life" of every lease in the district; that is, he gave leases of their farms at a small rent to the very Ribbonmen who threatened the life of the miller, and thus made it their interest to keep him alive. The miller died only some five years ago, to the infinite regret of all the lessees, or their descendants, who, though their hatred never slept through fifty long years, must often have uttered the familiar wish of the Irish, "Long life to ye!" in the case of a man who, through the ingenious interference of his landlord, had the prosperity of a whole district bound up with the breath of his body.

AN ULSTER MAN.

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FALLEN SHORT.

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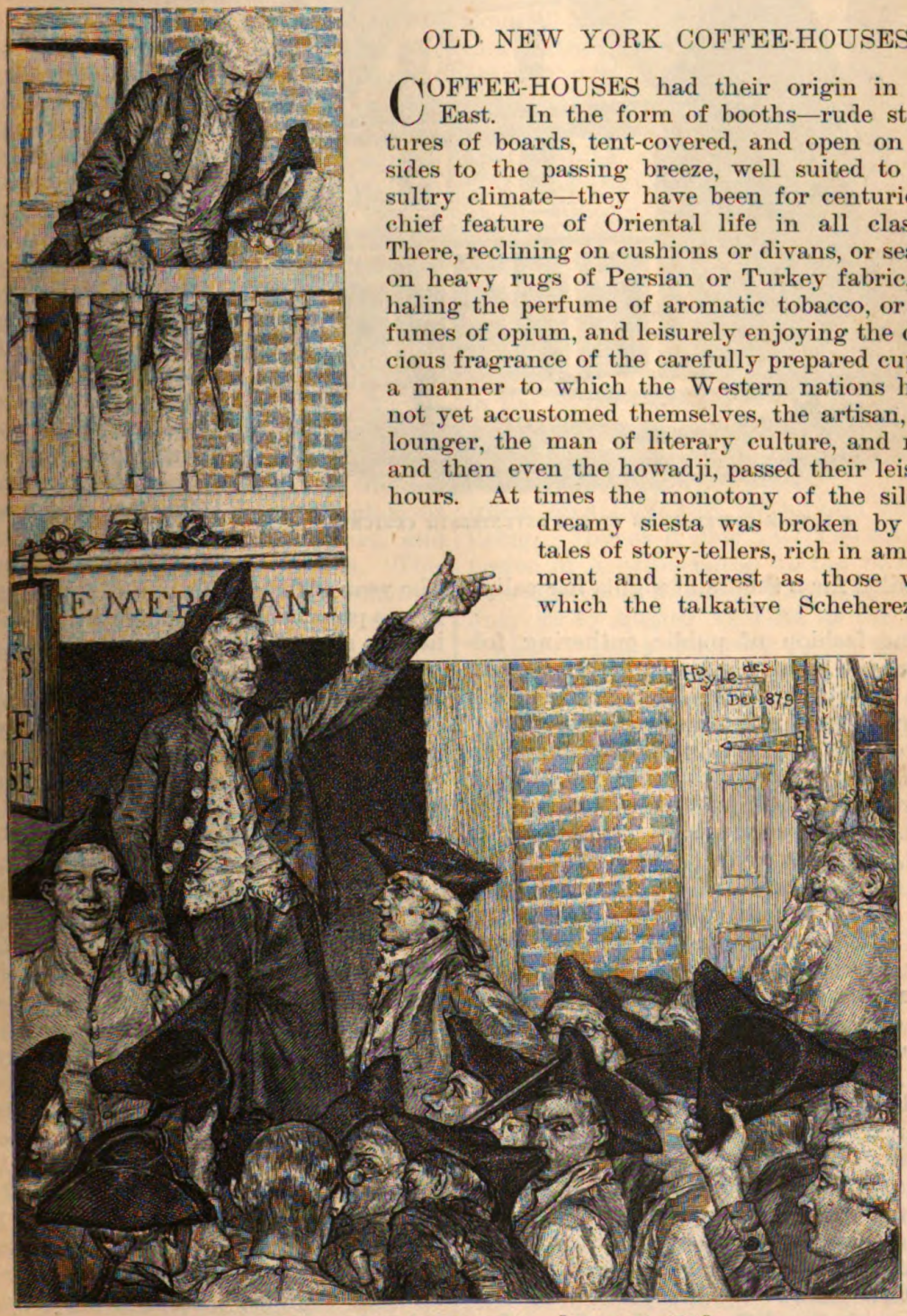
HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXXII.—MARCH, 1882.—Vol. LXIV.



ISAAC SEARS ADDRESSING THE MOB.—[SEE PAGE 492.]

OLD NEW YORK COFFEE-HOUSES.

COFFEE-HOUSES had their origin in the East. In the form of booths—rude structures of boards, tent-covered, and open on the sides to the passing breeze, well suited to the sultry climate—they have been for centuries a chief feature of Oriental life in all classes. There, reclining on cushions or divans, or seated on heavy rugs of Persian or Turkey fabric, inhaling the perfume of aromatic tobacco, or the fumes of opium, and leisurely enjoying the delicious fragrance of the carefully prepared cup in a manner to which the Western nations have not yet accustomed themselves, the artisan, the lounger, the man of literary culture, and now and then even the howadji, passed their leisure hours. At times the monotony of the silent, dreamy siesta was broken by the tales of story-tellers, rich in amusement and interest as those with which the talkative Scheherezade

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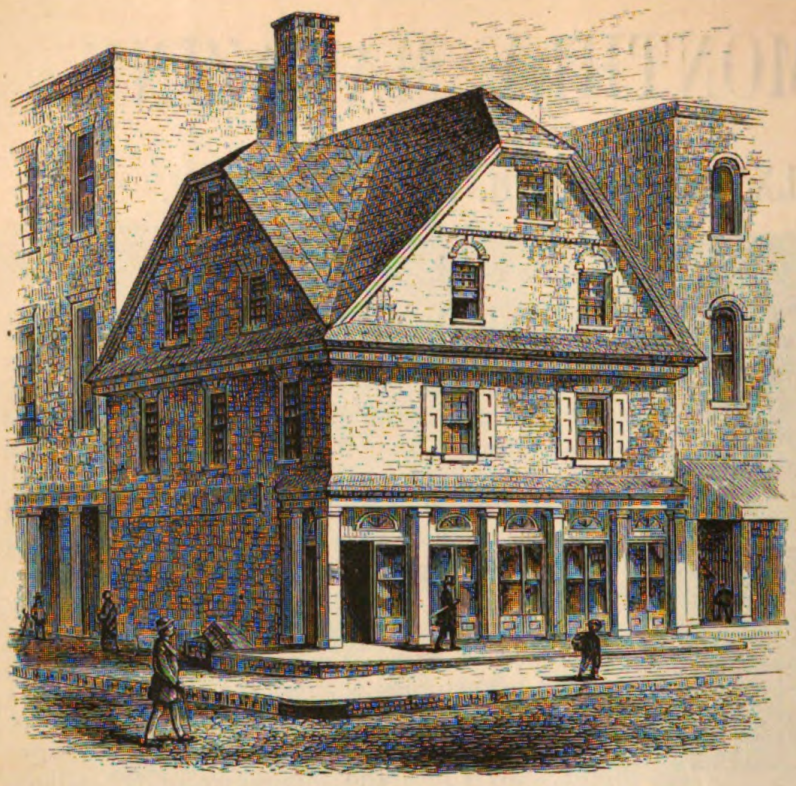

A LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

beguiled for a thousand nights her caliph lord.

The fashion of public gathering followed the introduction of the coffee-house into Europe, with the change which climate and national characteristics required.

In 1650, as Anthony Wood relates in his Diary, "coffee was publicly sold at or neare the Angel" (a tavern sign), at Oxford. The keeper was an "Outlander, or Jew," Jacob by name. The Angel Tavern was in the parish of St. Peter, near the east gate of the old university town. He also sold "chocolate and thee"; both these new beverages, as is quaintly remarked, "were by some who delighted in novelties drunk." Accepted at Oxford, coffee soon found its way to London, and in 1652 one Bowman, coachman to Mr. Hodges, a Turkey merchant, was set up by his master in what Aubrey calls "the first coffee-house in London."

In 1663 coffee-houses were placed on the footing of taverns, and a statute of Charles II. of that year required that they should be licensed. Strangely enough, the old Eastern controversy was revived in London, with the difference that the coffee-houses became the resort of the sober, religious Puritan, while the tavern, with its "jolly good ale and old," was the favorite place of carousal of the Wildrakes of the day. The *Harleian Miscellany* contains two extremely curious tracts on this subject. One published in 1673, called "The Character of a Coffee-House, with the Symptoms of a Town Wit," charges that "the coffee-house is a lay conventicle, good-fellowship turned Puritan, ill husbandry in masquerade, whither people come after toping all day to purchase at the expense of their last penny the repute of sober companions; he that comes often saves twopence a week in *Gazettes*, and has his news and his coffee for the same charge." The year of the publication of this diatribe it was proposed in Parliament that coffee-houses should be suppressed, and in 1675 a proclamation of the King ordered that they should all be closed, as "seminaries of sedition"; but reflection brought wiser counsel, and the order was rescinded a few days later. Popular habits are not safely interfered with.

The second of the tracts in the *Harleian Miscellany* alluded to, printed in 1675, under the title, "The Coffee-Houses Vindicated," bears witness to the rapid increase of these establishments. "The dull planet Saturn has not finished one revolution through his orb since coffee-houses were first known among us, yet it is worth our wonder to observe how numerous they are already grown. Nor indeed have we any places of entertainment of more use or general conveniency in several respects."

At the period when Hatton wrote (1708) the "nuisances" complained of in 1652 had reached the number of 3000. In 1768, when the signs of London were taken down to allow of free circulation of air through the dingy, murky city, and the old-fashioned taverns decreased, coffee-houses multiplied in number, "the College of Physicians recommending coffee

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as a wholesome beverage," until in the beginning of the present century they exceeded 9000 in the city of London and its suburbs.

The customs of the English coffee-house were simple. The guest paid a penny on entering, for which he was entitled to a cup of coffee and a comfortable nap over the dull journals of the day. Sometimes there were open tables, as nowadays in France, but the exclusive Englishman generally preferred a box of his own, and the coffee-rooms were partitioned after the fashion of the old oyster boxes with which the passing generation was once familiar.

The English coffee-house was at its zenith in the beginning of this century; since then it has gradually declined; but in all of the sea-board and many of the inland towns a coffee-room is to be found in all the hostelries. The gentry occasionally frequented them even in this century; but the commercial class who drove their own traps had, with their continued custom and more liberal pay, usurped all the best places, the warmest nooks, the choicest waiters, the most careful hostlers, and even the prettiest chamber-maids. This led to a division of these accommodations into coffee-rooms and commercial rooms. There is a sad complaint on this subject by a contributor to *Notes and Queries*, none the less amusing for the vanity the writer betrays in the contentment he expresses that, though he wore a "tourist suit," he was still taken for something better than a commercial traveller, and was shown into the coffee-room. He preferred the second-class fare in this aristocratic quarter to all the luxuries with which the "commercial gents" were favored.

From England the use of coffee-houses soon passed to her American colonies. Drake, in his *History of Boston*, makes mention of the "London Coffee-House," at which books were sold in 1689. Watson, in his *Annals of Philadelphia*, locates a coffee-house in the neighborhood of Front and Walnut streets, at which a Common Council of the city was held in 1704. The first coffee-house in New York was probably established as early as either of these, as there is mention made in the report of the trial of Colonel Bayard—charged with high treason, for his participation in the Leister troubles—of a meeting of a number of citizens at the Coffee-House. This was in 1701. It appears by the evidence that a petition was signed in "the upper room," and that Colonel Bayard was present, "smoaking a Pipe of Tobacco." The Journal of the General Assembly of the Colony of New York for the following year contains a notice that the conference committee of the Council and Assembly will meet at the Coffee-House October 4, 1705; and it appears from an examination of this document that all such committees were there held until June, 1709, after which they are recorded at different taverns until 1732, when the Coffee-House again appears on the minutes as their place of meeting.

From the journals of the Council and Assembly until the printing of the newspapers, the first of which, *The New-York Gazette*, was begun in 1725, there is no intermediate field for research. Unfortunately there were but few advertisements in the earlier years. The world had not yet learned the lesson which newspapers have since taught us to consider a cardinal faith, that the only road to success (their own included) is through advertising. This as it may be. The earliest notice of a coffee-house in the newspapers appears in *The New-York Gazette* of July 28 to August 11, 1729, as the spot "where a competent book-keeper may be heard of." The first which by its context offers a clew to the location of the building is an advertisement in this same journal, March 1, 1730, of a sale of land by public vendue at the Exchange Coffee-House. Lyne's map of the city in 1728 shows that the Exchange was then at the foot of Broad Street. The increase of the city, and the natural attractions of the river-side for a population who were with few exceptions engaged in trade, had caused a gradual movement in an easterly direction, and the centre of business had passed from the Whitehall slip to the Great Dock and the market-house near by. This building, constructed in 1690–1, and for many years used as a shambles, had been repaired, and becoming the resort of traders in commodities as well as sellers of food, gradually acquired the name of the Exchange. This was the first, or Old Exchange. The building stood in the middle of the street, as was the custom of the period. It would be difficult to find an example of any public building otherwise located. The few views of the city which remain agree in exhibiting it as an

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OLD BRIDGE AND DOCK AT THE WHITEHALL SLIP.

open structure, probably only a roof erected upon pillars as a shelter from the elements. Its front foundation rested on the sea-wall. Before it was a wooden projection extending over the water in a straight line, which took the name of the Long Bridge, and divided the Great Dock into two sections, which were known as the East and West docks. The Great Dock was a wharf front extending from the Whitehall to Countess Slip (Coenties Slip), and facing a large basin, which was protected from the sea by a semicircular exterior breakwater. This great basin was the favorite anchorage for vessels, which were less exposed here than at the older wharf by the Whitehall. The buildings on the water-front rapidly grew in favor with the maritime portion of the community, and petty taverns for the accommodation of captains and sailors sprung up along the wharf—a delightful spot, with its southern exposure overlooking the beautiful surface of the bay, spotted with the islands of green, and fanned by the soft breezes which drew in from the sea. The Exchange Coffee-House was no doubt in this neighborhood, but the habits of New York innkeepers were too migratory to warrant an assumption that it was in the precise spot where it will be found a few years later. In 1732 the call for the meeting of the conference committee of the Council and Assembly at "the Coffee-House" seems to imply that there was but one establishment of the kind in the city. In 1733 an advertisement in *The New-York Gazette* requests the return of "lost sleeve buttons to Mr. Todd, next door to the Coffee-House." Robert Todd was a vintner and popular tavern-keeper of the day. He kept the famous Black Horse Tavern, where the great ball in honor of the birthday of Frederick, Prince of Wales, was given in January, 1736. This tavern was that year in Smith (now William) Street, near the Old Dutch Church, but it seems more probable that he had removed his sign from next door to the Coffee-House to this then remote quarter of the city, than that the Coffee-House should have been so far distant from the business centre. In the early part of the last century all the principal inhabitants, with the exception of the Governor of the Province, his suite, and the officers of the navy and army, were in some manner connected with trade, and many of these were glad to find brides and fortunes in the ranks of the solid merchant families of Dutch or English stock. The professions afforded a narrow field of employment, and their members could hardly have maintained a home of their own. With these suggestions the balance of probabilities must now be left.

Wherever located, the Coffee-House was the favorite resort of the magnates of the time; not, as in England a few years previously, "a lay conventicle," or hot-bed

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of sedition, but the gathering-place of the friends of church and state, and of the ruling administration of the colony—the "courtiers," as they were termed by their dispute, I really was not only surprised but shocked to hear men of good sense talk after the manner they did; and one of their great men expressed himself in

Numb. 425

THE

New-York Gazette,

From *December* 10, to Monday *December* 17. 1733.

Copenhagen, October 30.
COURIER arrived this Morning from Paris with Dispatches from the Ambassador of France, and facsimile Marquis York &c.

If there be Wind enough to blow out a double Watch Candle it will raise 40, 50 or 60 Hogsheads of Water in an Hour and continues this Instantly so as to by the News

FAC-SIMILE OF HEADING OF "THE NEW-YORK GAZETTE" FOR DECEMBER 17, 1733.

adversaries, the Dissenters and republicans. The journals of 1734, Bradford's *New-York Gazette*, the government organ, and Zenger's *New-York Weekly Journal*, the mouth-piece of the opposition, are full of this strife. A correspondent of Zenger, one Andrew Merrill, reciting his experience in public places, writes on the 15th of March of this year that the "next company he got into were all courtiers; the first evening or two passed agreeably enough, but when they entered into party the following manner: 'What! shall a parcel of mob and canaille, and especially a Dutch mob, pretend to censure the actions of those his Excellency has intrusted with power?'" To this, a few days later, a correspondent replies through *The New-York Gazette*, under the *nom de plume* of Peter Scheme: "If you please, Mr. Bradford, and you may publish it to the world, and then Mr. Zenger will know, that I also frequent the Coffee-House, to take a hitt at Back-Gammon, when I have

Nuunb. VII.

THE

New-York Weekly JOURNAL.

Containing the freſheſt Advices, Foreign, and Domeſtick.

MUNDAY December 17, 1733.

Mr. Zenger;

I AM told your Encouragement

WILLIAM LIGGET late of Boston, Mariner, aged about 22

FAC-SIMILE OF HEADING OF "THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY JOURNAL" FOR DECEMBER 17, 1733.

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the opportunity of hearing the curious sentiments of the Courtiers (since he is pleased to call the gentlemen who frequent that place so) concerning his journal," and continues in defense of his friends and heavy satire of the opposition. Party spirit ran high, and the court party was driven to madness by the squibs, ballads, and serious charges of the democratic journal, which by no means confined itself within the bounds of polite polemics. Colonel Harrison, the Recorder, who had felt the lash of the independent journal, threatened to "lay his cane over the back" of Mr. Zenger, who replied, with that courage for which New York editors have always been celebrated, "that he wore his sword at his side." Intimidation failing, an Order of Council commanded that certain numbers of the obnoxious journal, which included the scurrilous articles, should "be burned by the hands of the common hangman or whipper, near the pillory," as seditious and libellous. But the court refused to grant the order to the sheriff (an officer under their control) to carry out this command, and even forbade his underling, the whipper, to obey it, and his place was supplied by a negro slave of the sheriff. A few days later, Zenger, the obnoxious printer, was thrown into jail.

In the spring of 1735, Zenger was tried, when Mr. Andrew Hamilton, of Philadelphia, a lawyer of repute and of great eloquence, surprised the court and the city by appearing in his defense. The case was carried on with brilliancy and vigor, and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, which was greeted with a storm of applause. The judge from the bench threatened the leader of the tumult with imprisonment, when Captain Norris, of the Royal Navy, declared himself the leader, and invited a new round of approbation. Captain Norris was a son-in-law of Colonel Lewis Morris, then in England. Mr. Hamilton was entertained in great state at dinner after the trial, and followed the next morning, on his departure for Philadelphia, by the whole population of the city. A short time later he was presented with the freedom of the city, by the corporation, in a gold box. The old race struggle between the descendants of the old Dutch families and those of the English usurpers, allayed by the accession of William of Orange and the establishment of the Protestant succession, had been revived by the insolent arrogance of the English Governor, and popular sympathy was all with Van Dam in his struggle with Cosby. Van Dam, as senior Councillor of the Province, had become the President of the Council and acting Governor of the Province on the death of Governor Montgomerie in 1731, and had been recently displaced by the appointment, in 1732, of Governor Cosby, whom historians of all parties agree in considering an indiscreet and unsafe magistrate. Religious antipathies slumbered in embers, ready to break into blaze at the slightest breeze, and continued a perpetual element in party divisions, although the Church of England had remained quiet since the accession of George II., and the government, under Walpole's wise administration, had held both Jacobites and Dissenters in check with temperate balance.

To these causes of discord was added the struggle for power between rival families, which for a century contended for the control of the colony and the patronage of its administration. On the one hand, the thoroughly English High-Church party, led by the young, accomplished, and versatile James De Lancey, whose sympathies, notwithstanding his half-French, half-Dutch parentage (his father was a Huguenot emigrant, and his mother a Van Cortlandt), were wholly with the crown, and under his leadership the families of Walton, Cruger, Watts, Phillipse, Barclay, with their intermarriages and English alliances. On the other, the Presbyterians and dissenting element were marshalled under the veteran Colonel Lewis Morris, a man of uncommon vigor of mind and tenacity of purpose, skilled in the art of government and the management of mankind. In his support were William Livingston and James Alexander, both, like himself, large landed proprietors, representing the "country party," and William Smith, an active and adroit politician, and behind them the great republican element.

At this period the Church party and the De Lanceys had the upper hand. Morris, who had been made Chief Justice of the Province in 1702, had been displaced to make room for De Lancey. His own personal grievances he redressed by a visit to England, where, through his own personal abilities, and the influence of his family connections, his wife being a Graham, nearly allied with the Earl of Montrose,

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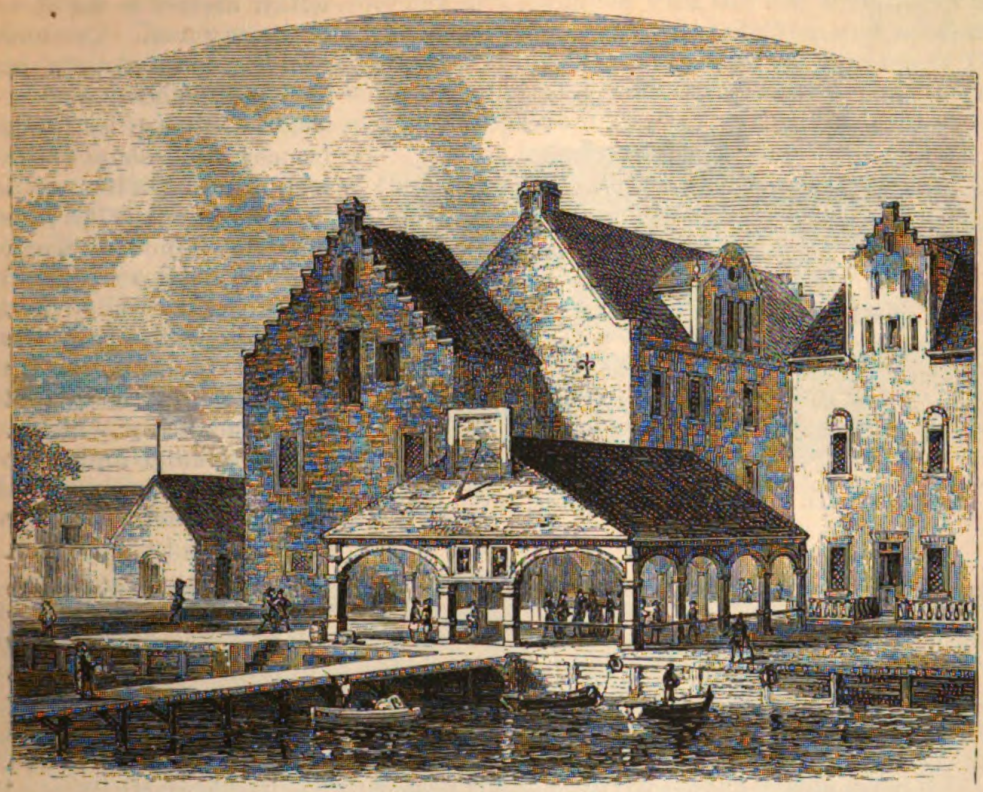

THE EXCHANGE, FOOT OF BROAD STREET, 1752.

and his daughter married to a son of Admiral Sir John Norris, he obtained the separation of the government of New Jersey from New York, and secured for himself the appointment of Governor of the former colony, in which he was largely interested. He had inherited a large landed estate, covering the county of Monmouth, and was at this time the president of the Council of Proprietors. The republicans did not fare as well. Alexander and Smith were driven from their seats as judges, and the liberal party lost all power. From this time until the separation from the mother country the Church party ruled the city, and divided all the patronage of the government—of little advantage to them in the end, as gratitude for these benefits naturally attached them to the crown, and secured their loyalty or neutrality during the Revolutionary struggle. At the close, loyalty brought confiscation of their estates, and neutrality involved distrust and a long deprivation of political influence and honors, while the Livingstons and the Morrises enjoyed the highest positions of trust and power.

In 1737 the Exchange Coffee-House was next door to the Fighting Cocks—a tavern which appears, from the evidence in the trial at the time of that popular delusion and frenzy known as the Negro Plot, to have been kept by John Croker in 1740, by the Long Bridge. The advertisement in 1737 of Broadway lands for sale at public vendue or outcry shows that the Coffee-House was the public place of congregation. Till the close of the last, and indeed during the first quarter of the present, century, nearly all the auctions were held at the Coffee-House; the finer fabrics and articles of delicate texture were sold within, heavier merchandise from the adjoining pavement. The Coffee-House now disappears from the newspapers for several years, coming to view again in 1748, in a notice of Cheshire cheese to be sold at the Great Dock, next door to the Exchange Coffee-House. This is the first distinct location. In 1749 Andrew Ramsay opened it next door to where Mr. Cox lately kept it, and promises the old patrons of the house the best entertainment. In 1750 it was known as the Gentlemen's and Exchange Coffee-House and Tavern, "continued to be kept at the sign of the King's Arms, in the same house

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FOOT OF WALL STREET AND FERRY-HOUSE, 1679.

which was kept by Andrew Ramsay, near the Long Bridge." The next year the sign was altered, and removed to Broadway, where Benjamin Pain, an old tavern-keeper from "Cruger's Wharf," at the Old Slip, announced it as the Gentlemen's Coffee-House and Tavern. In 1753 the Gentlemen's Coffee-House had migrated to Hunter's Quay, the waterline, now Front Street, between the Old Slip and Wall Street, and Mr. Payne, as he then styled himself, was selling choice Madeira, Geneva, arrack, tea, and sugars from his house opposite the Old Slip Market, at the sign of Admiral Warren.

In those primitive days, before cities were as plenty as taverns in this young country, the highest compliment that could be paid to a hero was to put his head on a tavern sign. An intermediate step, perhaps, was the naming of streets in honor of the favorite. Sir Peter Warren, whose famous exploit in the capture of Louisburg was still fresh in the memory of New-Yorkers who took part in the action, was twice favored—his head hung on a tavern sign, and his name is perpetuated in a well-known street of the city. After this period we hear no more of the Gentlemen's Coffee-House.

The Old Exchange has been described as thoroughly as the brief casual notices which the newspapers supply admitted. Fortunately there is more abundant material for an account of the building which was erected on its site in 1752. This edifice, known as the New Exchange, or Royal Exchange, was raised upon arches, above which was a large hall sixty feet by thirty, with walls fourteen feet high, which arched to an elevation of twenty feet. The building was surmounted by a cupola. The room above was at first used as a store by Oliver De Lancey, a merchant of the city, who hired it on its completion in 1753, but in 1754 it passed into the hands of Keen and Lightfoot, who opened it on the 4th of February as a coffee-room, with a ball-room annexed. It is not certain, but probable, that a part of the open space below, which served as an exchange and thoroughfare, was at this time inclosed. In 1756 the partnership of William Keen and Alexander Lightfoot was broken up, and Lightfoot continued the coffee-room in his own name. Upon his death in 1757, his widow, Sarah, obtained a renewal of the lease of the building from the corporation of the city upon the old terms—£40 per annum—but the next year the rent was raised to £54, and it passed to the hands of Mr. Roper Dawson for a term of three years, and was restored by him to its original use—a mercantile house.

Meanwhile a rival had risen in the Merchants' Coffee-House, the history of which covers a long period full of incident and interest. Before passing to it, mention may be made of the Whitehall Coffee-House, opened by Rogers and Humphreys in 1762, whose first advertisement is of value as showing the true purposes of public-houses of this kind. They announce that "a correspondence is settled in London and Bristol to remit by every opportunity all the public prints and pamphlets as soon as published; and there will be a weekly supply of New York, Boston, and other American papers."

The Merchants' Coffee-House is first named in a notice of the 7th of November, 1743, of a house for sale, which appears (the preceding numbers of the journal being missing), in Parker's *Weekly Post Boy* of the 16th of January, 1744. The files of newspapers before this period are so incomplete that no mention remains of the opening of this house in the scattered numbers to be found in our public libraries. Its location, however, is beyond question. It stood on the southeast corner of Wall and Queen (now Water) streets, on a site familiar to New-Yorkers as that for

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many years occupied by the *Journal of Commerce*. The original site, with additional land on Water and Wall streets, is now covered by a five-story building of brick with granite facings, known as Nos. 91 and 93 Wall Street.

An interesting description of the style of building at this period remains in the sketch of New York by Professor Peter Kalm, a Swede, who travelled through the colonies in 1748. "Most of the houses," he says, "are of brick, and several stories high. Some had, according to old architecture, the gable end toward the street, but the new were altered in this respect. Many of the houses had a balcony on the roof, in which the people used to sit in the evenings in the summer season; these roofs were covered with tiles or shingles of wood of the white-fir tree. The walls were covered with all sorts of drawings and pictures in small frames. On each side of the chimney they had usually an alcove, and the wall under the windows wainscoted, and had benches placed under it. The alcoves and all wood-work painted a bluish-gray." Such luxuries as hangings were unknown. This is in accordance with the few remains of old architecture now existing, and no doubt accurately describes the Merchants' Coffee-House. In an advertisement of lease in 1775 it appears as a building three stories in height, and of depth enough to allow of a large store on the lower story, as well as a long-room—an indispensable part of a great public-house—on the second floor. Adjoining it was a small tenement, the lower part of which was probably used as a kitchen, and the upper as one of the noted insurance offices of the city. On the front of the house was a piazza, and on the side a platform, which served as a stand for the auctioneers, who held their sales on the bridge close by. Over the piazza a balcony.

THE PRESS-GANG IN NEW YORK.

At the time when the coffee-house first appears, New York was in a thriving condition. Party rage, which had distracted the province to such an extent that Governor Clarke wrote to the Board of Trade of "an almost total suspension of shipbuilding, of houses empty for want of tenants," and of an exodus of the inhabitants, was now assuaged, and the war with France gave new life to the city.

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The trade of New York in 1747 was chiefly with England and the West India Islands. England supplied the colonies with European and India goods and silk manufactures, receiving in return provisions, hides, snuff; Ireland sent over linens and canvas, and carried back flax and staves; the West Indies took flour and staves, for which they returned rum, sugar, and molasses. And there was a brisk trade with Madeira and the Canary Islands in wines and grain, while an occasional venture to the African coast brought in a cargo of negroes. These various branches of commerce employed in 1746 ninety-nine vessels of 4513 tons, and were manned by 755 seamen. The population at the same date was 9253, of which 2464 were negroes.

It is pleasant to record that even at this early day New York displayed the large and liberal spirit which has since distinguished her history. The Jews, maltreated in all parts of Europe, here enjoyed all the privileges common to other inhabitants. In 1748 Kalm reports that they had "houses and great country-seats of their own, and owned ships, in which they freighted and sent out their own goods." And he adds the more curious statement, that both the men and women dressed after the English fashion. The bonnets and long fur-trimmed cloaks which may still be seen on the streets of Frankfort and other German cities had given way to cocked hats, long waistcoats, and gartered hose, and in outward garb at least the Jews were no longer a "peculiar people." Many of them had been identified from an early period with the history of the colony. Some had emigrated from Holland, others from the Mediterranean. The names of Seixas, Hendricks, Judah, Gomez—all honored then as now—are evidence of their varied origin. They seem to have been among the larger merchants of the day.

But war, not commerce, was the business of the last century, and it must be admitted that a declaration of hostilities against France and Spain, and the royal command "to harass and annoy his Majesty's enemies," were always welcome to New York ears.

Then the coffee-houses were busy places, and the taverns on the docks did a thriving business. The adventurous merchants fitted out numbers of privateers on these occasions. Between 1743 and 1748 the names of no less than thirty-one vessels, ranging from ten to twenty-four guns, appear in the newspapers, which make record also of the numerous prizes brought in—cargoes of sugar from the Spanish islands, wines and brandies taken on the way from Bordeaux and Rochelle to the French colonies. These vessels were commanded and manned by the bloods of the city, who left off cock-fighting and horse-racing for the new and venturesome career. Captain John Jauncey opens the articles of the ship *Lincoln*, fourteen guns, at the Jamaica Arms. Jacobus Kierstede, who has just brought in a prize, calls on the young gentlemen to man the *Prince Charles*, which carries twenty-four guns. Samuel Bayard in the *Polly*, Abraham Kip in the *Don Carlos*, Peter Keteltas in the *Bachelors* (no doubt he had the cream of the fashion), John Lawrence in the *Rainbow*, and Thomas Seymour, of Hartford, in the *Clinton* and *Dragon* by turns, vie with one another in their inducements. Their profitable career, broken up by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, was resumed with fresh vigor on the renewal of hostilities by France in 1755. During the seven years' war which ensued, and is known in the history of the colonies as "the French war," which began with the disastrous defeat of Braddock, and closed with the surrender of the Canadas in 1763, the privateers were even more active than before. In 1757 there were already thirty-nine ships, carrying 128 guns, and manned by 1050 men, scouring the seas, and before January, 1758, they had brought into New York fifty-nine prizes, besides sending twenty into other ports for adjudicature. So popular was this employment that Lieutenant-Governor De Lancey wrote to the London Board of Trade, in 1758, "that men would no longer enlist in the army," and "that the country was drained of many able-bodied men by almost a kind of madness to go a-privateering." In addition to the old captains, who again hoisted their favorite flags, the names of Winthrop, Phœnix and Amory appear as commanders of vessels. Alexander McDougall and Isaac Sears, whose names are famous in the later history of the city, commanded the *Tyger* and *Decoy;* and Thomas Doran, who kept a tavern at the Fly Market, made rapid and successful ventures on the famous Sandy Hook pilot-boat the *Flying Harlequin*, which was armed to the teeth with fourteen guns, and won a fame for

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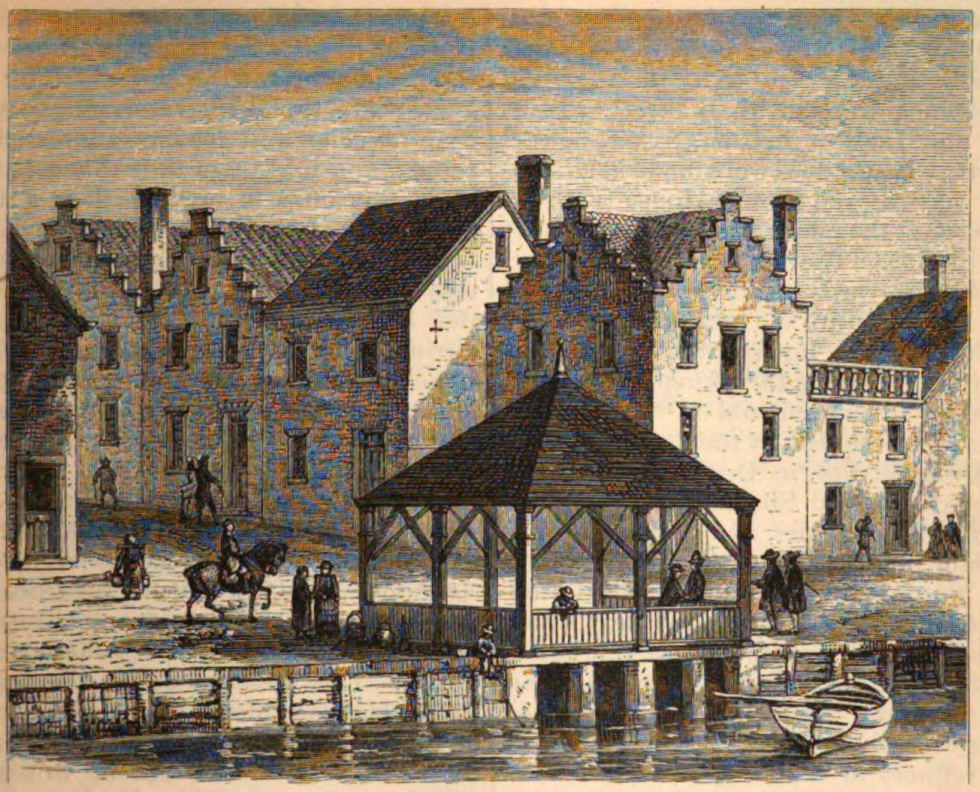

FOOT OF WALL STREET AND FERRY-HOUSE, 1746.

speed as great as that of the *Wanderer* of our own day. There were other risks in privateering than those of death and capture by the enemy. Much more dreaded was the grip of the men-of-war, which spared neither friend nor foe when they wanted sailors, and pressed the privateersmen with peculiar satisfaction.

The merchants were not free from anxiety at home, and it appears that it was a matter of serious discussion at the Coffee-House in 1755 as to "whether the channel should not be made shallower for defense of the city against large ships." With the close of the war, commerce returned to its normal channels, and a period of remarkable activity began.

Now we find constant mention of men whose fame has come down to us not only as merchant princes, but as the leading spirits of this exciting period. John Alsop, Philip Livingston, and Isaac Low, all delegates to the First Continental Congress, were in the general importing business. Alsop had his store on Hanover Square, Livingston on Burnet's Quay, near the ferry stairs, Low near the Exchange. The brothers Cruger, Henry and John, were in the Bristol trade, and lived on the new wharf by the Old Slip, which bore their name. Henry was later member of Parliament for Bristol, colleague and "Ditto" to Mr. Burke. John was the manly patriotic mayor who took the obnoxious stamps—symbols of exaction—from Lieutenant-Governor Colden; while a third brother, Nicholas, was settled at the little island of Nevis, in the West Indies. The three brothers bore the sobriquets of the Old Nick, the Old Harry, and the Old Boy. John, the Old Boy, was a bachelor. Gerard William Beekman confined himself to dry-goods in Dock Street, while James imported European and India goods, and sold them at his store in Queen Street. Walter and Thomas Buchanan, also a great importing house, were in Queen Street, near the Fly Market. Elias Desbrosses, of Huguenot descent, whose father was a famous confectioner, lived near the Merchants' Coffee-House, toward the Fly Market, and was also in general trade. Henry Remsen, Jun., later the patriotic chairman of the Committee of Safety, carried on the dry-goods trade in Hanover Square, and near him were the brothers McEvers, in the same line of business. Sampson and Solomon Simson, the leading Jewish merchants of the city, were in the general shipping and grocery trade in

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Stone Street. The vendue masters clustered about the Coffee-House. Moore and Lynsen, Patrick McDavitt, and Daniel McCormick were in Wall Street. Hoffman and Ludlow in Dock Street (Pearl Street). Insurances were made in a primitive way at the Coffee-House at fixed hours, or at the new office established next door in 1759. The Waltons had their extensive ship-yards on the East River, and their residence in the well-known house on St. George's Square (now Franklin Square). Gerardus Duyckinck introduced displayed advertisements of "the universal store" at the sign of the Looking-Glass and Druggist Pot, in Dock Street, at the corner of the Old Slip Market, where he sold drugs, medicines, and stationery; and William Brownejohn, from London, who later purchased the Merchants' Coffee-House, was selling medicines next door, and by careful investment accumulating a large landed estate. The Bayards, who had introduced the "mystery of sugar refining," as they termed it, in 1730, had their refinery in Wall Street; Isaac Roosevelt, another, in Skinners Street, near Franklin Square, and his sale office in Wall Street. The Lispenards had a large brewery on the North River, and the Rutgers a similar establishment on the East River.

The year 1765 was a memorable one in the history of the city. In spite of the earnest remonstrances of the colonies, Parliament passed the Stamp Act. At the call of New York a Congress met in the city, and the colonies united in a resolve to resist its execution; and adding action to resolve, the merchants solemnly entered into an agreement on the 31st of October not to make any importations from Great Britain until the act should be repealed. This agreement was signed at the house kept by George Burns—the Province, or New York, Arms. The De Lancey House, converted into a tavern by Edward Willet in 1754, was taken by George Burns in 1763, and at this time occupied by him. The house stood on the site later known as that of the City Hotel. The next day was one of great popular excitement. The citizens gathered in mass, paraded through the streets, and burned the effigy of Governor Colden under the guns of the fort, then turning, marched to the Vauxhall, the residence of Major James, of the Royal Army, and sacked it of its furniture, which they destroyed. "The next day a paper was read from the balcony of the Coffee-House, calling upon the inhabitants to suppress riots; but Isaac Sears, the old privateersman—a popular favorite and leader—addressed the people, and told them that this call upon them was only to prevent their gaining possession of the stamps." A few days later the stamps were surrendered to the mayor, and quiet was restored. By whom the Merchants' Coffee-House was kept during the twenty-five years that have come under notice it has not been possible to ascertain. Incidentally the name of Alexander Smith appears "in from the Coffee-House." He opened a tavern in the Fields (near the Park) in 1766. A widow Smith lived in the small building in the rear of the Coffee-House in 1759, and Anthony Van Dam had his insurance office there, but there is no connecting link between herself and the Alexander mentioned. One Richard Smith bought the Coffee-House of John Theobalds, the son of the old captain, on April 2, 1761; but as he sold it on the 8th of this same month to Samuel Stillwell, there seems no probability that it was more than a speculative purchase. He appears, moreover, as a merchant, which innkeepers were never called.

In January, 1770, the great subject of public interest was whether the ballot should be open or secret, a matter discussed by the independent freeholders and freemen of the city at a mid-day meeting at the Coffee-House on the 5th. The opponents of the secret ballot adroitly put their opinions in their call. They propose to "convince their Representatives in the Assembly, when the subject was under debate, that they are not to be diverted by any motives whatever from daring and choosing to speak their minds freely and openly, to do which at all times is their birthright as Englishmen and their glory as freemen." Macchiavelli himself could not have stated the case more cleverly.

This year, again, is noted for the excitement in the colonies with regard to the non-importation agreement. Ever since 1768 there had been an effort by the colonies to retaliate upon Great Britain by a refusal to receive any of the goods upon which the bill introduced by Townshend in 1766 had imposed duties, chief among which was tea. New York was warm in adhesion to the scheme, but it appearing

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in 1770 that the agreement had only been observed partially in the other colonies, her merchants became restive, and refused any longer to be bound by it, and called upon the colonies to send delegates to meet her own in general Congress.

These debates were generally held in the Coffee-House, and the newspapers are full of calls for committees and minutes of their sessions.

In 1771, Dr. William Brownejohn, who was then the owner of the building, which he had purchased from Samuel Stillwell in 1762, offered it for sale, with the "small adjoining tenement" which has been alluded to. It is described as occupied by Mrs. Mary Ferrara, widow. Mary Ferrara, or Ferrari, was the widow of Francis Ferrari, merchant and ship-owner, who died at St. Eustatia in 1753. From his will there is a reasonable presumption that he was from Geneva, though the name is Italian. In 1776 she was living in Maiden Lane, so that her stay in the Merchants' Coffee-House had not been of very long duration. The proposal to sell the Coffee-House did not meet with success. The next year (1772) Mrs. Ferrari leaves the old house, and opens a new coffee-house on the opposite cross corner, where a new building had been erected on the site now occupied by the Tontine Building. As she announces that the gentlemen of the two insurance offices are likewise removed from the old to the new Coffee House, it is probable the attraction of the old hostess and the new house were too strong for the mercurial New-Yorkers, always ready for novelties of every kind. Tavern-keeping was too favored a profession for a house to be long without a tenant, and Mr. Brownejohn was not a man to let his house lie unoccupied. When Madame Ferrari went out, Elizabeth Wragg came in. The house is said to be "now fitted up in the most neat and commodious manner." Breakfast was promised, and relishes at all hours, and coffee as usual. In 1773, Nesbitt Deane, a hatter from Dublin, was in possession of the house, and advertises lodgings suitable for gentlemen either of divinity, law, or physic, and fit for a notary public or insurance office, as well as a part of the lower part of the house for a large store. Deane was an eccentric creature, if any judgment can be formed of him from his puffs. "His hats," he says, "are manufactured to exceed in fineness, cut, color, and cock, and by a method peculiar to himself to turn rain, and prevent the sweat of the head damaging the crown." If Mrs. Wragg remained in the house, as is somewhat uncertain, the coffee-room was evidently restricted in proportions. This year the noted Major James, of Stamp Act memory, sold out his house in Wall Street by public vendue at the Merchants' Coffee-House, and his stylish black coach-horses changed hands at the same place. This is mentioned to show that this remained the preferred locality for auctions, even when the Coffee-House had lost its prestige. Yet the old house was still the daily resort, and now became the scene of grave and important events.

The political crisis averted in 1766 by the influence of Pitt and the yielding of the Ministry was again, through the dogged obstinacy of the King and the weak subserviency of Lord North, rapidly drawing to a head. The East India Company's ships, with their cargoes of tea, were announced as on the way, and there were rumors that merchants would be found ready to accept the shipments. This was contrary to the agreement of non-importation, which, relaxed in other respects, was continued as to tea. The 11th November, 1773, written notices were posted at the Coffee-House, menacing destruction to any one who should "accept of the commission, or be in any way accessory thereto." On the 16th December, at a great meeting called at the City Hall, resolutions were passed not to permit the landing of the tea. A few days later, news came from Boston that the tea vessels arrived there had been boarded, and their contents thrown into the sea. Throughout the winter the citizens of New York were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the *Nancy*, Captain Lockyer, with the cargo destined to try their constancy. This vessel, which sailed in company with those for Boston, Philadelphia, and Charleston, had met with adverse winds, and been driven off the coast as far south as Antigua. She reached the Hook on the 18th of April, 1774, but was not permitted to come up to the city, the pilots being instructed not to take her in hand. The Sons of Liberty, who had organized in November, 1773, to meet every Thursday evening at the house of Mr. Jasper Drake, now kept a watch on the vessel, but permitted Captain Lockyer to come up to the city to obtain supplies.

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Although Captain Lockyer was treated with entire courtesy, it was determined that he should witness the feeling which existed in the city, and public notice was given that the people would meet in convention to witness his departure. Accordingly, on Saturday, the 30th April, at eight o'clock, all the bells in the city were rung. "About nine the greatest number of people were collected at or near the Coffee-House that was ever known in this city. At a quarter past nine the committee of the Sons of Liberty who had Captain Lockyer in charge came out of the Coffee-House. He was taken to the end of Murray's Wharf, at the foot of Wall Street, near by, and put on board the pilot-boat, amid the music of bands, the huzzas of the people, and the firing of guns. He joined his ship at the Hook, and put to sea next morning, carrying with him Captain Chambers, of the *London*, who had attempted to smuggle eighteen chests of the forbidden article. His ship had been boarded the evening previous and the tea destroyed. Fortunately Captain Chambers, whose conduct seems to have been marked by great duplicity, prudently concealed himself. Had he been found, in the excited state of public feeling, his life would have been in danger.

On the 12th of June the packet-ship *Samson* brought out copies of the bill closing the port of Boston, and a few days later the resolutions of the Bostonians urging the colonies to renew their old non-importation agreement. A public meeting was called at Francis' Tavern on the evening of the 16th. The attendance being too large for the rooms of Mr. Francis, the meeting adjourned to the Exchange. There was a sharp struggle for leadership between the mechanics and radicals, led by Isaac Sears, and the more staid and orderly merchants. The merchants prevailed, and their influence predominated in the Committee of Correspondence which was then appointed. That there might be no doubt of the distinct settlement of this disputed point of control, a subsequent meeting was called at the Coffee-House the 19th instant, at which the choice of the 16th was confirmed by a large majority. Gouverneur Morris describes this meeting as a "grand division of the city." He writes to his friend Penn: "I stood in the balcony, and on my right hand were ranged all the people of property, with some few very poor dependents, and on the other all the tradesmen, etc., who thought it worth their while to leave daily labor for the good of the country." Fortunately for the colonies, the committee was composed of men of sense, decision, and courage. Reviewing the history of the non-importation agreements, which, except in the beginning, had failed, because unequally observed, they insisted upon a Congress which should have power not only to recommend measures, but to enforce compliance. Boston resisted until necessity compelled her to accept the plan of a Congress, and New York is justly entitled to the credit of having laid the corner-stone of the American Union.

Events now hurried on in quick succession. Wednesday, the 15th June, being the day on which the port of Boston was closed and the harbor shut, a "very great number of the friends of American liberty in the city procured the effigies" of Hutchinson, Lord North, and Wedderburn, whom they considered "most unfriendly to the rights of America in general," and raising them upon a gallows, with an effigy of the devil on their right hand, carried them through the principal streets of the city (from the Fields through Broadway, Queen, and Wall streets), and thence to the Coffee-House, where they were attended in the evening of that day, "it is thought, by the greatest concourse of spectators ever seen on a similar occasion, and there destroyed by sulphureous flames," after which the multitude dispersed in the most orderly manner. In this the citizens showed their sympathy for Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Hutchinson had been the unpopular Governor of the one colony, and Pennsylvania had been insulted by the insolent Solicitor Wedderburn in the person of the venerable Franklin, who had sought to expostulate with the Ministry and avert the calamity of war.

The Committee of Correspondence held its sessions at the Coffee-House during the summer, and nominated the delegates to the proposed Congress. The delegates hesitated to accept the trust until the sentiments of the city were definitely ascertained. The New England party, who were set upon non-importation (at this time Massachusetts did not dream of a political union), required a pledge from the candidates that they would support such an agreement in the Congress. To

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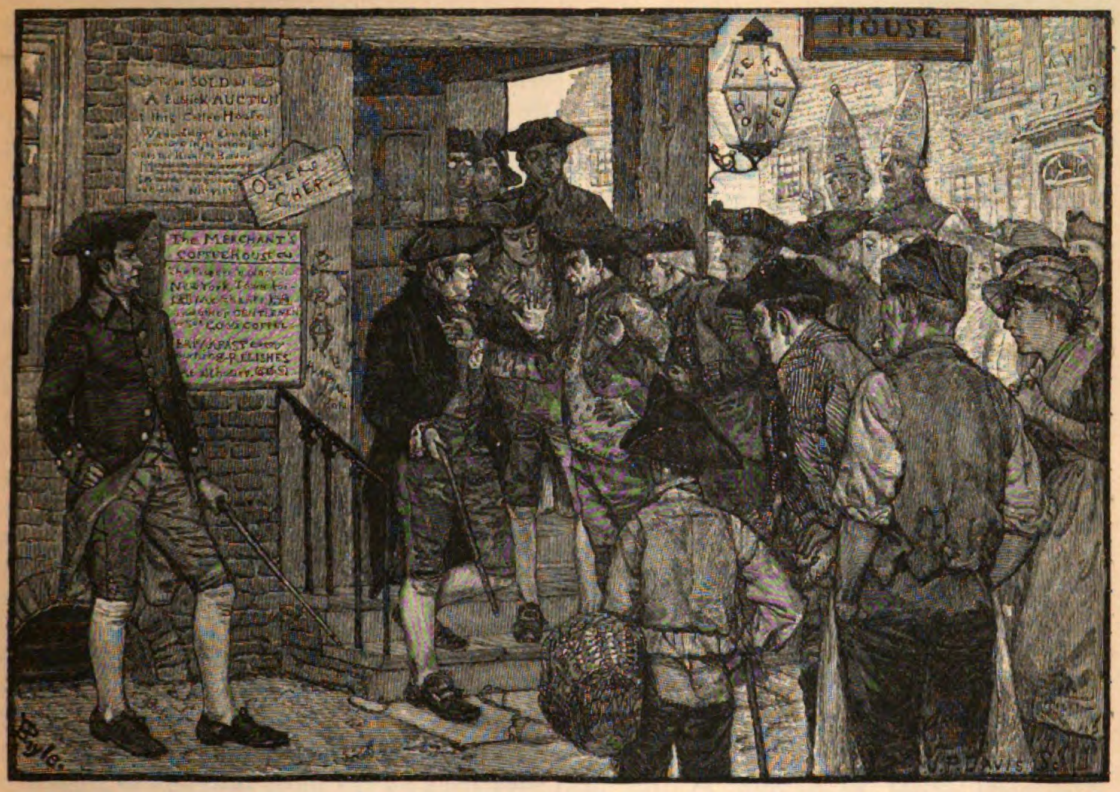

THEOPHYLACT BACHE SAVING GRAYDON FROM THE MOB IN 1776.

this, Livingston, Alsop, Low, and Jay replied "that they favored a general non-importation agreement *faithfully observed*," and carefully avoided pledging themselves further than "to support every measure in the proposed Congress that may then be thought conducive to the general interest of the colonies." This seems to have satisfied the radicals, and the delegates received the unanimous vote of the city, taken by poll lists in each ward. So New York entered with one accord into the preliminary struggle.

In 1775 Mr. Nesbitt Deane again advertises the two upper stories of the old Coffee-House as to let. He describes the premises "as being so pleasantly situated that a person can see at once the river, shipping, Long Island, and all the gentlemen resorting to the Coffee-House on business from the most distant climes." But so far as the latter part of the puff is concerned, there was more fancy than fact. The non-importation agreement or association recommended by Congress had been carefully enforced by the Committee of Inspection, and the commerce of the city was wholly suspended. The Coffee-House seems to have been almost deserted. "A Friend to the City" publishes an address to the inhabitants of New York on the 19th October, urging them to support at least one coffee-house. He says that he is concerned, "in this time of difficulty and danger, to find that there is no place of daily general meeting." He observes with surprise that so good and comfortable a house, extremely well tended and accommodated, should be frequented but by an inconsiderable number of people, and, what was more to the purpose, that but a small part of those who do frequent it contribute anything at all to the expense of it, but come in and go out without calling for or paying anything to the house. He adds that in all the coffee-houses in London it is customary for every one that comes in to call for at least a dish of coffee, or leave the price of one. He then pleads the cause of the worthy woman who keeps the house, and after saying that the fires and candles are not lighted as usual, predicts that unless some change take place, the house must be shut. No better evidence could be given of the distress brought upon the city by the entire suspension of trade, which was its sole life and occupation.

In the winter and spring of 1776 the American army occupied the city, and

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some of the patriots seem to have indulged the hope that it might be permanently held. Such must have been the opinion of Cornelius Bradford, who engaged the Merchants' Coffee-House in May, and announced his intention "of keeping it in a manner to give satisfaction, and to give the greatest attention to the arrival of vessels when trade and navigation should resume their former channels." Cornelius Bradford was a warm patriot, and appears to have been the confidential express messenger between the Sons of Liberty in New York and the association in Philadelphia, as Paul Revere was between Boston and New York. His tenure of the house was of short duration, and he left with the troops when Washington evacuated the city in September. The presence of the British army gave a new life to taverns and other public-houses. Such of the merchants as were either distinctly loyal or neutral in feeling—and there were many whose close alliance with English families, or imperious considerations of personal interest, brought within the latter class—continued to frequent the Coffee-House. There remains on record a pleasing incident, of the kindly feeling which governed some of their number, in the account given by Captain Alexander Graydon, of the patriot army, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Harlem Heights. Passing the Coffee-House, he was insulted by some of the royalist mob, when Mr. Theophylact Bache and other gentlemen who happened to be sitting there came out and interfered for his protection.

In 1779, at the request of the military commandant, such of the members of the Chamber of Commerce as had remained in the city resumed their sessions, which had been suspended since 1775, and their old room over the Exchange being used for other purposes, engaged the Long Room of the Coffee-House, where they continued to meet until the close of the war. From 1779 to 1781 one Mrs. Smith was their hostess. In 1781 James Strachan, who had kept the Queen's Head Tavern on the dock, which seems to have been a favorite resort of the gentlemen of the navy and army, tries his fortune in the old building, where he promises "to pay attention not only as a coffee-house, but as a tavern in the truest sense, and to distinguish the same as the City Tavern and Coffee-House, with constant and best attendance. Breakfasts from seven to eleven. Soups and relishes from eleven to half past one. Tea, coffee, etc., in the afternoon, as in England." He hung up little bags for the correspondence with England by the British men-of-war, and levied a tax of sixpence sterling for each letter, which brought such a storm about his ears that he was compelled to apologize in the public prints, and to refund the sums received, which the captains of his Majesty's ships the *Robust* and *Janus* announce as amounting to £19. Although he had a fair share of patronage, the Chamber of Commerce taking the Long Room by the year, and the societies meeting here, the Loyal Sons of St. Andrew celebrating their anniversaries, and the Ancient York Masons holding the great festival of St. John the Baptist at his rooms, Strachan was not successful in his venture, and in 1783 made a piteous appeal to those who were in his debt to settle their accounts. A few months later the exiled patriots returned to the city, and Cornelius Bradford, who had lived near Rhinebeck during the occupation, again took possession of the house, which he announces as the New York Coffee-House. He seems to have been a man of vigorous and original mind, and by the various attractions he devised soon made the old stand the centre of business. He opened a book in which he entered the names of all vessels on their arrival and departure from the port, with such extracts from their logs as were of interest or value, which was the first marine list ever undertaken in the city. He also opened a city register, in which the merchants and others were requested to enter their names and residences—the first approach to a city directory ever made. The Exchange at the foot of Broad Street having fallen from its high estate as a meeting-place of merchants to an ordinary market-house, the Coffee-House became the rendezvous of merchants and traders, while the bridge at the side of the building in Wall Street was the daily scene of vendues of all kinds, from sheriffs' sales of houses and lands to the disposal by licensed auctioneers of cargoes of merchandise, invoices of dry-goods, and even horses and carriages. The neighborhood resumed its importance. Daniel Phœnix returned to his old residence in Water Street, opposite the lower end of the Coffee-house Bridge on the Wall Street corner, and opened an auction-room, the insurance office occupying the second

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floor. Below as well as above Water Street both sides of Wall were occupied by auction stores, and took the name of "the Merchants' Promenade, or the Auctioneers' Row." The brick building in Wall Street, No. 34, next door to the Coffee-House, was used on the first floor as a store by Richard Platt, and above as a notary public, conveyancing, and attorney's office by James M. Hughes. Next door to the Coffee-House, in Water Street, John Simnet, the watch-maker, who came to New York from Clerkenwell, near London, in 1764, and had been driven "by the temper of war" to Albany, again hung out the sign of the dial from the elegant projecting window. In his window he exposed a regulator to view—a curious dial-plate twenty inches in diameter. On the opposite corner of Water Street, Shepard Kollock published the New York *Gazetteer and Country Journal.*

THE TONTINE COFFEE-HOUSE.

The Bank of New York, the first institution of the kind in the city, was projected in the Merchants' Coffee-House (the old name clung to it, notwithstanding the attempted changes of proprietors) on the 24th February, 1784, and here also it was formally organized the March following. The societies of various kinds all reorganized under State charters after the peace, and almost without exception made the Coffee-House their head-quarters. The Chamber of Commerce and Marine Society met here regularly, the governors of the New York Hospital held their annual elections, and the societies for "promoting useful knowledge" and "for the manumission of slaves" their business meetings in some one of the rooms of the old house. The sessions of the Cincinnati were held here, and the army men patronized the old patriot on all occasions when their interest or pleasure brought them together. The Grand Lodge of the Master-Masons was also here. The national societies of St. Andrew and St. Patrick followed the universal example, and held their merry anniversaries at Bradford's bountiful board. The newspapers are full of notices of these festivities. In 1784 the Masons gathered here on St. John's Day, and marched in procession to St. Paul's Chapel, where the Rev. Mr. Provost preached to them a sermon. The Marine Society entertained Congress here on the 19th January, 1785, and the Chamber of Commerce received the same distinguished guests at a formal entertainment, officially accepted by the President and Congress, the 3d February following. The toasts, thirteen in number, are full of interest as showing the sentiments then entertained. Among them appear "Free trade with all nations!" "May persecuted liberty in every quarter of the world forever find an asylum in America!" In 1785 the Governor of the State, the Chancellor, Hon. Judge Jay, and other distinguished citizens dined with the Irish citizens on the anniversary of St. Patrick, "the tutelar saint of Ireland." Evacuation-day was also celebrated at the Coffee-House, when an elegant turtle supper was given to a select party of ladies and gentlemen, the day and a number of patriotic toasts were drunk, and the evening concluded with a ball for the ladies, Isaac Gouverneur, Sen., Esq., in the chair. On the morning of the 3d November the St. Andrew's Society of the State held their anniversary assembly at Mr. Bradford's. The Scottish flag was displayed on the Coffee-House at sunrise. At

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twelve the election of officers was had, and the Hon. R. R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State, chosen president, Robert Lenox, secretary. The business concluded, the society, honored with the company of the Governor of the State, the Mayor and Recorder of the city, sat down to dinner. Some of the toasts are too broad to bear repetition in our day. Besides the "Land o' Cakes" and the "Land we live in," mention may be made of "All the Bonnie Lassies that kiss amang the Heather," "Robert Gib's Contract," "The Tocher of Cramond," which some antiquarian Scot must interpret to modern generations.

The next year Cornelius Bradford took final leave of his many friends. He died at the age of fifty-seven years. The New York *Packet*, in an obituary notice, explains the secret of his success. It says of him not only that he "was distinguished as a steady patriot during the arduous contest for American liberty, but that he always discovered a charitable disposition toward those who differed from him in sentiment," and adds "that the Coffee-House, under his management, was kept with great dignity both before and since the war, and he revived its credit from the contempt into which it had fallen during the war."

Bradford's widow continued to keep the house until 1792, and enjoyed the patronage of the societies as usual. This was a period of unusual interest in New York. The ratification of the Federal Constitution by the State Convention of Massachusetts on the 8th February, 1788, was celebrated with great joy in New York. At sunrise a standard of the United States was "joined on the Coffee-House," on which was inscribed, "The Constitution, September 17, 1787," and at noon the old flag of Massachusetts, with the figure of a pine-tree, was hung out, with the date of her adhesion. There was a large gathering of respectable citizens, including members of Congress and the Mayor, and a repast was partaken of, which, "in the true republican style," as the report says, consisted of two articles, beef and salt fish. After dinner the usual thirteen toasts were drunk, under the fire of six guns to each toast, in honor of the States which had adopted the Constitution. Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Georgia, Massachusetts, were honored in turn, and "New York, may it soon become an additional pillar to the new roof!" It was not till July, 1788, that the ringing of bells and salutes from the fort and shipping announced the joyful news of the erection of the eleventh pillar in the adoption of the new Constitution at Poughkeepsie. The merchants at the Coffee-House, who, more than all other members of the community, felt the need of stronger protection from the national arm, "testified their joy by repeated huzzas!"

The anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis was celebrated by the army officers with great state on the 19th October, 1788, the thirteen toasts commemorating as many interesting events in the history of the country. As an expression of general sentiment, they are worthy of reproduction.

1. The memorable 5th September, 1774. Meeting of the First Congress.
2. The memorable 17th June, 1775. Battle of Bunker Hill.
3. The memorable 4th July, 1776. Declaration of Independence.
4. The memorable 26th December, 1776. Battle of Trenton.
5. The memorable 17th October, 1777. Capture of Burgoyne.
6. The memorable 6th February, 1778. Alliance with France.
7. The memorable 16th July, 1779. Stony Point taken by General Wayne.
8. The memorable 17th January, 1781. General Morgan defeats Tarleton at Cowpens.
9. The memorable 19th October, 1781. Capture of Lord Cornwallis.
10. The memorable 3d September, 1783. Definitive treaty of peace.
11. The memorable 25th November, 1783. Final evacuation of the United States by the British.
12. The memorable 17th September, 1787. New Constitution.
13. General Washington.

In 1789, under a call headed the "Test of Patriotism," the friends of a plan for the encouragement of American manufactures met in the Long Room. Out of the meeting grew an ephemeral society, which disappeared a few years later. At the Coffee-House also met a great number of citizens on the 21st February of the same year to nominate a *merchant* to represent the State in Congress. Even before the Revolution the merchants had chafed against the interference of the law-

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yers, who were their stipendiaries in their affairs, and the Chamber of Commerce had been compelled to pass a resolution excluding all lawyers from membership and interference in that with which they had no concern. It is quite impossible in any reasonable limits to enter into explanation of all the incidents which occurred at this period of which the Coffee-House was the scene. Enough to pass to the crowning glory of its history. On the 23d April, 1789, a Federal salute from the Battery announced that President Washington had arrived, and was coming up the East River to the landing at Murray's Wharf. He was received at the City Coffee-House, as it is termed in the newspapers, by the Governor and the principal officers of the State, the Mayor and the principal officers of the corporation, and thence accompanied to the house prepared for his reception, with an escort of military and citizens. It is an interesting thought to imagine the feelings of the chief, who had taken the simple farewell of his officers in December, 1783, at the Whitehall slip, as he received the welcome of the nation on his landing, not far distant, as the constitutional President of a united republic. This may be held as the culminating point in the history of the Merchants' Coffee-House.

In 1792 the Tontine Coffee-House was built on the opposite cross corner, and, in almost cruel mockery to the old house, the meetings of its subscribers were held in the old and famous Long Room. Indeed, the purpose of the Tontine Building was to afford new and more ample accommodations for the merchants, and particularly for the Chamber of Commerce. In 1793 Mrs. Bradford retired. She lived in Cortlandt Street until May, 1822, when she died. She was succeeded in the old house, then 200 Water Street, by John Byrne, who opened the house as the New York Hotel, and remained there until 1798, when he crossed over to the Tontine.

The story of the Coffee-House is now closed; "old times were changed, old manners gone." The Freemasons still clung to their old rendezvous, and the Friary—a social club—held its meetings here by order of the "Father."

In 1799 the veteran Edward Bardin (a famous tavern-keeper from 1764, when he first appeared as keeping the King's Arms Tavern in the Fields, and later in various public-houses, the history of which does not belong to this sketch) endeavored to revive the flickering celebrity of the famous house. He was in possession in 1804, when the old building was destroyed in one of the most distressing calamities that had ever visited New York. A fire commenced in Front Street, No. 104, and a high wind blowing, with little assistance at hand, swept away all the houses on both sides of Front Street, and the west side of Water Street as far as Wall. Among other houses, the old Coffee-House, occupied by Edward Bardin, was totally consumed. The building was of brick, and valued at $7500.

The next year (1805) the city was visited by the yellow fever, and the house, slowly rebuilt, was only re-opened as a hotel in 1806, as the Phœnix Coffee-House, Edward Bardin resuming its control. In 1816 it was turned into the Phœnix Stores. As late as 1823 the Shades, a retail liquor store, was kept on the ground-floor, at the corner of Wall and Water. John Byrne, of whom mention has been made, died while keeper of the Tontine, in 1780, and was buried from St. Peter's Church; and old Bardin, who had witnessed all the vicissitudes of tavern-keeping from 1764 till 1816, when he retired from the Tontine, which he had kept from 1812—a period including the history of New York from the beginning of the French war to the close of the war of 1812—died, at the ripe age of eighty-nine, in 1823.

The old house is gone and forgotten, yet its record may challenge that of any building on this continent for the extent and variety of the interesting historic scenes which its walls witnessed, from the day when it was opened, with the water edge close upon its rear piazza, until its destruction, when two new blocks had been filled in to the East River, and the house by the water-side had lost its original riparian charm.

MISSING.

You walked beside me, quick and free;
With lingering touch you grasped my hand;
Your eyes looked laughingly in mine;
And now—I can not understand.

I long for you, I mourn for you,
Through all the dark and lonely hours.
Heavy the weight the pallmen lift,
And cover silently with flowers.

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Vpon Cjvnn

A powle of parchment Cjvnn above him beares,
Charg'd with the armes of all his ancestors:
And seems half rauisht, when he lookes vpon
That bar, this bend; that fess, this cheuron;
This manch, that moone; this martlet, and that mownd,
This counterchange of pesle and diamond,
What joy can Cjvnn haue in that coat, or this,
When as hys owne still out at elboes is?

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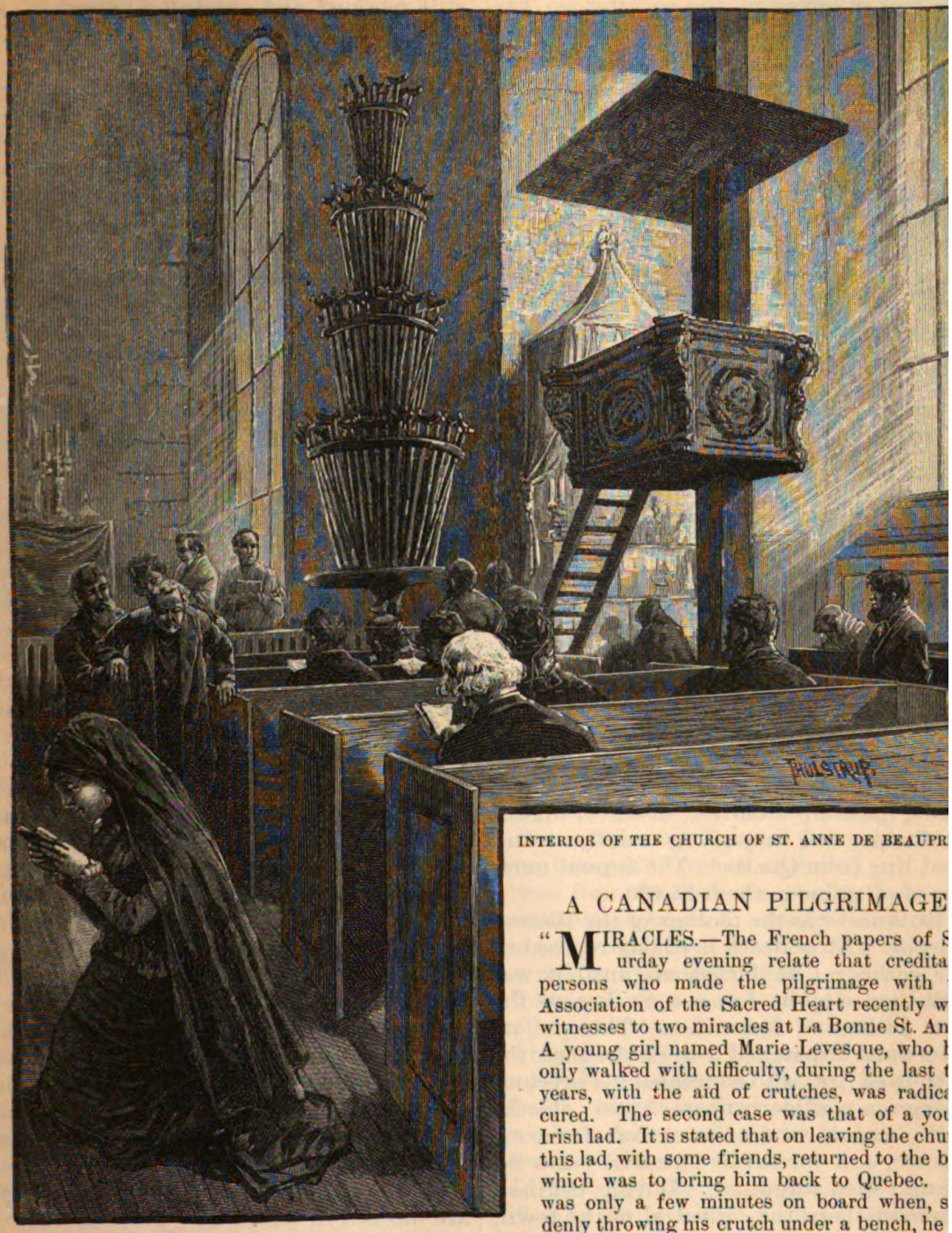

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPR

A CANADIAN PILGRIMAGE

"MIRACLES.—The French papers of S
urday evening relate that credita
persons who made the pilgrimage with
Association of the Sacred Heart recently w
witnesses to two miracles at La Bonne St. An
A young girl named Marie Levesque, who l
only walked with difficulty, during the last t
years, with the aid of crutches, was radica
cured. The second case was that of a you
Irish lad. It is stated that on leaving the chu
this lad, with some friends, returned to the b
which was to bring him back to Quebec.
was only a few minutes on board when, s
denly throwing his crutch under a bench, he
claimed to one of his companions, 'Oh, I for
to leave my crutch in the church.' 'But you want it,' replied his friends. 'No, not at all; I have
longer any use for it;' and with that he began to walk about the deck, his infirmity having entirely
appeared."

The foregoing paragraph met my eye as I glanced over one of the Quebec dail
one evening while awaiting a few purchases by my companion in a small stationer
store of the Lower Town.

"Do people believe that these miracles are genuine?" I asked this of the g
behind the counter, pointing to the item.

"Why, of course," said she; "and I'm afraid you are a person of very little fa
indeed." I was conscious of a very reproachful look from her dark eyes as she co
tinued, "I see that you have never visited the Church of Our Lady the good St. Ann
I mentally resolved that this, at any rate, should not longer be numbered amo

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my sins of omission, and so, after tea, bargained for a team, good for sixty miles, to start upon the following morning.

Le Moine, the contemporary local chronicler, gives his readers some account of the origin of the Church of St. Anne de Beaupré, and the guide-books, with which every tourist down the St. Lawrence has his pockets stuffed, call attention to it as one of the standard attractions of the voyage. To the faithful it is the shrine of Lourdes, the Paray-le-Monial of the Western World, the most highly venerated spot in America, and is regarded with the same superstitious awe that Mexicans entertain toward Guadalupe and its divinely pictured blanket.

June 26, the anniversary festival of St. Anne, witnesses a great visitation into the little hamlet, overflowing its hotels and miraculous shrine, while upon every other day of the year a smaller crowd of devotees are here to be found. Advertisements of "pilgrimages" are frequently to be seen in the Canadian papers, and these, which are usually excursions promoted for the benefit of "Young Men's Institutes," or the parish church, together with the large number of visitors drawn hither through curiosity, or invalids in hope of relief, make up a current of travel highly profitable, and supporting a daily steamboat line from Quebec. The annual number of pilgrims is about 25,000.

St. Anne was the mother of the Blessed Virgin. After death her body reposed in the cathedral at Jerusalem until it was sent thence by St. James to St. Lazare, the first Bishop of Marseilles. This prelate afterward dispatched it to St. Auspice, the Bishop of Apt, who concealed his precious charge in a subterranean chapel. Goths and Vandals swept the church from existence, and for seven hundred years St. Anne rested forgotten. During brilliant ceremonials in the cathedral of the town, upon the occasion of the advent of Charlemagne, several miraculous incidents led to the recovery of the remains from the grotto, effulgent with divine radiance, and fragrant with heavenly odors. So read the chronicles of the Church.

Certain colonists in the Canadas were commanded by an apparition to erect a church in honor of St. Anne upon its present site, which was done in 1658, and ten years later this new shrine was enriched by a relic, which was nothing less than a bone of the hand of St. Anne. This is still retained and carefully preserved, its exposition being a favor but rarely vouchsafed even the faithful.

It was long the custom of all ships returning from voyages to anchor here and honor St. Anne by a broadside. Old writers also speak of large villages of Indian proselytes which were located in the vicinity.

The name of St. Anne has always been a favorite in Canada, where, indeed, nearly every hamlet and railway station is canonized. There are said to be thirteen parishes in the Dominion bearing her name.

Our pilgrimage to St. Anne's began directly after an early breakfast. Visitors to Quebec are familiar with the first six miles of the road, as it leads to the Falls of Montmorency. Passing the walls near the Hôtel Dieu, we drove down through the Lower Town, across the St. Charles drawbridge, and into the open fields. Here the road has the character of an English lane, environed by small latticed inns and country homes. Then the turnpike surmounts a hill, giving a superb retrospect of Quebec and the river, with the ruins of Montcalm's home in the foreground.

From every little hamlet twin church spires, sheathed with glistening tin, point above the foliage, and great black crosses mark the resting-places of the village dead. The farms stretch from the road to the river, half a mile away, narrow and attenuated, giving every holder a frontage upon both.

The houses are a study. Their heavy stone walls are scrupulously white, and pierced by small windows fitted with an inside sash to better guard against the winter blasts. The roofs are steep, and end in a peculiar and graceful upward curve at the eaves. These, too, are usually whitewashed, and the huge chimneys are incased in wood.

Everything and everybody is French, and the tricolor flaps in big flags and little ones where the union-jack is seldom seen. Little girls of undeniably Gallic origin ran beside our carriage, holding up bouquets of sweet-pea and marigold.

The amiable Frenchwoman who presides over the little hotel at the Falls stared after us in wonder at the unaccustomed sight of two travellers passing her famous cataract without so much as stopping for a moment's look.

The object of our trip was, however, of

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A FRENCH CANADIAN VILLAGE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

the supernatural rather than picturesque order; still we could not forbear noticing the brown and buxom Ruths who followed the clumsy two-wheeled hay-carts through the stubble, or the dark-eyed Maud Mullers, in woollen caps and jerseys, turning the hay through the short Canadian reaping-time. Even the family mastiff is made to earn his share, the little boys driving him in harness to the fields with the mid-day lunch, and back with miniature loads of hay.

Bird-cages swing in nearly every porch. Ranks of aged Lombardy poplars mingle their dark and compact shafts in the light and shadow of road-side scenes that have changed but little in two hundred years.

At intervals along the road small chapels were seen, which are used but once annually, when the shrines inclosed are exposed to receive the votive offerings of processionists winding with stately chant along the dusty highway upon some festival day. Wooden crosses, sombre and time-stained, stand half buried in tangled verdure. I recall one, decorated with models of tools and implements, symbolizing a life of toil at the bench and in the field, closing in the full faith of the Church.

Our objective point, the Church of St. Anne de Beaupré, stands at the base of a steep hill crowned with farms, behind which the land again rises, forming Mont St. Anne, the most elevated point upon the river, being 2687 feet in altitude.

Seen from the deck of a passing steamer, the hamlet appears to straggle aimlessly along the road, at a distance of a quarter of a mile across marshy flats.

Four years ago a new church was built —a handsome and classic structure, yet lacking a spire—and the patron saint graciously deserted the old church upon the hill-side, where she had so long succored weak humanity, and took up her abode in the new quarters provided.

In front of the handsome and classic edifice is set a large circular fountain, about which stood a number of pilgrims engaged in the obviously unusual work of washing their hands and faces, which were duly wiped upon handkerchiefs or coat tails. Close at hand the proprietors of a small booth drove a good trade in the sale of beads, amulets, relics, and lithographs of the Virgin.

Passing the poverty-smitten, diseased, and tattered groups upon the steps of the edifice, we entered. The interior failed to bear out exterior promise, for the walls were rough-cast, the beams unpainted,

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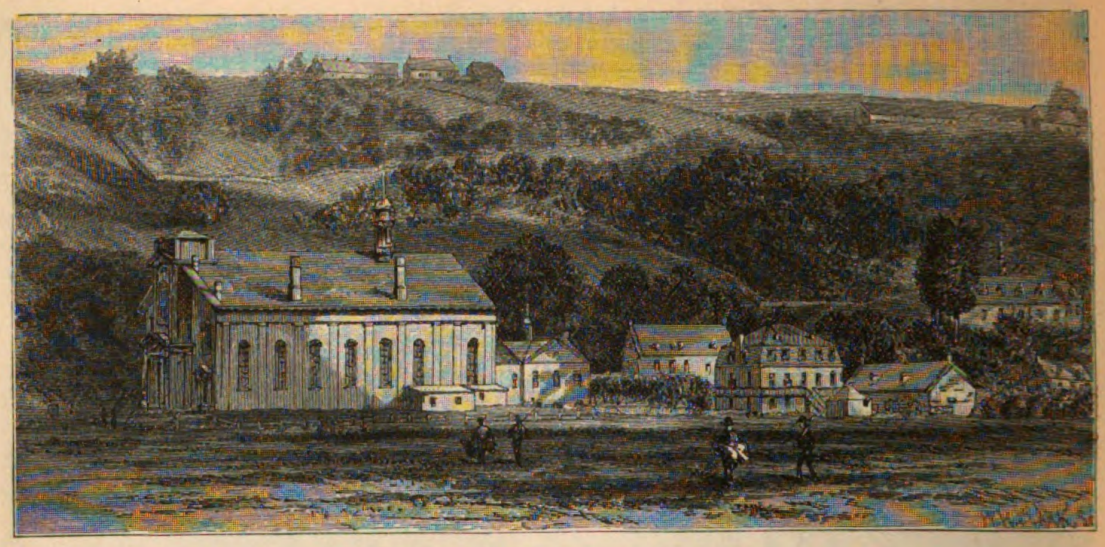

THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

and seats of the most primitive fashion. Near the door a boy was held up on the shoulders of men while he chipped away with a knife at a heavy cross, tossing the slivers to an eager crowd of devotees, to be carried home as relics.

Along the walls were hung a number of very ancient paintings. One of these, a portrait of the patron saint, is said to be from the hand of Le Brun, the French artist, and was presented by the Marquis of Tracy. Others were painted by Lefrançois, a Franciscan monk who died in 1685. One is a representation of St. Anne hovering over a ship in distress.

Upon a post the following notice was conspicuously tacked:

"As the number of masses asked in honor of St. Anne exceeds those that can be celebrated in this church, the faithful are informed that as many as possible will be said here, and the balance at other churches of this parish within the space of about a month from their reception.

"——, "Priest of the Parish of St. Anne de Beaupré."

By far the most conspicuous feature of the place was a towering trophy of crutches and canes, raised within the rail dividing the altar from the auditorium. These were of all sizes and shapes. Two fresh additions rested against the rail, where they had evidently just been deposited by the newly recovered owners.

Down the aisle toward us hobbled an old man with the help of two assistants. His crutches were discarded, but his features revealed a pain which gave the lie to his feeble praises of the saint at his restoration. At the rail a mother knelt, holding close a pigmy babe; and when she passed out her face was raised with new hope, but I saw in the face of the child only the seal of dissolution.

The priests in attendance moved about with a listless, mechanical air, bowing at stated places and intervals, one of them presenting a glazed medallion portrait of the saint to the lips of kneeling supplicants. The air of every-day occupation seemed impressed upon the whole drowsy scene, unrelieved by music or the usual pageantry of the picturesque Romish service.

As we walked up the single village street we passed the old man, who still dragged his weak frame bravely along,

THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

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the two attendants upholding him. The agony in his every lineament would have won the admiration and roused the artistic enthusiasm of Parrhasius himself.

In one favorable particular the village of La Bonne St. Anne will ever remain green in memory. Our horses were well groomed and fed, and we sat down to a palatable dinner of spring chicken flanked by varied adjuncts, preceded by soup and followed by a plethoric pie, all served by a laughing French maid, who utterly declined to comprehend our efforts in her language. Our bill entire amounted to sixty cents. Inquiry developed the fact that regular board was rated at about thirty cents per diem, whereupon we seriously considered the desirability of this region as a place of summer resort for parents with large families.

THE SONG OF ROLAND.*

GO to the MS. department of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and ask for "Digby 23." You will be intrusted with a little volume, worn and old, such as the "jongleur" used to take out of his pocket after he had tuned his viol at the gate of some walled town or lofty turreted castle at the end of his day's journey. This MS. is the oldest copy of an older version of a still older poem; for you hold in your hand the work of an Anglo-Norman scribe of the twelfth century, the most authentic copy of the earliest and most beautiful of the French "chansons de gestes," the first of Christian epics, the "Song of Roland."

The last line of the poem reads thus: "Here Théroulde finishes his work"; and it has been said that a tutor of William the Conqueror bore this name, that a descendant of his was Abbot of Peterborough, that the tutor was the poet, and that the abbot had this copy of the poem made for the library of his monastery. All this is surmise, however. "Théroulde déclinet" may mean only the copyist; but it is tolerably certain that this version of the epic, dating from the eleventh century, was made up in part of shorter poems on the same subject, much older, and probably lyrical, such as Charlemagne collected, and the French women used to sing to the music of the clapping of their hands. The jongleur's violin was often made of iron or copper, and sometimes he used his sword for a bow. So may have done Taillefer, the minstrel, when, as Wace relates, he led the van of the Norman army at the battle of Hastings, singing this very song "of Charlemagne, and of Roland, and of Oliver, and the nobles, who fell at Roncesvaux." Thus "to the sound of the 'Song of Roland' England was conquered by the Normans." We read how the Saxons spent the night before the battle in wassail and revelry, while the Normans went to confession and prayed as they kept watch and ward. And this song, which inspired them on the morrow, is imbued with the glow of the dawn of feudal Christianity. These rude soldiers who, says Motley, "about this time seated themselves with gentlemanlike effrontery on every throne in Europe," were comparatively recent converts, and felt like real children of the Church. Children they certainly were in their undoubting faith and imperfect comprehension of what the new religion meant; but we must not forget that they were still thrilled by the narrow escape of Christianity from destruction at the battle of Tours, "where the horsemen of the East met the footmen of the West, and three hundred thousand Arab corpses marked the point at which the flood-tide turned." So to them every foe was a Saracen, and every infidel a deadly foe. Can we wonder?

When Charlemagne, leaning against the window of his palace by the sea, watched the white sails of the Norse rovers, and wept to think of their ravages after his death, he did not dream that descendants of these very Vikings would embalm his memory in legendary lore, and hand down his name in imperishable song through ten centuries. But so it is. Thus opens the "Song of Roland":

> Charles the King, our great Emperor,
> Seven long years has tarried in Spain.
> Down to the sea the haughty land is his.
> Castles and towns with their embattled walls
> Lay low before him. All save one subdued,
> And that one Saragossa, on the height.
> Marsile holds sway there, and he loves not God,
> Adores Apollo, and invokes Mahmoud:
> He can not prosper.

This confusion of pagan and Mohammedan beliefs is not uncommon in the literature of the Middle Ages. Farther on, thus Charles receives the Saracen embassy:

* EDITOR'S NOTE.—The illustrations for this article are reproduced from the etchings by Chifflart and Foulquier in *La Chanson de Roland* (Tours, 1872), by permission of the publishers, Alfred Mame et Fils.

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COUNT ROLAND BATTLING AGAINST THE SARACENS.

In a large orchard sits the Emperor,
He has beside him Roland, Oliver,
The great Duke Samson, and Anselm the proud,
His standard-bearer, Geoffrey of Anjou,
Gérin and Gérier, and many more.
Full fifteen thousand gentlemen are there,
Who come from France, "sweet France."

* * * * * *

White silken stuffs are spread
Upon the grass. The elders and the grave

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COUNT ROLAND SOUNDING HIS HORN.

Are playing chess, and some at "trictrac," while
The agile youths are fencing. At his ease
Beneath a pine, beside an eglantine,
In a great arm-chair, all of solid gold,
Sits Charles the King, who holds sweet France in fee.
His beard is white, and snowy white his hair.
So fair his features, and so proud his mien,
No one need ask, "Which is the Emperor?"

The following passage is as remarka
in its way as the first quotation:

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The mighty Charlemagne, by dint of blows,
For seven long years had kept his hold on Spain.
He captured castles and he captured towns.
The King Marsile grew anxious, and he sent,
The first year of his stay, to Balingant.
He was the admiral, the old Emir,
Who lived in Babylon in Egypt. He
Had survived Homer and Virgil. Him
Marsile had asked for help for Saragossa.
If 'twas refused, Marsile would leave his gods
And all his idols for the Christian faith,
To make his peace with Charles.

The argument of the poem is briefly this: Marsile, a Spanish king, threatened in his great stronghold Saragossa, sends messengers to Charlemagne to sue for peace. The Emperor, advised by Roland, charges Ganelon to convey his answer to the Saracen. Ganelon, angry with Roland for having suggested that he should go on such a perilous errand, secretly plots his destruction. He returns from his embassy laden with rich gifts, the price of his treason, and announces to Charles the entire submission of Marsile, who even promises to be baptized as a Christian. He thus succeeds in persuading the Emperor to recross the Pyrenees, leaving to Roland the command of the rear-guard, which consists of only 20,000 men. Charlemagne, in spite of dreams and gloomy presentiments, yields, and goes back to France.

Meanwhile Marsile summons his twelve peers, gathers a large army, and comes up with the rear-guard in the Pyrenean pass of Roncesvaux, when he is quite sure that the Emperor is far away. Oliver, Roland's beloved friend and compeer, is the first to discover that they are pursued. Three times he entreats Roland to sound his horn, the famous "olifant," to call Charles to the rescue; but Roland obstinately refuses. In this part of the poem may be remarked the repetitions, or "similar stanzas," about which so much has been said, some critics urging that they are parallel accounts of the same event, fragments hitched together, while others think that it is meant to deepen the impression of the incident. Similar cases will occur to students of still older literatures. The result may be tiresome, but, as an eminent professor once observed, when it was proposed to him to cull only choice passages from this very "Song of Roland," "You must have the tediousness, or you will not get a true idea of the poem."

'Tis morning. Oliver ascends a hill,
Looks to his right across the grassy vale,
And sees approaching all the heathen host.
He calls aloud: "Now, Roland, what is this?
What means yon clamor borne to us from Spain,
These snowy hauberks and these glist'ning helms?
Our men will be astounded at the sight.
It is Ganilo's work, the traitor, wretch:
Through him King Charles has brought us to this pass."
But Roland answered: "Silence, Oliver;
He is my step-father; no more of this.'

High is the hill where Oliver has climbed;
Afar he looks upon the land of Spain,
And sees the army of the Saracens,
Their shining helmets gilt and decked with gems,
Their bucklers, and embroidered coats of mail,
With spears and gonfanons at lance's point.
Innumerable squadrons crowd the plains.
He can not count them, and he hurries down,
Hies to the French, and tells what he has seen.

"Look you," says Oliver, "the Saracens
Are swarming yonder in a countless host;
A hundred thousand heathen with their shields.
Laced are their helmets, and their hauberks white,
Upright their lances, gleaming their brown spears.
French gentlemen, God give you of His strength!
You shall have battle: such there never was.
Stand well your ground, or we shall lose the day."
The Frenchmen answered: "Cursed be he who flees!
Not one of us will fail you for that death."

Then urges Oliver: "The heathen host
By far outnumbers us. Friend, sound your horn.
When Charles shall hear it, they will all come back,
The king and all his barons, to our help."
"Far be it from me," Roland answered him,
"For I should lose my glory in sweet France.
No. I will strike great blows with Durandal:
The blade shall be all ruddy to the hilt.
The wretched pagans in an evil hour
Came to these defiles: they are doomed to die."

"I pray you, Roland, sound your olifant,
For Charles on hearing it will straightway come,
He and his nobles, to our rescue." "No.
Now God forbid I bring my friends to shame,
Or sweet France to dishonor!" Roland said.
"But I will strike great blows with Durandal,
The good sword I have girded to my side:
The blade shall be all ruddy to the hilt.
The miscreant pagans in an evil hour
Have gathered here: they are condemned to die."

"I pray you, Roland, sound your olifant,
And Charles shall hear it when he's far away,
And come with all his army to our help."
"I will not do it. Not a man who lives
Shall say I wound my horn for heathen folk.
Far be it from me to disgrace my friends.
No. Where the battle rages I shall strike
Great blows with Durandal—a thousand blows,
Then seven hundred more, with that good sword
The Emperor once girded to my side:
The blade shall be all ruddy to the hilt.
The French fight well, of that I warrant you.
The pagan dogs are doomed to die the death."

"'Tis no dishonor," Oliver replies.
"I tell you I have seen the Saracens.
They throng the mountains and they throng the vales;
The plains and moor-lands are all hid by them.
Great are the numbers of this foreign host,
And small our company." Then Roland said:

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DEATH OF ROLAND.

"So much the better! I would have it so.
I thirst for battle; and I pray to God
And all His angels that the land of France
May never through my means know loss or shame.
Death rather than dishonor! Deal hard blows:
We shall be dearer to the Emperor."

This poem was evidently written before the Crusades, but its animating spirit of hatred of the heathen and love of the Church was precisely what made the Crusades possible. Is there not a foretaste of

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Peter the Hermit in the benediction given by the soldier-prelate, Archbishop Turpin, to the French army, just before the fight?

Yonder is Turpin, the Archbishop.
Up to the brow of an o'erhanging hill
He spurs his horse, and calls out to the French:
"Sir Knights, our Emperor has left us here.
We'll do our duty, though we lose our lives.
Help in the cause of Christ, as need there be.
You shall have battle. There you see the foe,
The hated heathen. Now confess your sins;
I will absolve you. Then, if you must die,
You die as martyrs, and the highest seats
In heaven are yours." The Frenchmen all alight,
And kneel to take the blessing. They are told
Their only penance is to deal hard blows.
So says the good Archbishop.

The miscreant pagans fiercely ride amain.
"Look you now, Roland," shouted Oliver,
"They are upon us, and our liege lord Charles
Is far away. Oh! had you blown your horn,
Charles had been here; the day would not be lost.
Cast your eyes upward toward the gates of Spain:
You see a mournful rear-guard. Men stand there
Who look their last upon a battle-field."
And Roland answered: "Shame upon such words!
Accursed be he who bears a coward heart!
Here shall we stand our ground. Ours the good blows.
We shall be victors."

Thus Roland exhorts his men before the battle:

When Roland sees the battle close at hand,
Lion nor leopard ne'er more terrible.
He cheers his men, and says to Oliver:
"Sir Knight, companion, friend, you greatly err.
The Emperor Charles, who trusts them to our care,
Has set aside these twenty thousand men,
Chosen by him, and well he knows them brave.
For him we'll suffer, and, if need there be,
Lay down our lives."

Great is the battle, marvellous the fight.
The French deal heavy blows with their good swords:
They all are ruddy to the jewelled hilt.
"Montjoie!" they shout, the Emperor's battle-cry.
O'er all the field they press the Saracens.
The pagans see theirs is no easy task.
Great is the battle, it is horrible—
A scene of mortal anguish; men lie there
By thousands, bleeding, wounded, dying, dead,
Piled one upon another. On their backs,
Or faces downward, lie the Saracens.
Who does not flee can not escape from death.

Roland at last, faint from his wounds, and feeling that they are in danger of being overpowered, proposes to blow his horn; but Oliver tells him it is useless, and upbraids him with not having done so before. The Archbishop rides up, reconciles them, and represents to Oliver that even now the Emperor may arrive in time to give them Christian burial. So Roland puts the "olifant" to his lips and blows a blast that is heard ninety miles away. (The blast tradition avers is still resounding and re-echoing in those Pyrenean gorges.) Charles hears it. Ganelon is discovered to be a traitor, is chained up like a bear, and given in custody to the King's scullions to be beaten with rods while awaiting his trial. The French hurry back, hoping to be in time to rescue Roland.

How high the mountains and the beetling crags!
How deep the gorges, and how swift the streams!
Loud blow the trumpets of the Emperor:
Before, behind, the army loud they blow,
And answer Roland's horn.

The Emperor rides on in bitter wrath.
The French are furious with agony:
Not one who is not sobbing as he rides;
Not one who is not praying God to save
Roland in mercy till they reach the field,
And deal brave blows beside him. All in vain:
It is too late. Alas, they come too late!

The poem here consists mainly of descriptions of single combats, characterized by ferocity on one side and prowess on the other. We pass on to the death of Oliver.

When Roland sees the cursèd heathen folk,
As black as ink—all black except their teeth—
He says: "Our death is certain. Frenchmen, strike!
Woe to the laggards!" and his men all rush
Into the conflict....

Oliver, overpowered and mortally wounded, kills his adversary, the Caliph, and then calls Roland to the rescue, who, when he sees his friend dying, mourns over him, and faints away on his horse.

Behold now Roland fainting on his horse;
And Oliver, whose life is ebbing fast.
His eyes are dim, he does not know his friend,
And rides to his encounter, dealing him,
Full on his gilded helm, a dreadful blow.
It cleaves the helmet, and lays bare his brow.
The shock restores his consciousness. He says,
Full gently: "Comrade, did you mean to strike?
'Tis Roland, Roland, whom you hold so dear.
You had not challenged me to fight with you."
"I hear you, Roland," answered Oliver,
"I can not see you, but I pray to God
To have you in His sight. For that rude blow
I pray you pardon me." But Roland said:
"You did not wound me. Here and before God
I do forgive you." Then they bowed them low,
Each to the other. In this way they part,
Courteous and loving.

Oliver, feeling that his death is near,
Dismounts, and lying low upon the ground,
Confesses all his sins, and lifts joined hands,
Imploring God to grant him paradise,
To bless sweet France, and Charles the Emperor,
And Roland above all men. Then he dies.

* * * * * *

The noble Roland, when he sees his friend
Lying face downward, prone along the ground,

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CHARLES'S RETURN TO RONCESVAUX.

Can not forbear from sighing and from tears.
Full low he speaks, and thus bewails himself:
"Companion, to thy cost thou wert so bold.
We have been comrades many years and days.
Thou never didst me harm, nor harmed I thee.
Since thou art dead, I sorrow that I live."
And saying this, the Marquis faints away
Upon his horse, well known as Veillantif.
His golden spurs are fastened to his heels:
He can not fall.

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A whirlwind sweeps over the land of France,
Terrific tempests and great thunder-gusts,
And hail and rain in torrents. It is said,
And said with truth, there was an earthquake felt
From Mount St. Michael to the holy shrine
In far Cologne. As well from Besançon
To western port of Wishant. Not a house
But shook to its foundations, and at noon
Darkness profound. Save where the lightning came,
Cleaving the sky, there was no light at all.
All who beheld these portents quaked with fear,
And many said, "It is the Judgment-day;
It is the end of the world." They little knew
'Twas the great mourning for the death of Roland.

When Roland comes to himself, he sees the extent of the disaster. Only two of his knights are left, Gautier of Hum and the Archbishop, both mortally wounded, the Archbishop in four places. Roland has dragged him out of the conflict, and has driven off the Saracens for the time. He lays the prelate gently upon the grass, binds up his wounds, and begs of him one last service—to bless the dead as he had blessed the living.

Roland departs. He searches all the field;
He searches lofty crags and valleys deep;
He finds Ivon and Ivory, Gérin,
Gérier, his friend the Gascon Engelers;
He finds Gérart, the old of Roussillon,
Bérenger, Othon, Samson, and Anselm.
He brings them one by one, and lays them down,
At Turpin's feet he lays them in a row.
The good Archbishop can not choose but weep.
He lifts his hand, and blesses them from God.
"Fair sirs," said he, "you came in evil hour.
May God, all-glorious, rest your souls in peace
In holy flowers in heaven! Alas for me!
The pains of death encompass me about;
I never more shall see the Emperor."

Roland looks for Oliver's body, and brings it, held close to his heart, to receive also the Archbishop's benediction; and after bewailing his loss and reciting his friend's virtues, he faints away again. The Archbishop tries to restore him, but dies in the attempt. At last Roland comes to himself alone.

When Roland sees the Archbishop is dead,
He crosses on his breast his fair white hands,
And then aloud, the fashion of his land,
He makes his orison: "Ah, gentleman,
Most noble knight, I leave you to the care
Of the All-glorious One who dwells above.
You served your master gladly. Never man
Since the apostles was a greater prophet
To keep the faith and draw men after him.
God grant your soul, set free,
Through open doors may pass to paradise!"

Then Roland feels that his own death is near.
His brains ooze through his ears. He says his prayers,
First for his friends to God, to Gabriel
Commends his soul, then takes the olifant
In one hand, in the other Durandal.
Thus all equipped, he goes a bow-shot's length,
Far as an arbalète can send a stone,
On Spanish soil. He climbs a little hill
In a wide field. There, under two fine trees,
Lie four great blocks of marble. Roland falls
Back on the greensward, and then faints away.
Death is at hand. Aoi!

A Saracen is lying on the ground not far off, who has covered his face with blood, feigning death. He leaps to his feet, and cries, exultingly: "He is conquered, Charlemagne's great nephew! I shall take his sword back with me to Arabia." He seizes Durandal, and pulls Roland's beard. At this indignity the hero comes to himself, and dashes the Saracen's brains out with his olifant. He then tries to break Durandal to pieces against the stones, but in vain. Thus he mourns over his sword:

"O my good Durandal! how fair and bright
Thou flamest in the sunshine! Charlemagne
In the Savoyard valleys heard from heaven
(An angel told him) that it was a gift
For a great captain. Then the noble King
Girded it at my side....
Have I not conquered towns and lands enough
That own the sway of Charles with the white beard?
And now my grief is great for this good sword.
I can not leave it for these pagan folk.
Lord God our Father, bring not France to shame!"
Now Roland feels the death-chill at his heart.
He runs and throws himself beneath a pine,
Face downward on the greensward. Under him
He puts his good sword and his olifant,
And turns his face toward the heathen host.
Why does he thus? That Charles and all the French
May see he died a conqueror. Aoi!

He lies upon the hill o'erlooking Spain,
And beats his breast with one hand, and he cries:
"Lord, I have greatly sinned in Thy pure sight.
Mercy for all the great and little sins,
All I have done since I was born till now!"
Holds out the glove of his right hand to God.
Angels from heaven descend and hover near.

The French arrive, and find the ground strewed with the bodies of their friends and foes.

The Emperor, in searching far and wide,
At last espied a meadow where the grass
And flowers were blood-stained. As he rode,
For pity the great King shed bitter tears.
And when he reached the height beneath the trees,
And knew the strokes of Roland on the stones,
And saw his nephew lying on the grass,
It is no marvel that his grief was great.
He left his horse, and ran to where he lay,
Lifted him up, and then, in dire distress,
Fainted away.

The Emperor recovers from his swoon;
Four of his barons hold him by the hand.
But he looks down and sees where Roland lies,
His eyes upturned and full of darkness, pale,
So ghastly pale, but still a gallant man.

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And thus he mourns him in great faith and love:
"Friend Roland, may God rest thy soul in flowers
Among the blessèd saints in paradise!
Ill did betide thee when thou cam'st to Spain.
Each day I live shall be new grief for me;
My power, my joy, my pride, all gone with thee!
Who will sustain me in my kingdom? None.
Where are my friends? The only one is dead.
My kin? There is not one of them like him."
Great handfuls of his hair the King tears out.
A hundred thousand Frenchmen stand around,
And every one lets fall some scalding tears.

"Friend Roland, I shall hie me back to France,
And when I come to my good town of Laon,
Strangers shall journey there from many realms
And ask me of my famous captain. Then
I shall make answer: 'He has died in Spain.'
In sorrow I shall reign, and every day
Shall groan and weep for thee, Roland, my friend.

"Friend Roland, valiant man and beauteous youth,
When I betake me to Aix-la-Chapelle,
And men shall come to ask for news of thee,
All I can say is cruel. He is dead,
My nephew whom I loved, my conqueror!
And now the Saxons will rebel again,
And many other peoples, Africans,
Sicilians, those of Hungary, La Pouille,
And far Bulgaria. Where is the Count?
Who now can lead my armies? He is dead
Who led to victory. Each day I live
I suffer more. O my sweet land of France,
Behold you orphaned! Bitter is my grief.
I do not care to live." Then with both hands
He tears his beard and hair. The Frenchmen fall,
A hundred thousand, fainting to the ground.

Charlemagne chases the Saracens across the Ebro, defeats them with great slaughter, and takes Saragossa, where a hundred thousand heathen prefer Christian baptism to a violent death. Marsile dies of wounds received in battle, his son is killed, and his wife, Braminonde, is taken prisoner. Roland thus avenged, the Emperor returns to Aix-la-Chapelle, where he is met in the hall of his palace by the beautiful Alda, or Aude, Oliver's sister, and the betrothed of Roland.

Charles, the great King, has just arrived from Spain;
Journeys to Aix, that famous town of France;
Goes to his palace; in the entrance-hall
Is met by Alda, and the ladye fair
Asks: "Where is Roland, the great captain? where
Is he who swore to take me for his wife?"
The Emperor, bowed down with heavy grief,
Bursts into tears, and tears his snowy beard.
"Sister, dear friend, you ask for a dead man.
All I can do is this: In Roland's place
Take Louis for your husband, Louis my son,
Who keeps the Marches. More I can not do."
"These are strange words, my liege," Alda replies.
"May God and all His saints and angels grant
That, Roland dead, I may no longer live!"
Deadly her pallor, at the Emperor's feet
Lifeless she falls. Alda the fair is dead.
May God in heaven have mercy on her soul!
For pity the French barons wondering weep.

The lovely Alda to her rest has gone,
But Charles believes that she has only swooned.
He weeps for pity as he looks at her,
Then lifts her up and takes her by the hand.
The fair head droops, and now the Emperor
Knows that she is dead. Four noble ladies come
(So the King orders), and they bear her forth
Hard by unto a convent. There they watch
Beside the maiden till the morning breaks.
Then she is buried in great pomp and state
Close to the altar: such the King's command.

Excepting Braminonde, wife of Marsile, Alda is the only woman mentioned in the "Song of Roland," and the little glimpse of her is a touching one. The position of both is noticeable. The word used for wife by Alda, when she says, "Roland, who swore to take me for his wife," is *per*, translated *femme* in the modern French versions, not unlike our word *peer*. Braminonde is quite the type of a Southern heroine, ardent and active, devoted to her own people. She helps bribe Ganelon with magnificent bracelets of her own, which the traitor hides in his boot or hose. She urges the Saracens to fight instead of fleeing before the vengeful Charlemagne, and seems to mourn her husband's defeat even more than his death. In the end she becomes a Christian of her own free-will while a prisoner in France.

The trial of Ganelon at Aix is a very interesting piece of legal procedure according to the Teutonic forms of the time. First, arrest and corporeal punishment before the "placitum palatii," the trial proper, presided over by the King, who, however, has no voice in the assembly. The process ends with an appeal to the judgment of God in the ordeal by battle, or deadly combat. Ganelon's champion falls, and he himself is therefore condemned to die the death of a traitor, torn asunder by four wild horses. His thirty sureties are all hung at the same time. This traitor baron is no villain of the ordinary stamp, but a bold, brave man meant for better things, who falls a prey at last to his fierce envy and vindictive, jealous hatred of Roland, his son-in-law.

The Emperor is weary and worn with grief, though Ganelon's sentence and Braminonde's conversion have comforted him a little. Finally he has a vision, commanding him to go to the help of distressed Christians in a place that bears the mysterious name of "Imphes." The Crusades are impending.

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Thus ends the "Song of Roland," honest in its reverence, pure though rough in its expression (there is not a single coarse word in it from beginning to end); a Christian poem, the story of a signal defeat that becomes an inspiration for a great triumph. It is eminently serious in its tone, the only comic part being that where Ganelon is chained up like a tame bear, and given over to the King's scullions to be beaten with rods. This gayety has been truly said to savor more of camps than courts. There is a supernatural flavor throughout: Charlemagne is warned in dreams; he bids the sun stand still like Joshua, and is obeyed; angels stoop over the dying Roland, and help the Emperor to avenge his loss.

Roland dies as a hero and a martyr; but greater than his affection for the Church is his love of France. Dreading lest Durandal should fall into pagan hands after his death, he prays, "O Lord God our Father, let not France be brought to shame." We can but wonder with a recent French writer that his countrymen for full three hundred years allowed such a poem as this to be ignored and forgotten—one that embodies the national life of the time, preserving, moreover, types that no one can fail to recognize to-day. For is not the undisciplined, rash, haughty courage of Roland still dear to the heart of the French nation? Does not his passion for "France, sweet France, France the free," yet find an echo there?

As Heine's grenadier grieves over the "forsaken emperor" more than for wife and child, so it is Oliver and not Roland who speaks of Alda in the conflict. The hero's last prayer is for France, and not for his ladye.

Many people, says Ludlow (we quote the substance of his remarks) who admire French prose, but condemn French literature as unpoetical, do not know that in the tenth and eleventh centuries, far behind Froissart, there lies in the French language a group of poems unsurpassed as a whole in European literature. Of these the oldest, the most complete, and the most beautiful is the "Song of Roland."

It is founded on historic fact, overlaid with fiction, and illuminated with legend. There were really two or three disasters at Roncesvaux; the first in the days of Dagobert, and another, related by Eginhard in the 9th chapter of his *Life of Charlemagne*. In a recently discovered MS. of the National Library in Paris we read as follows:

"On the 15th of August, 778, Charlemagne, retiring from Spain, where his campaign had been only partially successful, gave the command of his rear-guard to Roland, his nephew, to protect his march through the Pyrenean passes. Close to the place where the chapel of Ibagneta now stands, in the pass of Roncesvaux, the rear-guard was attacked and cut to pieces by the Gascon mountaineers, Roland himself being killed."

Michel, in his edition of the "Song of Roland," gives this "Song of Alta-biçar" as a commemoration of the event in popular Basque poetry. Whether authentic or not, it is remarkable for its rude vigor.

"A cry has arisen from the midst of the mountains of the Escualdanac, and the master of the house, standing before his door, has opened his ears, and said, 'Who goes there? What will they with me?' And the dog that slept at his master's feet has roused itself, and has filled the neighborhood of Alta-biçar with its barkings.

"In the pass of Ibagneta a noise resounds; it nears, touching the rocks to right, to left; it is the dull murmur of a coming army. Our men have replied to it from the mountain-tops; they have blown in their ox-horns, and the master of the house sharpens his arrows.

"They come! they come! What a hedge of spears! How the rainbow-hued banners float in the midst! What lightning flashes from their weapons! How many are there? Child, reckon them well. 'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty.'

"Twenty, and thousands more besides! One should lose time in reckoning them. Let us unite our sinewy arms; let us uproot these rocks; let us fling them from the mountain-tops upon their very heads! Crush them! kill them!

"And what had they to do in our mountains, these men of the North? Why are they come to disturb our peace? When God makes mountains, it is that men may not cross them. But the rocks fall rolling, they overwhelm the troops; blood streams, flesh quivers. Oh, how many crushed bones! What a sea of blood!

"Flee, flee, all to whom strength remains and a horse. Flee, King Karloman, with thy black plumes and thy red mantle. Thy nephew, thy bravest, thy darling Roland, is stretched dead yonder. His courage was of no avail. And now, Escualdanac, let us leave the rocks there, let us quickly descend, flinging our arrows at the fugitives.

"They flee, they flee. Where now is the hedge of spears?—where the rainbow-hued

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banners floating in their midst? Lightnings flash no more from their blood-soiled weapons. How many are there? Child, reckon them well. Twenty, nineteen, eighteen, seventeen, sixteen, fifteen, fourteen, thirteen, twelve, eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one?

"One! There is not even one. It is done. Master of the house, you may go in with your dogs, kiss wife and children, clean your arrows, put them away with your ox-horn, then lie down over them to sleep. By night the eagles shall come and eat the crushed flesh, and the bones shall whiten in eternity."

The popularity of the legend would seem to show that the defeat was a more important one than the brief historical mention would indicate. The "Song of Roland" itself is founded on these words of Eginhard: "In this disaster perished Hruolandus, prefect of the marches of Brittany."

This poem is written in lines of ten syllables, the heroic pentameter, with the break after the fourth syllable. It is divided into "laisses," or stanzas, of twelve or fifteen lines in almost every instance, all the lines of each stanza ending with the same vowel sound. And this assonance, as it is called, is not meant for the eye, but for the ear. It should be borne in mind that the poem was meant to be sung or recited.

Almost all the stanzas end with a mysterious, untranslatable word—*aoi*. At one time it was thought to be a war-cry, and this accorded with the Taillefer story; but then it was said to be an old musical notation; and there is another theory that it is a sort of wailing refrain, like the *ahe*, or *ay*, at the end of many old lyrics in all the Romance languages.

The mourning for Roland has been thought to remind one of the passage in the Georgics describing the omens of Cæsar's death. The enumeration of the French and Saracen nobles, and of the different peoples that composed the heathen host, is Homeric, as well as the constantly recurring epithets, and the vast amount of single combats that make up the battles; but our trouvère, probably a Norman of the eleventh century, most likely knew nothing of Homer or Virgil.

Roland is a cosmopolite. A valuable MS. copy of the poem is extant in Venice, and our hero has stood in stone with his friend and companion in arms, Oliver, at the doorway of the cathedral in Verona for seven hundred years. Pulci, Aretino, and Ariosto have all sung of his renown. Our Shakspeare knew the two friends, and has handed down to us "a Rowland for an Oliver." There is an English version of the poem, dating from the thirteenth century. Germany has her "Ruolandusliet," and the Icelandic peasant of Reikiavik can recount the deeds of Roland. In Denmark and the Netherlands the story is popular, and the Spanish version most in vogue relates that the nephew of the great Emperor was defeated by Bernardo del Carpio. According to Gautier, while all nations of Europe have been delighted to copy or translate this Iliad, literary France in the sixteenth century became so absorbed in Æneas that she forgot Roland, and this ingratitude has lasted three hundred years. In 1836, however, M. Francisque Michel installed himself in the Bodleian Library, and brought out the first French edition from that famous Oxford MS. Since then there has been a revival of interest in old French, and our poem bids fair to be again popular in the land of its birth. We can not feel as we lay it down that the "great century" of Louis the Fourteenth, or the Second Empire either, is all there is of French literature.

WASHINGTON'S ACCEPTANCE OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY.

NONE of the biographers of Washington have given a circumstantial account of the various causes which produced in him a long hesitation before he consented to become the first President of the United States. As a study of character this hesitation is not less interesting than the circumstances which gave rise to it are important to a true appreciation of the risks which the Constitution encountered after it had been framed. We have lived so long under its beneficent sway that the history of its early perils is in some danger of being forgotten; and we of the present generation have suffered so much in saving it from the greater perils of recent times that we can scarcely form an idea of the hazards which attended its first establishment, or estimate rightly the service which Washington rendered to his country when he consented to become the Chief Magistrate under whom the new government was to be inaugurated.

It is by no means an extravagant supposition that if we had had no Washing-

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ton we should have had no Constitution —not because his agency in framing it, or his direct exertions for its adoption, were greater than those of others—they were, in fact, much less than the agency and exertions of many others—but because the hope and expectation that he would be the first President operated as a great moral force to incline the people to accept it as an experiment, and to give it a trial under the best auspices. The reader is probably aware that Washington at both his first and his second election received every electoral vote in the Union. As the Constitution then stood, the electors were required to vote for two persons, without designating which of them they wished to make President, or which Vice-President, but the person receiving the highest number of votes was to be declared President when the votes were opened and counted, and the person receiving the next highest number was to be declared Vice-President. At the first election Washington received sixty-nine electoral votes, which was the whole number that the States then in the Union were entitled to give. Mr. John Adams received thirty-four votes, which made him Vice-President, the remaining thirty-five votes being scattered among different persons. The extraordinary unanimity in regard to General Washington was the result of a popular conviction that no other man could be so safely intrusted with the first administration of the new goverment, and the history of the time abundantly proves that the hope of obtaining his consent became so strong and general, immediately after it was known that there was to be a chief executive magistracy, that long before his consent to take the office had been obtained, this hope had ripened into a belief, which had a potent influence in bringing about a ratification of the Constitution by the requisite number of States.

The proposed Constitution of the United States had been promulgated scarcely more than a week, in the month of September, 1787, when a newspaper published in the city of Philadelphia gave expression to the general sentiment of the country by declaring that Washington must be the first President. This was somewhat premature, for although the new government was framed, it was by no means certain—indeed, it was not highly probable—that it would be established. A long and anxious interval was to be passed before the friends of the Constitution could see it made the organic law of the Union. But it is interesting to observe this prompt suggestion that Washington, who had retired a few years before to enjoy, as he hoped, the tranquil pleasures of private life, must again be called into the service of the country. As men read that new instrument of government, and pondered what it contained; as they saw that it was to create what free America had not then known —a supreme executive magistracy, to be filled by a single person, an office which in some form, monarchical or republican, society naturally craves—their thoughts turned at once to Washington. The first popular impulse leaped by a natural process to the most natural of conclusions. That the office of chief ruler, the head of the state, should be united with the highest form of character, is a thought that lies in the unprompted instincts of the human heart.

The idea of rewarding Washington, of remunerating him by this grand new dignity of the Presidency for what he had done and what he had been, never entered into the imaginations of the people. How could he be rewarded for that long, disinterested service of his Revolutionary career, so successful, so peculiar, in which the acquisition of an influence entirely unexampled had been followed by an entirely unparalleled resignation of all claims to power so soon as the liberties of his country were established? Neither the character of Washington, nor his relations to the people, nor their feelings toward him, admitted the idea of bestowing anything upon him as a recompense. The people saw before them the creation of a supreme magistracy, and the fitness of uniting it with the highest virtue was all that occurred to them.

But there were persons whose views were uninfluenced by the popular enthusiasm, yet who began at a very early period to present to Washington's mind the necessity for a compliance with the call which they now saw would be made upon him. When, in that affecting scene which occurred in the city of Annapolis on the 21st of December, 1783, he resigned into the hands of the Congress his commission as commander-in-chief, at the close of the war, the public men of the country, whether civilians or soldiers, probably had no expectation of ever seeing him again in a public station. They could scarcely have

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imagined a course of events which, within a little more than five years, would bring him from the repose to which, with so much melancholy mingled with so much gratitude, they then saw him retire. The war was over; the treaty of peace was signed; the independence of the United States was acknowledged: Washington's task was apparently done.

Nevertheless, for the country all was uncertain and perilous. The loose and feeble government of the Confederation had been able, with Washington's powerful aid, to get through the war. But now came the trial of peace, which was to reveal its incapacity and to break down its structure. The four years of failure, imbecility, and disappointment which succeeded at length produced that political education of the people of the United States which made the Constitution a necessity and a possibility.

The development which may be traced in the history of this instructive period is seen in nothing more remarkably than in the intellectual growth of those American statesmen who were concerned in the futile experiment of the Confederation, and who devised the more hopeful experiment of the Constitution. They had the wisdom to perceive how indispensable it was to the success of the new system that the proposed head of the government should possess that weight of character and degree of public confidence which would disarm the effort, if it should be made, to prevent its establishment, and would carry it safely through those inevitable conflicts of opinion and feeling to which its first administration must give rise. While the world at large *believed*, they *knew*, that Washington possessed the powers and qualities demanded by this great exigency. They knew that he would exercise the rare faculty of deciding without partiality, and that he would have the rare felicity of high elevation above party or personal aims. From the nature of the government and the circumstances of the country, the office in which they desired to see him could not be invested with that mysterious influence which attends the person and authority of a monarch. A republican Chief Magistrate, the voluntary choice of freemen as the political head of a nation for a limited time and under a limited Constitution, was alone to be selected and instituted. For this reason there must be found in personal qualities all that would command popular reverence, and in an illustrious reputation all that would attract the confidence of mankind.

Washington was singularly endowed for the occasion by his character, and by the impression which it had produced upon his countrymen and upon foreign nations. In his person and deportment, according to all contemporary testimony, there was an indescribable majesty, untinged, however, with the slightest haughtiness; an ineffable dignity, the expression of his balanced and elevated nature, speaking through the grace of a fine stature, and grave but courteous manners. His reputation was unlike the reputations of that or any former age. Before it all other reputations might "pale their ineffectual fires." There had been more consummate captains; but no leader of a revolution, fighting for the liberties of his country, had achieved success on so great a theatre against so many and such various difficulties. There had been more brilliant and more accomplished statesmen; but no man had ever acted so largely in public affairs, and had such opportunities for personal aggrandizement, of whom it could be said, as it could be said of Washington, that he was a stranger to ambition.

So soon as there appeared a reasonable prospect of the adoption of the Constitution by the number of States required to give it effect, Washington was made to understand that another great sacrifice of his personal inclinations would be demanded of him. One of the earliest of these intimations appears to have reached him at about the time when the Constitution had been ratified by the six States of Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, but when the Conventions of Maryland and South Carolina were about acting, when that of New Hampshire stood adjourned for a future day, and when the most serious consequences were anticipated from the effect of this postponement upon New York and Virginia.

This intimation came from one of his old companions in arms, General Armstrong.* Washington replied to it on the 25th of April, 1788, saying that he was so wedded to a state of retirement and to rural occu-

* Major-General Armstrong, of Pennsylvania, *not* the writer of the Newburgh Addresses.

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pations that to be drawn again into public life, at his advanced age, would require a sacrifice that could admit of no compensation. His age was then fifty-six.

A few days afterward he wrote in the same strain to Lafayette, who, on the other side of the Atlantic, had foreseen that the adoption of the Constitution must result in calling his illustrious friend from retirement. From this time forward, as each succeeding event rendered more and more probable the establishment of the new government, every post brought letters of the same purport from persons the weight of whose opinions and wishes he could not but feel. It is not to be doubted that the suggestion, however flattering, gave him great embarrassment, and even pain. The causes for these feelings lay partly in his own temperament, and partly in the circumstances in which he was placed.

Washington was a man of singular modesty, and it must, I think, be admitted that he was, at least at this period of his life, without ambition; for if ambition be that longing for farther distinction which leads men to covet posts of honor and responsibility, and to reach the highest attainable position, it is certain that Washington, after he had passed the middle period of life, never did one of the acts which usually indicate the existence and influence of this passion. There is no evidence and no contemporary suggestion that he sought or desired the appointment of commander-in-chief at the beginning of the war: and he was closely observed by those who would have noted his efforts to obtain the appointment, and would have caused them to be known to posterity, if he had made any. He himself solemnly assured his wife, in a letter that could have been intended for no eye but hers, that so far from having sought it, he had used every endeavor to avoid it, not only from an unwillingness to part with her and his family, but from the consciousness that the trust was too great for his capacity. To his brother Augustine he made the same declaration.

But although he was unambitious, he was careful of his fame: and when he received from all quarters the offer, so to speak, of the Presidency, his reputation, which filled the civilized world, was rather an impediment than an incentive to new exertions in untried fields of labor. His judgment was so calm that he could distrust his own powers—an exertion of the judgment to which more brilliant and more aspiring men, who have had much success in life, have often been unequal. He felt a strong reluctance to put at hazard the glory that he had gained, by assuming a position and a responsibility so new to him.

In addition to this, he had a real love of private life, of the pursuits of agriculture, and of domestic pleasures. He was fond of the exercise of hospitality, and accustomed to a large indulgence of his social tastes. His personal situation was all that such a man, with such feelings and such a life to look back upon, could desire. His estate was ample, and under his management productive. He was an object of the deepest interest to the enlightened of every nation, and no stranger who could be introduced to him thought of leaving our shores without seeking his house. By his neighbors and friends, by the whole body of his countrymen, in truth, he was revered as no other man has ever been. What he had accomplished, and the reputation which it had gained for him, were enough for any mortal happiness. So calmly, however, so justly, and with such moderated feelings, did he look backward and forward, that he promised himself no higher felicity than to glide smoothly on through an old age of domestic happiness to what might remain for him beyond the grave. Why should such a man covet public station? Why, rather, should Washington have been willing to accept that new, weighty, and hazardous responsibility?

Fond as he was of private life, and careful as he was of his fame, Washington held his personal advantage in all things and at all times constantly subordinate to the public good. We know that he so acted when he consented to take the command for the Revolution, and when he yielded to the earnest desire of his friends and became a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution. On both occasions he put a great deal at risk: he incurred the risk at once, as soon as he saw the duty, but he hesitated until the duty was plain to him. We may trace a similar operation of his mind through that long period of suspended decision, from the time when the Presidency was first suggested to him, in the spring of 1788, to the close of that year and the be-

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ginning of the next. There was the same struggle caused by his personal inclinations and his depreciation of himself; and it is abundantly apparent that one of his chief reasons for his extremely cautious replies to those who wrote to him on the subject was that he could not see the necessity for his services in the same light in which others saw it. He was, however, a good deal under the constraint arising from the uncertainty of the adoption of the Constitution down to the end of July, at which time the States of New Hampshire, Virginia, and New York were known to have ratified it.

All uncertainty, therefore, respecting the adoption of the Constitution by the necessary number of States was thus dispelled. But a new and apparently unexpected hazard was yet to be encountered. The mode in which the Constitution was to come into operation, according to the plan devised by the Convention, required that the ratification of the States should be returned to the existing Congress, and that the time of choosing the electors of the President, and the time and place for the new government to commence its proceedings, should be determined by that body. The Constitution designated no place as the permanent seat of government for the United States, but it embraced a clause authorizing the future Congress to establish such a seat in a district not exceeding ten miles square, to be obtained by cession from any of the States. This provision was regarded as the declaration of a settled policy in favor of the final establishment of the government in a central situation, and away from the commercial cities; and when taken in connection with the reference made by the Convention to the Congress of the Confederation to fix the place for the new government to commence its proceedings, it evidently contemplated that the Congress to be assembled under the Constitution would, at a proper time, undertake the duty of carrying out the policy thus declared by the Convention and by the States which had ratified the instrument. But so great were the local jealousies on this subject, and they had become so much increased by the inconveniences which had been experienced by the old Congress, that when that body was called upon to determine the place for the commencement of the new government, it was feared that the designation of a place would greatly embarrass the future question of removal and settlement elsewhere.

These jealousies were not altogether unreasonable. Practically, the question of a temporary seat lay between the cities of New York and Philadelphia. It was now five years since the Congress of the Confederation had been obliged to leave Philadelphia, where the great measures of the Revolution had been conducted by their predecessors. During nearly two years of the five they had been almost an ambulatory body, making abortive efforts to agree on a permanent place, until at length they found themselves in the City Hall of New York. Here they had been established for nearly three years, when they were called upon to decide at what place the new government should begin to act. There was an obvious convenience in having its proceedings commenced where the Federal offices and archives were then established. But if this step were likely to make the city of New York the permanent seat of government—and it would evidently have some tendency to do so—the selection would be extremely objectionable. Eight only of the twenty-six Senators of the new government, and seventeen only of the sixty-five Representatives, would come from the States east of New York; sixteen Senators and forty-two Representatives would come from States south of her. On the other hand, Philadelphia was scarcely more central in reference to the convenience of the Southern members; it was open to the same objection with New York of being a commercial city; and its adoption as the temporary seat of government might have the same tendency to prevent the acquisition of a Federal district, and the establishment of a permanent seat in a more central position.

The body which was to decide this delicate and difficult question, and was to exercise, as it appeared, an immense power over the destinies of the country, was an assembly in which each State had a single vote. The States of North Carolina and Rhode Island had not adopted, and did not then seem likely to adopt, the Constitution. But whether they were present or absent, or whether they voted upon this question or abstained from voting, they were counted among the thirteen States, and thus it was necessary that seven votes should be thrown for some particular locality before the question could be settled

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and the new government could have an actual existence. Even with the most patriotic purposes, too, and with the most friendly sentiments toward the Constitution on the part of the leading members of that Congress, it was possible that conscientious differences of opinion on a doubtful question of expediency might totally prevent the organization of the new government. Six of the members had sat in the National Convention—Madison, Hamilton, Gilman of New Hampshire, Yates of New York, and Few and Baldwin of Georgia. Of these, Yates was hostile to the Constitution; the others were its firm friends; the first two were, of course, its earnest and anxious advocates.

But at the time when the ratification of New Hampshire, the ninth State, was received and officially laid before the Congress, Madison and Hamilton were both absent. The former had been in the Convention of Virginia, which had ratified the Constitution, but this event was not then known at New York, and Madison had not yet arrived there. Hamilton was still in the Convention of New York, at Poughkeepsie, endeavoring to procure the ratification of that State. Sedgwick, of Massachusetts, who became a delegate in this Congress before this question was settled, and who was an earnest Federalist, had not yet taken his seat. On the reception of the ratification of New Hampshire, a motion was made for the appointment of a committee to report an act for putting the Constitution into operation, according to the resolutions of the National Convention. The States of North Carolina and Rhode Island did not vote upon it, and Yates alone of all the delegates recorded his vote in the negative.

The committee do not appear to have agreed on a place for the new government to commence its proceedings, but they reported a time for the choice of electors of the President, a time for their assembling and voting, and a time for the commencement of the government. In this attitude of the matter, Madison arrived from Virginia. Soon after his arrival a motion was made to establish the government temporarily in Philadelphia, and he, with the rest of the Virginia members, voted for it, but it was not carried. In a few days, Hamilton, whose labors in behalf of the Constitution in the Convention of New York had just been crowned with success, appeared in his place in the Congress, and on the next day he was followed by Sedgwick. They acted together in endeavoring to procure a vote in favor of the city of New York, while Madison as steadily exerted himself to have the new government first assembled at Philadelphia. This diversity of views between Madison and Hamilton on this question renders the motives of each of them an interesting subject for inquiry.

It was in truth a case of reasoning upon similar principles, but leading to different results, because the reasoning was drawn from different premises. Mr. Madison's opinions were formed under the influence of an occurrence which gave him an entirely wrong impression concerning the objects of Hamilton and the other Federalists of New York. The Convention of that State was dissolved, after having ratified the Constitution, a few days before Madison returned to his seat in Congress. He found that the circular letter of that State, recommending another General Convention to amend the Constitution, was made use of by its opponents, particularly in Virginia, to inculcate the idea that the government was fatally defective; and he formed the opinion that the Federalists of the New York Convention had concurred in that measure as the means of purchasing an immediate ratification, in order to save to the city of New York the chance of becoming the seat of the new government. That the Federalists of New York were anxious to have the Constitution immediately ratified by their State there can be no doubt; and I have elsewhere suggested, what seems to me very plain, that they could have obtained a ratification only by conceding to their opponents the measure of the circular letter. This measure certainly had an unfortunate tendency, but it would have been still more unfortunate to have permitted the State of New York to remain out of the new Union. The result shows that it was in the highest degree fortunate for the country that the city of New York should have been able to press its claim to become the temporary seat of the government, and to have that claim so far admitted at last as to make that city the place for the assembling of the First Congress, because it was there that the First Congress was able to decide finally on the future permanent residence of the government, and to agree that its residence should in the mean time be at Philadelphia. If the latter city had

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been the place of the first meeting of Congress, far greater difficulties would in all probability have attended the settlement of this question. Madison, however, supposed at this time that there was a much greater difference between Hamilton's purposes and his own than there really was.

They differed, in fact, only with respect to the best mode of reaching substantially the same result. Madison did not desire to have the government permanently established in Philadelphia; Hamilton did not wish to see it permanently placed at New York. The latter desired that the First Congress should be compelled to settle the question of a permanent seat of government under the operation of the inconveniences attending its residence at New York. Madison wished for the delay that would follow a temporary residence at Philadelphia as more favorable to the good selection of a permanent seat.

The four States which lay east of New York steadily concurred with the vote of that State in resisting the selection of Philadelphia as the place for the first meeting of the new Congress. New Jersey, with a territory contiguous to New York on the one side and to Pennsylvania on the other, would have been content with either city for the temporary residence of the government, but had hopes of its final establishment within her own limits on the banks of the Delaware. The six States south of Pennsylvania, with the exception of South Carolina, favored the present claims of Philadelphia. These divisions appeared soon after the arrival of Hamilton and Sedgwick, and they continued for six weeks. More than twenty different votes were taken, on motions and counter-motions, on various preambles and declarations, without any result. At length, according to Mr. Madison, the opponents of the city of New York saw themselves "reduced to the dilemma of yielding to its advocates, or of strangling the government in its birth." He himself became convinced of the necessity of yielding much sooner than others. But it was finally agreed by all to be the safest policy to keep the government at the city of New York until a permanent seat could be chosen. There was some danger that the new Congress might not select a spot further south than the Delaware, or, at most, than the Susquehanna. When, however, the opposition to the exertions of Hamilton and Sedgwick in favor of a temporary residence at New York gave way, it appears to have been understood on all sides that the government would finally be carried to the banks of the Delaware, the Susquehanna, or the Potomac. In this expectation, the Congress, nine States being present, unanimously agreed to a resolution appointing a time for choosing the electors of President, a time for their voting, and a time for commencing proceedings under the Constitution, and making the city of New York the place.

On the day on which this vote was passed, Henry Lee, one of the Virginia delegation in Congress, wrote an earnest and impressive letter to Washington, urging his acceptance of the Presidency. It drew forth a guarded and cautious reply, from which it does not appear that Washington's feelings on the subject had undergone much change. But in the course of a few days he received a letter from Hamilton, which evidently produced a stronger impression upon him than any similar communication had done. From their former relations, we might expect to find Washington much influenced by Hamilton's arguments. But the letter itself was so able, and it presented so clearly the considerations which alone could have weight with the person to whom it was addressed, that it may properly be considered to have been of the greatest importance, if it did not even cause the decision to which Washington came.

The characters and positions of the two men, and the momentous question of duty which Hamilton thus undertook to present to the mind of Washington, invest this correspondence with a high personal interest as well as great historical importance. The mode in which the question was stated would appear to have been chiefly the dictate of a consummate tact, inspired by an intimate knowledge of Washington's character, if we did not see in the letter proof that Hamilton felt that he was stating the case of his country as well as arguing to reach the mind that he addressed. There is not a sentiment in this letter of the vulgar material on which ambition feeds. The situation in which Washington is placed is viewed with the eye of one who comprehends all its relations. Due consideration is given to his wish to be exempted from further public service; the risk to his reputation is justly weighed; the bearing of his de-

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cision on the respectability and renown with which the new government will commence its operations is stated with the clearness and precision characteristic of the writer; the implied pledge that was given by his taking part in the framing of the Constitution is skillfully suggested; and then the whole is summed up in a proposition which rests upon the immutable basis of all patriotism. "In a matter so essential," said Hamilton, "to the well-being of society as the prosperity of a newly instituted government, a citizen of so much consequence as yourself to its success has no option but to lend his services if called for."

This frank, manly, and forcible presentation of the subject was of the utmost service to Washington, for it gave him what he greatly needed—the opinion of one who was so placed as to be able to see every element in the case. No man in the country had more carefully or more anxiously studied the public mind respecting the Constitution than Hamilton. He was able to say to Washington, and to say it from a very wide observation, that the conviction of the necessity for his taking the Presidency was universal, and therefore that he would be likely to incur no uncandid imputation in any quarter by accepting it. He was able, moreover, to tell him that there was but one question in the case, and that was a question of duty.

Washington was evidently relieved. He had been so constrained by his situation that he had been obliged to refrain from asking the counsel of his best friends. His delicacy shrank from the thought of presenting, or even appearing to present, himself as a candidate. Now that he had been written to freely by a person to whose judgment he would have appealed if he could have done so, he answered without reserve, and with an evident yielding of some of his doubts. But he still thought that there was one very serious obstacle to his consent. While he was willing to admit that the friends of the Constitution might be disposed to think that his administering the government would give it strength, he suggested to Hamilton that the same opinion might influence its enemies to oppose his election. He supposed that such persons would find their way into the electoral colleges, and that they would extend their opposition to any man likely to thwart their measures. He believed that the anti-Federalists had formed a systematic plan of opposition, extending through the States.

Hamilton answered this objection by assuring Washington that he was the only person in the country who could sufficiently unite the public opinion, or give the requisite weight to the office, in the commencement of the government; that in all probability his refusal would throw everything into confusion—certainly that it would have a very disastrous influence.

It can not now be ascertained at what precise period Washington may be said to have gained his own consent to the step which he was thus urged to take; for although some of his objections were overcome by the arguments of Hamilton and his other personal friends, still the year was closed, and the time for the choice and action of the electors had drawn near, before we discover that any decided answer had been given by him, even in his private correspondence, and he was approached in no public or official way on the subject. Happily, in those early days of the republic, and in the inauguration of the Constitution, there were no defined and organized parties, with their machinery of nominations, platforms, and conventions. The nation "nominated" Washington, and they waited decorously for the official communication to him of the votes of the electors, to learn that he had accepted. What his feelings were, as the hour for a final decision approached, we know from an unreserved communication of them to one who had served him faithfully, and whom he ever regarded with strong affection—Jonathan Trumbull.

"I believe you know me sufficiently well, my dear Trumbull," he wrote, in December, "to conceive that I am very much perplexed and distressed in my own mind respecting the subject to which you allude. If I should, unluckily for me, be reduced to the necessity of giving an answer to the question which you suppose will certainly be put to me, I would fain do what is in all respects best. But how can I know what is best, or on what I shall determine? May Heaven assist me in forming a judgment! for at present I see nothing but clouds and darkness before me. Thus much I may safely say to you in confidence: if ever I should, from any apparent necessity, be induced to go from home in a public character again, it

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will certainly be the greatest sacrifice of feeling and happiness that ever was or can be made by him who will have, in all situations, the pleasure of professing himself yours," etc.

What a relief it were could we know whether these dark shadows which then cast themselves over that serene and tranquil nature did not continue to the last! What would we not give could we receive his own final estimate of the happiness or unhappiness which his last public service gave him—could weigh with him—against the waywardness of faction, the resistance of the bad, the short-comings of the well-meaning, the obstructions, the failures, the disappointments, the pangs, which ingratitude may have given him; also of that vast sum of present and prospective good which he accomplished by presiding over the government for the first eight years of its existence! Did he know it all, did he feel it all, did he comprehend it all, in the brief interval of rest which was afforded to him before that sharp, quick summons to the tomb which came ere he had yet reached what may be called old age? It may be that it is not always given to the great benefactors of our race to be fully conscious of the importance of their own lives and characters. Of Washington we know at least that as he gave himself without reserve to the welfare of his country, as neither ambition nor any personal object animated him, so his happiness could not have been exposed to the causes which afflict the aspiring and self-seeking; that as he was not a man of genius, so he did not suffer the pains of genius; and that all the enduring satisfaction which great deeds, wise counsels, and disinterested services can give to the heart of man must have been his.

A SMALL TELESCOPE, AND WHAT TO SEE WITH IT.

THE impression is quite common that satisfactory views of the heavenly bodies can be obtained only with very large telescopes, and that the owner of a small one must stand at a great disadvantage alongside of the fortunate possessor of a great one. This is not true to the extent commonly supposed. Sir William Herschel would have been delighted to view the moon through what we should now consider a very modest instrument; and there are some objects, especially the moon, which commonly present a more pleasing aspect through a small telescope than through a large one. The numerous owners of small telescopes throughout the country might find their instruments much more interesting than they do if they only knew what objects were best suited to examination with the means at their command. There are many others, not possessors of telescopes, who would like to know how one can be acquired, and to whom hints in this direction will be valuable. We shall therefore give such information as we are able respecting the construction of a telescope, and the more interesting celestial objects to which it may be applied.

THE MAKING OF THE TELESCOPE.

Whether the reader does or does not feel competent to undertake the making of a telescope, it may be of interest to him to know how it is done. First, as to the general principles involved, it is generally known that the really vital parts of the telescope, which by their combined action perform the office of magnifying the object looked at, are two in number, the *objective* and the *eye-piece*. The former brings the rays of light which emanate from the object to the focus where the image of the object is formed. The eye-piece enables the observer to see this image to the best advantage.

The functions of the objective as well as those of the eye-piece may, to a certain extent, each be performed by a single lens. Galileo and his contemporaries made their telescopes in this way, because they knew of no way in which two lenses could be made to do better than one. But every one who has studied optics knows that white light passing through a single lens is not all brought to the same focus, but that the blue light will come to a focus nearer the objective than the red light. There will, in fact, be a succession of images, blue, green, yellow, and red, corresponding to the colors of the spectrum. It is impossible to see these different images clearly at the same time, because each of them will render all the others indistinct.

The achromatic object-glass, invented

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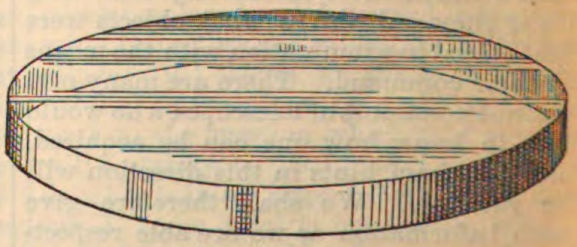
by Dollond during the last century, obviates this difficulty, and brings all the rays to nearly the same focus. Nearly every one interested in the subject is aware that this object-glass is composed of two lenses—a concave one of flint-glass and a convex one of crown-glass, the latter being on the side toward the object. This is the one vital part of the telescope, the construction of which involves the greatest difficulty. Once in possession of a perfect object-glass, the rest of the telescope is a matter of little more than constructive skill which there is no difficulty in commanding.

The construction of the object-glass requires two completely distinct processes: the making of the rough glass, which is the work of the glass-maker; and the grinding and polishing into shape, which is the work of the optician. The ordinary glass of commerce will not answer the purpose of the telescope at all, because it is not sufficiently clear and homogeneous. *Optical glass*, as it is called, must be made of materials selected and purified with the greatest care, and worked in a more elaborate manner than is necessary in any other kind of glass. In the time of Dollond it was found scarcely possible to make good disks of flint-glass more than three or four inches in diameter. Early in the present century, Guinand, of Switzerland, invented a process by which disks of much larger size could be produced. In conjunction with the celebrated Fraunhofer he made disks of nine or ten inches in diameter, which were employed by his colaborer in constructing the telescopes which were so famous in their time. He was long supposed to be in possession of some secret method of avoiding the difficulties which his predecessors had met. It is now, however, believed that this secret, if one it was, consisted principally in the constant stirring of the molten glass during the process of manufacture.

As optical glass is now made, the material is constantly stirred with an iron rod during all the time it is melting in the furnace, and after it has begun to cool, until it becomes so stiff that the stirring has to cease. It is then placed, pot and all, in the annealing furnace, where it is kept nearly at a melting heat for three weeks or more, according to the size of the pot. When the furnace has cooled off, the glass is taken out, and the pot is broken from around it, leaving only the central mass of glass. Having such a mass, there is no trouble in breaking it up into pieces of all desirable purity, and sufficiently large for moderate-sized telescopes. But when a great telescope of two feet aperture or upward is to be constructed, very delicate and laborious operations have to be undertaken. The outside of the glass has first to be chipped off, because it is filled with impurities from the material of the pot itself. But this is not all. Veins of unequal density are always found extending through the interior of the mass, no way of avoiding them having yet been discovered. They are supposed to arise from the materials of the pot and stirring rod, which become mixed in with the glass in consequence of the intense heat to which all are subjected. These veins must, so far as possible, be ground or chipped out with the greatest care. The glass is then melted again, pressed into a flat disk, and once more put into the annealing oven. In fact, the operation of annealing must be repeated every time the glass is melted. When cooled, it is again examined for veins, of which great numbers are sure to be found. The problem now is to remove these by cutting and grinding without either breaking the glass in two or cutting a hole through it. If the parts of the glass are once separated, they can never be joined without producing a bad scar at the point of junction. So long, however, as the surface is unbroken, the interior parts of the glass can be changed in form to any extent. Having ground out the veins as far as possible, the glass is to be again melted, and moulded into proper shape. In this mould great care must be taken to have no folding of the surface. Imagining the



THE GLASS DISK.

latter to be a sort of skin inclosing the melted glass inside, it must be raised up wherever the glass is thinnest, and the latter allowed to slowly run together beneath it.

If the disk is of flint, all the veins must

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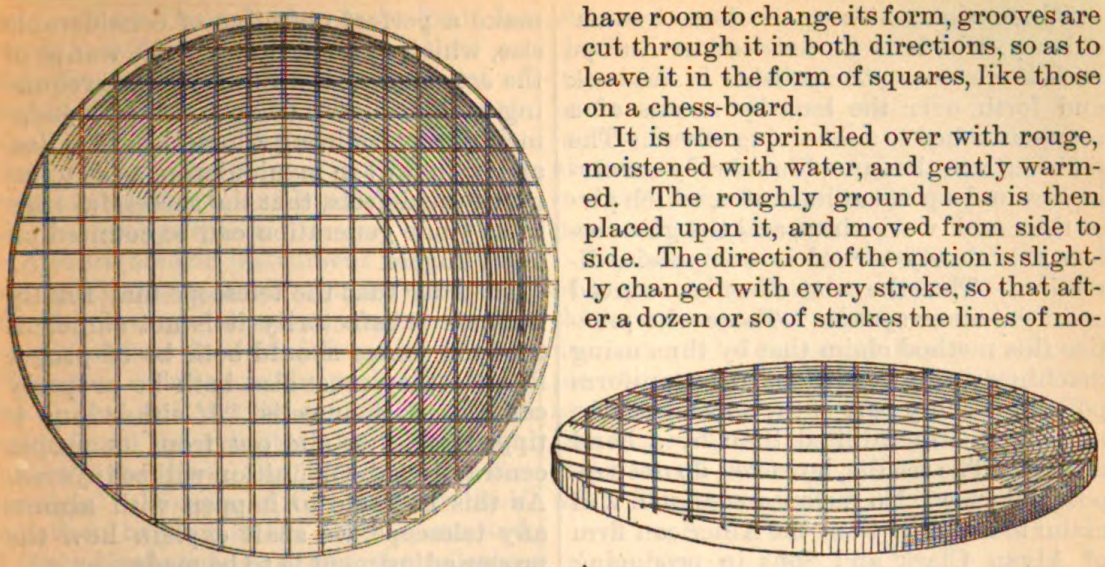

THE OPTICIAN'S TOOL.

be ground out on the first or second trial, because after two or three mouldings the glass will lose its transparency. A crown disk may, however, be melted a number of times without serious injury. In many cases—perhaps the majority—the artisan finds that after all his months of labor he can not perfectly clear his glass of the noxious veins, and he has to break it up into smaller pieces. When he finally succeeds, the disk has the form of a thin grindstone two feet or upward in diameter, according to the size of the telescope to be made, and from two to three inches in thickness. The glass is then ready for the optician.

The first process to be performed by the optician is to grind the glass into the shape of a lens with perfectly spherical surfaces. The convex surface must be ground in a saucer-shaped tool of corresponding form. It is impossible to make a tool perfectly spherical in the first place, but success may be secured on the geometrical principle that two surfaces can not fit each other in all positions unless both are perfectly spherical. The tool of the optician is a very simple affair, being nothing more than a plate of iron somewhat larger, perhaps a fourth, than the lens to be ground to the corresponding curvature. In order to insure its changing to fit the glass, it is covered on the interior with a coating of pitch from an eighth to a quarter of an inch thick. This material is admirably adapted to the purpose because it gives way certainly, though very slowly, to the pressure of the glass. In order that it may have room to change its form, grooves are cut through it in both directions, so as to leave it in the form of squares, like those on a chess-board.

It is then sprinkled over with rouge, moistened with water, and gently warmed. The roughly ground lens is then placed upon it, and moved from side to side. The direction of the motion is slightly changed with every stroke, so that after a dozen or so of strokes the lines of motion will lie in every direction on the tool. This change of direction is most readily and easily effected by the operator slowly walking around as he polishes, at the same time the lens is to be slowly turned around either in the opposite direction or more rapidly yet in the same direction, so that the strokes of the polisher shall cross the lens in all directions. This double motion insures every part of the lens coming into contact with every part of the polisher, and moving over it in every direction. Then whatever parts either of the lens or of the polisher may be too high to form a spherical surface will be gradually worn down, thus securing the perfect sphericity of both.

GRINDING A LARGE LENS.

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When the polishing is done by machinery, which is the custom in Europe with large lenses, the polisher is slid back and forth over the lens by means of a crank attached to a revolving wheel. The polisher is at the same time slowly revolving around a pivot at its centre, which pivot the crank works into, and the glass below it is slowly turned in an opposite direction. Thus the same effect is produced as in the other system. Those who practice this method claim that by thus using machinery the conditions of a uniform polish for every part of the surface can be more perfectly fulfilled than by a hand motion. The results, however, do not support this view. No European optician will claim to do better than the American firm of Alvan Clark and Sons in producing uniformly good object-glasses, and this firm always does the work by hand, moving the glass over the polisher, and not the polisher over the glass.

Having brought both flint and crown glasses into proper figure by this process, they are joined together, and tested by observations either upon a star in the heavens, or some illuminated point at a little distance on the ground. The reflection of the sun from a drop of quicksilver, a thermometer bulb, or even a piece of broken bottle, makes an excellent artificial star. The very best optician will always find that on a first trial his glass is not perfect. He will find that he has not given exactly the proper curves to secure achromatism. He must then change the figure of one or both the glasses by polishing it upon a tool of slightly different curvature. He may also find that there is some spherical aberration outstanding. He must then alter his curve so as to correct this. The correction of these little imperfections in the figures of the lenses so as to secure perfect vision through them is the most difficult branch of the art of the optician, and upon his skill in practicing it will depend more than upon anything else his ultimate success and reputation. The shaping of a pair of lenses in the way we have described is not beyond the power of any person of ordinary mechanical ingenuity, possessing the necessary delicacy of touch and appreciation of the problem he is attacking. But to make a perfect objective of considerable size, which shall satisfy all the wants of the astronomer, is an undertaking requiring such accuracy of eyesight, and judgment in determining where the error lies, and such skill in manipulating so as to remove the defects, that the successful men in any one generation can be counted on one's fingers.

In order that the telescope may finally perform satisfactorily it is not sufficient that the lenses should both be of proper figure; they must also both be properly centred in their cells. If either lens is tipped aside, or slid out from its proper central line, the definition will be injured. As this is liable to happen with almost any telescope, we shall explain how the proper adjustment is to be made.

The easiest way to test this adjustment is to set the cell with the two glasses of the objective in it against a wall at night, and going to a short distance, observe the reflection in the glass of the flame of a candle held in the hand. Three or four reflections will be seen from the different surfaces. The observer, holding the candle before his eye, and having his line of sight as close as possible to the flame, must then move until the different images of the flame coincide with each other. If he can not bring them into coincidence, owing to different pairs coinciding on different sides of the flame, the glasses are not perfectly centred upon each other. When the centring is perfect, the observer having the light in the line of the axes of the lenses, and (if it were possible to do so) looking through the centre of the flame, would see the three or four images all in coincidence. As he

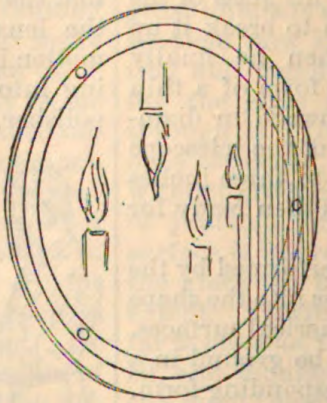

IMAGE OF CANDLE-FLAME IN OBJECT-GLASS.

TESTING ADJUSTMENT OF OBJECT-GLASS.

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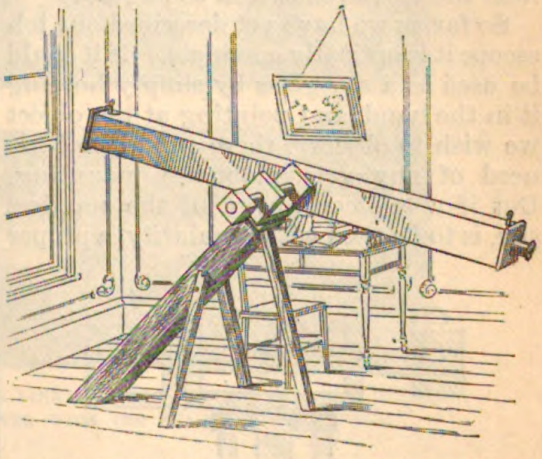
can not see through the flame itself, he must look first on one side and then on the other, and see if the arrangement of the images seen in the lenses is symmetrical. If, going to different distances, he finds no deviation from symmetry, in this respect the adjustment is near enough for all practical purposes.

A more artistic instrument than a simple candle is a small concave reflector pierced through its centre, such as is used by physicians in examining the throat. Place this reflector in the prolongation of the optical axis, set the candle so that the light from the reflector shall be shown through the glass, and look through the opening. Images of the reflector itself will then be seen in the object-glass, and if the adjustment is perfect, the reflector can be moved so that they will all come into coincidence together.

When the objective is in the tube of the telescope, it is always well to examine this adjustment from time to time, holding the candle so that its light shall shine through the opening perpendicularly upon the object-glass. He then looks upon one side of the flame, and then upon the other, to see if the images are symmetrical in the different positions. If in order to see them in this way the candle has to be moved to one side of the central line of the tube, the whole objective must be adjusted. If two images coincide in one position of the candle-flame, and two in another position, so that they can not all be brought together in any position, it shows that the glasses are not properly adjusted in their cell. It may be remarked that this last adjustment is the proper work of the optician, since it is so difficult that the user of the telescope can not ordinarily effect it. But the perpendicularity of the whole objective to the tube of the telescope is liable to be deranged in use, and every one who uses such an instrument should be able to rectify an error of this kind.

The question may be asked, how much of a telescope can an amateur observer, under any circumstances, make for himself? As a general rule, his work in this direction must be confined to the tube and the mounting. We should not, it is true, dare to assert that any ingenious young man, with a clear appreciation of optical principles, could not soon learn to grind and polish an object-glass for himself by the method we have described, and thus obtain a much better instrument than Galileo ever had at his command. But it would be a wonderful success if this home-made telescope was equal to the most indifferent one which can be bought at an optician's. The objective, complete in itself, can be purchased at prices depending upon the size.*

The tube for the telescope may be made of paper, by pasting a great number of thicknesses around a long wooden cylinder. A yet better tube is made of a simple wooden box. The best material, however, is metal, because wood and pasteboard are liable both to get out of shape, and to swell under the influence of moisture. Tin, if it be of sufficient thickness,



A VERY PRIMITIVE MOUNTING FOR A TELESCOPE.

would be a very good material. The brighter it is kept, the better. The work of fitting the objective into one end of a tin tube of double thickness, and properly adjusting it, will probably be quite within the powers of the ordinary amateur. The fitting of the eye-piece into the other end of the tube will require some skill and care both on his own part and that of his tinsmith.

Although the construction of the eye-

* The following is a rough rule for getting an idea of the price of an achromatic objective, made to order, of the finest quality. Take the cube of the diameter in inches, or, which is the same thing, calculate the contents of a cubical box which would hold a sphere of the same diameter as the clear aperture of the glass. The price of the glass will then range from $1 to $1 75 for each cubic inch in this box. For example, the price of a four-inch objective will probably range from $64 to $112. Very small object-glasses of one or two inches may be a little higher than would be given by this rule. Instruments which are not first-class, but will answer most of the purposes of the amateur, are much cheaper.

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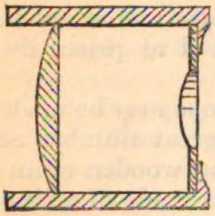
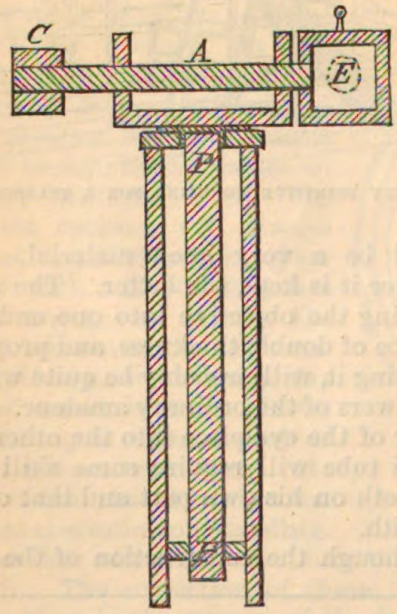
piece is much easier than that of the objective, since the same accuracy in adjusting the curves is not necessary, yet the price is lower in a yet greater degree, so that the amateur will find it better to buy than to make his eye-piece, unless he is anxious to test his mechanical powers. For a telescope which has no micrometer, the Huyghenian or negative eye-piece, as it is commonly called, is the best. As made by Huyghens, it consists of two plano-convex lenses, with their plane sides next the eye, as shown in the figure.



THE HUYGHENIAN EYE-PIECE.

So far as we have yet described our telescope it is optically complete. If it could be used as a spy-glass by simply holding it in the hand, and pointing at the object we wish to observe, there would be little need of any very elaborate mounting. But if a telescope, even of the smallest size, is to be used with regularity, a proper



SECTION OF THE PRIMITIVE MOUNTING.

P P. Polar axis, bearing a fork at the upper end.
A. Declination axis passing through the fork.
E. Section of telescope tube.
C. Weight to balance the tube.

mounting is as essential as a good instrument. Persons unpracticed in the use of such instruments are very apt to underrate the importance of those accessories which merely enable us to point the telescope. An idea of what is wanted in the mounting may readily be formed if the reader will try to look at a star with an ordinary good-sized spy-glass held in the hand, and then imagine the difficulties he meets with multiplied by fifty.

The smaller and cheaper telescopes, as commonly sold, are mounted on a simple little stand, on which the instrument admits of a horizontal and vertical motion. If one only wants to get a few glimpses of a celestial object, this mounting will answer his purpose. But to make anything like a study of a celestial body, the mounting must be an equatorial one; that is, one of the axes around which the telescope moves must be inclined so as to point toward the pole of the heavens, which is near the polar star. This axis will then make an angle with the horizon equal to the latitude of the place. The telescope can not, however, be mounted directly on this axis, but must be attached to a second one, itself fastened to this one.

When mounted in this way, an object can be followed in its diurnal motion from east to west by turning on the polar axis alone. But if the greatest facility in use is required, this motion must be performed by clock-work. A telescope with this appendage will commonly cost $1000 and upward, so that it is not usually applied to very small ones.

We will now suppose that the reader wishes to purchase a telescope or an object-glass for himself, and to be able to judge of its performance. He must have the object-glass properly adjusted in its tube, and must use the highest power, that is, the smallest eye-piece, which he intends to use in the instrument. Of course he understands that in looking directly at a star or a celestial object it must appear sharp in outline and well defined. But without long practice with good instruments, this will not give him a very definite idea. If the person who selects the telescope is quite unpracticed, it is possible that he can make the best test by ascertaining at what distance he can read a page of this Magazine. To do this he should have an eye-piece magnifying about fifty times for each inch of aperture of the telescope. For instance, if his telescope is three inches clear aperture, then his eye-piece should magnify 150 times; if the aperture is four inches, one magnifying 200 times may be used. This magnifying power is, as a general rule, about the highest that can be advantageously used with

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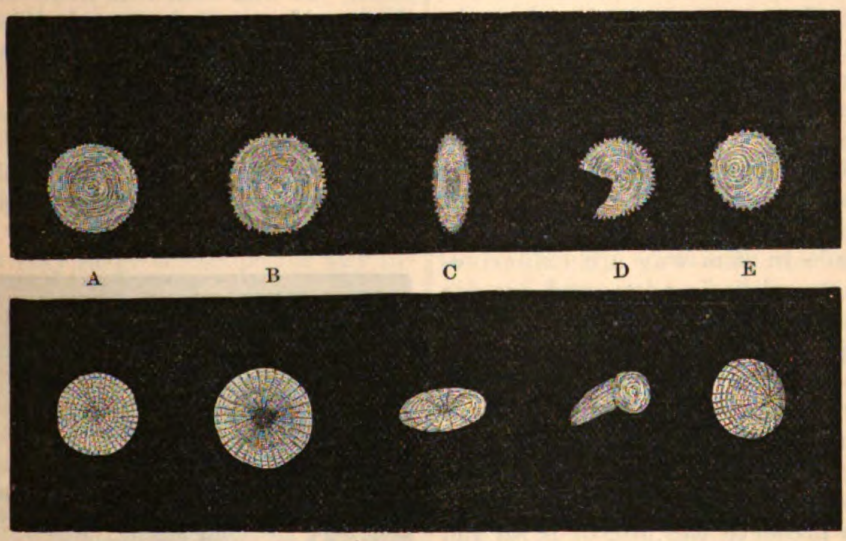
any telescope. Supposing this magnifying power to be used, the Magazine should be legible at a distance of three feet for every unit of magnifying power of the telescope. For example, with a power of 100, the Magazine should be legible at a distance of 300 feet; with a power of 200, at 600 feet, and so on. To put the condition into another shape: if the telescope will read the print at a distance of 150 feet for each inch of aperture with the round disk of light. If the telescope is perfect, this disk will appear round and of uniform brightness in either position of the eye-piece. But if there is any spherical aberration or differences of density in different parts of the glass, the image will appear distorted in various ways. If the spherical aberration is not correct, the outer rim of the disk will be brighter than the centre when the eye-piece is pushed in, and the centre will be the brighter



SPECTRAL IMAGES OF STARS; THE UPPER LINE SHOWING HOW THEY APPEAR WITH THE EYE-PIECE PUSHED IN; THE LOWER WITH THE EYE-PIECE DRAWN OUT.

A. The telescope is all right.
B. Spherical aberration shown by the light and dark centre.
C. The objective is not spherical, but elliptical.
D. The glass not uniform—a very bad and incurable case.
E. One side of the objective nearer than the other. Adjust it.

best magnifying power, its performance is at least not very bad. If the magnifying power is less than would be given by this rule, the telescope should perform a little better; for instance, a three-inch telescope with a power of 60 should make the page legible at a distance of 200 feet, or three and a half feet for each unit of power.

The test applied by the optician is much more exact, and also more easy. He points the instrument at a star, or at the reflection of the sun's rays from a small round piece of glass or a globule of quicksilver some hundred yards away, and ascertains whether the rays are all brought to a focus. This is not done by simply looking at the star, but by alternately pushing the eye-piece in beyond the point of distinct vision and drawing it out past the point. In this way the image of the star will appear, not as a point, but as a when it is drawn out. If the curves of the glass are not even all around, the image will appear oval in one or the other position. If there are large veins of unequal density, wings or notches will be seen on the image. If the atmosphere is steady, the image, when the eye-piece is pushed in, will be formed of a great number of minute rings of light. If the glass is good, these rings will be round, unbroken, and equally bright. We present several figures showing how these spectral images, as they are sometimes called, will appear; first, when the eye-piece is pushed in, and secondly, when it is drawn out, with telescopes of different qualities.

We have thus far spoken only of the refracting telescope, because it is the kind with which an observer would naturally seek to supply himself. At the same time there is little doubt that the construction of a reflector of moderate size is easier

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than that of a corresponding refractor. The essential part of the reflector is a slightly concave mirror of any metal which will bear a high polish. This mirror may be ground and polished in the same way as a lens, only the tool must be convex.

Of late years it has become very common to make the mirror of glass and to cover the reflecting face with an exceedingly thin film of silver, which can be polished by hand in a few minutes. Such a mirror differs from our ordinary looking-glass in that the coating of silver is put on the front surface, so that the light does not pass through the glass. Moreover, the coating of silver is so thin as to be almost transparent: in fact, the sun may be seen through it by direct vision as a faint blue object. Silvered glass reflectors made in this way are extensively manufactured in London, and are far cheaper than refracting telescopes of corresponding size. Their great drawback is the want of permanence in the silver film. In the city the film will ordinarily tarnish in a few months from the sulphurous vapors arising from gas-lights and other sources, and even in the country it is very difficult to preserve the mirror from the contact of everything that will injure it. In consequence, the possessor of such a telescope, if he wishes to keep it in order, must always be prepared to resilver and repolish it.

To do this requires such careful manipulation and management of the chemicals that it is hardly to be expected that an amateur will take the trouble to keep his telescope in order, unless he has a taste for chemistry as well as for astronomy.

WHAT ONE CAN SEE WITH A SMALL TELESCOPE.

The curiosity to see the heavenly bodies through great telescopes is so wide-spread that we are apt to forget how much can be seen and done with small ones. The fact is that a large proportion of the astronomical observations of past times have been made with what we should now regard as very small instruments, and a good deal of the solid astronomical work of the present time is done with meridian circles the apertures of which ordinarily range from four to eight inches. One of the most conspicuous examples in recent times of how a moderate-sized instrument may be utilized is afforded by the discoveries of double stars made by Mr. S. W. Burnham, of Chicago. Provided with a little six-inch telescope, procured at his own expense from the Messrs. Clark, he has discovered several hundred double stars so difficult that they had escaped the scrutiny of Maedler and the Struves, and gained for himself one of the highest positions among the astronomers of the day engaged in the observation of these objects. It was with this little instrument that on Mount Hamilton, California—the site of the future great Lick Observatory—he discovered forty-eight new double stars, which had remained unnoticed by all previous observers.

First among the objects which show beautifully through moderate instruments

A LITTLE PIECE OF THE MOON.

stands the moon. People who want to see the moon at an observatory generally make the mistake of looking when the moon is full, and asking to see it through the largest telescope. Nothing can then be made out but a brilliant blaze of light, mottled with dark spots, and crossed by irregular bright lines. The best time to view the moon is near or before the first quarter, or when she is from three to eight days old. The last quarter is of course equally favorable, so far as seeing is concerned, only one must be up after mid-

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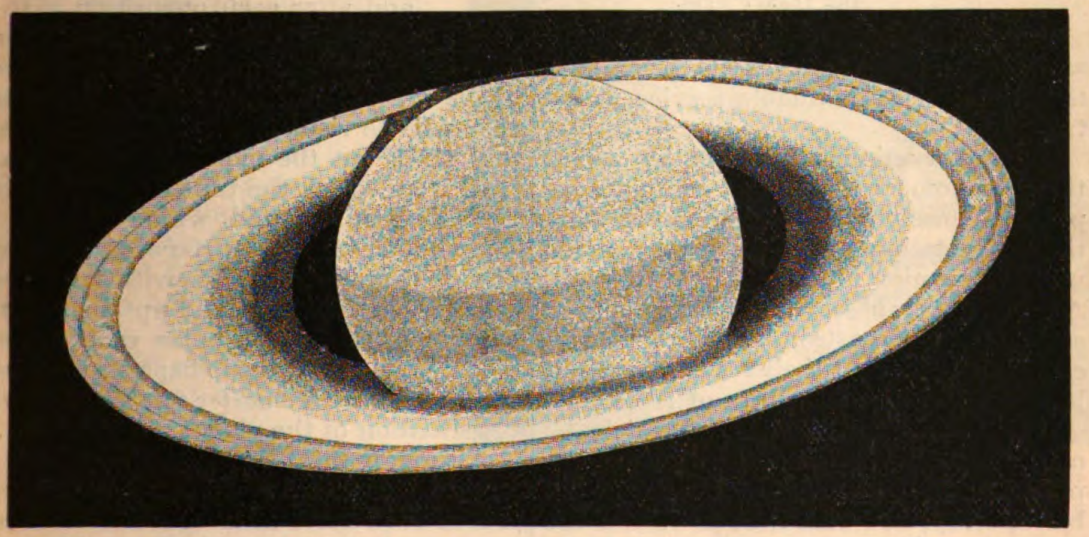
night to see her in that position. Seen through a three or four inch telescope, a day or two before the first quarter, about half an hour after sunset, and with a magnifying power between fifty and one hundred, the moon is one of the most beautiful objects in the heavens. Twilight softens her radiance so that the eye is not dazzled as it will be when the sky is entirely dark. The general aspect she then presents is that of a hemisphere of beautiful chased silver carved out in curious round patterns with a more than human skill. If, however, one wishes to see the minute details of the lunar surface, in which many of our astronomers are now so deeply interested, he must use a higher magnifying power. The general beautiful effect is then lessened, but more details are seen. Still, it is hardly necessary to seek for a very large telescope for any investigation of the lunar surface. I very much doubt whether any one has ever seen anything on the moon which could not be made out in a clear, steady atmosphere with a six-inch telescope of the first class.*

Next to the moon, Saturn is among the most beautiful of celestial objects. It is now approaching that point in its orbit when it can be seen to the greatest advantage, being in northern declination, near its perihelion, and having its rings widely open. These favorable circumstances all concur during the three or four years before and after 1885. Saturn itself is well known to be visible to the naked eye, and during the next few years will be in opposition every autumn, and visible most of the winter, so that there will be no trouble in finding it. The ring can be seen with a common good spy-glass fastened to a post so as to be steady. A four or five inch telescope will show most of the satellites, the division in the ring, and, when the ring is well opened, the curious dusky ring discovered by Bond. This "crape ring," as it is commonly called, is one of the most singular phenomena presented by that planet.

It might be interesting to the private astronomer with a keen eye and a telescope of four inches aperture or upward to frequently scrutinize Saturn, with a view of detecting any extraordinary eruptions upon his surface, like that seen by Professor Hall in 1876. On December 7 of that year a bright spot was seen upon Saturn's equator. It elongated itself from day to day, and remained visible for several weeks. Such a thing had never before been known upon this planet, and had it not been that Professor Hall was engaged in observations upon the satellites, it would not have been seen then. Notwithstanding its transient character, it afforded the only determination of the time of revolution of Saturn which has been made since Herschel the elder. Of the satellites of Saturn, the brightest is



SATURN AND HIS RINGS.

* For the views of celestial objects given in this article the writer is indebted to the beautiful series of astronomical engravings issued by the Observatory of Harvard College.

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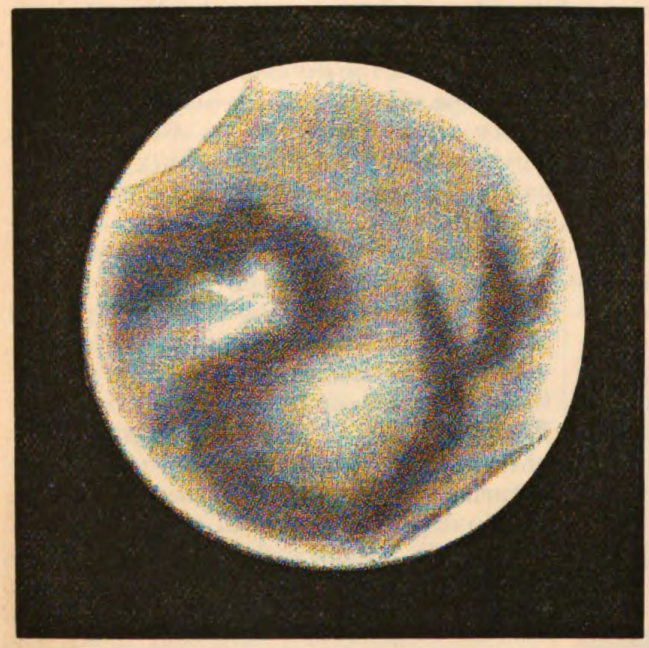
Titan, which can be seen with the smallest telescope, and revolves around the planet in fifteen days. Iapetus, the outer satellite, is remarkable for varying greatly in brilliancy during its revolution around the planet. Any one having the means and ability to make accurate photometrical estimates of the light of this satellite in all points of its orbit, can thereby render a valuable service to astronomy.



THE PLANET MARS.

The observations of Venus, by which the astronomers of the last century supposed themselves to have discovered its time of rotation on its axis, were made with telescopes much inferior to ours. Although their observations have not been confirmed, some astronomers are still inclined to think that their results have not been refuted by the failure of recent observers to detect those changes which the older ones describe on the surface of the planet. With a six-inch telescope of the best quality, and with time to choose the most favorable moment, one will be as well equipped to settle the question of the rotation of Venus as the best observer. The few days near each inferior conjunction are especially to be taken advantage of. The next inferior conjunction takes place on December 6, 1882, when there will be a transit of the planet across the sun's disk.

The questions to be settled are two: first, are there any dark spots or other markings on the disk? second, are there any irregularities in the form of the sharp cusps? The central portions of the disk are much darker than the outline, and it is probably this fact which has given rise to the impression of dark spots. Unless this apparent darkness changes from time to time, or shows some irregularity in its outline, it can not indicate any rotation of the planet. The best time to scrutinize the sharp cusps will be when the planet is nearly on the line from the earth to the sun. The best hour of the day is near sunset, the half-hour following sunset being the best of all. But if Venus is near the sun, she will, after sunset, be too low down to be well seen, and must be looked at late in the afternoon.

The planet Mars must always be an object of great interest, because of all the heavenly bodies it is that which appears to bear the greatest resemblance to the earth. It comes into opposition at intervals of a little more than two years, and can be well seen only for a month or two before and after each opposition. It is hopeless to look for the satellites of Mars with any but the greatest telescopes of the world. It is not even certain that they will be visible in such telescopes before 1887; but the markings on the surface, from which the time of rotation has been determined, and which indicate a resemblance to the surface of our own planet, can be well seen with telescopes of six inches aperture and upward. One or both of the bright polar spots, which are supposed to be due to deposits of snow, can be seen with smaller telescopes when the situation of the planet is favorable.

Although the planet Jupiter does not present such striking features as Saturn, it is of even more interest to the amateur astronomer, because he can study it with less optical power, and see more of the changes upon its surface. Every work on astronomy tells in a general way of the belts of Jupiter, and many speculate upon their causes. The reader of recent works knows that Jupiter is supposed to be not a solid mass like the earth, but a great globe of molten and vaporous matter, intermediate in constitution between

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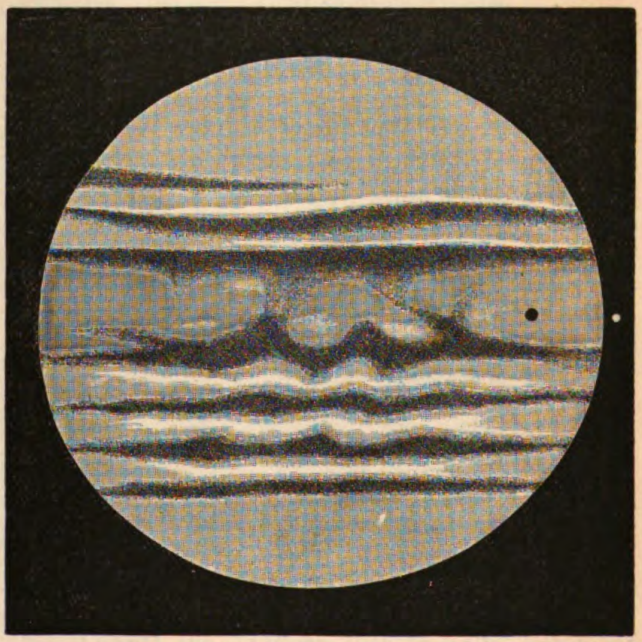
the earth and the sun. The outer surface which we see is probably a hot mass of vapor hundreds of miles deep thrown up from the heated interior. The belts are probably cloud-like forms in this vaporous mass. Certain it is that they are continually changing, so that the planet never looks entirely the same on two successive evenings. The rotation of the planet can be very well seen by an hour's watching. In two hours an object at the centre of the disk will move off to near the margin.

For more than a year past, a dark red spot, the like of which has scarcely before been noticed, has been seen on Jupiter. It was still visible during the past summer, and has, of course, been an object of great interest to astronomical observers, as no such spot was ever before known to last more than one or two months.

The satellites of this planet, in their ever-varying phases, are objects of perennial interest. Their eclipses may be observed with a very small telescope, if one knows when to look for them. To do this successfully, and without waste of time, it is necessary to have an astronomical ephemeris for the year. All the observable phenomena are there predicted for the convenience of observers. Perhaps the most curious observation to be made is that of the shadow of the satellite crossing the disk of Jupiter. The writer has seen this perfectly with a six-inch telescope, and a much smaller one would probably show it well. With a telescope of this size, or a little larger, the satellites can be seen between us and Jupiter. Sometimes they appear a little brighter than the planet, and sometimes a little fainter.

Of the remaining large planets, Mercury, the inner one, and Uranus and Neptune, the two outer ones, are of less interest than the others to an amateur with a small telescope, because they are more difficult to see. Mercury can, indeed, be observed with the smallest instrument, but no physical configurations or changes have ever been made out upon his surface. The question whether any such can be observed is still an open one, which can be settled only by long and careful scrutiny. A small telescope is almost as good for this purpose as a large one, because the atmospheric difficulties in the way of getting a good view of the planet can not be lessened by an increase of telescopic power.

Uranus and Neptune are so distant that telescopes of considerable size and high magnifying powers are necessary to show their disks. In small telescopes they have the appearance of stars, and the observer has no way of distinguishing them from the surrounding stars unless he can command the best astronomical appliances, such as star maps, finding circles on his instrument, etc. It is, however, to be remarked, as a fact not generally known, that Uranus can be well seen with the naked eye if one knows where to look. To distinguish it, it is necessary to have an astronomical ephemeris showing its right ascension and declination, and star maps showing where the parallels of right ascension and declination lie among the stars. When once found by the naked eye, there will, of course, be no difficulty in pointing the telescope upon it.



TELESCOPIC VIEW OF JUPITER, WITH A SATELLITE CASTING ITS SHADOW UPON THE DISK.

Of celestial objects which it is well to keep a watch upon, and which can be seen to good advantage with inexpensive instruments, the sun may be considered as holding the first place. Astronomers who make a specialty of solar physics have,

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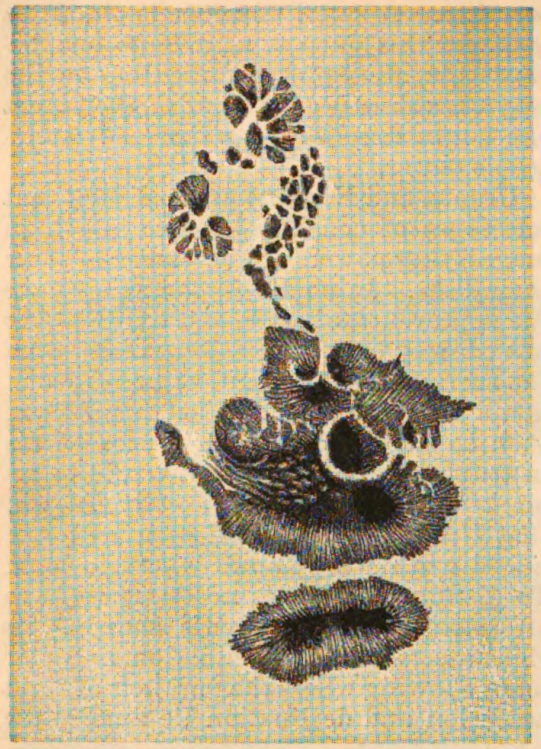


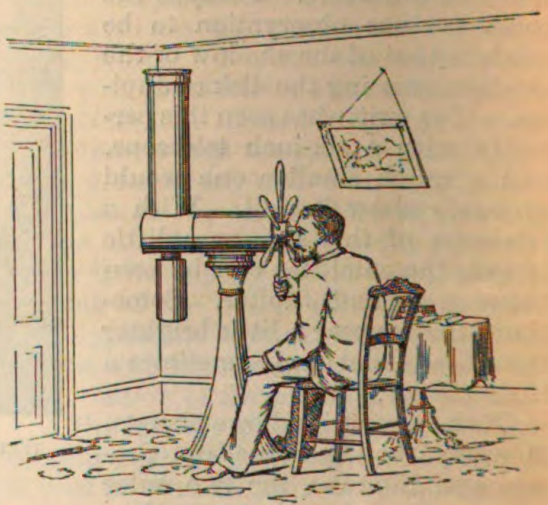
A SOLAR SPOT.

especially in this country, so many other duties, and their view is so often interrupted by clouds, that a continuous record of the spots on the sun and the changes they undergo is hardly possible. Perhaps one of the most interesting and useful pieces of astronomical work which an amateur can perform will consist of a record of the origin and changes of form of the solar spots and faculæ. What does a spot look like when it first comes into sight? Does it immediately burst forth with considerable magnitude, or does it begin as the smallest visible speck, and gradually grow? When several spots coalesce into one, how do they do it? When a spot breaks up into several pieces, what is the seeming nature of the process? How do the groups of brilliant points called faculæ come, change, and grow? All these questions must no doubt be answered in various ways, according to the behavior of the particular spot, but the record is rather meagre, and the conscientious and industrious amateur will be able to amuse himself by adding to it, and possibly may make valuable contributions to science in the same way.

Still another branch of astronomical observation, in which industry and skill count for more than expensive instruments, is the search for new comets. This requires a very practiced eye, in order that the comet may be caught among the crowd of stars which flit across the field of view as the telescope is moved. It is also necessary to get well acquainted with a number of nebulæ which look very much like comets.

The search can be made with almost any small telescope, if one is careful to use a very low power. With a four-inch telescope a power not exceeding twenty should be employed. To do it with ease, and in the best manner, the observer should have what among astronomers is familiarly known as a "broken-backed telescope." This instrument has the eye-piece on the end of the axis, where one would never think of looking for it. By turning the instrument on this axis, it sweeps from one horizon through the zenith and over to the other horizon without the observer having to move his head. This is effected by having a reflector in the central part of the instrument, which throws the rays of light at right angles through the axis.

How well this search can be conducted by observers with limited means at their disposal is shown by the success of several American observers, among whom Messrs. Horace P. Tuttle and Lewis Swift are well known. The cometary discoveries of the latter afford an excellent illustration of



THE "BROKEN-BACKED" COMET-SEEKER.

how much can be done with the smallest means when one sets to work with the right spirit.

The larger number of wonderful telescopic objects are to be sought for far beyond the confines of the solar system, in regions from which light requires

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years to reach us. On account of their great distance, these objects generally require the most powerful telescopes to be seen in the best manner; but there seen during the greater part of the year, and is distinctly visible to the naked eye as a patch of scattered light. With the telescope there are seen in this patch two

NEBULA IN ORION.

are quite a number within the range of the amateur. Looking at the Milky Way, especially its southern part, on a clear winter or summer evening, tufts of light will be seen here and there. On examining these tufts with a telescope, they will be found to consist of congeries of stars. Many of these groups are of the greatest beauty, with only a moderate optical power. Of all the groups in the Milky Way the best known is that in the sword-handle of Perseus, which may be closely connected clusters of stars, or perhaps we ought rather to say two centres of condensation.

Another object of the same class is *Præsepe* in the constellation Cancer. This can be very distinctly seen by the naked eye on a clear moonless night in winter or spring as a faint nebulous object, surrounded by three small stars. The smallest telescope shows it as a group of stars.

Of all the stellar objects the great neb-

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THE GREAT NEBULA OF ANDROMEDA.

ula of Orion is that which has most fascinated the astronomers of two centuries. It is distinctly visible to the naked eye, and may be found without difficulty on any winter night. The three bright stars forming the sword-belt of Orion are known to every one who has noticed that constellation. Below this belt is seen another triplet of stars less bright, and lying in a north and south direction. The middle star of this triplet is the great nebula. At first the naked eye sees nothing to distinguish it from other stars, but if closely scanned it will be seen to have a hazy aspect. A four-inch telescope will show its curious form. Not the least interesting of its features are the four stars known as the "Trapezium," which are located in a dark region near its centre. In fact, the whole nebula is dotted with stars, which add greatly to the effect produced by its mysterious aspect.

The great nebula of Andromeda is second only to that of Orion in interest. Like the former, it is distinctly visible to the naked eye, having the aspect of a faint comet. The most curious feature of this object is that although the most powerful telescopes do not resolve it into stars, it appears in the spectroscope as if it were solid matter shining by its own light.

The above are merely selections from the countless number of objects which the heavens offer to telescopic study. Many such are described in astronomical works, but the amateur can gratify his curiosity to almost any extent by searching them out for himself.

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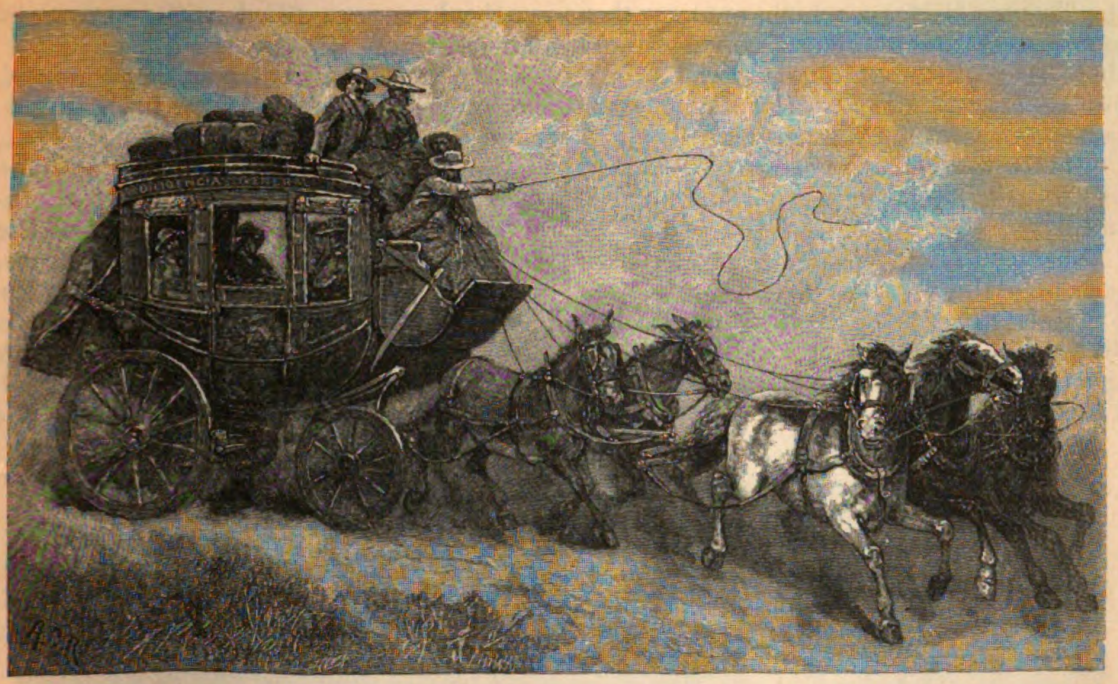

THE DILIGENCE.

TYPICAL JOURNEYS AND COUNTRY LIFE IN MEXICO.

"ALL outside of Mexico is Cuatitlan" is a proverb that shows that the capital entertains quite a Parisian esteem for itself, and contempt for the rest of the country. Cuatitlan is a little village twenty-five miles to the northward, reached by a narrow-gauge railroad, once the property of a Mexican corporation, but now American. It was at Cuatitlan that I saw my first bull-fight. It is one of the two places in the vicinity where the city thus amuses itself, the sport being prohibited nearer; just as in some States—as Zacatecas—it is abolished entirely. There were five bulls killed that day, and three horses, but no men—unfortunately, the novice thinks, whom the exercise impresses as quite as cowardly and disagreeable as it has been represented. The bull came in at first (each ignorant of the fate of his predecessor), and ran at the streamers with a playful air. One felt like scratching his back and calling him "good old fellow," instead of seeing his pained astonishment at his tortures, his glazing eye and staggering step, his death like that of an actor in a melodrama. The horses were wretched hacks, allowed to be gored purposely as part of the spectacle, and driven around the ring afterward till they dropped, with their life-blood pouring audibly, like the patter of a rivulet.

The gray battered walls of the parish church, immense, and of excellent design, as they all are, rise above the amphitheatre. Within it are figures of saints grotesquely adorned, or realistically horrible in the depiction of their sufferings, in the usual taste. The devout Indians are not archæologists, and have an idea of paying honor as they understand it. I have it on good authority that when left to themselves they have been known to equip the Saviour of the world in a twenty-dollar hat, *chaparreras* (a kind of riding breeches), spurs, sabre, and revolver, making of him a cavalier of the best fashion. The houses, built of concrete or adobe, sometimes plastered and tinted, are of one story. There are some small portals for out-of-door merchants, a *pulqueria*, and thread-and-needle shop or two, and the *meson*, or inn, of the Divine Providence, where enormous-wheeled wagons are corralled in line; and the muleteers sleep upon their packs, as in *Don Quixote*. This is Cuatitlan, and this is the Mexican village, which can easily be dreary enough to one who does not look at it with the fresh interest of a new-comer. One can not take comfort, as it were, in the lower people, on account of their habits. There is no denying that in the neighborhood of Mexico they are very dirty. They do not clean up even for their festivals. I saw them dancing at the public ball at

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the Theatre Hildago, which, among other amusements, the municipality had granted them free, on the national festival of the 5th of May, charcoal dealers and such persons, with their women, and they had not taken the pains to remove one smudge of the grime of their working-day condition.

At San Angel, Tlalpam, and other points in the vicinity of the capital was formerly an extensive villa life. It has decayed curiously, even while the security of living in such a way has increased. There are no fierce heats, in fact, to drive people to the country. It is always comfortable in town. Neither watering-places nor summer resorts of any kind exist. Those who go to their haciendas visit them more as a matter of looking after their business interests than through necessity or love of country life. The neglected populations endeavor to atone for the bill in the grated window of the long, low, one-story villa, and the decaying fruit in the orange and myrtle garden within, by feasts of flowers, and little fairs, which last a week at a time. On these occasions the existing ordinance against gambling is set aside, and the small plazas are filled with games of chance.

The Viga Canal, as far as Santa Anita, is a livelier and more unique promenade. Santa Anita is the St. Cloud and Bougival, as it were, of Mexico. Thither go the lively people who wish to disport themselves on the water and pass a day of the picnic order, taking their lunch with them, or depending on such cheap viands as the place offers. The wide yellow canal is more Venetian than French at first. A mouldering villa or two on its banks, with its private water-gate, might be up the Brenta. Afterward succeed lines of willows and poplars reflected in the water, and then it is French again. We meet flat-boats coming on, piled up with bales of hay and wood, echoing each other peaceably from distance to distance; and swift, small *chalupas* (dug-outs), which the Indian master paddles along in poses fit for a sculptor, while his wife—or it is quite as often an Indian woman alone—is ensconced among the flowers and vegetables with which it overflows. This is the region of the *chinampas*, the gardens from which the markets of Mexico are liberally supplied. The system is the di-

SUNDAY AT SANTA ANITA.

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CREW OF THE "NINFA ENCANTADORA."

vision of what was once a marsh, by narrow branch canals, into small oblong patches. The patches are so small that the owner, passing around the borders in his canoe, can keep all portions moist with water which he throws out upon them with a calabash. With this, and the rich character of the redeemed soil, perennial crops are produced.

The houses of the village are generally of bamboo, without windows, sufficient light penetrating through the interstices. The first business of the participants in a Sunday's festivities here is to provide themselves with large thick wreaths of lovely poppies and blue and white cornflowers, sold by the venders for the merest trifle, which they wear upon their heads, in their caperings about, with quite a classical effect. There is a sound of frizzling of eatables, of which peppers form a large ingredient, at little charcoal furnaces without and primitive fire-places within. "Come in!" the venders cry, "señors, señoras, and señoritas, and be seated. *Aqui los niños!* Here is a place where the children are appreciated!"

"*Tamales calientitos!* dear little tamales, very nice and hot," they cry, in their caressing way; just as a coachman in want of a job will call you *patroncito*, "dear little patron," though you may be of the size of a grenadier.

"But it appears that there are no real *chinampas*, no gardens that float, such as we have heard of," I said to a friend, of the country; "all that was a myth."

"Not at all," he said. "This soil is anchored down now and solidified, but in its time it has floated, and no doubt in that condition borne crops. In the lakes [Chalco and Xochimilco, of which this canal is the outlet] you will see the *cintas* [ribbons] and *bandoleros* [literally bandits] of land roving about, and whole expanses there that seem terra firma, only kept in place by stakes, and having four and five feet of clear water under them, though strong enough to sustain cattle."

An excursion was talked of, and some time after we set out, in the large rowboat of the director of the drainage and irrigation of the valley, for two days' wandering in these lakes, in which I found that this, with many other marvels, was the truth. We stopped at a village where a neat little bridge had recently been thrown across the canal. There had been a banquet, and the *jefe politico* (the official who might correspond to a mayor, but with more authority) had enthused greatly, speaking of the progress of the age, and declaring himself proud to be a citizen of a community which was capable of such a work. We climbed on horseback the Hill of the Star, at Ixtapalapa,

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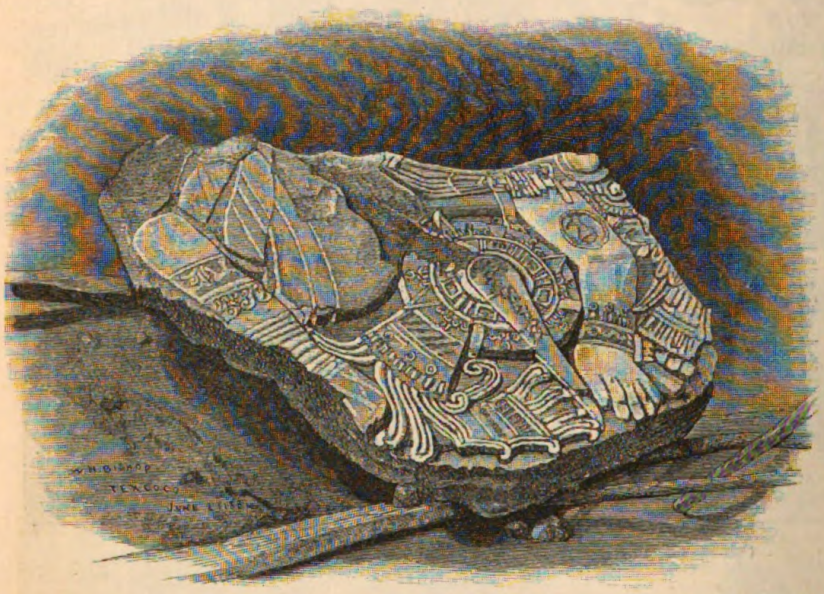
where used to be transacted, by the accounts of Prescott, the most momentous episode in all Aztec history—the slaughter of the beautiful captive, and the rekindling of the sacred fires, at the ending of the cycles of fifty years in which it was thought the world would be destroyed. Nothing appears at the top but some traces of heavy walls, showing that there were once constructions there. It is at the junction of the canal with the lakes, but no wide expanses of water were to be seen, as there were not from the extinct volcano of Xico which we mounted the next day—a small island cup of solid granite containing a green maize field in its bosom.



"THE FIND."

The greater part of the surface of both lakes is actually covered with a singular growth of entwined roots and débris, which make a verdant meadow. Passage through it is only by canals and natural channels, which change from time to time with the shifting of the mass in the wind. Our oarsmen got out and walked upon it, and it undulated under them in places like "benders" in thin ice. We came the first night, in pitch-darkness, and with rain in torrents, to the little island of Tlahuac, at the ancient causeway separating Xochimilco from Chalco, and slept on the chancel carpets, as it appeared, on the floor at the curate's house—the only one of size to accommodate strangers. But the beautiful bright morning was a compensation. The lagoon is full of flowers, and reflected the vast snow peaks between which and ourselves there was now little interruption. The island church, the column bases of which are sunken three feet below the present surface of the land, is very Venetian. We might have been at a Torcello, on which some population of New-Zealanders had landed and established their thatched huts.

All of the lakes had a charm for me, though there are many respects in which they do not deserve it. Another time I crossed Tezcoco in one of the clumsy flat-boats — she called herself the *Enchanting Nymph* —which make the journey by poling, in seven or eight hours, to the small city of Tezcoco, on the other side. Flat as we were, there were places where the crew had to get out and push in the mud for half an hour at a time. In compensation they had a bold and striking motion in the boat, going up, four on each side, an inclined plane at the bow, with their poles horizontally in the air, and returning with them against their shoulders. They shouted three times, in startling chorus, at a cross in the middle of the lake marking half the journey: "*Alabo! al gran poder de Dios! Ave Maria purisima!*" We saw the alkali-gatherers and their donkeys; a phenomenal fly which lives in myriads on the water, and whose eggs are sold in market for food; and the snow volcanoes were mirrored as perfectly in the few inches of water all the way as though it had been of a depth corresponding to their elevation. Tezcoco now is a place of six thousand people, with a manufactory of salt and soda from the crude product of the lake, glass-works, and a shabby oblong plaza. The people in the villages about are potters, each house on its own account, making the excellent pots we had everywhere seen in Mexico.

There are remains of plentiful pyramids here, as is natural at a place which, under the cultivated Nezhualcoyotl, was the seat of the Augustinian age of the Aztecs.

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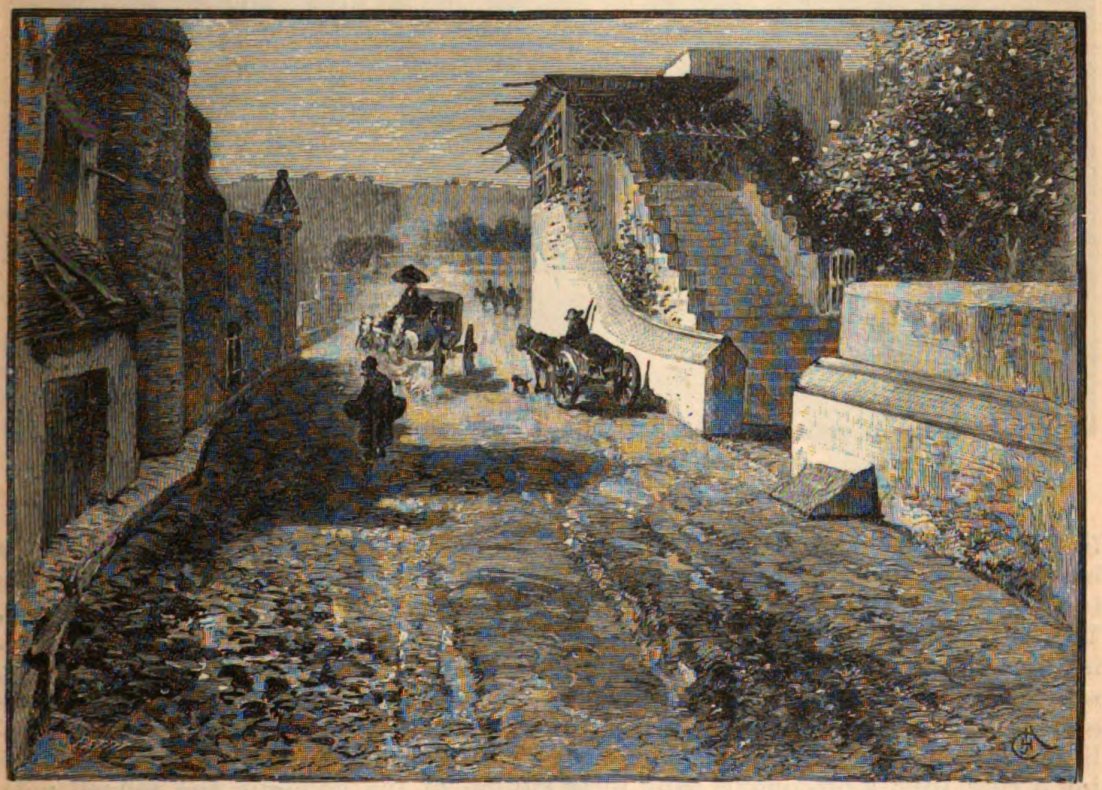
There exist quaint poems of this monarch, translated by some Spanish admirers. His general theme is the vanity of all things human. "Where," he asks, "are Chalchintmet, the Chicameca, Mitl, venerator of the gods, Tolpiltzin, the last Toltec, and the beatiful Xinlitzal—where are they?" It is not easy, in fact, to determine the whereabouts of these, no doubt, once famous persons, and there may be some who, on etymological grounds, will not be sorry for their absence. But he continues, more pleasingly: "Our lives are like the brooks and rivers that do but run on to dig their own graves the more surely. Very brief is the duration of flowers, and brief is human life. Let us look, then, to immortality. The stars that now so puzzle us are but lamps in the palaces of the heavens." I had the pleasure to assist at the finding, in one of the pyramids, of the principal section of an immense broken bass-relief, representing as likely as not this monarch himself. I do not myself profess archæology, except from the point of view of its picturesque features, but there is a genuine pleasure in being the first to salute and tenderly brush the mould from such a bit of hoary antiquity.

In the Cerro of Mexicalcingo, back of the town, there are vestiges of architectural magnificence which show that the descriptions of historians are not all fanciful. Ascending a hill of two thousand feet, overgrown now with nopal and hardy magueys, you come to bathing tanks, cisterns, and extensive flights of steps cut in the solid rocks, aqueducts, sculptured caverns, and vestiges of temples. Here the pensive monarch, in retirement, hung in the air above the wide prospect of the valley, his capital, and his rival of Mexico beyond the lake. And here, if anywhere in the lonely mountain, with a guide who falls asleep and leaves one to do his own exploring, his ghost might be expected to be met with, wandering in the still sunshine.



SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE, SILVER WORKS AT REGLA.

Returning, we paused at the Molino del Flores, a place not only charming in itself, but as showing the very different sentiment with which it is customary to surround a manufactory in this country from that prevailing with us. It is a large mill, or collection of them, for grinding grain and making paper. There is united with it a country residence of the wealthy Cervantes family of Mexico, the owners. House, chapel, and mills

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SATURDAY PAY CARAVAN ON THE MEXICAN NATIONAL RAILWAY.

form a single establishment, terraced up into the steep hill-side from a little entrance court. The place is in a gorge. The strong water-power coming down it is utilized for a hundred fantastic jets and surprises in the gardens. There is an out-of-door bath, with a disrobing seat in a little cave, and a shower falling, on touching a ring, from a precipitous bank forty feet above. Sonnambula might walk on such a rustic bridge as that thrown across to another rock-cut chapel in the cliff, where the last titled ancestor of the house, the Marques de Flores, captain of Iturbide's guards, general of brigade, signer of the Declaration of Independence, governor, *regidor*, and more, is buried.

It is perhaps owing to their rarity that establishments of this useful order are thus caressingly treated. The same thing is everywhere observed to be the case. The cotton factory at Orizaba has a fine architectural gateway, and a statue of Manuel Escandon, the founder, in the court. At the "beneficiating" hacienda of Regla, the principal ore-reducing works in the Pachuca district, the old Spanish count of the name located the extremely practical works of this nature in a lovely scene, by a cataract, and basaltic columns, which are of the wonders of the world, and gave them all the archways, buttresses, and castellated walls possible. In the sugar haciendas, which with their tall chimneys all have the look of factories—this union of the domestic and refined with the practical is universal.

I climbed Popocatepetl, a three days' journey of hardships, mingled with decided pleasures, however; journeyed out and back with the picturesque railway pay caravans conveying their mule loads of silver; went down to Cuautla, the capital of the State of Morelos, on the opening day of the new line of the Mexican company, which a week after was signalized by probably the most horrible railroad accident on record; visited the coffee-raising region of Cordoba, and the country of Amatlan, celebrated for its pine-apples, and as the richest Indian village in Mexico. The Indians generally do not run greatly to wealth, having a reputation for improvidence; but here are

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certain ones worth their hundred thousand, who still dress in cotton, adhere to all the common customs, and insist that their sons shall do the same, even if they send them to the university. If the tale be true, they bury their money in the ground. What burdens they carry, these Indians! what patient, swift journeys they make, always bare-legged and on foot! Truly it is the case, as Buffon tells us, that in a state of civilization man is ignorant of half his forces.

COURT-YARD OF JAIL, CHOLULA.

The great Aztec places of the country, as we learned to delight in them in Prescott, are disappointing. Whether it is that they are so completely destroyed, or that they have never actually existed to the supposed extent, and the writer has only used his beautiful imagination upon them, it is certain that these remains—I do not speak now of those discovered in Oaxaca and Yucatan—present but a tame, lumpish aspect. There is almost nowhere a sculptured stone. San Juan Teotihuacan, where there are two pyramids of regular shape, and a really vast space on the plain covered with relics of some such appearance as the cellars of ruined houses, where they occur here and there in New England, is the most impressive. The hill called of the Treasury, at Tula, has a few more similar basement remains. This point, in a pretty valley to the northward, now reached by the Central Railroad, is noted as the ancient capital of the Toltecs, a race preceding the Aztecs, and the real inventors of their civilization. A tradition is that in immensely earlier times, when they were denizens of the far Northwest, Huitziton and Tecpultzin, two lead-

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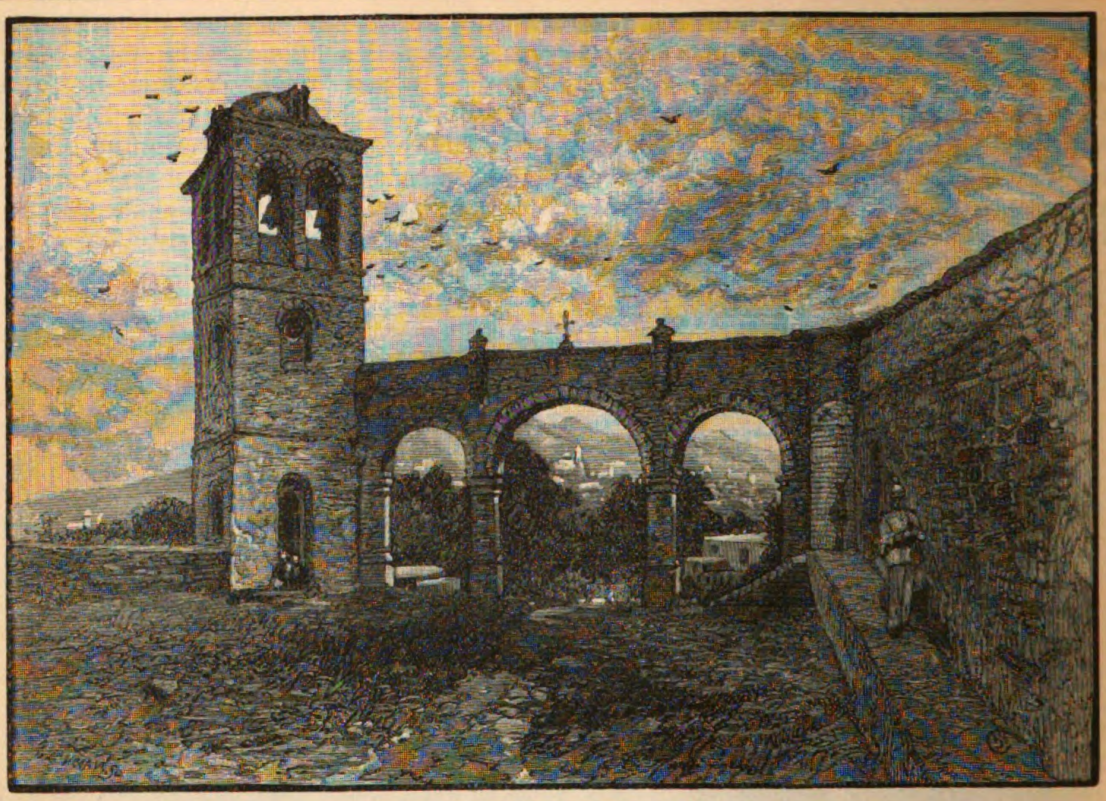

OLD CONVENT, NOW USED AS BARRACKS.

ing persons, heard a small bird singing in the branches *ti-hui! ti-hui!* Let us go! Upon which they took counsel together, and started their nation upon its migrations, finally pausing at this place. One would like a picture by some competent humorist of these two simple worthies listening to their sprightly monitor.

The great pyramid of Cholula has lost its distinctive shape, and is no more now than a large green hill, the adobe construction of which is seen here and there in rifts. It is a charming green hill all the same, a place to lie and dream, looking down over the twenty-two hamlets and innumerable churches in the smiling prospect, and off to the fine clean city of Puebla of the Angels, as it is called. A tramroad connects these two localities. Oh! changes of time! Had he waited but till now, Cortez could have gone into Cholula in a horse-car. Coming down from the pyramid, I entered, among other curious sights, to see the prisoners weaving sashes in the court-yard of the jail, attracted by some faces pressed against the wooden bars, as there always are, looking out upon the grassy plaza.

I wonder who that has not seen it has the proper idea of Tlascala? For my part I had no doubt that it was venerable and gloomy in its dark valley, a place to inspire fear. It is, on the contrary, a modern and fresh little place for Mexico; everything nicely lime-washed; its valley treeless and not in the least gloomy. It has one of the prettiest plazas, with the usual stone benches and music stand, I have seen, and very few antiquities.

I came to it from Santa Anna, on the branch railroad from Puebla connecting with that of Vera Cruz, in a conveyance which had once been a hack, drawn by three horses leading and two mules. We passed on the way the conveyance of the Governor of the State, which had once been a coupé; it had been amended by a boot attachment, and was drawn now by four mules. He was a small, fat, Indian-looking man, with a conspicuous scar, as I met him afterward with some of his legislators. There are eleven of these in all. They sit at one end of a long room in a kind of chancel, raised above and railed off from the rest—which is reserved for spectators—and smoke there, and speak from a small tribune, as the general system is in all the State legislatures, the Congress of the nation, and the municipal bodies as well.

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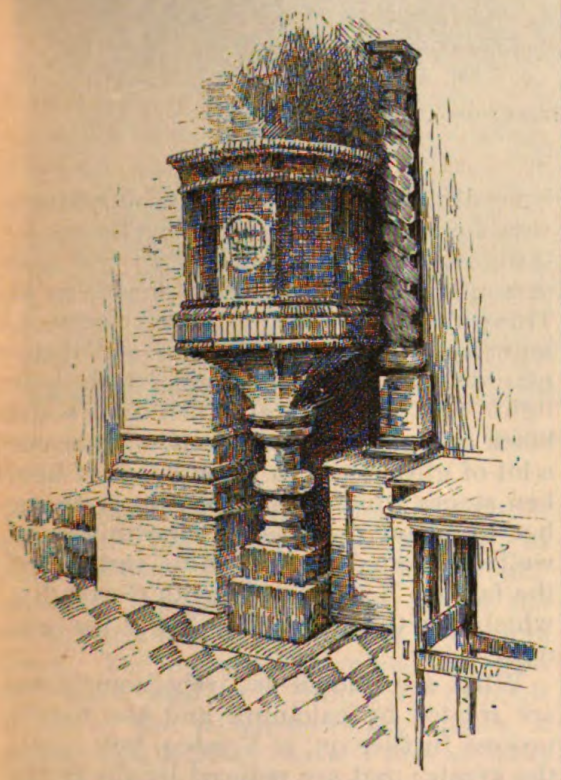
The Tlascalan allies seized upon my baggage as I dismounted, to the number of one for each inconsiderable parcel, and one to spare. As I had been able to hear of no hotel in advance, and there was none in obvious view, we set out upon a tour of investigation for such as there were. The Posada of Genius seemed much too shabby, as has been the way of Genius with her votaries before now. The next was full. At the third and least objectionable the price of rooms was at the exceedingly reasonable figure of two reals a night. "But would you want a bed, and wash-stand?" added the landlord. "Ah! then it will be four reals" (fifty cents). The silken banner of Cortez, once crimson, now turned coffee-color, is to be seen. At the chapel of the dilapidated old convent barracks of San Francisco—in the large entrance archway of which the town appears as in a frame—are the first pulpit from which the faith was preached in the New World, and the font in which the first chiefs were baptized.



THE FIRST CHRISTIAN PULPIT IN AMERICA.

The Mexican of intelligence will concede to you that his country, as understood abroad, is both overrated and underrated. And this is the case. Its riches, both mineral and agricultural, and its beauties of scenery and climate, are exaggerated, just as its dangers certainly are. It is invariably spoken of in superlatives,

FONT IN OLD CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

when comparatives are to a large extent able to do it justice. I imagine that the American, with no speculation in view, and without an eye for the picturesque, would take very little interest in it. A large part of the soil in the boasted table-lands is thin, with a stratum of *tepetate* (marl) below, hard as a floor, and incapable of being improved beyond a certain point. Maize is the chief crop of the country. One often sees it of great height, but slender and weak, and without the generous ears we are accustomed to on our own. In the little-populated northern States of Sonora and Chihuahua there are tracts of many days' journey in extent desert for want of water. In the south, where the population chiefly clusters, the mountain chains occupy great spaces, leaving often, as in Guerrero, only little pockets between. It is doubtful if there will be really any large extent of land available for immigration. It will rest, at any rate, rather with the wealthy owners of the haciendas than with the government, which has begun by giving to one colonizer a grant from which he must first dispossess the savage Yaqui Indians.

As to mines, there are the same adverse chances, and the same offering of "wild-cat" property to intending investors, as with us. In particular is it a mistake to believe too much in the abundance of old Spanish mines abandoned at the time of the Independence, and only waiting intelligent treatment to produce again fabulous treasures. It is sixty years since the Independence, and there have been a great many people in the country with a shrewd eye for gain in the mean time. As to

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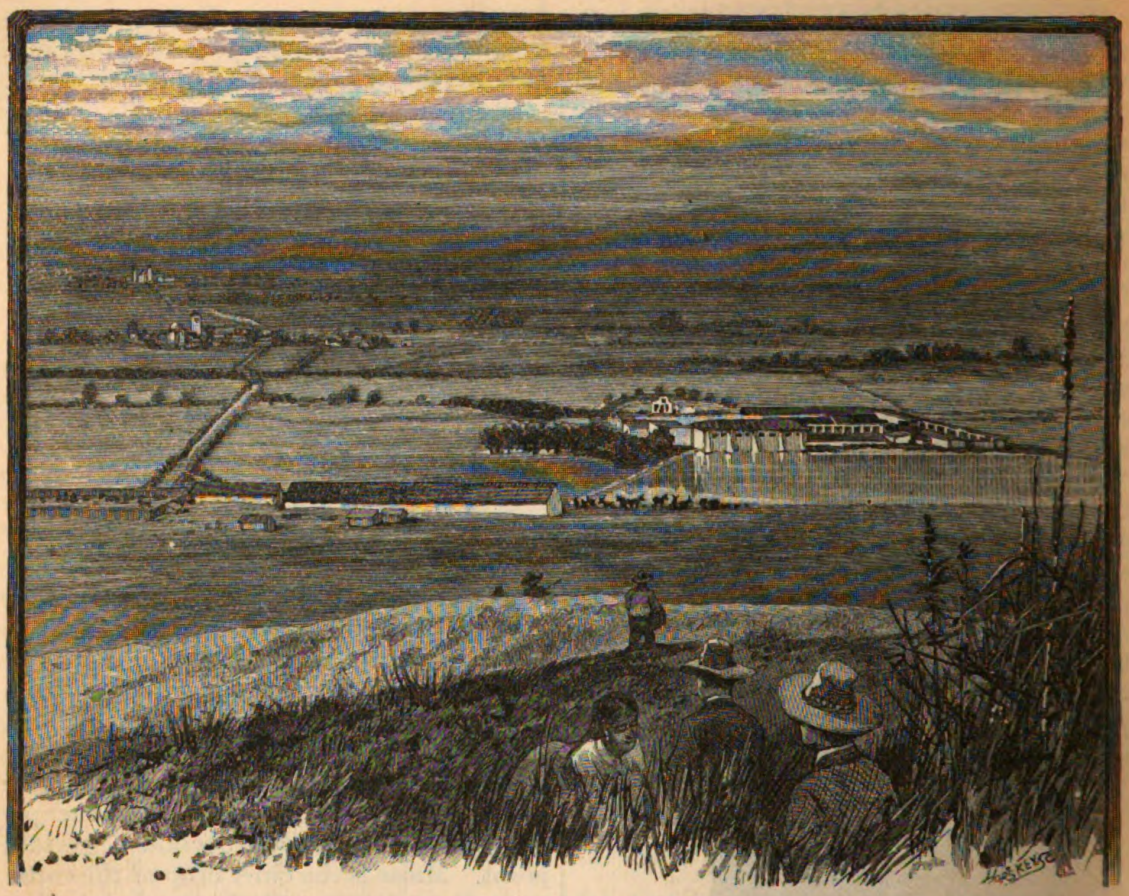

HACIENDA OF TEPENACASCO.

their processes of working, there are many things which appear primitive which are in reality well adapted to the situation they have to meet. It is in new mines much more than in the re-opening of old that advantage offers. The mining laws of Mexico are very fair—a model to our own, in fact—and, so far as that is concerned, give everybody an excellent chance. The government reserves to itself a certain share in every mine that is denounced, and is thus interested in their peaceable and efficient working.

The mining district of Pachuca, capital of the State of Hidalgo, take it all in all, historically, as scenery, and for the returns it is producing, is the most interesting in Mexico, only rivalled by that of Guanajuato. There are probably ten thousand men at work, of whom five hundred are Cornishmen, retaining their accent and a rude independence of character. Pachuca may have ten thousand people. It is hilly, on the slopes of a deep gorge, cold, windy, and dusty of afternoons even in midsummer. A Mexican silver mine, even of the richest character, is hardly what the novice in such matters would expect. If he has looked for something Aladdin-like, for forks, spoons, and presentation plate all ready made, as at Tiffany's, only waiting to be shaken down, he will not find it in these narrow Plutonian drifts, in which the guides flash their lights with pride now and then upon some black and gray discolorations, with never a bit of glitter, and in these heaps of broken stones which seem good for nothing but to mend the roads. One might as well be down in a coal mine instead of the famous Rosario and Santa Gertrudis, which are turning out millions per annum.

What are known as "rebellious" ores are treated by calcining and the barrel process further on, at Velasco, but much the greater part are reduced by the *patio* system, in the interesting process known as "making the tortas." The ore, first powdered as fine as flour by the arrastra, the stamp mill, or the Chilian mill—all three are in use—is made into great mud pies, with water, on the wooden floor of a wide court or open yard. In these, troops

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of horses are driven round and round every day for from fourteen to twenty-one days, thoroughly stirring in a mixture of quicksilver and salt, which attacks the metal, and leaves it in such a condition that in the washing tanks, where unfortunate men and boys puddle around all day long bare-legged, it falls to the bottom, and leaves the residuum to run off.

At Pachuca I took horse, and passing through most attractive landscapes, by Real del Monte, Velasco, Regla, and

A THRESHING-FLOOR.

the plains of Mata, came down to the vicinity of Tulancingo to see something of country life. A week's visit at the hacienda of Tepenacasco proved one of the most agreeable experiences of my whole tour. The house was approached from the main road by a long lane through fields of the purple-flowering alfalfa, a larger and hardier clover; past a dark-walled corral, or cattle-yard; a very long steep-roofed barracks for laborers' quarters; and by a pond embowered in willows. From a distance, with its numerous out-buildings, it had the appearance of a ducal residence. It is plainer when reached, the space immediately in front having a farm-yard appearance, and containing in the centre a very large stone threshing-floor of the kind in which it is customary to thresh out grain, just as in the *patios*, by troops of running horses. It is of rubble stone, plastered and neatly whitewashed; a single liberal story in height, the part devoted to the residence having large windows covered with gratings, and a belfry on top. To this are added, on the flanks, such a collection of granaries and corrals that a façade is made of probably six hundred feet in length. Some fonts project from the wall beside a door opening to the family chapel. Over the main entrance-door is an inscription: "*En aqueste destierro y soledad disfruto del tesoro de la paz.*" (In this retirement and solitude I enjoy the treasure of peace.) Each principal granary or barn (called *troje*) is inscribed also with its title. They are built to keep the contents cool and of an even temperature, with walls of great thickness. Buttressed without, and with columns or piers of a yard square, running down the centre of the long dim interiors, they are more like basilicas of the early Christians than one's preconceived idea of a barn.

The buildings in the central clump, not

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THE TLACHIQUERO.

counting those detached, cover alone between four and five acres of ground. The estate of which they are the focal point is eighteen miles in one dimension by six in the other, and contains not less than forty thousand acres. There are seventeen hundred head of neat cattle, and other things in proportion. On the pay-roll, in the week in which I was privileged to witness the operations, were laborers to the extent of eighteen hundred and fifty, men and boys. I confess to a fondness for country life, and with such a novel domain to explore, one must be difficult indeed not to be pleased. One day we mounted on horseback to go to visit the corrals, where portions of the animals are kept at night according to their changes

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of pasture; another, to the Ojo de Agua, a lovely spring, made mention of by Humboldt; again, to examine the different crops; again, to various white hamlets that, like the city of Tulancingo, farther in the distance, dot the plain. At Acatlan is a most charming dark old ruined convent, with the green bronze bells yet hanging in the steeple. One day the household ensconced itself in a large wagon covered with willow boughs, and we drove to Zupitlan, a ruined hacienda, church, and hamlet on the estate itself, and held a picnic.

A high grassy hill, the Cerro, behind the house, affords wide views. We are in the midst of a level valley, with gently sloping mountains on all the boundaries. The leading crops are maize, barley, and maguey. The *tlachiquero* goes around every day, with his donkey carrying wine-skins, collecting the sweet sap from the maguey to make the *pulque*. He pours it into vats of skin in his department to ferment, treats it in his practiced way for a fortnight or more, and then it is ready for sale. We see sometimes forty ploughmen come in and unyoke their teams of an evening. The agricultural implements of the larger sort in use are American, but ploughs, spades, picks, and the like are manufactured at Apulco, near by, more cheaply. There are interesting home-made wooden forks and shovels yet remaining. Among the rest, the veritable Egyptian plough, of wood with but an iron point, is much more in use than the modern sort. And for its purpose of turning shallow furrows and ploughing between the rows of maize it appears, to tell the truth, not ill adapted. The ground is treated by irrigation, no less than eleven large dams, one of them creating a lake two miles long, being formed for this purpose. The portions of land used for cultivation are taken irregularly in various parts of the estate, according to their proximity to these. Each has its name, as Las Animas, San Antonio the Larger, San Antonio the Less.

But it is a grazing country, and the chief industries are the raising of animals and the making of butter and cheese. The greater part of the cattle are hornless, which is effected by a simple process of searing the tender horn when sprouting, after which it does not increase. The idea is worth attention by American farmers and those who have to do with the transportation of cattle. The calf here remains with its mother under all circumstances. It is a quaint sight at milking-time to see it lassoed fast to its mother, whose hind-legs are also lassoed, waiting, by no means patiently, the conclusion of

PLOUGHMAN AT HOME.

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the ceremony. Each of the departments is under the command of its own chief, and an accurate supervision and record is made of the whole. The book-keeper, "Don Angel," a taciturn young man, native of old Spain, with a talent for minutiæ, fills out weekly, in a blank form, a statement going into the closest detail. For keeping the tally of revenues which amount to $20,000 a year, his own salary is $400 "and found." The administrator, "Don Rafael," is paid $1000, and has, besides, various lands and *casitas* of his own—a person of substance, in fact. He is a steady-going man of middle age, with a prominent scar on his forehead. I imagined some interesting story. No, he said, it was got in breaking a vicious horse. A sensible man lets fighting alone; there are enough at that already. The Americans have excellent ideas. They all work; all wish to improve and make money. Without money a person might as well take himself off to the cemetery at once.

"Amarillo si, amarillo no,
Amarilla y verde me lo pinto,"

may be heard from his room long after the sedate and the fatigued have gone to bed. Another inmate of the household is a youth of eighteen, a very voluble young person, Salvador, who proffers himself often as a guide. He is a cadet learning the business of conducting a hacienda; or, as some think, a young scapegrace of good connections put here to be kept out of mischief. Outside the household are the *mayordomo* and the *sobresaliente*, chief aids of Don Rafael; the *pastero*, who looks after the pastures; the *caporal*, who has principal charge of the stock. These are officials of a humble order, dark, blanketed men, bandit-looking enough on horseback, but in reality as gentle as need be wished for. The *peons*, or day-laborers, live in about as poor a condition as the Irish peasants—except for having the advantage in

INDIAN NURSE AND CHILDREN IN THE HACIENDA.

The butter and cheese making is under control of "Don Daniel." He is a large, handsome young man with rosy cheeks, coal-black hair and beard, and excellent teeth—a picture of health. He is of a lively turn withal, assembles around him congenial spirits, and the strumming of a guitar, and such choruses as,

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climate—receive from six to thirty-seven cents a day for their labor, and seem without either chance or ambition to better themselves. There is a prison-room at the mansion, where one is occasionally locked up for a couple of days. Not that this is permitted by law, but "they are not civilizated," as the proprietor explains, in English which still leaves something to be desired; "nobody makes any disturbance about it, and otherwise they would not work."

The family spends a small portion of the year here, in an informal style of living. Servants and all call the young mistress Cholita, a diminutive of her name, Soledad. There is no expectation of receiving or paying visits in the neighborhood. Social life, owing to the distances and the scarcity of neighbors, does not exist. It must have been lonely indeed for the young American girl who had been employed as governess of small children in the adjoining hacienda shortly before. The dogs swarm in and out over everything. The place is kept as a big, generous farm-house, and not as a villa. It has been designed for greater state in its time. The old furniture, of the style of the First Empire, would command a premium from bric-à-brac dealers. The rooms are large and finely proportioned. There are an octagon chamber, with beds in columned niches, and another having the bed raised upon a platform, of highly palatial effect. The first proprietor is said to have been a man, finally ruined by his extravagances, who had half Tulancingo at his table; and if he were inspired by a sudden notion to go to the capital, one hundred and thirty miles, say, distant, he rode his horses till they dropped dead under him.

ON THE MARCH TO ACAPULCO.

I have a feeling of being engaged in about the same sort of thing, metaphorically, in having to hurry so swiftly through so many interesting scenes. It was not long after this that I was equipped again for my last Mexican journey, to the Pacific coast at Acapulco. I rolled for the last time through those principal streets, past the central plaza, the cathedral, the garitas, from which in five months I had made so many exits, and to which I had so often returned. How

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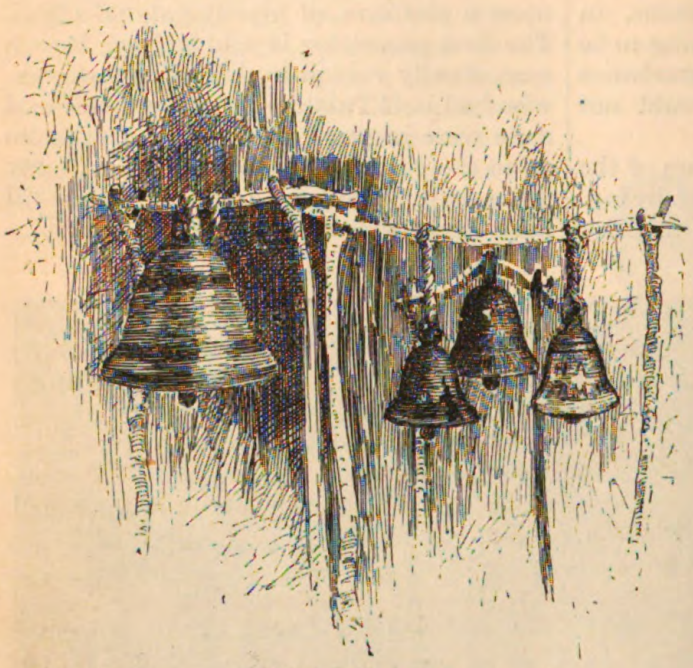
different the feeling now, understanding the motley figures, the interiors of the buildings, the expressions to use, and the prices to pay, the flavor of the strange beverages and fruits—the ordinary course of a life which has its humdrum routine here as elsewhere—from those first times, in which all appeared so formidable! I had for my travelling companion a colonel in the Mexican army, going to take command on the troubled frontier of Sonora. We went down by diligence one day to Guernavaca. It is a place which Cortez paid the compliment of selecting for his residence (still the property of his latest heir, an Italian duke), when the incredible deeds of the conquest were over. Such a panorama as there is of this favored city of 12,000 people, in its tropical valley, from the dizzy height above at which it is first visible! And such a garden, the Jardin Borda, with stone fish-ponds like Versailles, and hundreds of bushels of delicious mangoes going to waste along its terrace walks, as I saw there!



BELLS OF SAN BLAS.

We packed our baggage upon mules. I mounted a horse, and the colonel a mule, as more sure-footed, and we set out upon a toilsome march of thirty miles a day for ten days down the long incline to the coast, corresponding to that ascended from Vera Cruz. Our conductors were Marcos, a very unreliable person, and Vincente, as amiable and bright-faced a boy of fifteen as ever embarked in the profession of *arriero* at two dollars and a half a week. The road is spoken of as a *camino de pajaros*—a good road for birds. Much of it is the beds of torrents, both dry and wet, and there are ladder-like places which would be to the novice utterly impassable. The nights are passed under the thatched pavilions of the natives, there being no hotels. At Iguala and Chilpancingo are to be seen houses historically connected with the Independence. Three wide, swollen rivers are crossed, the last, the Papagallo, in a dug-out, swimming the horses. The road is entirely safe; arms are not in demand. There is no reason why, with a cheap *mozo* to carry the knapsack, it could not be made an enjoyable pedestrian trip. The heat is not severe, except in the middle of the day, and this is escaped by the usual siesta.

There was no small pleasure, nevertheless, in discovering again from a height the sea, like another Balboa, boarding at last the fine steamer of the Pacific Mail Company, the *City of Grenada*, which had come in on her long jaunt from Panama northward, and re-establishing connection with the outer world. With this, too, began a new experience, in the examination of the Pacific ports of Mexico. One of the semi-monthly steamers, if rightly chosen, each month puts into them all. An idea of the country can thus be got which would not be possible otherwise without great fatigue and expense.

Neither of the three lower ports is of great size. Acapulco has the most complete and charming harbor, and an old fort dismantled by the French, of the order of Morro Castle. Manzanillo is a small strip of a place on the beach, built of wood, with quite an American look. The volcano of Colima appears inland, with a light cloud of smoke above it. San Blas, larger, but still hardly more than an extensive thatched village, has, on a bluff beside it, the ruins of a once more substantial San Blas. Old bronze bells brought down from it have been mounted in rude frames a few feet high

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to serve the purpose of the present poor church, which is without a belfry, and this is called in irony "the Tower of San Blas." But at Mazatlan we are in a bustling harbor, and in a well and handsomely built little city, with improvements, and especially shops of the better sort, which other countries than Mexico might be proud of. It is surprising, until the large demand from the country tributary is understood, how a city of but fourteen thousand people can be justified in having stocks of goods so elaborate.

We steam across the ancient Sea of Cortez, and up the coast of that long peninsula which seems on the map one of the remotest points of the globe. The days are calm and blue; the bold outlines of the shores offer constant novelty. It is like sailing in the waters of Mount Desert. An arbitrary line is passed. We have lost Mexico, but we have gained California, which was once her province. It is singular to remember that on the accession of the Emperor Iturbide, before the American conquests, Mexico could boast of being, with the exception of Russia and China, the largest empire in the world.

AN AMERICAN KING.

A SMALL pamphlet, printed within thirty years on the republican soil of the United States, and still to be found in the new settlements along the shores of the great lakes, bears this title-page:

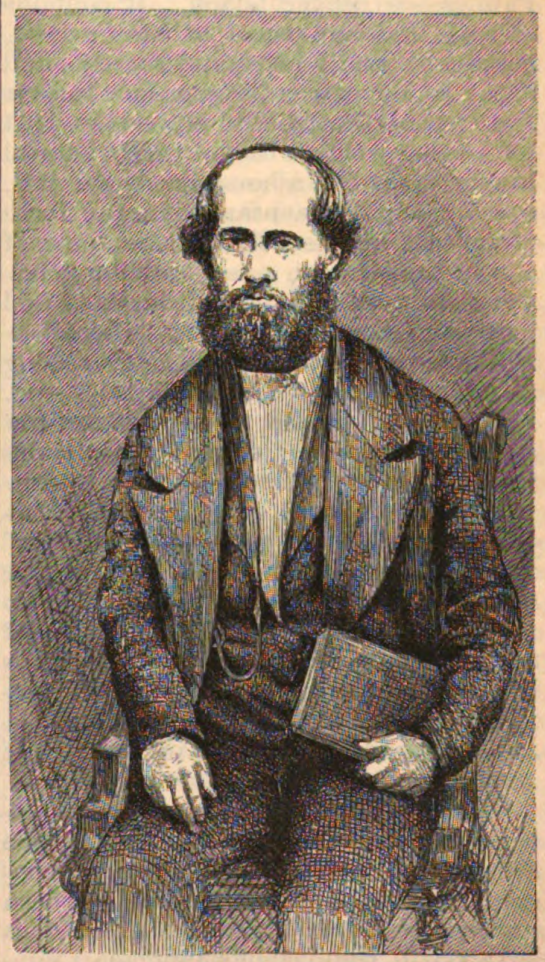
THE BOOK OF THE LAW OF THE LORD,

CONSISTING OF AN INSPIRED TRANSLATION OF SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PARTS OF THE LAW GIVEN TO MOSES, AND A VERY FEW ADDITIONAL COMMANDMENTS, WITH BRIEF NOTES AND REFERENCES.

Printed by command of the King, at the Royal Press, St. James, A. R. I.

"The Law of the Lord," thus at once claiming Divine origin and kingly sanction, consists of a series of precepts relating to things spiritual and temporal, written in a verbose imitation of the style and imagery of the Bible. Within the lifetime of a generation it was implicitly received by an entire community as a celestial revelation miraculously transmitted through a divinely anointed monarch to his favored subjects. It is now chiefly prized for its connection with a curious chapter of frontier history.

The northwestern shoulder of the lower peninsula of Michigan is skirted by an archipelago divided into the three groups of the Beaver, the Fox, and the Manitou Islands. Their inhabitants comprise a little band of the semi-civilized survivors of the Ottawa and Chippewa tribes, and a white population of traders, fishermen, and farmers, not greatly exceeding one thousand in number. The Indians are the peaceable occupants of comfortable homesteads bestowed upon them by the general government. A small colony of Germans and Swedes successfully follow agricultural pursuits upon the Manitous. The other pale-faces have, as a rule, strongly marked Hibernian features, and form an insular community as distinct in its habits from the surrounding world,



JAMES JESSE STRANG.

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and as unconcerned in the turmoil of the times, as the people of the Shetlands. The mail-carrier visits them but fortnightly. The lake steamers pass by their shores, unless in need of wood, or in quest of a cargo of fish. Neither a lawyer nor a doctor dwells among them. Chance visitors find them a hardy and hospitable race, as orderly as occasional outbreaks of the Tipperary spirit will permit, handling the net and the oar with more skill than the plough and the hoe, but still exporting wheat as well as whitefish and trout, and living industrious and uneventful lives in a rude Arcadian simplicity. "These islands are valuable fishing stations, and in the season, within a circle of fifty miles, the surface of the lake is flecked with the white sails of the mosquito fleet, often numbering one hundred and fifty of the open, overgrown, and stanch double-enders known as Mackinac boats." The most important of the whole group—their names range from vulgar Hog to classic Paros and apostolic Patmos—is Beaver Island. It contains several thousand acres of arable land, broken by small lakes and streams, and rising in a gently rolling surface to over forty feet above the level of the lake. At its northern end a bay of much natural beauty opens like a horseshoe to the east, inviting a navy to a safe anchorage. North of the entrance rises the graceful tower of a light-house, with a few buildings clustered about its base. A mile distant, and half-way around the curving shore, an irregular row of low cabins straggles along a single street of deep and drifting sand. Here a few dwellings, three or four stores and warehouses, and several cooper shops form a hamlet, which is clothed by law with the dignity of a county seat. This is St. James, where once a "Royal Press" executed kingly commands, and its name preserves the self-canonization of one who founded and maintained in the United States a monarchy absolute during its brief term and within its narrow and isolated limits, and romantic in its history—an *imperium in imperio* in democratic America.

The King of Beaver Island in his plebeian days bore the name of James Jesse Strang. He was the son of a sturdy farmer of Cayuga County, New York, was born in Scipio on March 21, 1813, and passed his boyhood in Hanover, Chautauqua County. The ordinary education of a farmer's son was re-enforced in his case by the habit of omnivorous reading, which a retentive memory made useful. As a lad he was a conspicuous figure in the rural debating clubs about his home, and at the age of twenty-three he was admitted to the bar. By those who knew him then he is described as a young man of eccentric ideas and voluble tongue, entirely reputable in life, with large confidence in his own capacity, and morbidly anxious for distinction. His early manhood was one of restless activity. He worked on his father's and other farms, taught school, delivered temperance lectures in the villages of the Middle States, practiced law at Mayville, edited a paper at Randolph, dabbled in politics and served as postmaster of Ellington, and finally was caught in the current of Western emigration, and borne to Burlington, Wisconsin, where in 1843 he became one of a firm of attorneys.

The remarkable career of Joseph Smith was then approaching its tragic close. Within fifteen years an obscure and illiterate man, born in poverty, nurtured in vice, and profligate in life, had established a religious sect whose creed had been accepted by over one hundred thousand disciples, and was preached with striking success by hundreds of devoted missionaries on both continents. After ten years of stormy and perilous efforts to obtain a home for his followers in Ohio and Missouri, he had founded the thriving and beautiful city of Nauvoo. There he was by law the commandant of a formidable legion of armed men, and the civil head of a prosperous community, whose people, as frugal and industrious as they were fanatical, received his lightest word as the utterance of a prophet of Jehovah, and yielded to his authority the obedience due to the vicegerent of God. The Latter-day Saints in Illinois now felt with reason that after a decade of persecution the era of Mormon triumph had come, and their proselytism sought a wider field, and became more zealous in spirit. During Strang's life in Western New York, Smith's revelations and his successful preaching had furnished a frequent theme for fireside gossip and village discussion. From the outset, young men of energy and plausible speech had been eagerly welcomed to high positions in the new Church, and now the surprising growth of the settlement on the banks of the Mississippi added to the promises of abundant spiritual

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blessings the more tangible prospects of earthly honors as the immediate rewards of Mormon membership. Strang came within the influence of this temptation soon after his removal to Wisconsin, and in January, 1844, was persuaded to visit Nauvoo and meet "the American Mohammed." Undoubtedly Joseph Smith saw useful material in the well-informed, ambitious, and fluent attorney, for on February 25 the baptism of James J. Strang was recorded; on March 3 his ordination as an elder followed; and he became at once an active and trusted member of the Mormon ministry. His special field of labor was Wisconsin, and he soon applied for authority to there "plant a stake of Zion," or, profanely speaking, to found in that State a branch of the Church. Before this request was acted upon, Joseph and Hyrum Smith surrendered themselves to the Governor of Illinois, and on June 27, 1844, were murdered by the mob which stormed the Carthage jail.

No claimant of the succession to Joseph Smith's position was prompter or more persistent than Strang, whose age in the Mormon Church was not yet five months. He exhibited what purported to be an autograph letter from Joseph Smith, dated on June 18, bearing the Nauvoo postmark of June 19, and said by several "witnesses" to have been received in the mail at Burlington, Wisconsin, on July 9. This epistle, dated nine days before "the martyrdom of Joseph," and alleged to have reached Burlington a week in advance of the news of the murder, gave the details of a vision in which "the spirit of Elijah came upon" the Mormon prophet and "the voice of God" said:

".....My servant Joseph, thou hast been faithful over many things, and thy reward is glorious; the crown and sceptre are thine, and they wait thee. But thou hast sinned in some things, and thy punishment is bitter. The whirlwind goeth before, and its clouds are dark, but rest followeth, and to its days there shall be no end. Study the words of the vision, for it tarrieth not.

"And now behold my servant James J. Strang hath come to thee from far for truth when he knew it not, and hath not rejected it, but had faith in thee, the Shepherd and Stone of Israel, and to him shall the gathering of the people be, for he shall plant a stake of Zion in Wisconsin, and I will establish it; and there shall my people have peace and rest, and shall not be moved, for it shall be established on White River, in the lands of Racine and Walworth.....And I will have a house built unto me there of stone, and there will I show myself to my people by many mighty works, and the name of the city shall be called Voree, which is, being interpreted, garden of peace, for there shall my people have peace and rest, and wax fat and pleasant in the presence of their enemies."

The officers of the Church quickly pronounced Strang a presumptuous impostor, and the letter a clumsy forgery. They excommunicated him at once, and followed this step with the circulation of printed attacks upon his private character. Strang was speedily driven from the field at Nauvoo, but he continued to assert his title in pastoral letters and in sermons in and about Wisconsin, and soon obtained a small body of devoted followers. With them he founded "the city of Voree," at Spring Prairie, in that State, organizing the colony on the basis of community in the ownership of all property. The Voree *Herald* was established as the organ of "the primitive Mormons," and their prophet showed himself to be tireless in labor and skillful in duping the credulous. The methods adopted by him to strengthen his supernatural claims with his disciples were close imitations of those which Joseph Smith had made so successful. The Prophet James had also his hours of rapt ecstasy, when Divine messengers or Omnipotence itself communicated "revelations," which were given to the faithful in a language following as closely the phraseology of the Scriptures as any of the inspired utterances of Joseph Smith, while departing less frequently from the uninspired rules of the English grammar. As Joseph found in the Ontario hills a golden volume in which the chronicles of the Book of Mormon were preserved in cabalistic characters, translatable only by the crystalline Urim and Thummim, so James discovered in the sloping banks of the White River a long-buried and miraculously preserved record of the downfall of a great Israelitish tribe which inhabited this continent centuries ago, and whose patriarch, in lamenting the annihilation of his people, foretold the coming in future ages of a "mighty prophet," who "should bring forth the record." Four of Strang's congregation, acting as "witnesses," declared that they were led by him on September 14, 1845, to a hill near the White River Bridge, and on the east line of Walworth County, Wisconsin, where, aft-

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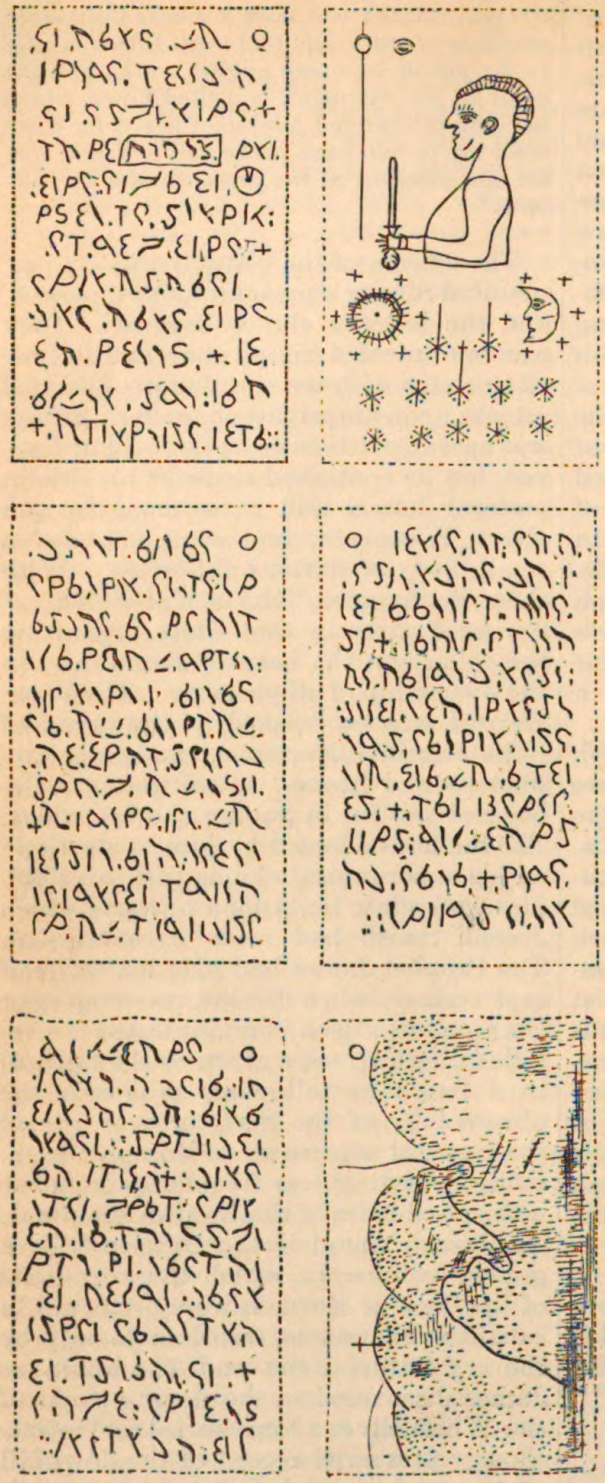

THE VOREE PLATES.

A fac-simile of both sides of the three brazen plates alleged to have been miraculously discovered by James J. Strang on September 14, 1845.

er digging through thick sward and solid clay, which had manifestly been undisturbed for years, and cutting away the net-work of roots of a large oak-tree, they found a case of baked earthenware, containing three brazen plates, bearing on each side "an alphabetic and pictorial record." This "miracle" was followed by a trance, in which the Urim and Thummim were "brought by an angel of God to the Prophet James," and the hieroglyphics of "the Voree plates," certainly unintelligible enough to human wisdom, were thus translated:

"My people are no more. The mighty are fallen, and the young men slain in battle.

"Their bones bleached on the plain by the noonday shadow. The houses are levelled with the dust, and in the moat are the walls. They shall be inhabited.

"I have in the burial served them; and their bones in the death-shade, toward the sun's rising, are covered. They sleep with the mighty dead, and they rest with their fathers. They have fallen in transgression, and are not; but the elect and faithful there shall dwell.

"The Word hath revealed it. God hath sworn to give an inheritance to His people where transgressors perished. The Word of God came to me while I mourned in the death-shade, saying, I will avenge me on the destroyer. They shall be driven out. Other strangers shall inhabit thy land. I an ensign will then set up. The escaped of my people there shall dwell, when the flock disowns the shepherd, and build not on the rock.

"The forerunner men shall kill, but a mighty prophet there shall dwell. I will be his strength, and he shall bring forth the record. Record my word, and bury it in the hill of promise.

"RAJAH MANCHORE."

Subsequently Strang also claimed to have discovered other buried metallic sheets, eighteen in number, and nine by seven and one-half inches in dimensions, which were called "the plates of Laban," and were declared "to have been written before the Babylonish captivity." His translation of the characters on these plates, supplemented by nine sections of "direct revelation," made up "The Book of the Law of the Lord," whose title-page has been given. This was a plain imitation of the revealing to Joseph Smith of "The Book of Doctrines and Covenants," and in the Strangite theology both these productions were given equal authority with the Book of Mormon and the Bible. "The Law of the Lord" partakes largely of the nature of sumptuary legislation.

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Its pages contain minute rules as to diet, attire, personal habits, the construction of dwellings, walks, and roads, the care of forests, and the similar details of domestic and municipal economy. Those who question its heavenly origin must at least admit that its mortal author possessed much useful information and some legal knowledge.

The community at Voree grew steadily in numbers, and in 1846 its leader determined to plant a colony in the Lake Michigan archipelago. In May, 1847, he with four others visited Beaver Island on an errand of exploration. The few traders and fishermen already in possession received them with deliberate inhospitality; but they built a camp of hemlock boughs, found food in beech-nuts and wild leeks, and completed their task in the face of many obstacles. When winter came, five Mormon families were permanently settled at Beaver Harbor. In the summer of 1848 their number was quadrupled, and in 1849 they began to be counted by the hundreds. Their Gentile neighbors strenuously resisted their immigration, but they were persevering, industrious, and sober, and their foot-hold in the islands constantly grew firmer. The village on the harbor was named after its founder the City of James, a title which was soon shortened and sanctified into St. James; a road was cleared to the farming lands of the interior, a saw-mill was built, and a schooner was launched. The missionary work was also carefully planned for the winter of 1849, and with the opening of navigation in 1850, converts came in large numbers. St. James was then made the permanent head-quarters of the new Church, which at its annual conference in July was reorganized as a "kingdom," with Strang as king, his office uniting those of "apostle, prophet, seer, revelator, and translator." Counsellors and subordinate officials were numerous, but Strang's restless energy was felt everywhere. The communal plan was abandoned, and the lands of the Church were apportioned among its members. A system of tithing was instituted, and the fund thus created paid the taxes, cared for the poor, and met all general expenses. Schools for children and debating clubs for adults were established. A well-equipped printing-office not only executed the orders of the king, but from "the Royal Press" was issued regularly (weekly for some years, but daily at the last) *The Northern Islander*, a paper whose appearance and literary merit surprised the occasional tourist in that remote region. The erection of a large tabernacle was commenced, and roads, docks, and kindred improvements contributed to the comfort of the settlers. The prohibitory principle was rigidly applied to tea, coffee, and tobacco, as well as to liquor, and the observance of Saturday as the Sabbath, and attendance at church upon that day, were made compulsory. Prostitution was threatened with rigorous penalties, but polygamy was sanctioned, although it was never practiced in more than twenty families. The king had five wives, but in no other case did the number exceed three, and in every instance it was required that ability to support a large family should be shown before plural marriage was permitted. All the women were compelled to wear the short skirts and ample pantalets of the Bloomer costume. With its domestic affairs managed in this exceedingly paternal fashion, the Mormon kingdom grew into a community of nearly two thousand souls, occupying homes which were at least comfortable, controlling a small commerce, and slowly accumulating property, but never approaching the civilization of Salt Lake City. Strangers who visited Beaver Island at this time described the men of its population as rough and generally illiterate, and its women as, with but few exceptions, sensual and ignorant. Strang himself was found to be "a man of vigorous frame, light complexion, and high forehead, intellectual, fluent in speech, of suave manners, and very companionable." He was the master of a fervid variety of oratory, and skilled in the art of appealing to the untrained sensibilities of his hearers by stimulating his own emotions. At times his authority was unsuccessfully resisted by some of the more turbulent or the more capable of his followers, but the faith of the mass of his subjects in his supernatural powers was implicit, and over them his sway was absolute.

The ruler of the Beaver Island kingdom never succeeded in establishing its foreign relations upon a peace footing. For three years the Gentile islanders opposed the Mormon immigration by all lawful and some lawless means. Then the new-comers found themselves strong enough to abandon their original policy of non-resistance, and they commenced

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to club the disturbers of their meetings, and to retaliate violence with harder blows. The result was a fierce and often bloody border feud, which continued with varying fortunes for six years.

As the outcome of this chronic frontier warfare, the Mormons, who were constantly growing in numbers, and had the advantage of a definite organization, became in the end practically sole possessors of the islands, and were heartily hated and feared along the entire coast.

In his diplomacy, King Strang was shrewd and successful. He speedily established friendly relations with the Indians, despite the interested hostility of the traders, who possessed great influence over the chiefs. In 1851, the United States authorities became convinced that the islanders were a band of land pirates who had trespassed on the public domain, robbed the mails, and harbored counterfeiters, and that the kingly pretensions of their leader constituted a veritable case of high treason. Suddenly the United States war steamer *Michigan* entered Beaver Harbor, bearing the officers of the national courts. Strang surrendered gracefully, and with several others was taken under guard to Detroit. A trial of some length followed, in a crowded court-room, and amid much public interest, Strang aiding in conducting the defense, making a dramatic speech, in which he postured before the jury as "one persecuted for righteousness' sake," and being rewarded by a verdict of acquittal.

The versatility of this king exceeded that of many potentates of wider realms and more durable fame. He was the orator and law-giver of his Church, and the author of its official publications. His duties in the administration of its temporal affairs and as a public officer were multifarious and constant. He was the editor of a better newspaper than is now published in any frontier community of a few thousand inhabitants, and his pen still found leisure for frequent polemical controversy, for pamphleteering, and for elaborate defenses of his people in the columns of Eastern journals. He was an intelligent student of natural history, and contributions from him are to be found in the publications of the Smithsonian Institution. His library was not a mean one in size or character, and he never grew lax in his habit of miscellaneous reading. Literature was always his chosen refuge from the vexations that proverbially disturb a crowned head.

The downfall of the Beaver Island Empire came not from foreign foe, but from domestic sedition and conspiracy. Its ruler's discipline was at times severe, and included the corporal punishment of adults in its list of penalties. His determination to compel obedience to the minutest regulations of Church law also grew more resolute, and in the conference of 1855 he sternly denounced the tea-drinkers and tobacco-users of his flock, and said, with significant emphasis, "The law of God shall be kept in this land, or men shall walk over my dead body." To these sources of disaffection should be added his systematic efforts to make polygamy popular. At intervals, also, some of the more enlightened Mormons became jealous of his pretensions or disgusted with the imposture, and joined the Gentile enemies of the Church. The most capable of Strang's disciples was Dr. H. D. McCulloch, of Baltimore, an educated physician, an ex-surgeon of the United States army, and a man of social position at home, but of unfortunate habits. In him Beaver Island Nihilism found an organizing head. In the winter of 1855, chronic differences with his superior ended in his deposition from office in the Church on the charge of renewed intemperance. In the spring he left the islands, and visiting the various lake ports, infused fresh eagerness into the general desire for the overthrow of the Mormon kingdom. The exact details of his plotting are not known, beyond the fact that two Mormons were found, named Thomas Bedford and "Aleck" Wentworth, who were ready for any scheme of vengeance. One of them had been horse-whipped by an injured husband, not by the king's specific direction, but without his disapproval, and the other had been severely and publicly rebuked for some violation of Church law. Both men also asserted that other causes of grievance existed, and pointed for further justification to the growth of polygamy on Beaver Island under the influence of Strang's injunctions and practice. On June 16, 1856, the United States steamer *Michigan* was at anchor in Beaver Harbor, and King Strang left his house in the afternoon to call upon her officers. As he was stepping upon the deck, Bedford and Wentworth sprang from behind a convenient wood-pile, and fired upon him with a navy

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pistol and a revolver. He fell with two slight wounds in the head, and one in the region of the spine, from which recovery was manifestly impossible. His death was not immediate, and in a few days he was removed to Voree, where he received the devoted care of the lawful wife of his purer days, an estimable woman, who had rejected his gross "revelations," but clung to her personal belief that death alone could release her from the obligations of the marriage vow. He died on July 9, and was buried in a still unmarked grave in the "Cemetery of the Saints" at Spring Prairie.

The kingdom did not survive the assassination of the king. Some of the Mormons left Beaver Island on the boat which carried him to Voree, and the dying man advised a general removal; but before his followers had determined upon any definite plan of action, a band of exasperated and armed men from the mainland descended upon their settlements. The tabernacle was burned, the printing-office was sacked, and the king's library was destroyed, and his house pillaged. The faithful among the Saints were given but one day in which to leave the island with their movables and stock, and even then they were driven on board the boats without the property which they had brought to the shore. The invaders used the axe and the torch freely, but the homesteads and improvements of the exiles they seized and occupied. It was another banishment from Acadia, and demands for many of the houseless wretches driven forth on that day of retribution a pity as keen as the pathetic fortunes of the neutral French receive from the readers of "Evangeline."

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

WHO is Paul Bert? Why is Paul Bert a member of the new French Ministry? Why does Gambetta signalize his accession to power by the choice of Paul Bert for his Minister of Public Instruction?

Let us see if we can not make a contribution toward an intelligent answer to these questions, for they are questions about which, as will presently appear, no part of the civilized world can afford to be indifferent. Paul Bert was born at Auxerre, in the department of the Yonne, on the 17th of October, 1833; consequently he is now forty-eight years of age. He studied medicine in Paris, was admitted Doctor of Natural Sciences in 1866, appointed Professor of General Physiology in the Faculty of Sciences at Paris in 1869, and in 1875 the Academy of Sciences awarded him a prize of 20,000 francs for a series of papers *touchant l'influence des modifications de la pression barométrique sur les phénomènes de la vie.* After the memorable events of September, 1870, he was named Secretary-General of the Prefecture of the Yonne, but resigned immediately upon the resignation of Gambetta as Minister of War. He was elected from Auxerre to the Assemblée Nationale in 1874, and again in 1876, and was one of the 363 Deputies who in 1877 refused to give the Broglie cabinet a vote of confidence. At the succeeding election, his constituents testified their approval of his action by a re-election. In 1876 he was appointed on the commission *des travaux historiques et des sociétés savantes;* in December, 1878, he was chosen president of the Society of Biology, replacing Claude Bernard. Among the books upon which his fame as a scientist rests, the best known are *De la Greffe animale*, published in 1863; *Revue de Travaux d'Anatomie et de Physiologie*, published 1864–6; *Notes d'Anatomie et de Physiologie comparée*, 1867–70; *Recherches sur la Mouvement de la Sensitif*, 1867–70; *Leçon sur la Physiologie comparée de la Respiration*, 1869; *La Pression barométrique; Recherches de Physiologie expérimentale*, 1879. He has, besides, for many years, furnished the *Feuilleton scientifique* for M. Gambetta's journal, the *République Française.* He was educated at home by his father and aunt, has an interesting and devoted family, and is a great admirer of Gambetta, who, he says, is the only man who has ever tried to govern France through her heart: the only way, he thinks, she can be well governed.

Such, in brief, are the incidents and achievements by which Paul Bert is mostly known, where he is known at all; but they do not explain his selection by M. Gambetta for what, under the circumstances, is perhaps the most critical and difficult post in his cabinet. As in the

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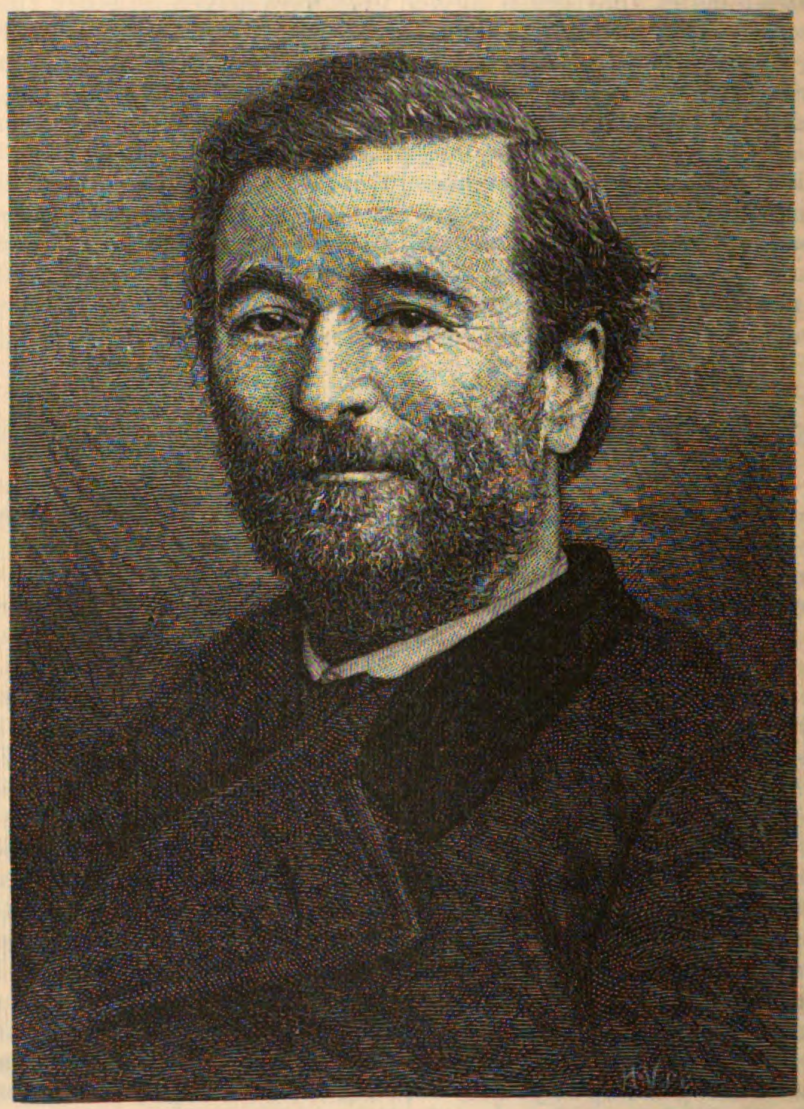
case of Lavoisier and of Arago in former years, the extraordinary abilities he has exhibited in technical science have had their weight in calling him to a position demanding extraordinary abilities; but there may be, and probably are, men in France more eminent than he as scientists. Why are they passed over to take a man still comparatively young, with inconsiderable experience in political administration, and whose name till within a year or two was scarcely known outside of scientific circles? We will give what we understand to be the explanation, and we think our readers will see in it our justification for the statement that in assigning to Paul Bert the portfolio of public instruction, M. Gambetta has taken a step to which no portion of the civilized world can afford to be indifferent.

As a member of the national legislature, Paul Bert occupied himself especially in efforts to reorganize the educational system of France, with special reference to the secularization of instruction—that is, taking it out of the exclusive control of the religious orders—and in rendering education obligatory, as in Germany.



PAUL BERT.

On the 21st of June, 1879, the debate was begun in the Chamber of Deputies on a bill reported by a committee, of which M. Bert was chairman, providing for "the liberty of superior teaching," the now famous seventh section of which prohibited Jesuits of all grades, and the members of all other religious congregations not

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recognized by the state, from engaging in the work of teaching. Paul Bert took the leading part in the debate in favor of the bill, and undertook to demonstrate, from a purely political point of view, the perils to the tranquillity and moral unity of the country to which the teachings of the Jesuits exposed it—"a sect" (to use his own language) "which, wherever it has found a home, has provoked civil war; a sect which at one time or another has been cursed and hunted out of nearly every country in Europe, and every member of which, under a strict enforcement of the laws of France, should be sent at once to the frontiers."

Some days later the Minister of Public Instruction of that day enforced the thesis of M. Bert by citations from the historical writings of the Jesuits, and furnished an occasion for M. Bert to return to the subject in a speech which he delivered on the 5th of July, in which he devoted himself more especially to exposing the immoral doctrines of the Jesuits from the days of Pascal to our own time, and demonstrating their continued persistence in teaching the odious doctrines denounced in the *Lettres Provinciales*, not only to adolescents, but to children of tender years.

The effect of this speech upon the Chambers and upon the public was extraordinary. It gave an enormous sale to every journal in which it appeared. The wrath of the Jesuits and of their apologists was proportionately inflamed. Every dialect in Christendom was exhausted for foul terms to apply to M. Bert. A Vienna medical journal in a lengthy biographical notice of Bert gave the measure of Austrian charity for him in the following terms: "The Catholic journals call him a libertine, a shameless materialist infected with all the vices and turpitudes of Paris, a reproach to the French tribune, a wretch, a debauchee, a *chenille*." There was but one possible defense that could have any weight in France against the charges of M. Bert—that was a prompt denial of their truth. The Jesuit party did deny them, and accused the orator of misrepresenting and falsifying the authorities he cited. They pursued precisely the same tactics which they employed some two hundred years before in traversing the immortal indictment of Pascal—a defense, however, which did not render it the less necessary for Pope Innocent XI. to denounce and anathematize in detail pretty much all the doctrines of the Jesuits which Pascal had held up to public scorn. It was the same defense as that which they made to the report and decree of the French Parliament in 1762, but which did not prevent their order from being hunted like so many rattlesnakes out of every Christian country, even out of Rome, and their order placed under the ban of the Church by the memorable brief *Dominus et Redemptor* of Pope Clement XIV. in 1773.*

However, the only defense to be made to it was to traverse the whole indictment, and it had this advantage, that to the large class who could not read, and to the smaller though more influential class who were educated to deem it a matter of conscience neither to hear nor read anything to the prejudice of the order, it was ample. It served to cover their retreat, and as a basis of future operations. But M. Bert was determined that this defense should not serve them. He resolved to place before the public the evidence which every one who chose might verify, and which no one could contest, as he claimed, that for the last three hundred years the Jesuits had been corrupting the youth of all nations; that they uniformly taught as morals a set of doctrines that struck at the very foundations of human society; that they countenanced debauchery, theft, incest, robbery, and murder,

* One of the clauses of this brief ran as follows: "We forbid any one, after the publication of this brief, to dare suspend its execution under any pretext whatever, foreseen or unforeseen, for it is our will that the depression and annihilation of the entire society, as well as of all its officers, have from this moment full and complete effect, and in the way herein prescribed, under the penalty of major excommunication from us and our successors, to be incurred by any one who should dare offer the slightest obstacle, hinderance, or delay to the execution of this brief."

How, in the face of this, Clement's successors could restore the Jesuits to all their ancient prerogatives without impeaching the infallibility of the Pope who suppressed them, is one of those problems which only infallibility itself can explain. The problem becomes still more complicated when we reflect that the late Pope Pius IX., the official parent of the infallibility dogma, both suppressed the Jesuits and subsequently re-instated them during his own pontificate. If it were a question of removing window-shutters in winter and replacing them in summer, it would not be embarrassing; but it is the boast of the Jesuits that they can not change. In the language of one of their famous friends, "*Sint ut sunt aut non sint*," and if they cumbered the earth in 1773, they must have cumbered the earth in 1778, and still more during the late pontificate, when they had become more numerous.

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and recognized no civil nor political obligations to the state which were not subordinate to the interests of their order, of which they were the final judges.

Anticipating, however, the objection that might be made to the warming over of the old complaint against the Jesuits of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that those times are long passed, that to hold the ethics of to-day responsible for the ethics of Tolet, of Suarez, and of Fillucius is as unfair as to hold the French Revolution responsible for the crimes of the League, or the government of M. Thiers responsible for the crimes of the French Revolution. Besides, the books of that period are rare, and how can people prove that liberties have not been taken with the text? M. Bert determined to show not what the Jesuits taught in their schools two hundred years ago, but what they were teaching then, in the year of grace 1879–80, in France, and let the public judge how much indulgence their appeal from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century would entitle them to. He seems to have experienced little difficulty in securing his material. He selected the *Compendium Theologiæ Moralis*, in two volumes, and the *Casus Conscientiæ*, in two volumes, all by John Peter Gury, of the Society of Jesus, the last edition of which was published as late as 1875, and which has received the official approval of M. Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, which is highly commended by Father Matignon, of the Society of Jesus, and is in the hands not only of all the Jesuits, but of large numbers of the clergy of the Latin Church; for, according to the testimony of the Archbishop of Paris, this book enjoys the honor of having "happily transformed the spirit of the French clergy in the last thirty years."* Of this book, the authority of which, as an exposition of the moral notions of the Society of Jesus, no one can contest, and which any one can easily verify, M. Bert proceeded to make a careful analysis, omitting only those portions lying within the domain of pure theology, and involving dogmatic rather than moral questions, and published the results in a volume of 665 duodecimo pages, with his three discourses on the subject in the Chambers, and a list of the sixty-five propositions in morals held by the Jesuits, which were condemned by Innocent XI. It is entitled *La Morale des Jésuites*. To these extracts M. Bert has occasionally added notes to show the persistent accord between the actual doctrines taught now by Gury and those taught not only by the earlier Jesuits, but by others of the order in our own time. To say that M. Bert makes out his case is to feebly describe the effect of his *exposé*.

It would be difficult for any one who has not read Gury's books, and verified the language quoted by M. Bert, to believe it possible that such doctrines as he will find there are not only printed, but taught in schools of theology by persons calling themselves Christians, or that there is any race of people so degraded in civilization as to listen to them. A few specimens of these teachings, we think, will show that we are not using the language of exaggeration. The first two volumes, of the *Compendium*, are theoretical and doctrinal. The remaining two volumes, entitled *Casus Conscientiæ*, present a series of cases of conscience or moral problems such as have arisen or are presumed to have been resolved in the confessional, with their solutions, corresponding *in foro conscientiæ* with the reports of cases heard and determined in courts of civil law. Thus, for each chapter of theoretic teaching there are cases in which the doctrines of that chapter are applied. By an infinitely elaborated system of definitions, classifications, divisions, and distinctions, every principle of right and wrong is so qualified and narrowed in the *Compendium* that little remains but a mass of petty aphorisms, which may be, and to all appearances are, employed as often to oppose as to sustain each other. Conscience, for example, is distinguished into right or erroneous, certain or doubtful. Then come secondary divisions into conscience vincibly erroneous and invincibly erroneous. These,

* "Father Gury was born at Mailleroncourt, France, in 1801. For thirty-five years he was Professor of Moral Theology, first in the seminary at Vals, and then in the Collegio Romano. He died in 1866. ....No modern treatise can show a more formidable array of guarantees than Father Gury's *Compendium of Moral Theology*. It has been appointed in Roman Catholic seminaries in all lands as the standard manual of moral theology. It has been printed in every country and translated into every tongue. In the new issue of De Backer's *Dictionary of Jesuit Writers* there are enumerated no fewer than twenty-four editions. The one we quote from was issued in 1872 from the presses of the Propaganda at Rome." —*The Jesuits, their Constitution and Teaching: an Historical Sketch.* By W. C. CARTWRIGHT, M.P. London: Murray, 1876. (Note, p. 147.)

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again, are divided into the invincibly erroneous that command, and the invincibly erroneous that permit. Again, a distinction is made between true truth, doubtful truth, and false truth. With the aid of such a system of distinctions sufficiently extended, there is no act which the ingenious casuist can not extenuate or condemn at his pleasure. At every instant one is reminded of the old sophism that pulling out one hair, or two, or three, does not make a man bald. How many may be pulled before the man becomes bald is thus left entirely to the discretion of the casuist.

No one will contest the fundamental principle that where there is no bad intention there is no moral delinquency. Let us now see how this principle is applied by the Jesuit moralists.

Adelbert, wishing to kill his enemy Titius, killed his friend Caius. Has he sinned, and ought he to make restitution?

Answer.—Adelbert ought to be held guiltless of the homicide if he had not been able to foresee the death of Caius, if, for example, he had sought to hit no one but Titius. The reason is that this exterior act is not prejudicial in principle to Caius, whom he has involuntarily killed; consequently he is not liable to make any restitution to his heirs.

Again: Blazius, wishing to injure his enemy Caius, determines to shoot his ass. He misses the ass, and kills the cow of Titius, sleeping behind a hedge unseen. "*Question.*—Is Blazius liable to make restitution for the ass which he missed or the cow which he killed? *Answer.*—He is not. Certainly not for the ass, which escaped; neither is he for the cow, since he had not foreseen this misfortune, nor been able to anticipate it.

"*Query.*—What if the ass and cow had belonged to the same Caius? *Answer.*—Not even in that case would Blazius be held to repair the injury, since it was involuntary."

M. Gury's views of lying, Ananias and Sapphira would have thought liberal. He distinguishes lies into three classes: the prejudicial lie, which he thinks wrong in proportion to the gravity of the injury it does another; the officious lie, which is venial in principle, because it does not cause grave disorder; and the pleasant lie, which of course is still more venial. Mental restrictions, too, equivoques, and amphibologies, M. Gury thinks can not be safely permitted to go into disuse. A criminal interrogated by a judge, if he thinks the question an improper one, may reply, "I have done nothing," understanding in his own mind, "about which I should be interrogated," or, "that I am bound to avow." "This mode of restriction," continues M. Gury, "may be employed by all public functionaries interrogated about matters confided to their discretion, such as secretaries, ambassadors, generals, magistrates, advocates, physicians, and all whose employments furnish reasons for concealing anything. For if secrets confided to these persons were to be divulged, great inconveniences would result to society."

Now for an application of these principles.

Theofried having inherited an estate, and concealed his wealth to avoid paying his creditors, replies that he has concealed nothing. At another time he denies to the judge who interrogates him that he had restored some money he had borrowed. At another time, to the question of the customs officer if he had any articles liable to duty, he replied that he had not.

"*Question.*—Is Theofried to be condemned as a liar?

"*Answer.*—Theofried has not sinned against truth in the first case, because in reality he concealed nothing in the sense of the interrogation, or in the sense in which he could be justly interrogated. So in replying that he has concealed nothing, it is as if he had said he had committed no injustice against his creditors, for it is only in that sense that the judge and the creditors could interrogate him. He did not sin in the second case, for the same reason, because they did not interrogate him but on his debt; if he had received borrowed money, and if he had not restored it. Nor in the third case, at least according to the probable and common opinion, which regards the laws relating to the transport of objects from one place to another as purely penal. So to say, 'I have nothing,' is as if one said, 'I have nothing to declare myself; it is for you to search, instead of questioning.' But ecclesiastics should be instructed to tell the truth, to avoid any scandal from such a denial, if it came to be known."

M. Gury shows how keeping a secret is as easy as lying. Here is his recipe:

Amand promised on oath to Marinus that he would never reveal to any one a

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theft which Marinus had committed. Suspicions arising, Amand was called before the judge, and gives up the secret. "*Question.*—Ought Amand to have revealed the secret confided to him? *Answer.*—Amand ought not to have disclosed the secret. He should have replied, 'I know nothing'; that is to say, 'nothing which I ought to tell'—using a mental restriction. For a secret of this kind binds in all cases, except where the public is interested. A judge or a superior can not compel the violation of a secret. Here there was no public reason for giving up the secret, because society does not run so great danger from a theft which is not disclosed."

M. Gury is not less charitable toward thieves than toward liars. The laws which define the rights to steal are laid down with detail and precision. "There are two excuses for theft, he says: first, necessity; second, the secret compensation (*compensatio occulta*). The necessity which excuses theft is either *extreme*, *grave*, or *common:* extreme, if there is danger of death or a very grave misfortune; grave, when the disagreeabilities of life are serious; common, as in the case of habitual mendicants."

The doctrines of communism, which are so rife in all Catholic countries and communities, may probably trace their origin, as they unquestionably have their denominational sanction, in the Jesuits' confessional.

"A man may, in extreme necessity," says M. Gury, use as much of another's property as will relieve him, because it is no derogation from natural right to take from another what is demanded by extreme necessity. In such a case all becomes common, and then he who takes the goods of another appropriates to himself the common property as if there had been a division. Then he commits no theft.

"What is here said of extreme necessity may be said also of a very grave necessity."

"*Question.*—Can one steal from another not only for his own, but for the relief of others? *Answer.*—Yes, according to the common opinion, because he places himself in the situation of the indigent, and shows that he cherishes his neighbor as himself.

"*Question.*—In an extreme necessity, or almost extreme, whatever may be the cause of it, may one steal an object of great value, or a large sum, if one has need of it? *Answer.*—There are two opinions. The first says no; the second, more probable and more common, says yes, provided the rich person is not thereby reduced to equal destitution, and the poor man takes only what he needs."

The American who visits the Latin states of Europe for the first time is apt to be shocked by a practice quite universal among servants of reserving to themselves a small commission upon everything they buy for their employers, and including the sums thus reserved in the price they pretend to have paid. The cook, who always does the marketing, never reserves less than five per cent. So the courier always expects the shop-keeper to whom he conducts his travellers to charge them and pay to him a commission upon everything they buy. Not a word ever passes between the servant and the master to authorize this sort of robbery, but it is so much a matter of course that it would be difficult to retain the services of a cook a week in any of the Latin states who was not allowed to purchase the daily supplies of his kitchen. Of course every commission thus taken is in principle a theft, and strikes at the very foundations of honesty and morality, not only of servants, but of the whole mercantile class, who are necessarily parties to their roguery. It will surprise our readers to learn that the confessional of the Jesuits is the school in which this form of crime is professed and licensed. It is what the Jesuit doctors term "secret compensation," one of their recognized methods of "lawful stealing." We will quote their doctrine as laid down by M. Gury:

"The secret compensation consists in recovering the thing which belongs to us by taking the thing which does not belong to us."

"*Question.*—Can servants who think they are not sufficiently paid have recourse to the secret compensation? *Answer.*—No, in general, for this proposition has been condemned by Innocent XI.; except, first, when the servant, driven by necessity, accepted lower wages than the master would have been compelled to pay to others; second, if the servant is overwhelmed with work which does not belong to him.

"*Question.*—A servant who does more than he ought, may he compensate himself? *Answer.*—Yes, if it is by the express or tacit will of the master that he labors to excess, because that he who works ought to be paid in proportion to his work. The value of this just compensation may be left to the judgment of the

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servant, if he be modest, prudent, and distrustful of his self-love, which, however, rarely happens.

"*Illustration.*—Sallust, the agent of a rich man, is charged annually with the purchase of the necessary clothing of the family, to a given amount, of a merchant by the name of Cyrille. But Sallust purchases of another merchant at lower prices. Sometimes he goes to another city to purchase cheaper goods. Whatever he saves from the sum allowed by his master he keeps for himself.

"*Question.*—Can he keep the money thus saved? *Answer.*—Yes, because the gain which he realizes in going elsewhere and in purchasing advantageously is due to his labor and special skill. He need not disquiet himself on that subject."

What constitutes a theft and what constitutes a grave theft are questions which M. Gury has not neglected. There is nothing more curious in his book than the scale by which he differentiates a venial from a sinful theft, and the sinfulness of stealing large or small amounts from the rich, or from those who are in easy and from others who are in moderate circumstances. "Nestor, profiting by an opportunity, and tempted by the devil, steals sometimes from the rich and sometimes from the poor five or six francs. One day he takes twelve francs from a wealthy prince. At length, and after hearing an eloquent sermon, he makes a *sincere* confession, and asks whether in all these cases he has gravely sinned.

"*Question* 1.—When is a theft grave?

"*Question* 2.—Has Nestor sinned gravely in these cases, especially in stealing the twelve francs from the prince?

"*Answer to first question.*—According to the common opinion, a theft is grave relatively but not absolutely; that is to say, it may be grave or light according to the higher or lower position of the injured party. A theft of five or six francs, according to the probable opinion, constitutes a grave matter taken from the rich. But a less grave matter will suffice for a mortal sin, if the individual injured is of an inferior condition. Thus a theft of a franc or a franc and a half from a poor man may constitute a grave matter. The theologians commonly pretend, says St. Liguori, that it is a grave matter when one steals a sum sufficient to nourish and support an individual and his family a single day. But this very obscure and vague rule not being applicable to all thefts, it is necessary to grade their gravity to the different conditions of men. Twenty sous seems to be the limit for a poor person; sometimes less from those who are altogether destitute. Two or three francs from workmen who gain their living from labor, four or five francs from people in easy circumstances, six or seven from the moderately rich, and a little more from the very rich. This is the common doctrine.

"*Answer to second question.*—From what has been said, the gravity of Nestor's sin may be determined. He has committed a mortal sin every time he has stolen six or seven francs, even from a rich man, and ten or twelve francs from a prince. For his other thefts it is necessary to interrogate him farther, and apply the rules just laid down. Besides, in practice, this gravity often can not be determined, and the confessor can not know if the sin of the penitent is grave or light. It is then necessary to leave his case to the Divine justice."

This is a pretty liberal construction of the eighth commandment as handed down to us by Moses. The crime, according to the Jesuits' dispensation, does not consist in appropriating another's property to our own use, but in taking too much at a time, or from too poor a man. If the thieving be carried on within conservative limits, it may become a perfectly legitimate business.

The distinctions drawn between thefts by children and by domestics are ingenious, and show a marvellous evolution of the eighth commandment in the last two thousand years.

"Romaricus stole from his father, a rich man, eight francs at one time, and after a notable interval, ten francs in different little thefts, and expended all in play and drink. Quirinus, a domestic, stole six francs from his master, and after several months committed other little thefts of food and drink, all in the same month, to the value of eight francs.

"*Question.*—Have Romaricus and Quirinus sinned gravely? *Answer.*—Romaricus can not be accused of a grave sin neither in the first nor in the second case. Not in the first place because that, according to the more common opinion, a theft by the child of an honorable family to be grave should amount to ten francs. Nor in the second case, because, if it takes ten francs to make a grave sin in Romaricus, stolen at one time, it would require the

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value of about fifteen francs to make a grave sin if taken in small thefts. As to Quirinus, he has sinned gravely in stealing six francs from his master. Such is the common opinion of theologians. But he has not sinned in principle in his small thefts of provisions, as has already been explained."

In the following case the accommodating doctrines just laid down are slightly enlarged. Albert, a servant, is engaged by Médard to enter his service. He accepts, leaving his rate of compensation to the appreciation of his master. After a year Médard allows him wages at a lower rate than he allowed to other domestics of his class. Albert has recourse to secret compensation to make his wages equal with those of the other servants.

"*Question.*—Was Albert right in thus securing for himself the rate of wages allowed to the other domestics? *Answer.*—In justice Albert ought not to be condemned, because in the absence of an agreement he had an implied right to at least the lowest wages paid to domestics of his class."

False swearing, too, according to M. Gury, appears to have been treated, like many other meritorious things in this world, with scant respect by the average Christian. The Jesuits can not be held responsible if such old-fashioned prejudices are not dissipated, and if a man may not swear to a lie occasionally where it would promote his interest or convenience. As for example:

Ferdinand owed Orelius a hundred louis. Before the debt fell due, Ferdinand, while making a friendly visit to his creditor, told him that on the following day he would send his servant with the money he was owing. Orelius, overcredulous, immediately gives Ferdinand a receipt. Ferdinand finds this a good occasion to secure a debt of a hundred louis which the father of Orelius owed his father; and when Orelius reclaimed his money Ferdinand refuses absolutely, affirming that he kept the money to discharge the debt of Orelius's father to his. Orelius appeals to the law, but the debtor Ferdinand affirms that he has paid him, and proves it by the receipt.

"*Question.*—Was Ferdinand right in keeping the money lent and in using the receipt in court? Was he right in swearing he had discharged the debt?

"*Answer to first question.*—Yes, Ferdinand was right in keeping the money lent, and in using the receipt, as he did so adroitly, to prove that he owed Orelius nothing, because the debts of the two parties, being equal, destroyed each other; and Ferdinand did not act wrongly in showing his receipt in court, because it only proved that the money borrowed by Ferdinand had been restored to Orelius, which was in conformity with the truth.

"*Answer to second question.*—Yes. Again: according to the doctrine of St. Liguori, Ferdinand can swear that he had acquitted the debt when he sees no other means of securing what is due to him. He swears according to the truth for a grave motive, since by his oath he affirms that he owes nothing, which is true, since reciprocal debts extinguish each other."

Liguori, be it observed, has been canonized as a saint.

Again: Galdinus, childless and seriously ill, gives to his wife one hundred francs, and his parole promise that she shall be entitled to three hundred more after his death. At his death the wife hastens to profit by his last wishes, but the heir of the estate cites the wife into court to make her swear that she had taken none of the property of the deceased.

"*Question.*—Can she swear that she has taken nothing? *Answer.*—Yes, for she has taken nothing but what belonged to her. No one has a right to question her as to the disposition of her own property. Then she can swear that she has received none of the property of the deceased; that is to say, nothing that did not belong to her."

In dealing with heretics, we are constrained to admit that the Jesuits are much less liberal and indulgent than when dealing with thieves, liars, and false swearers. We must content ourselves with a single illustration, and refer the curious reader to the original work for more abundant proofs.

Leocadie, a *religieuse* attached to a hospital, is asked by Quirinus, a Protestant, and seriously ill, to go for a minister of his sect to give him the consolations of his religion. Leocadie asks if she should obey.

"*Answer.*—No; the reason is evident: it would be holding communication with heretics in religious concerns, and having practical co-operations with them." This decision is justified by an opinion signed by the Secretary of the Inquisition, to whom the facts had been submitted, to the same effect.

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In dealing with some of the infelicities of domestic life, the Jesuits certainly are entitled "to take the cake." We quote one case, from which the rest may be inferred.

Calpernia, the mother of a numerous family, desires the death of a new-born child, of another of five years, who is deaf and dumb, of a third of nine years, who is crippled in both legs, that they may enjoy a better life in heaven. She also desires the death of her marriageable daughter, who is unable to marry because of her poverty and ugliness, that she may not be exposed to sin.

These tender impulses of maternal affection raise the question in the confessional whether Calpernia had sinned, and how. "*Answer.*—Calpernia has not sinned in her desires in regard to her three sons and daughter, because she was not animated by an ill-regulated motive, but desired better conditions for her children. She has not, then, sinned against charity nor piety."

It would be very interesting to know just where the sin against charity or piety does commence among the Jesuits.

Filial obedience, too, M. Gury thinks, is a virtue which has been rather overworked, especially where it interferes with recruiting for the Church. To the question, May children embrace the religious state in spite of their parents? M. Gury replies: "Yes, in principle. The child will act with more wisdom if, feeling a vocation for the religious state, and believing that the parents will make unjust opposition, he conceals his purpose, and obeys the Divine will."

A very large proportion of the *Compendium* of M. Gury is too filthy and indecent to be more than alluded to, unless "in the disguise of a learned language." Those who desire illustrations of this feature must have recourse to the original work; we are unwilling to soil these pages or disgust our readers with details which are inconceivably shocking.

We return now to the question, Why is M. Paul Bert Gambetta's Minister of Public Instruction? Our readers will have anticipated our answer. Because he has had the courage to expose the moral leprosy which has for centuries infected the schools and society of France. Because no other man of equal ability had the disposition and courage to do it. Because there was no other man in France who could so fitly be trusted with the power necessary to reorganize her educational system, and to deliver it from what, as these books demonstrate, are justly regarded as a pestilential influence—an influence which has proved fatal to all previous efforts to secure popular government in France, and which is certain to destroy her republican institutions unless destroyed by them. M. Bert is one of the half-dozen ablest debaters now in public life anywhere. For more than twenty years he has been in some way officially connected with public instruction; he has children, and he loves his country. He has never fallen himself nor permitted his family to fall into the toils of the confessorial fraternity, and can be relied upon to prosecute the reform upon which he has embarked, until he shall have rescued the youth of France from the demoralizing influences with which the Jesuits have poisoned most of her seats of learning, or until a change of ministry shall show that he and his chief have underestimated the power of the Jesuits and of the religious orders who affiliate with them.

The fight M. Bert is making is a fight for freedom of conscience and purity of morals wherever the Jesuits have their schools, and wherever it is desired that stealing, lying, perjury, theft, criminal impurity of conduct, homicide, and parricide should be treated as crimes.

SHADOWS.

THE moon a light-hung world of gold,
Low-drooping, pale, and phantom-fair;
The fresh pomp of the summer leaves,
And fragrance in the breathing air.

Beneath the trees flat silhouettes,
Mute idiot shapes that shun the light,
Weird crook-kneed things, a fickle crew,
The restless children of the night.

In idle vacant pantomime
They nod and nod for evermore,
And clutch with aimless fluttering hands,
With thin black hands, the leaf-strewn floor.

Quivering, wavering there forever,
On the bright and silent ground
Meshed and tangled there together
While the rolling earth goes round.

And the gold-tinged aery ocean
Ripples light in many a breeze
O'er the sweet-breathed purple lilac,
O'er the tall and slumbering trees.

But comes the dawn,
The spell is done;
Weird spirits flee
At rise of sun.

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LAST WORDS FROM GEORGE ELIOT.

AS I entered the pause which precedes all effort, and which the writing of these few pages lengthens as much as it deepens, a line of Elizabeth Browning's followed me:

"By the silence of life, more pathetic than death's."

And I thought, to a nice ear how vocal death is! Then for the first time we truly listen to our friend. Then at last the brow bends, the nerve strains; we hush the foot, we still the very heart-beat, to catch the flying word. It is not until he has departed from us that we ever hold the breath of our souls to hear the finest tone, to snatch the most flexible accent of his. Death has a dynamic force—we may say death *is* a dynamic force, in which the power of a thought, a word, subtilizes while it increases upon the mind, as mysteriously yet as mightily as certain chemical effects upon the body.

Of the great woman whose name stands at the head of this fragment so little has been coherently known, and as yet we are brought so imperfectly into the atmosphere of her personality, that the slightest approach to it becomes a possession which it seems almost an offense to human fellowship to keep to one's self. The tributes to her already given to the world by those who had the blessing of her friendship have been most memorable. Some of them, especially some of those written by men, have evinced a delicacy of fibre which indicates either remarkable organization in the writers, or is a remarkable testimony to the influence of this woman upon masculine receptivity — probably both. A "massive trait," she has somewhere called the receptive. She may have had that last grace which leads a man to find the deepest sources of his strength in the more disused elements of his nature. It is to be hoped that he of all now living most fitted for such a task will give to the world the memorial volume for which we wait. Until this comes to us, all attempts to add anything to the personal estimate of her must be, however exquisitely or reverently done, so imperfect, and especially upon the part of those who were not nearest her so presumptuous, that I make no apology for sharing with the readers of this Magazine my little portion of our how precious memories of her, almost without further comment of my own. The fragments of letters, which are all I have to offer, do not need my poor remarks, beyond a little intervertebral membrane in the shape of an explanatory word or two, to preserve their shape and vigor.

Several years ago it fell to my lot to perform in the lecture-room of a college some work for which George Eliot was the selected theme. The natural hesitation of a stranger to address her upon such a matter was overcome by the impossibility of using unauthorized material, and I applied to her for permission to insert a brief biographical prelude to the studies which it was my privilege to follow with as inspiring and appreciative a class of young men and women as she could have desired to cultivate and control. To this appeal I received a prompt and cordial reply, which was the beginning of an occasional, and by no means confidential, but to me most valuable, correspondence, interrupted only by the death of Mrs. Cross.

From these letters I make such extracts as it seems right or possible to share with the public. One of the first opens with the thoughtful and gentle note which characterized every strain she struck:

"I am just come home after an absence of some weeks on the Continent, and seeing that your letter dates as far back as the 22d of July" (her own dates August 26), "I fear there has been time for you to suppose that I intended to keep silence, and had not appreciated—" An accident has here befallen the letter, and assisted me to omit the kind words with which she strove to set the writer at ease concerning the proffered request. . . . "I rejoice to read in your letter that you are unwilling to use 'hearsay facts.'" Then follow a few sentences in which she alludes to the well-known fluency with which such "facts" are reported "of persons whose names become public; it is, indeed, their common lot;" and a few scathing words in which she expresses her contempt for the "unfructifying preoccupation of men's minds in which unkindly rumor finds such ready favor."

Again, in response to a brave and wretched entreaty, made necessary by the work in hand, we find the same swift kindliness:

"I am happy to be able to remedy the little accident to your papers by copying

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the passages you have extracted from my former letter.

"I certainly feel a strong disgust for any readiness to satisfy that idle curiosity which, caring little for the study of an author's works, is pleased with low gossip about his private life and personal appearance. Of every writer worth reading it may be said,

> 'He gave the people of his best:
> His worst he kept; his best he gave.'

Can one be too severe on the spirit which neglects the 'best,' and eagerly accepts details called biographical which would be worthless even if they were accurate? Every sentence of your letter assures me that you are at one with me on this point. ....It is interesting, I think, to know whether a writer was born in a central or border district—a condition which always has a strongly determining influence. I was born in Warwickshire, but certain family traditions connected with more northerly districts made these districts a region of poetry to me in my early childhood. I was brought up in the Church of England, and have never joined any other religious society, but I have had close acquaintance with many Dissenters of various sects, from Calvinistic Anabaptists to Unitarians. I never—to answer one of your questions quite directly—I never had any personal acquaintance with ——" (naming a prominent Positivist); "never saw him to my knowledge except in the House of Commons; and though I have studied his books, especially his *Logic* and *Political Economy*, with much benefit, I have no consciousness of their having made any marked epoch in my life.

"Of Mr. —— ——'s friendship I have had the honor and advantage for twenty years, but I believe that every main bias of my mind had been taken before I knew him. Like the rest of his readers, I am, of course, indebted to him for much enlargement and clarifying of thought."

After this transcription follow a few pages which can hardly be of interest to the general reader, except to note the sensitive expression of sympathy with invalid conditions and their frustrated aims, and perhaps to observe the fine indicative patience which leads her to re-read her letter, and, careful for the sensibilities of the stranger, to say: "I see that I wrote (automatically) 'Dear Madam' at the beginning of my letter. If that looks chill and formal to you, believe that it does not express my feeling." These little signs are like fossil ferns; the delicacy and the indelibility present themselves to the eye together. Continually upon these few well-worn sheets the fine outline falls. Even her way of acknowledging one of the thousand tributes with which *Middlemarch* overwhelms her is to say, "I can not rest without thanking you heartily for your generous expression of feeling."

"As to the 'great novel,'" she continues, "which remains to be written, I must tell you that I never believe in future books....Always after finishing a book I have a period of despair that I can ever again produce anything worth giving to the world. The responsibility of the writer grows heavier and heavier—does it not?—as the world grows older and the voices of the dead more numerous. It is difficult to believe, until the germ of some new work grows into imperious activity within one, that it is possible to make a really needed contribution to the poetry of the world—I mean possible to oneself to do it. But I do not write to you for the purpose of expressing my personal doubts."

On an almost overlooked page I find an allusion to the Woman's Lectureship in Boston, and to the new university, of which she says, all in a few kind, keen words: "An office that may make a new precedent in social advance, and which is at the very least an experiment that ought to be tried. America is the seed-ground and nursery of new ideals, where they can grow in a larger, freer air than ours."

"I hardly ever read anything that is written about myself—indeed, never unless my husband expressly wishes me to do so by way of exception. I adopted this rule many years ago as a necessary preservative against influences that would have ended by nullifying my power of writing."

"In this way," she proceeds, referring to Mr. Lewes's well-known habit of standing between her and public comment on her work, "I get confirmed in my impression that the criticism of any new writing is shifting and untrustworthy. I hardly think that any critic can have so keen a sense of the short-comings in my works as that I groan under in the course of writing them, and I can not imagine any edification coming to an author from a sort of reviewing which consists in attributing to him or her unexpressed opinions, and

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in imagining circumstances which may be alleged as petty private motives for the treatment of subjects which ought to be of general human interest.... I have been led into this rather superfluous sort of remark by the mention of a rule which seemed to require explanation. It is perhaps less irrelevant to say, apropos of a distinction you seem to make between my earlier and later works, that though I trust there is some growth in my appreciation of others and in my self-distrust, there has been no change in the point of view from which I regard our life since I wrote my first fiction, the *Scenes of Clerical Life*. Any apparent change of spirit must be due to something of which I am unconscious. The principles which are at the root of my effort to paint Dinah Morris are equally at the root of my effort to paint Mordecai. Enough of me and my doings."

"You and Mrs. —— might well beguile me by your loving invitation to cross the wide Atlantic, were it not—" Some serious domestic reasons follow, when she adds, "It is this that hinders me from carrying out my longing to go to the East, and that must forbid me equally from seeing your land of the Future."

From another letter I find myself able to quote only in shattered crystals. There is a tender word of "broken health as a hinderance and severe demand for submission to doing the smaller thing where one had hoped to do the greater," which will go, in her own language, "straight to the heart" of every invalid reader. "This sort of resignation," she urges, "enters more or less into the life of every ardent soul, for its vision and longing must always be larger than its achievement; but when the limit is fixed by bodily weakness or malaise, the trial is incomparably hard."

Again she writes of that "sensibility and observation which are only to be attained through much inward experience, which always means a large proportion of pain as well as enjoyment.... I can answer your kind inquiries about my health more cheerfully than usual."

And here we have a message to the moral reformers, when she cries: "Oh, that difficult question, how to make men temperate! One moves despairingly in a circle; they can't leave off drinking till they have something else to cheer them, and they can't get a taste for that something else till they leave off drinking. At least this is the form of fact in the case of our own day-laborers. But of course we, as well as you, have the drinking mania, which is part of the idle-wealthy craving for excitement."

Once more: "But do not expect 'criticism' from me. I hate 'sitting in the seat of judgment,' and I would rather try to impress the public generally with the sense that they may get the best result from a book without necessarily forming an 'opinion' about it, than I would rush into stating opinions of my own. The floods of nonsense printed in the form of critical opinions seem to me a chief curse of our times—a chief obstacle to true culture."

"In general—perhaps I may have told you—it is my rule not to read contemporary fiction.... I am usually studying some particular subject.... I dare say you will understand that for my own spiritual good I need all other sorts of reading more than I need fiction. I know nothing of contemporary English novelists with the exception of ——, and a few of ——'s works. My constant groan is that I must leave so much of the greatest writing which the centuries have sifted for me unread for want of time."

But two letters in the now fast lessening little pile remain, and the hand pauses before the broad black line that like a frame incloses the changed and tremulous writing—a memorable and sacred picture. From this letter I have but one sentence to give, and give it because I think she would have given it, knowing how surely it will go "straight to the heart" of too many a mourner to be withheld:

"Your first letter has made a gentle echo in my mind ever since I read it—I mean its ending, where you say that 'Death is not the worst sorrow.'.... They are happy, in the comparative sense that belongs to the word 'happy' in this world of trouble, who see their best-loved die with a soul unblighted, leaving their image free from blot or shadow."

And now the pause of the heart is deeper than the delay of the hand which slowly lifts, or the reluctance of the eyes which blindly read the reticent but still tender letter whose unfamiliar signature is the end.

An earnest expression of interest in the health of her correspondent breaks into these wide-reaching and beautiful words—the last:

"It makes a large part of one's calm and comfort in this difficult world to think

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of the lots of those we know as free from any hard pangs of either sorrow or bodily pain."

The unfinished friendships of this life are at once its dreariest experiences and most glorious hopes. No healthy heart without perversion of the intellect accepts interrupted relations as final facts. The "Story without an End" runs on; and she whose abounding personality drew to itself the depths and heights of human fellowship must live despite herself and every prophet of her creed of death, to bless and to resume her bond to us.

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

I.

THE Misses Kolstad had once been young, but it was a good while ago; and as regarded Catharine, the elder, her youth was simply a legend which nobody pretended to believe in. Miss Catharine looked like a slightly resuscitated Egyptian mummy with gray puffs. Her face seemed to be divided by deep wrinkles into various territories, like a geographical map. Her wrinkles, like everything else about her, were decisive; no mere semi-perceptible crows'-feet, but deep furrows which Time had made, not gently and apologetically, but as it were with a vindictive purpose. Her nose, which had quite a high-bred air about the nostrils, betrayed a consciousness of its own gentility; the eyes, which were of an indefinite gray color, were half covered by somewhat drooping eyelids, which peculiarity expressed not drowsiness, but hauteur. The region immediately about the eyes was slightly discolored, as if to convey a premonition of an event which, in the nature of things, could not be far distant. I forgot to observe (what Miss Catharine never forgot) that the Misses Kolstad were of a highly respectable family. They had been in a state of decline for a century or more, but they had never ceased to be genteel. Their father, who had been active in contributing to the decadence of the family, had been, as both Miss Catharine and Miss Lina expressed it, a royal Norwegian government officer, *i. e.*, he had been a clerk or copyist in one of the government departments; but his father, whom tradition asserted to have been a gay old gentleman and a trifle of a rogue, had been a judge of the Supreme Court, and had been the bearer of several orders. The two old ladies cherished the memory of this dissolute grandfather with a singular tenderness. They spoke of him under their breaths, however, while their niece, Olga, was in the room, but they gloried secretly in him, and were quite proud of their fate in having been ruined, before they came into the world, by such a splendid gentleman.

It was a very lugubrious existence which Olga led in the company of her two aunts. Her father, Anthony Kolstad, the only brother of the old ladies, had died when she was nine years old, and her mother, who had been pretty, but not strictly genteel, had married some exceedingly common individual, and had emigrated with him to the United States. Poor Anthony had inherited his full share of the deviltry which fell to the lot of every male in the Kolstad family, and before he was twenty-five years old he had had the indiscretion to fall in love with a scullion, and, what was worse, had married her. His married life had not been as tranquil as it might have been, but the birth of Olga had made it less miserable than otherwise it would have been. When his widow set sail for the land of liberty, having first exchanged her name for an odiously plebeian one, the Misses Kolstad had claimed the daughter, and after a brief litigation had gained possession of her.

The transfer from the easy-going and somewhat careless life of her home to the strict and inexorable routine of her aunts' household was a formidable event in Olga's career. From the first day she was mortally afraid of her aunt Catharine, whose cap strings seemed to be bristling with dignity, and whose bony hands, placed crosswise over her stomach, had something vulture-like and terrible about them. Her aunt Lina, on the other hand, who was held by her superior sister to be slightly weak-minded, could sometimes be almost merry in a hushed and guilty way, as if she were ashamed of her own frivolity. Miss Catharine's shadow seemed always to be following her about, checking her spirits, and making her demeanor timid and subdued. She felt sometimes irrepressibly gay at heart, but remembering that she was a Kolstad, she restrained her mirth, for it was not supposed to be dignified in a Kolstad to be merry. Miss Lina's meditations were never deep, and it never occurred to her to reflect upon the hardship

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of having been endowed with a joyous nature which one is compelled to repress. She was a good and submissive old maid, who received all her opinions ready-made from her sister, whose authority she never thought of questioning. About her person there was something soft and genial, and a charming air of faded gentility, which touched your heart in a tender spot if you stopped to look after her in the street. And between nine and ten in the morning you would be very sure to meet Miss Lina in the street, for it was at that hour that she went to market, with a wonderful hat of the last century on her head, and her basket on her arm. Miss Catharine never went to market, nor did any kind of work except knitting; and embroidery, while her eyes were still good. It sometimes galled her that her sister should go to market, not because she pitied her sister, but because she shrank from making an exhibition of their poverty. Servants cost money, and genteel families unfortunately are not always blessed in accordance with their deserts. And marketing can not be dispensed with, even in the genteelest families.

II.

The street in which the Misses Kolstad lived had once been fashionable, but was now struggling bravely for bare respectability. Small merchants who sold tobacco and oil-skin clothes and tallow candles were invading it from the lower end, and an insolent shoemaker's sign with a black painted boot and red shoe had even the hardihood to dangle and creak on its iron wire within sight of Miss Catharine's windows. It was the fourth or fifth house on the sunny side of the street which had the honor of sheltering, in its third story, the two old gentlewomen. The first floor was occupied by newspaper offices; the second was inhabited by compositors and printing-presses; and the last, which had a dozen projecting windows, was arranged into a series of attics, in which indigent students combined respectability with economy. This world is indeed a serious affair to a man who has to acquire learning, lodge and clothe and board himself, and, moreover, cut a fine figure in society, and all on twelve dollars a month. In Norway, however, such things can be done, with a proper amount of dexterity and circumspection; and Harold Tellefsen, who was both dexterous and circumspect, knew with mathematical exactness the maximum of splendor that could be extorted from the minimum of means. He always bought cravats which had two presentable sides; he dined at the public "steam kitchen" at eight cents through the week, and took his quarter loaf of bread home with him for supper, in order to be able to dazzle the young ladies from the window of a fashionable restaurant on Sundays. He never wore a coat in his room, but enveloped his tall and elegant form in an antiquated dressing-gown, in order to save his clothes. In spite of all these expedients, however, Harold Tellefsen was anything but a skinflint. He had, on the contrary, an insatiable ambition to shine in the world, and life reduced itself in his mind to the problem of how to shine on twelve dollars a month. His father, who was a clergyman in a distant country parish, and had been blessed beyond his deserts with children, could absolutely spare him no more, and Harold was thus confronted with the alternative of trade or a scantily supported gentility. He naturally chose the latter, and Necessity, who is a great contriver, stimulated his inventiveness, and enabled him to impose upon a credulous world.

It so happened that the room which Harold Tellefsen occupied faced not toward the street, but toward the courtyard, which was, however, not inclosed on the other three sides, but commanded a beautiful view of the Christiania harbor and the winding, glittering fiord. This arrangement, in the student's eyes, had two conspicuous advantages: first, it enabled him to save his coat while he took the fresh air; and it prevented the world from becoming too intimately acquainted with his dressing-gown, which, being in an advanced stage of decomposition, belonged to his private and not to his public character. His dormer window, which was not a vertical continuation of the wall, but stood a few yards back from the gutter, was not well calculated for observations in the yard below, while it afforded an admirable view of more distant scenery; and Harold, who had an impartial interest both in near and in distant scenes, had remedied this disadvantage by improvising a rudimentary balcony between the gutter and the window-sill. He had removed half a dozen tiles on this portion of the roof, cut out a piece from one of the laths upon which the tiles were

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laid, and placed the cushion of a chair in the square space thus made vacant. By bracing his feet against the gutter he could thus sit comfortably smoking, observing all the world, but observed by none.

III.

Miss Catharine had well-defined convictions concerning matrimony. She traced it back to Adam's sin, and remarked, sighing, that it was incident to our fallen estate. The men in the Kolstad family having been mostly worthless, she concluded rashly that all men were worthless. The time had long gone by when any one sought her or her sister's society, and with the exception of the janitor in the house, the policeman to whom she was continually presenting her grievances against the little boys of the street, and the tax-collector, who came once a year to pocket the pittance she was required to contribute toward the support of the state, she had hardly any male acquaintances. Next to boys, of whom she had a positive dread, she had the least favorable opinion of young men, whose mission in the world was to run into debt and break their mothers' hearts. The young men, who, I suppose, returned Miss Catharine's disfavor, accordingly did not importune her with their visits, and if it had not been for the student in the garret above her bedroom, poor Olga would have had to rely solely upon Walter Scott for her knowledge of masculine characteristics.

One fine moonlight night in June Harold Tellefsen was seated on the roof under his window. It was about ten o'clock. He had been studying hard all the day, attending lectures during the forenoon, and hammering away at Roman law ever since dinner. His head seemed a trifle clouded, and, as was his wont at such times, he had lighted his long pipe (the bowl of which projected beyond the gutter), and seated himself in a convenient attitude for astronomical observations. While engaged in these celestial meditations, Harold became suddenly conscious that his pipe grew lighter, and in the same moment he heard a delightfully musical exclamation from below. He observed that the bowl of his pipe had disappeared, and leaning quickly out over the eaves to ascertain its fate, he met two lovely eyes gazing upward, with a look of mischief and astonishment. The student, remembering his dressing-gown, was somewhat embarrassed, but observing that the young lady to whom the eyes belonged was holding the missing bowl (which represented the head of the Emperor Napoleon III.) in her hand, he took courage and persevered in his glance.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, blushing, "but I believe it is the bowl of my pipe you hold in your hand."

"Yes; I caught it by accident just as it was falling," she replied, smiling. "I burned my hand too; it was very hot."

"I am exceedingly sorry, and greatly obliged to you for saving it."

"You are very welcome."

"But I don't see how I am to get it back again."

"Nor do I."

"Perhaps you would allow me to suggest an expedient."

"With pleasure."

"I might drop down a string, and you could tie the bowl to the end of it."

"Yes, I might do that. How stupid of me not to think of it!"

Olga was marvelling at the audacity of her speech, and in spite of her outward composure she was in a great flutter. She had never talked so freely with a young gentleman before, and it was probably the novelty of the experience which gave her such a delicious sense of adventure. She had little time for reflection, however, as presently a red cord was seen dangling before her window, and she secured it firmly about the neck of the Emperor Napoleon, who thereupon was hoisted slowly upward, until a hand caught him at the edge of the gutter.

"You have put me under a load of obligation to you," said a voice from above; and glancing up, Olga saw a handsome blonde face gazing down upon her with undisguised admiration.

"Not—not at all," she managed to stammer.

"I assure you I shall never be able to repay you," continued the voice, with the transparent purpose of prolonging the conversation.

"Yes, you can, if you choose," said Olga.

"How, pray?"

"By not dropping your pipe again. I got some of the hot ashes in my hair."

"I am immensely sorry."

It occurred to Olga at that moment that the young man might think lightly of her if she betrayed so plainly her pleasure in

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talking with him, and she therefore, with some reluctance, closed her window, and prepared to retire. Possibly her conscience was stimulated by the sound of her aunt Catharine's footsteps in the next room.

IV.

During the week that followed this episode, Olga met Harold Tellefsen wherever she went. If she accompanied her aunt Lina to market, he was sure to have an errand in the same neighborhood; if she went to church, his devotional zeal was immediately stimulated; if she took a constitutional on the boulevards of the fortress, his health became delicate, and needed the fresh air as a restorative. He once even had the hardihood to raise his hat tentatively, but meeting a discouraging glance in Olga's eyes, he suddenly turned toward an old gentleman who was just passing, and who tore off his hat with a dumfounded air in response to the unexpected greeting. Harold chuckled to himself, and found the situation highly amusing. He understood perfectly what Olga's quick side glance at Miss Lina and the menace in her eyes meant, and he sagely concluded that old maids, even the best of them, were not to be trusted. He had been disposed to take a kindly view of Miss Lina, because she was plump and good-natured, and looked as if she might have a latent sympathy with youthful romance. It was obvious, however, that her niece had not trusted her to that extent, and he agreed with her in thinking that prudence was the better part of valor.

As for Olga, she had an uneasy feeling of having established a secret understanding with Mr. Tellefsen through that inadvertent glance. She wished she could have taken it back again; but glances have a power for mischief quite out of proportion to their insubstantiality, and the present one had sunk so deeply into the young man's heart that it was beyond the possibility of recall. She might, to be sure, inform Mr. Tellefsen when he took his next astronomical siesta on the roof that she meant nothing by it; but that would imply a consciousness on her part of having glanced, and it was just this appearance which she wished to avoid. It is vain, however, to attempt to analyze anything so intangible as the moods and glances and involuntary gestures of an incipient love affair; suffice it to say that the incipient stage was in due time superseded by the next, which is that of well-understood and half-acknowledged devotion. Hardly a month had passed before Tellefsen had invented a complete set of signals, consisting chiefly of tunes whistled and sung, and he furnished her with a key, looking very much like the cipher keys which business men use in telegraphing. Thus when he whistled the tune to "Sons of Old Norway," it meant, "I am at my station on the roof"; and if she replied with, "The ancient Norway's lion gazes with flaming glance the valley down," it meant, "My aunt Catharine can see me from the next room," whereupon he took his precautions accordingly. If, on the other hand, she sang, "Yes, we love our native country, rising from the sea," he knew that the coast was clear, and that an interview would be agreeable; that is, if that could be called an *interview* in which he had an upper and she a very imperfect lower view, consisting merely of part of his face, projecting beyond the edge of the gutter. She thought with a delicious horror of the danger to which he was daily exposing himself for her sake; for if the gutter, which was old and decrepit, should break down, he would inevitably slide off the roof, and be precipitated a hundred feet into the stone court below. I think it was this reflection which first awakened tender feelings for him in her bosom; and, moreover, the unusual circumstances of their courtship surrounded it, from the beginning, with a romantic fascination.

How Olga and Harold became engaged is of small consequence; the fact that they managed to become engaged at all at such a distance is creditable to their ingenuity. They both felt that there was something dangerous and revolutionary in their achievement, something subversive of the old established order of society. They were conscious of an exalted heroism, like that of pioneers and social reformers. In spite of this, however, they could hardly be blamed for not desiring to have the abnormal phase of their relation unnecessarily prolonged. They wished to meet, to exchange adoring glances in natural attitudes, and, if possible, to—shake hands. But how to accomplish this was a perplexing problem. The Misses Kolstad would certainly not invite an unknown young gentleman to call upon them in order to offer him facilities for making love to their niece. It was requi-

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site, therefore, to devise some scheme for circumventing the old ladies, for conquering their prejudices, and possibly securing their favor. And after a couple of nocturnal conferences, a plan was agreed upon which was ingenious, and yet not too ingenious to have a chance of success.

V.

One afternoon about four o'clock, while the Misses Kolstad were having their tea in the lugubrious parlor, the door-bell rang, and a nice-looking middle-aged gentleman, with gray-sprinkled hair and side whiskers, inquired, with a hundred bows and apologies, if he might have the honor of a few minutes' conversation with the Misses Kolstad. Miss Catharine, who was very near-sighted, glowered somewhat ominously from her corner of the sofa, but rose reluctantly as the stranger approached, and made her elaborate, old-fashioned reverence. Miss Lina, on the other hand, was in a fever of excitement, and courtesied nervously whenever the visitor looked at her. Olga, who was sitting at the window embroidering, bowed distantly, and bent assiduously over her work. The middle-aged gentleman placed a large roll of ancient-looking papers on the table, and at a nod from Miss Catharine seated himself.

"I have taken the liberty to inconvenience you, ladies," he said, with a deferential cough, "because I am extremely desirous of gaining certain items of information concerning the Kolstad family. My name is Tellefsen—Harold Tellefsen."

"Ah," said Miss Catharine, with a faint show of interest, "your mother was a Miss Auker—Thomasine Auker."

"I am certainly related to the Aukers," answered he, hesitatingly; "but it was my grandmother, and not my mother, who was a Miss Auker."

"Ah, is it possible?" cried Miss Lina. "And would you have thought, Catharine, that Thomasine Auker could have so old a grandson? She was only five years older than I am."

"Five years and a half," corrected Catharine, gravely. "She married young—too young, as I thought at the time."

"She is alive yet, and in excellent health," remarked the visitor, greatly encouraged by the interest shown in his grandmother. "The Aukers intermarried several generations back with the Kolstads, I believe, and I am at present engaged in genealogical researches regarding these two historic families. It seemed to me a great pity that the distinguished services of the Kolstads should be forgotten by the present ungrateful age, and more particularly am I desirous of calling attention to the epoch-making influence of your grandfather, Chief Justice Kolstad, in developing the criminal code of our country, and perfecting the legal procedure."

"I shall be very happy, sir," said Miss Catharine, after a brief meditative pause, "to afford you any facilities you may desire in investigating so important a subject. I agree with you in thinking that the present age is noisy and conceited, and too apt to forget what it owes to the labors of its ancestors."

"And possibly," Tellefsen continued, with his apologetic cough, "you may have family papers in your possession which you would kindly allow me to examine."

"I have less than I might wish," replied the old lady, still somewhat frigid, although she was more flattered than she cared to show, "but if they can be of any service to you, they are at your disposal."

"I am exceedingly obliged; and if I dared to ask you to supplement the deficient testimony of the papers with your personal recollections of the great man, my gratitude to you would be greater than I could express."

That was a clever stroke, which could not fail of its effect. Miss Catharine smiled a feeble and wrinkled smile, and straightened herself up, with an agreeable sense of dignity. She reflected inwardly that Mr. Tellefsen was a very accomplished and courteous gentleman, who knew what was due to a lady of her station and ancestry.

"Wouldn't you drink a cup of tea with us, Mr. Tellefsen?' she said, with old-fashioned urbanity. "We can discuss these matters more at our leisure over a cup of tea."

"If I did not fear that my audacious visit might inconvenience the ladies—"

"Not at all; we are entirely at your disposal."

With a sedate and deliberate manner he accepted the cup of ancient flowered china which Miss Lina offered him with a tremulous hand (the poor soul was too excited to speak), and without a glance at the young girl at the window, unrolled his paper and began to take notes of Miss Catharine's discourse concerning her grandfather. In so doing, he inadvertently push-

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ed his hat off the table, and as ill luck would have it, it rolled over toward the little raised dais where Olga was sitting. He arose with some difficulty, as if he were rheumatic, and as he stooped to pick up the hat, Olga, who had not hitherto dared to look at him, got a full view of his face. She had never in her life seen so complete a transformation, and the ridiculousness of the situation struck her so forcibly that she could no longer restrain her mirth. She pressed her handkerchief to her face, and bit her lips; but after a moment's futile struggle, she gave a kind of snort and rushed out of the room. The two old ladies exchanged a horrified look, and Miss Lina, in her embarrassment, dropped the lid of the tea-pot on the floor.

"What can be the matter with the child?" she whispered, tremulously.

"Mr. Tellefsen, I hope you will excuse the rudeness of our niece," said Miss Catharine, solemnly. "She is not accustomed to company."

"The young lady seemed to find something ridiculous in my appearance," remarked Tellefsen, innocently; "but I readily forgive her. The present generation is so easily amused, and I do not begrudge young girls a little entertainment at my expense."

"It is very kind of you to look so leniently upon a breach of courtesy," said Miss Catharine, with dignity.

The genealogical discussion was then resumed, and was continued for an hour without interruption. Fearing to tire the ladies, Mr. Tellefsen took his leave, with profuse expressions of gratitude, and received a cordial invitation to return whenever it should suit his purpose.

VI.

Harold Tellefsen gave himself a month to accomplish the conquest of the two Misses Kolstad, but before the second week was at an end he realized that he had undervalued his powers of fascination. He was almost ashamed of the completeness of his victory. The two gentlewomen, who, although they prided themselves on their subtlety, were as artless as babes, had surrendered their hearts to him with a guilelessness which was touching. They had even, without aid or suggestion, hit upon the idea that this grave and courteous old bachelor, who had the double advantage of good blood and a settled character, would be just the husband for Olga, and in the privacy of their bed-chamber they plotted deeply to accomplish so desirable a result. Miss Catharine, who possessed a better gift of speech than her sister, gave the girl long lectures, showing the dreadful consequences of following one's own foolish fancy in the choice of a husband, instead of the mature experience of older people, who knew the world. To these dissertations Olga listened demurely enough, although she felt at times wretched and guilty at the thought of having imposed so cruelly upon her innocent old aunts. At other times the ludicrousness of the whole affair impressed her so vividly that she had difficulty in keeping her countenance. When Miss Catharine finally reached her objective point, at which through all her digressions she had been steadily aiming, and directly proposed to arrange a marriage between Tellefsen and her niece, the latter was strongly inclined to reveal the whole intrigue, and throw herself upon her aunts' mercy; but when she came to think of the possible consequences of such a course, her courage failed her. Prudence evidently demanded that she should resist; and resist, therefore, she did. Olga, although she had never thought that she loved her aunts with exceptional devotion, felt a real tenderness for them now, and detested herself as a confirmed criminal while listening to their arguments, persuasions, and pleadings in Tellefsen's behalf. She learned that he had actually and formally applied for her hand, and having just received a position as a clerk in one of the government departments, he was at liberty to marry without delay. Although her heart gave a leap of joy, she still had to be half dragged into the parlor to see him, and it was only after the most urgent entreaties from her aunts that she ceased to feign reluctance, and consented to accept his engagement ring. There was heartfelt rejoicing in the old-fashioned parlor both on the part of the old and the young conspirators on the night when Olga consented to be solemnly kissed by Tellefsen in the presence of Miss Catharine and Miss Lina, who both wept when bestowing their blessing.

On the wedding day, when Tellefsen appeared with a close-cropped blonde head and a young, clean-shaven face, Miss Lina fainted in church, and had to be carried out. No other incident occurred, however, to mar the solemnity of the occasion.

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FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

THE MENDELSSOHN FAMILY.*

THE Mendelssohns, viewed as a family, and followed back through three generations, or traced laterally in their branches, are without neither eminence nor interest. First of all there is he who may be called the founder of the house, Moses Mendelssohn, whose life was embraced between the years 1729 and 1786. It is a curious illustration of the comparatively modern origin of surnames among the Jews that his father is known to us as Mendel, or, better still, as Mendel Dessau—the last word being the name of the little German city in which he lived, and better known to us as the home of the Old Dessauer, whose military tactics are still maintained in the Prussian army. This Mendel, a school-master and parish clerk in the Jewish community of Dessau, named his son Moses, and the name Mendel's son, or Mendelssohn, was gradually applied to him as what we call a surname. It is needless to say that it became illustrious, for this grandfather of Felix Mendelssohn was a leader in his day, and may be considered without disparagement of others the founder of the present liberal school of Jewish thinkers, to whom the obnoxious name rationalistic is freely applied. To the lover of literature he is still more interesting as the original of Lessing's Nathan, an open secret in that day, and well authenticated since. And according to the traditions of his character, Moses Mendelssohn was a

* *The Mendelssohn Family.* (1729–1847.) From Letters and Journals by SEBASTIAN HENSEL; with Eight Portraits from Drawings by WILHELM HENSEL. Second Revised Edition. Translated by CARL KLINGEMANN and an American Collaborator, with a notice by GEORGE GROVE, Esq., D.C.L. Two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

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man not unworthy to sit as a model for "Nathan the Wise."

A good share of his brilliancy passed to his daughter Dorothea, and a good share of his sound judgment to his son Abraham. These are the most conspicuous names among his children, although the whole family was uncommonly gifted. Dorothea is best remembered in connection with the life of the erratic, learned, impulsive, and wayward Frederic Schlegel, whose mistress she was for a time, and whose wife she subsequently became. It is she whom Schlegel has commemorated in a novel which was once talked of through Europe, but which is now happily mostly forgotten — *Lucinda*. It is she who, as the wife of Veit, the artist, had such a claim on Schleiermacher's sympathy, and so large a place in his interesting biography and letters. Her whole life was an unhappy series of mistakes, and her whole story the record of perverted moral sense in a singularly open, vigorous, and picturesque character. Of her romantic tendencies her brother Abraham does not appear to have had a trace. This man, who was accustomed to say of himself that he had first the misfortune to be known as merely the son of his father, and later as the father of his son, was so gifted and yet so balanced a man that had he not been dwarfed by the reputation of his son Felix, he would have been widely known for his own rare qualities. How much Mendelssohn loved him, revered him, and depended upon him, is known to every reader of Felix's letters. That he was inferior in brightness to his children is indeed true; for where is there in literature anything equal to the high strain of joyous and unflagging fun that we find in almost everything which Fanny and Rebecca and Felix have written? This will be more abundantly illustrated in the work on the Mendelssohn family which has been written by Sebastian Hensel, Fanny's son, and which in an English translation has just been laid before the public. It was perhaps in keeping with the habitual Jewish family training that Abraham should have been in his early life a rather severe man, and a not specially indulgent father; but the austerity wore away under the combined influences of financial success, happy family life, and artistic surroundings. He was not an old man when he died, but in his letters to Felix and to his own wife there is a delightful playfulness which reminds one of the constant sallies of merriment in his children's slightest notes. But practical solid wisdom was his strongest point. He was not a musical man in any technical sense; he knew no instrument; yet he was so sensitive to harmonies, and so skilled in the art of mentally analyzing effects, and giving a reason for them, that he could make clear to Felix what the latter only dimly felt, and his taste was recognized by his gifted son as unerring.

An interesting episode in the life of Abraham Mendelssohn was the accepting of Protestant Christianity as the faith of his family. Two of his sisters—Dorothea, the wife of Frederic Schlegel, and Henrietta, who was never married—became Roman Catholics, but the step was not popular in the family. He himself was not a religious man in any sentimental use of the word; he was, on the contrary, one of those practical men in whom the religious sense comes to expression in the strict fulfillment of duty, rather than in public or private acts of worship. The father, Moses, had by his rather liberal tone of thought left his household somewhat unsettled in their creed, with a noble openness, but also with a good deal of Lessing's indifference to the details of theological opinion. Abraham's brother-in-law, the distinguished Bartholdy, of Rome, whose house is still shown in that city as one of the most beautifully painted of modern villas, strongly advised Felix Mendelssohn's father to adopt the Protestant faith. From a letter of his I quote a few words which are interesting for a double cause—because they led to Abraham's accepting of Christianity as the faith in which his children should be reared, and also the name Bartholdy as a specific family designation. He says, apparently combating his brother-in-law's unwillingness to abandon the faith of Moses Mendelssohn: "You say you owe it to the memory of your father; but do you think you have done something bad in giving your children the religion which appears to you to be the best? It is the justest homage you or any of us could pay to the efforts of your father to promote true light and knowledge, and he would have acted like you for his children, and perhaps like me for himself. You may remain faithful to our oppressed, persecuted religion, you may leave it to your children as a prospect of life-long martyrdom, as long as you believe it to be absolute truth. But when you

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ABRAHAM MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

have ceased to believe that, it is barbarism. I advise you to adopt the name of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy as a distinction from the other Mendelssohns. At the same time you would please me very much, because it would be the means of preserving my memory in the family." I have heard it said that this brother-in-law eventually bequeathed his property, which was large, to his nieces and nephews of Abraham's family.

Abraham Mendelssohn's wife was a Jewess, Leah Solomon, trained in most orthodox principles, which, however, she held in silent abeyance in conjunction with her husband. The children were reared as Protestant Christians, but at first without the knowledge of the old grandmother, who had cursed and cut off her son Bartholdy on her learning of his abjuration of Judaism.

The study of Abraham and Leah Mendelssohn's faces is a most interesting lesson in heredity, the Jewish type of the mother being unmistakable in Felix, but in Fanny and Rebecca being qualified by the more cosmopolitan features of the father. Moses, the grandfather, had the infirmity of being slightly uneven in his shoulders; his enemies pronounced him humpbacked, but this term is an exaggeration. In Fanny this appeared very slightly, and had to be carefully hidden by her dress. Vivacity and intelligence were marked in all the children, but they were not generally spoken of as so beautiful as their mother, who, though Jewish in type, had small and regular features and great delicacy of figure. She was musical, but not in the eminent degree of her two elder children; yet she was Fanny's earliest teacher, and conducted her through the most difficult studies

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LEAH MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

of Bach, so that while a mere child she was able to play from memory not only vast quantities of Beethoven's and Mozart's music, but twenty-four of Bach's fugues. Of her just at her birth, her mother writes, "The child has a Bach fugue hand"—a fact which her later development only confirmed. She was a lady of romantic temperament, quite unlike her methodical and austere husband. Her youth was spent in a pleasant half-country place in the outskirts of Berlin, and here she nursed her fancies in novel-reading, reveries, and music. Her one weakness appears to have been excessive nervous excitability, leading at times to peevishness and to unreasonable demands, but as a rule she held herself well in hand, and was a spring of delight to her household and friends. She was an excellent scholar for those times; she was familiarly acquainted with French, Italian, and English, and for the purpose of enjoying Homer in the original, she learned Greek, but was so afraid of the title of pedant that she concealed this accomplishment. Her remarkable proficiency in languages was inherited by her daughter Rebecca, who was herself a good Greek scholar and lover of Homer. Leah Mendelssohn also drew beautifully—an accomplishment which Felix received from her, either by inheritance or otherwise, and which was through his life a source of constant pleasure to his friends.

Fanny Mendelssohn's great musical gifts and her intimate relations with her brother have made not only her name very familiar, but all the traits of her bright, inspiring, and enthusiastic character. Her husband's excellent sketch of her gives some idea of her open and expressive countenance, and of her large and lustrous eyes, which were celebrated throughout Berlin. She was nearly four years the senior of Felix, and had been subjected to the same thorough musical discipline with him, first by the mother, and then by the grim and tyrannical Zelter, whose rare words of praise counted as gold. It must be remembered that Felix was not educated to be a musician by profession; that was a result to which his father reluctantly consented; it was simply as an amateur that he had his very thorough course in composition, piano and organ playing, and in all that relates to the theory and practice of music. Fanny was the inseparable companion of his studies, and his equal in skill. Her irrepressible love for composition continually broke out, and she is the unacknowledged author of some of his finest songs without words, among which may be named Nos. 2, 3, and 12 in Opus VIII., and Nos. 7, 10, and 12 in Opus IX. Doubtless there are others not yet identified as Fanny's. It is characteristic both of Fanny's genius and

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of Felix's honesty that in the interview with Queen Victoria at Windsor, which has been often described, and which gives us almost the best glimpse that we have of the family life during the days of the Queen's happiness, she sang to him one of his own songs, as she supposed, "Fairer and fairer" ("Schöner und schöner"); but

FANNY HENSEL.

Mendelssohn acknowledged it to be his sister's. The Jewish notions were at war with the conception of a woman's public career as a composer, and Mendelssohn himself was never quite free from this prejudice. He admitted all the possibilities of his sister's mind, but he did not favor her having a career as an independent

author. For many years Fanny yielded to the opinions of her father and brother on this point; but at last her desire for an honorable fame, and the large inducements offered her by the first publishers of Germany, caused her to yield, and she set herself to the preparation of a set volume of songs. Felix made a laughing surrender of his position, and in a characteristic letter admitted her to a place in the guild of musical literature. The date will show how near this concession was to the death of both Fanny and Felix:

"LEIPZIG, *August* 12, 1846.

"MY DEAREST FANCE,—Not till to-day, just as I am on the point of starting, do I, unnatu-

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ral brother that I am, find time to thank you for your charming letter, and send you my professional blessing on becoming a member of the craft. This I do now in full, Fance, and may you have much happiness in giving pleasure to others; may you taste only the sweets and none of the bitternesses of authorship; may the public pelt you with roses and never with sand; and may the printer's ink never draw black lines upon your soul!—all of which I devoutly believe will be the case, so what is the use of my writing it? But it is the custom of the guild, so take my blessing under my hand and seal.

L. S. "The journey tailor,
"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

The sudden and unexpected death of this glorious creature produced an effect on her brother which is well known. He never recovered from the shock, and in the stress of labors into which he plunged to relieve his grief, he caused the rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain, from which he soon died. All the Mendelssohns died suddenly, from Moses down. Even Leah, Felix's mother, was no exception. The death of Felix was of course mourned as a greater public calamity, but that of Fanny was the source of as great private consternation. Her son has been her most faithful biographer, and tells us of her that her movements were quick and decided, and her countenance full of life, faithfully reflecting every change of mood. She never could disguise her feelings, and everybody soon found out what she thought of him; for while she would show her delight immediately at seeing a dear friend, if anybody approached whom she did not like, wrinkles would at once form on her forehead and at the corners of her mouth. Few have the same faculty of enjoying anything beautiful, whether it were fine weather, a handsome face, distinguished talents, or beautiful scenery. She was very fond of fresh air, and used to call it one of her greatest enjoyments. Her disgust at anything ugly, and her wrath with anything bad, were equally intense. She could not bear dull, insipid, vain, or shallow people, and had a few *bêtes noires*, her antipathy to whom she could not get over. Luxury and creature comforts she was indifferent about, caring nothing for good eating and drinking, good accommodation, dress, or articles of luxury. What she did require was intercourse with a few refined and clever people, and the pleasures of art. She was the most faithful and constant of friends to all whom she thought worthy of her intimacy, and capable of any sacrifice for their sake.

Her husband, Wilhelm Hensel, the distinguished painter, was in many respects so unlike her that the harmony of their wedded life is remarkable. The sketches which accompany this article, and which are but a trifling number out of the really enormous collection which he made, contained in forty-seven volumes, now in the possession of his son Sebastian, are a good specimen of his readiness in catching the light and salience of a countenance. Among those whose faces are in that great collection are the musicians Weber, Zelter, Paganini, Henselt, Gounod, Hiller, Ernst, Liszt, Clara Schumann, and many of Felix; painting is represented by Cornelius, Ingres, Horace Vernet, Magnus, Kopisch, Verboekhoven, Kaulbach, and Max von Schwindt; the theatre by Milder, Rachel, Seydelmann, Novello, Lablache, Grisi, Pasta, and Schröder-Devrient; literature is set forth in La Motte Foqué, Theodore Körner, Brentano, Bettina von Armin, Hofmann, Tieck, Varnhagen, Heine, Goethe, Steffens, Paul Heyse; Thorwaldsen, Kiss, and Rauch represent sculpture; Schinkel, architecture; while science is honored in the persons of Hegel, Gans, Bunsen, Humboldt, Jacob Grimm, Lepsius, Böckh, Quetelet, Jacoby, Dirichlet, Ranke, and Ehrenberg. They were almost all of them drawn while engaged in conversation, for Hensel had the happy faculty of studying faces and making studies while he was seemingly engaged in entertaining his and his wife's guests. Some were drawn from memory, for he carried faces very securely in his mind, and filled out his sketches unerringly from his recollections. He lived all this time at the spacious Mendelssohn mansion, No. 3 Leipzigerstrasse, in Berlin, in the garden of which Abraham Mendelssohn had built them a small summer-house and studio, and the many illustrious guests who came there had the freedom not alone of the mansion proper (now the session chamber of the Prussian House of Peers), but of Hensel's studio, of Fanny's music-room, and of the seven acres of garden which lay behind the house, and reached back as far as the grounds of Prince Albert, the King's brother. The story has been often told of the "Sunday mornings" at the Mendelssohns', when Fanny and Felix played, accompanied by an orchestra of their own

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training, and the gradual development has been often told of those delightful concerts, from a simple and informal gathering of the family and a few friends at eleven o'clock, to an assembly into which pressed all that was distinguished in the Prussian capital, and all that was illustrious among passing guests. Perhaps no private residence of our time has witnessed gatherings at once so frequent and so select. Abraham Mendelssohn had now become a leading banker of Berlin, and his house and garden were commensurate with his wealth; Felix was a man of European renown, and Fanny of the most brilliant local reputation; Rebecca and Paul were not unworthy of their parents and their brother and sister, and the openness of their hospitality was universally known. Into this circle Wilhelm Hensel, the son of a German village pastor, entered by the right of his eminent gifts as a painter. In America his works are not well known; in England and in Prussia they have long been prized. The visitor to the famous Museum in Berlin will certainly be struck with his beautiful fresco landscapes of Grecian scenes, and Buckingham Palace contains his "Miriam," one of his largest paintings, the product of nearly a year's labor. The Duchess of Sutherland wished him to copy it for her gallery, but he refused, consenting, however, to paint a new picture in which Miriam should have a leading place. For Lord Egerton, too, he executed an elaborate representation of

WILHELM HENSEL.

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the famous ball before Waterloo. Other paintings of his, "Christ and the Woman of Samaria," and "Christ in the Wilderness," have a wide reputation. He showed his talent early, and went to Rome to gain a training which he could not have in Germany. This was when he was twenty-eight years old, poor, and without powerful friends. He was, however, a young man of quiet, engaging manners, of personal beauty, and of pure character. He was powerfully drawn to Fanny almost immediately after seeing her. She was then seventeen, a young girl most carefully secluded by her parents from any thoughts of love or marriage. On his applying to the father and mother for permission to pay court to their oldest daughter, they refused him, and indeed the whole family closed against him. Fanny seems to have had a certain quiet fondness for him, but it was not expressed to any one. With no encouragement, Hensel went to Rome, having permission to write to the mother, but not to the daughter, nor to receive any communication from Fanny during his absence. But his remarkable skill accomplished in a subtle method of persuasion what neither his presence could do when he was in Berlin nor his letters could have done. He sent them on their birthdays dainty little albums of family portraits, each one more beautiful than the one before, and this delicate homage not only won Fanny's complete loyalty, but the love and admiration of the household. There had been no well-grounded objection to him before he went to Rome: the father had naturally feared that his affection would be temporary; the mother and children were jealous of any one who threatened to deprive them of their pet. Hensel's quiet persistency and eminent skill triumphed at length, and his future fame as a painter gave him all the right that a man could desire to take his place at the Mendelssohn board. All of Fanny's letters to him are full of tenderness, trust, and admiration. His persistent and almost stubborn devotion was fully met by her intense and passionate eagerness of affection. Their marriage was an idyl, and their brief married life passed without a cloud. Their son Sebastian has become what it was once hoped that Felix's son Carl would be, the historian of the entire family.

The letter which Leah Mendelssohn wrote to young Hensel, in which she set down her reasons for refusing him to write to Fanny, is peculiarly interesting, and merits a place here, for it is full of inherited Jewish prejudices, sound mother-wit, and general applicability.

"Seriously, dear Mr. Hensel, you must not be angry with me because I can not allow a correspondence between you and Fanny. Put yourself in fairness for one moment in the place of a mother, and exchange your interests for mine, and my refusal will appear to you natural, just, and sensible, whereas you are probably now denouncing my proceeding as most barbaric. For the same reason that makes me forbid an engagement, I must declare myself adverse to any correspondence. You know that I truly esteem you, that I have indeed a real affection for you, and entertain no objections to you personally. The reasons why I have not yet decided in your favor are the difference of age and the uncertainty of your position. A man may not think of marrying before his prospects in life are to a certain degree assured. At any rate, he must not blame the girl's parents, who, having experience, sense, and cool blood, are destined by nature to judge for him and for her. An artist, as long as he is single, is a happy being: all circles open to him, court favor animates him, the small cares of life vanish before him; he steps lightly over the rocks which difference of rank has piled up in the world; he works at what he likes and how he likes, choosing his favorite subjects in art, and roving poetically in other regions, the most delightful, happy being in the whole creation. As soon as domestic cares take hold of him all this magic disappears, the lovely coloring fades, he *must* work to sustain his family. Indeed I make it a point in my children's education to give them simple and unpretending habits, so that they might not be obliged to look out for rich marriages; but in the eyes of parents a competency, a moderate but fixed income, are necessary conditions for a happy life; and although my husband can afford to give to each of his children a handsome portion, he is not rich enough to secure the future prosperity of them all. You are at the commencement of your career, and under beautiful auspices; endeavor to realize them, use well what time and favor hold forth to you, and rest assured that we will not be against you when, at the end of your studies, you can satisfy us about your position. Above all, do not call me selfish or ambitious, my gentle tyrant. Otherwise I must remind you that I married my husband before he had a penny of his own. Fanny is very young, and, Heaven be praised! has hitherto had no affair and no passion. I will not have you by love-letters transport her for years into a state of consuming passion and a yearning frame of mind quite strange to her character, when I have her now before me blooming, healthy, happy, and free."

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There is that in this letter, especially in the closing sentences, on which American mothers would do well to ponder. Perhaps her caution may have been excessive, but the extremely humble origin of Hensel must be remembered; the fact, too, that his poverty had been so great that in his native village he had been compelled to make his colors out of roots and leaves, and that up to this time he had had to earn his living by all the devices to which a young artist is driven—the making of illustrations for diaries and almanacs and novels. His work was so arduous that he laid the foundation for his subsequent short-sightedness by his night labors.

Rebecca, born in 1811, at Hamburg, two years later than Felix, is less known to us in the Mendelssohn literature thus far published than Fanny or Felix, but in social qualities and in rare gifts she was worthy of her birth. Many of her letters remain, and in brightness they are not at all inferior to her brother's and sister's. Musically she was not their equal; yet in a less distinguished family she would have been eminent even in this regard. That she was dearly loved by Felix and by Fanny

REBECCA DIRICHLET.

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is attested by a thousand tokens. She was the light and joy of every circle where she had a part. Her most distinguished aptitude was her skill in languages, and like her brother Felix, she was an excellent Greek scholar, and like her mother, read Homer in the original. Unhappily she was subject to physical weaknesses, and much of her life was spent in the pursuit of health. Her points of beauty were similar to those possessed by Fanny—fine eyes, fine teeth, and a most vivacious countenance. From a child she had been admired, and suitors began early to plead for her hand. Her choice was, however, made without difficulty and without wavering. A young Dirichlet, a teacher of mathematics, silent, bashful, but attractive and very learned, found his way into the hospitable Mendelssohn mansion, and won the favorable regard of the younger daughter. Like Hensel, he was poor, and was making his way in the world against great odds. He had been a private teacher in Paris, where his remarkable mathematical talents had been recognized, not only by distinguished French savants, but by Humboldt. It would have been easy for Dirichlet to have remained in Paris, for he was born in one of those border cities, near Aix-la-Chapelle, where French had been his language not less than German from infancy, and where Paris was naturally considered the place to which a scholar would gravitate. But the young man was an enthusiastic German. He was a quiet, straightforward, resolute character, extraordinarily reserved, but indomitable in his patriotism as well as in his own progress. Seeing his great desire to be employed in Germany, Humboldt at length secured him a post as Professor of Mathematics at Breslau, with a salary of four hundred thalers—a sum equivalent to three hundred dollars, or sixty pounds sterling. Nothing very magnificent in this, surely, for the husband of Abraham Mendelssohn's daughter. But his poverty was not the worst of his troubles at Breslau. It may be guessed from the brief hints which I have given of his character that he was a rather uncompromising type of man, not given to coterie-making, nor inclined to local gossip, but wholly devoted to study and to discovery. He was a man to lie under the trees and meditate. He had as little aptitude for letter-writing as for general conversation; and Felix and Fanny were wont to complain that Dirichlet would not send them so much as an algebraic formula. But to his wife he was communicative enough, and their letters were full of confidences. Like the marriage of Hensel and Fanny, theirs was of unbroken felicity. And Dirichlet was a rising man too. The Breslau professorship was a stepping-stone to the post of Mathematical Professor in the War School at Berlin. The position was in every way honorable; his home was in the capacious family mansion, No. 3 Leipzigerstrasse, which generously expanded to allow the new household a place, and for years Fanny and Rebecca lived under their father's roof. Later, however, Dirichlet was promoted to be the chief of the mathematical department in the University of Göttingen, then in the full splendor of its renown. He chose this field rather than remain at Berlin mainly for the reason that in the War School all the cadets must pursue the same mathematical course, and he must necessarily have many students whose deficiency in this department was very irksome to him, whereas in Göttingen it was an optional study, and only those chose it whom it was a delight to teach. Dirichlet's name stood among the first mathematicians in Germany. Nor was his proficiency limited to this department. He was a scholar in a wide sense, largely conversant with languages, a proficient in the natural sciences, an original and courageous thinker. Hensel's sketch of him suggests the man as he was—thoughtful, quiet, but true and devoted to the little circle of souls that he loved. Rebecca's choice of a husband was a standing theme of wonder and amusement, but perhaps none who criticised the silent man could have suggested a more tender and appreciative husband.

The Mendelssohn family, which has been so happily augmented by the addition of Wilhelm Hensel and Gustav Dirichlet, had a new and charming addition in Cécile Jeanrenaud, who in 1837 became Felix's wife. In an earlier number of this Magazine (December, 1878), many details have been given of Mendelssohn's wedded life of ten years, of which it is not too much to say that in happiness and mutual helpfulness it was not exceeded by that of Hensel and Fanny, or Dirichlet and Rebecca. Felix was the idol of every circle, and there were multitudes who would have been honored by his preference, but he remained untouch-

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ed by love until in the daughter of a Protestant clergyman of Frankfort he saw the woman of his choice. He did not hesitate long. Very soon after meeting her he wrote to Fanny that he was desperately in love. How beautiful Cécile was, Hensel's sketch gives a suggestive impression. Her eyes, which were large and of deep blue, were spoken of as her chief charm. She was a rounded character, domestic, quiet, a little cold in bearing, and with the Frankfort aristocratic air, yet devoted to her friends, and perfectly adapted to calm the excitable temperament of Mendelssohn. For a long time he kept her at Frankfort and at Leipzig unknown by sight to any one of his own family, and Fanny in Berlin raged a good deal over this apparent discourtesy. At last in her blunt fashion she broke out in a letter to Cécile, complaining that they had heard a good deal about those wonderful blue eyes, but that eyes were to be seen, not heard, with a good deal more of such airy but not insignificant badinage, which when communicated to Felix brought him out of his temporary forgetfulness of the claims of the Berlin circle, and led to an immediate series of visits. Cécile at once became an established favorite in all their hearts. Four children were born rapidly to them, three of whom are still living—a son and two daughters. One son, who became teacher of history in the University of Heidelberg, and who in face and bearing recalled the dignity and calm, grave beauty of his mother, has passed away in the years of a rich promise.

GUSTAV LEJEUNE DIRICHLET.

The house still stands on the Königsstrasse in Leipzig where the happy years of Mendelssohn's married life were passed. The lower part has been transformed into a counting-house, and into the garden one of the busy industries of the city has forced itself, and a noisy concourse of active men have displaced the elastic figures of forty years ago. But flowers bloom in the upper windows of the house, and restore a sense of the old beauty and cheer. This place was Mendelssohn's true home, for although his father's mansion was always his, yet the family life consecrated the Leipzig house. With the publication of Felix's letters to Cécile, and of those which passed between her and Rebecca and Fanny, more and more of the ignorance which was long felt about Mendelssohn's home life is wearing away, and the suspicion shown to be utterly without foundation that his was a tame and joyless marriage, perhaps without bitterness, but also without comfort and helpfulness. The loss of his father was a very great blow, the loss of Fanny inconsolable, but so far as the living could make good the place of the dead, the gentle, devoted, and highly loved wife gave him what he needed above all things in his house — rest, appreciation, and constant love.

The face of Mendelssohn himself, as sketched by Hensel, is not unlike the other well-known portraits, but is more marked-

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ly Jewish in its features. Hensel always idealizes; he softens all roughnesses away; and yet Felix had a face so refined that it would be difficult to make it more delicate than the original. Most of Mendelssohn's portraits are commonplace; this is not. It gives us a certain suggestion of his vivacity, his sympathy, and his intelligence, but no adequate measure of the greatness and breadth of the man. But

CÉCILE MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

it, and all that we have from Hensel the younger, from Madame Moscheles, and from Hiller, are interesting and valuable, for the time predicted by one who wrote the sentence years ago seems to have come, "when every line and every word from Mendelssohn's pen would be treasured by the world." Most great composers make their appeal for recognition to a comparatively small circle of admirers, and are rarely quoted beyond the domain of their art. It is not so with Mendelssohn, either in Germany, England, or America. Chorley little knew what a weighty sentence he was inditing when he penned the words, "There may come a day yet when the example of Mendelssohn's life yet more than that of his works may be invoked in Germany." In England there has always been a passionate admiration of him as a man; the fascinating presence, the stories of his remarkable culture, his unselfishness, his moral purity, his entirely religious and Christian character, awaking an interest in everything pertaining to him, which found hardly an exaggerated expression in *Charles Auchester*, and which has not ceased yet. And within a few years the people of culture in America have begun to take as deep an interest in Mendelssohn as those of Germany and England: hardly any books have found more enthusiastic readers than *Mendelssohn's Letters*.

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DREAM-FOLK.

In Sleep's illimitable halls I strayed
Amid the picture-folk of many lands,
All rustling strangely, softly, in and out,
All murmuring in hushed cadence curious.
Embodied, moving with slow stately tread,
Down from their frames step Rembrandt's famous men,
And gently turn aside, ere they molest
Jan Steen's Dutch children laughing on the floor.
The quaint stiff girl saints of an earlier time
Pale 'neath their aureoles, with air demure,
White downcast lids, and wistful tender mien,
Follow unquestioning the men devout
Whose sad strong faces, full of suffering,
Watch with a longing rapt, ineffable,
The glorious archangel whose high might
Did trample Satan 'neath his sacred feet.
A cool and mystic fragrance doth reveal
That fairest angel with the lily stalk.
Near by he hovers, ever lingering, where
Murillo's holy maids and Raphael's
Walk side by side in meekest innocence;
And from their saintliness doth shine such light
One needs must turn one's mortal gaze away,
And let it rest on Titian's human world:
Venetian women proud, with tawny hair
Falling o'er shoulders of rare loveliness.
Correggio's cherubs dear, Albani's Loves,
Sport airily above the motley throng,
And carol with a harmony divine,
Weaving rose garlands with their tiny hands,
Flinging them down in sweetest merriment
Upon the bowed head of a youthful monk,
Who broods apart in hopeless reverie,
While butterflies afloat in spring sunshine,
Birds calling to their mates, the breath of flowers,
And all the glad earth's happy sights and sounds
But mock his miserable loneliness.

* * * * *

Yet most of all did sink into my heart
The grave, prophetic, haunting, fateful eyes
Of Andrea del Sarto's young St. John.

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A COCK-HORSE.

REPRESENTATION OF A COCK-HORSE ON AN ANCIENT ETRUSCAN VASE.

A PRETTY little girl was dancing on my knee—or rather my knee was prancing up and down to amuse the little chatter-box with the motion of a quick trot—while unconsciously I was singing the old Mother Goose roundelay:

"Ride on a cock-horse
To Banbury cross,
To see an old woman
Ride on a white horse;
Rings on her fingers,
Bells on her toes,
She shall have music
Wherever she goes."

When at this point I stopped; for the little girl is not, after all, so very little, and the healthy country life she leads gives her a solid weight much beyond her years. As the violent motion ceased, she looked me in the face, and noticing my hesitation about continuing the gymnastic exercise, she thought awhile, then suddenly asked:

"Uncle, what is a cock-horse?"

"A cock-horse? Why, a cock-horse is—" And there I had to stop, for on second thought I perceived that I really did not know the exact definition of a cock-horse.

These *enfants terribles* do sometimes ask such odd questions as to puzzle the best of us. Accordingly, as I am never ashamed to acknowledge ignorance, and in fact I consider it a part of the education of children to teach them that we are not universally learned, I took down Webster, saying, "My dear, I know not the correct definition of a cock-horse, but the dictionary will tell us," and turning the leaves, I came to the word:

COCK-HORSE.—A child's rocking-horse. A high or tall horse. Raised or lifted up, as one on horseback. Lofty in feeling; exultant; proud or imperious; upstart.

"Our painted fools and cock-horse peasantry."
—*Marlow.*

That did not strike me as very satisfactory, for it gave no explanation of the origin of the word, nor any other information about it. Therefore I took down Worcester; but he gave no better clew to it, for his definition was very similar to Webster's, viz.:

COCK-HORSE.—A tall kind of horse. Proudly; elevated as on horseback; triumphant; exulting.

"Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne, the brain."
—*Prior.*

I examined other dictionaries, encyclopædias, etc., without any better result, when accidentally, looking over the illus-

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trations of some archæological pottery of ancient Etruria, I came across the representation of a fragment of the upper portion of an archaic vase—amphora—with, not a little girl, but a handsome youth, riding a *real cock-horse.* Now, at the least calculation, this broken vase dates back two thousand five hundred years. For further information in regard to it the reader was referred to the Annals of the Roman Institute of Archæology for the year 1874. I consulted them, and the following is the result:

The painting on this fragment of pottery represents a youth riding an animal, or rather a chimæra, like the Pegasus, the gryphon, the centaur, whose forward part is a horse, and the hinder part a cock. He is prancing with his equine legs, the cock wings half open, and the tail spread out. The youth, clothed with a mantle fastened round his neck of a dark ash-color, lined with purple, curbs him with his bridle. The severe but accurate design, the black figure of the animal upon a reddish ground, the finely cut lines, and the brightness of the coloring point it out as of archaic Greek art, and assuredly original. It was found in Etruria, the special place not mentioned, and is now in the Etruscan Museum of Florence.

The Greek gave to this fantastic animal the name of hippalectryon, or horse-cock, to signify its double nature; but there is great confusion among classic scholars of antiquity in regard to it, for some believe it to have been a very big horse, others a superb cock, others a gryphon, others a coat of arms, others a sea-monster. Their difference arose from the fact that there was no mythological legend attached to this animal, as there was about the Pegasus of Bellerophon, or the hippagryphon, so that it never became a common type in ancient art, and is of very rare occurrence among archæological remains.

It is only by Aristophanes, in his comedies, among the classical Greeks, that we find mention of this animal. In his comedy of *The Frogs*, which is a satire upon the decline of tragic art, he introduces Æschylus and Euripides disputing before Bacchus in Hades as to who should occupy the first place in tragedy. Euripides criticises his rival for introducing upon the scenes gryphons and other impossible monstrous animals, upon which Bacchus adds that he had been puzzled and kept awake whole nights trying to find out "what sort of a bird the *equestrian cock* with auburn wings" might be;* and Æschylus replies: "How ignorant you are! It was painted as a sign upon the ships." A little further on Euripides derisively affirms that "he never had gone so far as to feign in his tragedies, as Æschylus had done, *horse-cocks*, *goat-deers*, etc., which are only to be found embroidered in Persian carpets."

From these passages we learn that the cock-horse was a naval symbol, and also that it was not of Greek but of Oriental origin. In proof of this the figure riding the cock-horse in the Etruscan fragment is dressed in Asiatic, not Greek, costume.

Where Æschylus introduces the cock-horse is not known to us, for most of his tragedies are lost, and there is no mention of it in those left, unless the four-footed bird ridden by Neptune in his tragedy of *Prometheus* was meant for the cock-horse.

It is curious, however, to notice that the meaning of cock-horse, used as an adjective, according to our lexicographers, viz., "lofty in feeling, proud, upstart, exultant, imperious," is found twice in Aristophanes. In his comedy of *The Birds*, joking upon somebody who from a person of no account had risen to a high station, he compares him to a *cock-horse;* and in *The Peace* he ridicules a general "bearing three crests and robe of liveliest purple," who, he says, "if at any time he has to fight, flies first as a *cock-horse* swift, shaking his crests."

Now who could have supposed that our Mother Goose nursery story of a cock-horse had such a venerable, classical, and archæological origin?

A FAREWELL.

Good-by! God speed thee on thy way
Across the waste of waters wide!
Fair winds and seas the ship betide,
With starry night and cloudless day!

Good-by! from sight, but not from heart.
Though half the world may intervene,
In love, and hope, and trust serene,
We nevermore can be apart.

God keep thee in His tender care!
On the firm land or rolling deep
He giveth His belovèd sleep,
For His strong love is everywhere.

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* Aristophanes's *Frogs*, 982, 987.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

"I can account for nothing you women do, although I have lived among you seventy-five years."
—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

AS she entered the little parlor, Dexter came forward to meet her. "You are looking very well," he said, almost reproachfully.

"I am very well," she answered. "And you?"

"Not well at all. What with the constant and harassing work I am doing, and this horrible affair concerning poor Helen, I confess that I feel worn and old. It is not often that I acknowledge either. I have been busy in the city all day, and must return to my post on the midnight train; but I had two or three hours to spare, and so I have come out to see you. Before we say anything else, however, tell me about yourself. How is it with you at present?"

Glad of a respite, she described to him, with more details than she had thought necessary before, her position, her pupils, and her daily life. She talked rapidly, almost excitedly, giving him no opportunity to speak; she hardly knew herself as she went along. At last, however, he did

"HE ROSE, AND TOOK HER COLD HANDS IN HIS."—[SEE PAGE 595.]

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break through the stream of her words. "I am glad you find interest in these matters," he said, coldly. "With me it is different; I can think of nothing but poor Helen."

It was come: now for self-control. All her words failed suddenly; she could not speak.

"Are you not haunted by it?" he continued. "Do you not constantly see her lying there asleep, that pale hair unbraided, those small helpless hands bare of all their jewels—poor defenseless little hands, decked only with the mockery of that wedding ring?"

He was gazing at the wall, as though it was all pictured there. Anne made no reply, and after a pause he went on. "Helen was a fascinating woman; but she was, or could be if she chose, an intensely exasperating woman as well. I am no coward; I think I may say the reverse; but I would rather be alone with a tigress than with such a woman as she would have been, if roused to jealous fury. She would not have stirred, she would not have raised her voice, but she would have spoken words that would have stung like asps and cut like Damascus blades. No devil would have shown in that kind of torment greater ingenuity. I am a self-controlled man, yet I can imagine Helen Lorrington driving me, if she tried, into such a state of frenzy that I should hardly know what I was doing. In such a case I should end, I think, by crushing her in my arms, and fairly strangling the low clear voice that taunted me. But—I could never have stabbed her in her sleep! That was a cowardly and villainous act, which should be, and I hope will be, repaid by a disgraceful death."

Again he paused, and again Anne kept silence. But he did not notice it; he was absorbed in his own train of thought.

"It is a relief to speak of this to you," he continued, "for you knew Helen, and Heathcote also. Strange that he could have done it—a man against a woman, and that woman asleep! Vengeance, however, will be satisfied in this case. Do you know I can imagine just how she worked upon him; how that fair face and those narrow eyes of hers wrought their deadly darts. Her very want of strength was an accessory; for if she could have risen and struck him, if she had been *capable* of any such strong action, the exasperation would have been less. But that a creature so helpless, one whose slight form he had been used to carry about the house in his arms, one who could not walk unaided—that such a creature should lie there, in all her delicate beauty, and with barbed words deliberately torment him—Anne, I can imagine a rush of madness which might well end in murder and death. But not a plot. If he had killed her in a passion, and then boldly avowed the deed, giving himself up, I should have had some sympathy with him, murderer though he was. But to arrange the method of his crime (as he evidently tried to do) so that he would not be discovered, but be enabled quietly to inherit her money—bah! I almost wish I was the hangman myself! Out on the border he would have been lynched long ago."

His listener still remained mute, but a little fold of flesh inside her lips was bitten through by her clinched teeth in the effort she made to preserve that muteness.

It seemed to have been a relief to Dexter to let out those strong words. He paused, turned toward Anne, and for the first time noted her dress. "Are you in mourning?" he asked, doubtfully, looking at the unbroken black of her attire.

"It is the same dress I have worn for several months."

He did not know enough of the details of a woman's garb to see that the change came from the absence of white at the throat and wrists. After Helen's death poor Anne had sewed black lace in her plain black gown; it was the only mourning she could allow herself.

The moment was now come when she must say something. Dexter, his outburst over, was leaning back in his chair, looking at her. "Miss Teller has gone to Multomah, I believe," she remarked, neutrally.

"Yes; singularly enough, she believes him innocent. I heard, while in the city to-day, that the Varces and Bannerts and others of that set believe it also, and are all at Multomah 'for the moral effect.' For the moral effect!" He threw back his head and laughed scornfully. "I wish I had time to run up there myself," he added, "to dwell upon the moral effect of all those fine ladies. However, the plain American people have formed their own opinion of this case, and are not likely to be moved by such influences. They understand. This very evening, on the train, I heard a plain mechanic say, 'If the jury-

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men were only fine ladies, now, that Heathcote would get off yet.'"

"How can you repeat such words?" said the girl, blazing out suddenly and uncontrollably, as a fire which has been long smothered bursts into sudden and overpowering flame at the last.

"Of course it is bad taste to jest on such a subject. I only— Why, Anne, what is the matter?" For she had risen and was standing before him, her eyes brilliant with an expression which was almost hate.

"You believe that he did it?" she said.

"I do."

"And I do *not!* You say that Helen taunted him, that she drove him into a frenzy; you imagine the scene, and picture its details. Know that Helen loved him with her whole heart. Whatever she may have been to you, to him she was submissive, utterly devoted, living upon his words and his smile. She esteemed herself blessed simply to be near him—in his presence; and on that very night, at the last moment before falling asleep, she said that no wife was ever so happy, and that on her knees she had thanked her Creator for that happiness, which made her life one long joy."

Gregory Dexter's face had showed the profoundest wonder while the excited girl was speaking, but by the time she ceased he had, in his quick way, grasped something of the truth, unexpected and astonishing as it was.

"You know this?" he said. "Then she wrote to you."

"Yes."

"On the evening of her death?"

"Yes."

"Bagshot testifies that when she left the room, at nine, Mrs. Heathcote was writing. Was that this letter to you?"

"I presume it was."

"When and how was it mailed? Or rather, what is the date of the postmark?"

"The next morning."

Dexter looked at her searchingly. "This may prove to be very important," he said.

"I know it—now."

"Why have you not spoken before?"

"To whom could I speak? Besides, it has not seemed important to me until now; for no one has suggested that she did not love her husband, that she tormented him and drove him into fury, save yourself alone."

"You will see that others will suggest it also," said Dexter, unmoved by her scorn. "Are you prepared to produce this letter?"

"I have it."

"Can I see it?"

"I would rather not show it."

"There is determined concealment here somewhere, Anne, and I am much troubled; I fear you stand very near great danger. Remember that this is a serious matter, and ordinary rules should be set aside, ordinary feelings sacrificed. You will do well to show me that letter, and, in short, to tell me the whole truth plainly. Do you think you have any friend more steadfast than myself?"

"You are kind. But—you are prejudiced."

"Against Heathcote, do you mean?" said Dexter, a sudden flash coming for an instant into his gray eyes. "Is it possible that *you*, you too, are interested in that man?"

But at this touch upon her heart the girl controlled herself again. She resumed her seat, with her face turned toward the window. "I do not believe that he did it, and you do," she answered, quietly. "That makes a wide separation between us."

But for the moment the man who sat opposite had forgotten the present, to ask himself, with the same old inward wonder, anger, and scorn, why it was that this other man, who had never done anything or been anything in his life, who had never denied himself, never worked, never accomplished anything—why it was that such a man as this had led captive Helen, Rachel, and now Anne. If it had been a case of great personal beauty, he could have partially accounted for it, and—scorned it. But it was not. Many a face was more regularly handsome than Heathcote's; he knew that he himself would be pronounced by the majority a handsomer, although of course older, man. But when he realized that he was going over this same old bitter ground, by a strong effort of will he stopped himself and returned to reality. Heathcote's power, whatever it was, and angry as it made him, was nevertheless a fact, and Dexter never contradicted facts. With his accurate memory, he now went back and took up Anne's last answer. "You say I believe it. It is true," he said, turning toward her (he had been sitting with his eyes cast down during this whirl of feel-

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ing); "but my belief is not founded upon prejudice, as you seem to think. It rests upon the evidence. Let us go over the evidence together: women are sometimes intuitively right, even against reason."

"I can not go over it."

But he persisted. "It would be better," he said, determined to draw the whole truth from her, if not in one way, then in another. For he realized how important it was that she should have an adviser.

She looked up and met his eyes; they were kind but unyielding. "Very well," she said, making an effort to do even this. She leaned back in her chair and folded her hands: people could endure, then, more than they knew.

Dexter, not giving her one moment's delay, began immediately: his object was to rouse her and draw her out. "We will take at first simply the testimony," he said. "I have the main points here in my note-book. We will even suppose that we do not know the persons concerned, but think of them as strangers." He went over the evidence clearly and briefly. Then the theories. "Note," he said, "the difference. On one side we have a series of facts, testified to by a number of persons. On the other, a series of possibilities, testified to by no one save the prisoner himself. The defense is a theory built to fit the case, without one proof, no matter how small, as a foundation."

Anne had not stirred. Her eyes were turned away, gazing into the darkness of the garden. Dexter closed his note-book, and returned it to his pocket.

"They have advanced no farther in the real trial," he said; "but you and I will now drop our rôle of strangers, and go on. We know him; we knew her. Can we think of any cause which would account for such an act? Was there any reason why Ward Heathcote would have been relieved by the death of his wife?"

Anne remained silent.

"The common idea that he wished to have sole control of her wealth will hardly, I think, be received by those who have personally known him," continued Dexter. "He never cared for money. He was, in my opinion, ostentatiously indifferent to it." Here he paused to control the tone of his voice, which was growing bitter. "I repeat—can you imagine any other reason?" he said. Still she did not answer.

"Why do you not answer? I shall begin to suspect that you do."

At this she stirred a little, and he was satisfied. He had moved her from her rigidity. Not wishing to alarm her, he went on, tentatively: "My theory of the motive you are not willing to allow; still, I consider it a possible and even probable one. For they were not happy: *he* was not happy. Beautiful as she was, rich as she was, I was told, when I first came eastward in the spring, soon after their marriage, that had it not been for that accident and the dangerous illness that followed, Helen Lorrington would never have been Ward Heathcote's wife."

"Who told you this?" said Anne, turning toward him.

"I did not hear it from her, but it came from her—Rachel Bannert."

"She is a traitorous woman."

"Yes; but traitors betray—the truth."

He was watching her closely; she felt it, and turned toward the window again, so that he should not see her eyes.

"Suppose that he did not love her, but had married her under the influence of pity, when her life hung by a thread; suppose that she loved him—you say she did. Can you not imagine that there might have been moments when she tormented him beyond endurance concerning his past life—who knows but his present also? She was jealous; and she had wonderful ingenuity. But I doubt if you comprehend what I mean: a woman never knows a woman as a man knows her. And Heathcote was not patient. He is a self-indulgent man—a man who has been utterly spoiled."

Again he paused. Then he could not resist bringing forward something else, to show her that she was of no consequence in the case compared with another person. "It is whispered, I hear, that the maid will testify that there was a motive, and a strong one, namely, a rival; that there was another woman whom Heathcote really loved, and that Helen knew this, and used the knowledge."

The formless dread which accompanied Anne began now to assume definite outline and draw nearer. She gazed at her inquisitor with eyes full of dumb distress.

He rose, and took her cold hands in his. "Child," he said, earnestly, "I beseech you tell me all. It will be so much better for you, so much safer. You are suf-

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fering intensely. I have seen it all the evening. Can you not trust me?"

She still looked at him in silence, while the tears rose, welled over, and rolled slowly down.

"Can you not trust me?" he repeated.

She shook her head.

"But as you have told me something, why not tell me all?"

"I am afraid to tell all," she whispered.

"For yourself?"

"No."

"For him, then?"

"Yes."

He clinched his hand involuntarily as he heard this answer. Her pale face and agitation were all for him, then—for Ward Heathcote!

"You are really shaken by fear," he said. "I know its signs, or rather those of dread. It is pure dread which has possession of you now. How unlike you, Anne! How unlike yourself you are at this moment!"

But she cared nothing for herself, nothing for the scorn in his voice (the jealous are often loftily scornful), and he saw that she did not.

"Whom do you fear? The maid?"

"Yes."

"What can she say?"

"I do not know; and yet—"

"Is it possible—can it be possible, Anne, that *you* are the person implicated, the so-called rival?"

"I do not know; and it is because I do not know that I am so much afraid," she answered, still in the same low whisper.

"But why should you take this possibility upon yourself? Ward Heathcote is no Sir Galahad, Heaven knows. Probably at this moment twenty women are trembling as you are trembling, fearing lest they be called by name, and forced forward before the world."

He spoke bitterly. Anne did not contradict him, but she leaned her head upon her hand wearedly, and closed her eyes.

"How can I leave you?" he said, breaking into his old kindness again. "I ought to go, but it is like leaving a girl in the hands of torturers. If there was only some one to be with you here until all this is over!"

"There is no one. I want no one."

"You puzzle me deeply," he said, walking up and down with troubled anxiety. "I can form no opinion as to whether your dread is purely imaginary or not, because you tell me nothing. If you were an ordinary woman, I should not give much thought to what you say—or rather to what you look, for you say nothing; but you are not ordinary. You are essentially brave, and you have fewer of the fantastic, irrelevant fancies of women than any girl I have ever known. There must be something, then, to fear, since *you* fear so intensely. I like you, Anne; I respect you. I admire you too, more than you know. You are so utterly alone in this trouble that I can not desert you. And I will not."

"Do not stay on my account."

"But I shall. That is, in the city; it is decided. Here is my address. Promise that if you wish help or advice in any way—mark that I say, in any way—you will send me instantly a dispatch."

"I will."

"There is nothing more that I can do for you?"

"Nothing."

"And nothing that you can tell me? Think well, child."

"Nothing."

Then, as it was late, he made her renew her promise, and went away.

The next morning the package of newspapers was brought to Anne from the station as usual. She was in her own room waiting for them. She watched the boy coming along the road, and felt a sudden thrill of anger when he stopped to throw a stone at a bird. To stop with *that* in his hand! Old Nora brought up the package. Anne took it, and closed the door. Then she sat down to read.

Half an hour later, Gregory Dexter received a telegraphic dispatch from Lancaster. "Come immediately. A. D."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"He was first always. Fortune
Shone bright in his face.
I fought for years; with no effort
He conquered the place.
We ran; my feet were all bleeding,
But he won the race.

"My home was still in the shadow;
His lay in the sun.
I longed in vain; what he asked for,
It straightway was done.
Once I staked all my heart's treasure;
We played—and he won!"

—ADELAIDE PROCTER.

WHEN the dispatch came, Dexter had not yet seen the morning papers. He ate his breakfast hastily, and on the way to

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the station and on board of the train he read them with surprise and a tumultuous mixture of other feelings, which he did not stop then to analyze. Mrs. Bagshot had been brought forward a second time by the prosecution, and had testified to an extraordinary conversation which had taken place between Mrs. Heathcote and an unknown young girl on the morning after the news of Captain Heathcote's death in the Shenandoah Valley had been received, parts of which (the conversation) she, in an adjoining room, had overheard. He had barely time to grasp the tenor of the evidence (which was voluminous, and interrupted by many questions) when the train reached Lancaster, and he found Li in waiting with the red wagon. All Li could tell was that Miss Douglas was "going on a journey." She was "all ready, with her bonnet on."

In the little parlor he found her, walking up and down, as he had walked during the preceding evening. White as her face was, there was a new expression in her eyes—an expression of energy. In some way she had reached a possibility of action, and consequently a relief. When he had entered, with a rapid motion she closed the doors. "Have you read it?" she said.

"You mean the new testimony? Yes; I read it as I came out."

"And you understood, of course, that it was I?"

"I feared it might be."

"And you see that I must go immediately to Multomah?"

"By heavens! no. I see nothing of the kind. Rather should you hasten as far away as possible—to England, Germany—some distant spot where you can safely rest until all danger, danger of discovery, is over."

"So *you* believe it also!" cried the girl, with scathing emphasis. "You believe and condemn! Believe that garbled, distorted story; condemn, when you only know half! Like all the rest of the world, you are in haste to believe, glad to believe, the worst—in haste to join the hue and cry against a hunted man."

She stood in the centre of the room, her form drawn up to its full height, her eyes flashing. She looked inspired—inspired with anger and scorn.

"Then it *is* garbled?" said Dexter, finding time even at that moment to admire her beauty, which had never before been so striking.

"It is. And I must go to Multomah and give the true version. Tell me what train to take."

"First tell *me*, Anne; tell me the whole story. Let me hear it before you give it to the world. Surely there can be no objection to my knowing it now."

"There is no objection; but I can not lose the time. I must start."

A travelling-bag stood on the table beside her shawl and gloves; the red wagon was waiting outside. He comprehended that nothing would stop her, and took his measures accordingly.

"I can arrange everything for you, and I will, and without the least delay. But first you must tell me the whole," he said, sitting down and folding his arms. "I will not work in the dark. As to time, the loss of an hour is nothing compared with the importance of gaining my co-operation, for the moment I am convinced, I will telegraph to the court-room itself, and stop proceedings until you arrive. With my help, my name, my influence, behind you, you can accomplish anything. But what could you do alone? You would be misunderstood, misrepresented, subjected to doubt, suspicion, perhaps insult. Have you thought of this?"

"I mind nothing if I can but save him."

"But if you can save him more effectually with my assistance?"

"How can that be, when you dislike, suspect him?"

"Do you wish to drive me into a rage? Can I not be just to Ward Heathcote whether I like him or not, suspect him or not? Yes, even though I believe he is guilty? Try me. If I promise to go with you to Multomah to-day, even if I think your presence there will be of no avail, will *that* induce you?"

"Yes."

"Then I promise."

Without pausing, she sat down by the table, taking a newspaper from her pocket. "You have one," she said; "please follow me in the one you have. When I saw the notice of his death, I went immediately to Helen. This woman Bagshot testifies that she was in the next room. I am positive that at first both the doors of Helen's room were closed; Bagshot, therefore, must have slightly opened one of them afterward unobserved by us. There was a curtain hanging partly over this door, but only partly;

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she could have opened it, therefore, but slightly, or we should have noticed the change. This accounts for the little that she caught—only those sentences that were spoken in an elevated voice, for Helen's room is large. It will shorten the story, I think, if we read the summary on the editorial page." And in a clear voice she read as follows: "'Our readers will remember that at the beginning of the Heathcote trial we expressed the opinion that until some more probable motive for the deed than the desire to obtain control of wealth already his own was discovered in connection with the accused, the dispassionate observer would refuse to believe his guilt, despite the threatening nature of the evidence. This motive appears now to have been supplied. In another column parts of a remarkable conversation are given, overheard by the witness Bagshot—a conversation between Mrs. Heathcote and an unknown and beautiful young girl, who came to the house on the morning after the announcement of Captain Heathcote's death in the Shenandoah Valley, and before the contradiction of the same had been received. This young girl was a stranger to the man Simpson, who opened the front door, and Simpson has been in Mrs. Heathcote's service for some time. He testifies that she was denied entrance, Mrs. Heathcote not being able to see any one. She then tore a leaf from her note-book, wrote a line upon it, and requested him to carry it to his mistress, adding that she thought Mrs. Heathcote would see her. As intimate friends had already been refused, Simpson was incredulous, but performed his duty. To his surprise, Mrs. Heathcote sent Bagshot to say that the stranger was to come to her immediately, and accordingly she was ushered up stairs, and the door closed. Upon being questioned as to what the line of writing was, Simpson replied that he did not read it. Bagshot, however, testifies that, in accordance with her duty, she cast her eye over it, and that it contained the following words: "Do let me come to you. Crystal." The word "Crystal" was a signature, and Mrs. Heathcote seemed to recognize it. Bagshot testifies that the visitor was young and beautiful, although plainly, almost poorly, dressed, and that she remained with Mrs. Heathcote nearly two hours. Very soon after her departure the telegraphic dispatch was received announcing Captain Heathcote's safety, and then the wife started on that fatal journey which was to end in death.

"'This woman, Bagshot, so far the most important witness in the case, testifies that she heard only parts of the conversation—a few detached sentences which were spoken in an elevated tone. But, disconnected as the phrases are, they are brimming with significance. The important parts of her story are as follows: First, she heard Mrs. Heathcote say, "I shall never rest until you tell me all!" Second, that she cried out excitedly: "You have robbed me of his love. I will never forgive you." Third, that she said, rapidly and in a high, strained voice: "Since he saw you he has never loved me; I see it now. He married me from pity, no doubt thinking that I was near death. How many times he must have wished me dead indeed! I wonder *that he has not murdered me.*" Fourth, that later she said: "Yes, he has borne it so far, and now he is dead. But if he were alive, I should have taunted him with it. Do you hear? I say I should have taunted him." Fifth (and most remarkable of all), that this stranger made a strong and open avowal of her own love for the dead man, the extraordinary words of which are given in another column. There are several other sentences, but they are unfinished and comparatively unimportant.

"'The intelligent observer will not fail to note the significance of this testimony, which bears upon the case not only by supplying a motive for the deed, but also, possibly, its immediate cause, in the words of the deeply roused and jealous wife: "I should have taunted him with it. I say I should have taunted him."

"'The witness has been subjected to the closest cross-questioning; it seems impossible to confuse her, or to shake her evidence in the slightest degree. Divest her testimony of all comment and theory, and it still remains as nearly conclusive as any evidence, save ocular, can be. She it is who saw the prisoner enter his wife's room by stealth shortly before the murder; she it is who overheard the avowal of the rival, the rage and bitter jealousy of the wife, and her declaration that if her husband had lived she would have made known to him her discovery, and taunted him with it.

"'He did live; the report of his death was a mistake. It is more than probable that the wife carried out her threat.'"

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Here Anne paused and laid the newspaper down; she was composed and grave.

"I will now tell you," she said, lifting her eyes to Dexter's face, "what really occurred and what really was said. As I stated before, upon seeing the announcement of her husband's death, I went to Helen. I wrote upon a slip of paper the line you have heard, and signed the name by which she always called me. As I had hoped, she consented to see me, and this woman, Bagshot, took me up stairs to her room. We were alone. Both doors were closed at first, I know; we supposed that they remained closed all the time. I knelt down by the low couch and took her in my arms. I kissed her, and stroked her hair. I could not cry; neither could she. I sorrowed over her in silence. For some time we did not speak. But after a while, with a long sigh, she said, 'Anne, I deceived him about the name in the marriage notice—Angélique; I let him think that it was you.' I said, 'It is of no consequence,' but she went on. She said that after that summer at Caryl's she had noticed a change in him, but that she did not think of me; she thought only of Rachel Bannert. But when he brought her the marriage notice, and asked if it was I, in an instant an entirely new suspicion leaped into her heart, roused by something in the tone of his voice: she always judged him by his voice. From that moment, she said, she had never been free from the jealous apprehension that he had loved me; and then, looking at me as she lay in my arms, she asked, 'But he never did, did he?'

"If I could have evaded her then, perhaps we should both have been spared all that followed, for we both suffered deeply. But I did not know how; I answered: 'He had many fancies, Helen; I may have been one of them. But only for a short time. *You* were his wife.' And then I asked her if her married life had not been happy.

"'Yes, yes,' she answered. 'I worshipped him.' And as she said this she began at last to sob, and the first tears she had shed flowed from her eyes, which had been so dulled and narrowed that they had looked dead. But she had not been satisfied, and later she came back to the subject again. She did it suddenly; seizing my arm, and lifting herself up until her face was close to mine, she cried out quickly that first sentence overheard by Bagshot—'I shall never rest until you tell me all!' Then, in a beseeching tone, she added: 'Do not keep it from me. I know that he did not love me as I loved him; still, he loved me, and I—was content. What you have to tell, therefore, can not hurt me, for—I was content. Then speak, Anne, speak.'

"I tried to quiet her, but she clung to me feverishly. 'Tell me—tell me all,' she begged. 'When they bring him home, and I see his still face lying in the coffin, I want to stand beside him with my hand upon his breast, and whisper that I know all, understand all, forgive all. Anne, he will be glad to hear that—yes, even in death; for I loved him—love him—with all my soul, and he must know it now there where he has gone. With all my imperfections, my follies, my deceptions, I loved him—loved him—loved him.' She began to weep, and I too burst into tears. It seemed to *me* also that he would be glad to hear that sentence of hers, that forgiveness. And so, judging her by myself, I did tell her all."

She paused; her eyes were full of tears, and her voice trembled, as though in another moment it would break into sobs.

"What did you tell her?" said Dexter. He was leaning back in his chair, his face divested of all expression save a rigid impartiality.

"Must I repeat it?"

"Of course, if I am to know all."

"I told her that at Caryl's we had been much together," she began, with downcast eyes; "that, after a while, he made himself seem much nearer to me by—by speaking of—by asking me about—sacred things—I mean a religious belief." (Here her listener's face showed a quick gleam of angry contempt, but she did not see it.) "Then, after this, one morning in the garden, when I was in great trouble, he—spoke to me—in another way. And when I went away from Caryl's he followed me, and we were together on a train during one day; mademoiselle was with us. At evening I left the train with mademoiselle: he did not know where we went. At this time I was engaged to Erastus Pronando. In August of the next summer I went to West Virginia to assist in the hospitals for a short time. Here, unexpectedly, I heard of him lying ill at a farm-house in the neighborhood. I did not even know that he was in the army. I went across the mountain to see if he was in good hands, and found him very ill;

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he did not know me. When the fever subsided, there were a few hours—during which there was a—deception, followed by a confession of the same, and separation. He was to go back to his wife, and he did go back to her. It was because I believed that he had so fully gone back to her—or rather that he had never left her, I having been but a passing fancy—that I told Helen all. She suspected something; it was better that she should know the whole—should know how short-lived had been his interest in me, his forgetfulness of her. But instead of making this impression upon her, it roused in her a passion of excitement. It was then that she exclaimed: 'You have robbed me of his love; I will never forgive you'—the second sentence overheard by that listening spy.

"'Helen,' I answered, 'he did not love me. Do you not see that? He was merely amusing himself. *I* am the one humiliated. When I saw you with him at St. Lucien's Church, I knew that he loved you—probably had never loved any one save you.'

"I believed what I said. But this is what she answered: 'It is not true. Since he saw you he has never loved me. I see it now. He married me from pity, no doubt thinking that I was near death. How many times he must have wished me dead indeed! I wonder that he has not murdered me.'

"This, also, Bagshot heard, for Helen had risen to her feet, and spoke in a high, strained voice, unlike her own. I put my arms around her and drew her down again. She struggled, but I would not let her go.

"'Helen,' I said, 'you are beside yourself. You were his wife, and you were happy. That one look I had in church showed me that you were.'

"She relapsed into stillness. After a while she looked up, and said, quietly, 'It is a good thing he is dead.'

"'Hush!' I answered; 'you do not know what you are saying.'

"'Yes, I do. It is a good thing that he is dead,' she repeated; 'for I should have found it out, and made his life a torment. And I should never have died; it would have determined me never to die. I should have lived on forever, an old, old woman, close to him always, so that he could not have *you*.'

"She seemed half mad; I think, at the moment, she was half mad, owing to the shock, and to the dumb grief which was consuming her.

"'It would have been a strange life we should have led,' she went on. 'I would not have left him even for a moment; he should have put on my shawl and carried me to and fro just the same, and I should have kissed him always when he went out and came in, as though we loved each other. I know his nature. It is—O God! I mean it *was*—the kind I could have worked upon. He was generous, very tender to all women; he would have yielded to me always, so far as bearing silently all my torments to the last.'"

Here Dexter interrupted the speaker. "You will acknowledge *now* what I said concerning her?"

"No," replied Anne; "Helen imagined it all. She could never have carried it out. She loved him too deeply."

Her eyes met his defiantly. The old feeling that he was an antagonist rose in her face for a moment, met by a corresponding retort in his. Then they both dropped their glance, and she resumed her narrative.

"It was here that she cried out, 'Yes, he has borne it so far, and now he is dead. But if he were alive, I should have taunted him with it. Do you hear? I say I should have taunted him.' This also Bagshot overheard. And then—" She paused.

"And then?" repeated Dexter, his eyes full upon her face.

"She grew calmer," said the girl, turning her face from him, and speaking for the first time hurriedly; "she even kissed me. 'You were always good and true,' she said. 'But it was easy to be good and true, if you did not love him.' I suppose she felt my heart throb suddenly under her head (she was lying in my arms), for she sprang up, and wound her arms around my neck, bringing her eyes again close to mine. '*Did* you love him?' she asked. 'Tell me—tell me; it will do no harm now.'

"But I drew myself out of her grasp, although she clung to me. I crossed the room. She followed me. 'Tell me,' she whispered; 'I shall not mind it. Indeed, I wish that you *did* love him, that you do love him, for then we would mourn for him together. I can be jealous of his love for you, but not of yours for him, poor child. Tell me, Anne; tell me. I long to know that you are miserable too.'

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She was leaning on me: in truth, she was too weak to stand alone. She clung to me in the old caressing way. 'Tell me,' she whispered. But I set my lips. Then, still clinging to me, her eyes fixed on mine, she said that I could not love; that I did not know what love meant; that I never would know, because my nature was too calm and shallow. She said other taunting, hissing words, which I will not repeat; and then—and then—I do not know how it came about, but I pushed her from me, with her whispering voice and shining eyes, and spoke out aloud (we were standing near that door) those words—those words which Bagshot has repeated."

"You said those words?"

"I did."

"Then you loved him?"

"Yes."

"Do you love him now?"

As Dexter asked this question his eyes were fixed upon her with searching intentness, and at first she met his gaze with the same absorbed expression, unconscious of self, which her face had worn from the beginning. Then gradually a burning blush rose, spread itself over her forehead, and even dyed her throat before it faded. "You have no right to ask that," she said, returning to her narrative with instinctive haste, as though it was a refuge.

"After I had said those words, there was no more bitterness between us. I think *then* Helen forgave me. She asked me to come and live with her in her desolation. I answered that perhaps later I could come, but not then; and it was at this time that she said, not what Bagshot has reported, 'You can not conquer hate,' but, 'You can not conquer fate.' And she added: 'We two *must* be together, Anne; we are bound by a tie which can not be severed, even though we may wish it. You must bear with me, and I must suffer you. It is our fate.'

"Later, she grew more feverish; her strength was exhausted. But when at last I rose to go, she went with me to the door. 'If he had lived,' she said, 'one of us must have died.' Then her voice sank to a whisper. 'Changed or died,' she added. 'And as we are not the kind of women who change, it must have ended in the wearing out of the life of one of us—the one who loved the most. And people would have called it by some other name, and that would have been the end. But now it is *he* who has been taken, and—oh! I can not bear it—I can not, can not bear it!'" She paused; her eyes were full of tears.

"Is that all?" said Dexter, coldly.

"That is all."

Then there was a silence.

"Do you not think it is important?" she asked at last, with a new timidity in her voice.

"It will make an impression; it will be your word against Bagshot's. The point proved will be that instead of your having separated in anger, with words of bitterness and jealousy, you separated in peace, as friends. Her letter will be important, if it proves this."

"It does. I have also another—a little note telling me of her husband's safety, and dropped into a letter-box on her way to the train. And I have the locket she gave me on the day of our last interview. She took it from her own neck and clasped it around mine a moment before I left her."

"Did Bagshot know of the existence of this locket?"

"She must have known it. For Helen said she always wore it; and Bagshot dressed her daily."

"Will you let me see it? And the two letters also, if they are here?"

"They are up stairs. I will get them."

What he wished to find out was whether she wore the locket. She came back so soon that he said to himself she could not have had it on—there had not been time to remove it; besides, as he held it in his hand it was not warm. He read the two letters carefully. Then he took up the locket again and examined it. It was a costly trinket, set with diamonds; within was a miniature, a life-like picture of Helen's husband.

He looked at his rival silently. The man was in prison, charged with the highest crime in the catalogue of crimes, and Dexter believed him guilty. Yet it was, all the same, above all and through all, the face of his rival still—of his triumphant and successful rival.

He laid down the locket, rose, and went over to Anne.

She was standing by the window, much dejected that he had not been more impressed by the importance of what she had revealed. She looked up as he came near.

"Anne," he said, "I have promised to take you to Multomah, and I will keep my promise. But have you considered that if

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you correct and restate Bagshot's testimony in all the other points, you will also be required to acknowledge the words of that confession?"

"Yes, I know it," she murmured, turning toward the window again.

"It can not but be repugnant to you. Think how you will be talked about, misunderstood. The newspapers will be black with your name; it will go through the length and breadth of the land accompanied with jests, and possibly with worse than jests. Anne, look up; listen to what I am going to say. Marry me, Anne; marry me to-day; and go on the witness stand —if go you must—as my wife."

She gazed at him, her eyes widened with surprise.

He took her hands, and began to plead. "It is a strange way and time in which to woo you, dear; but it is a strange ordeal which you have to go through. As my wife, no one will dare to insult you or to misconstrue your evidence; for your marriage will have given the lie beforehand to the worst comment that can be made, namely, that you still love Heathcote, and hope, if he is acquitted, to be his wife. It will be said that you loved him once, but that this tragedy has changed the feeling, and you will be called noble in coming forward of your own accord to acknowledge an avowal which must be now painful to you in the extreme. The 'unknown young girl' will be unknown no longer, when she comes forward as Gregory Dexter's wife, with Gregory Dexter by her side to give her, in the eyes of all men, his proud protection and respect."

Anne's face responded to the warm earnestness of these words: she had never felt herself so powerfully drawn toward him as at that moment.

"As to love, Anne," he continued, his voice softening, "do not fancy that I am feigning anything when I say that I do love you. The feeling has grown up unconsciously. I shall love you very dearly when you are my wife; you could command me, child, to almost any extent. As for your feeling toward me—marry me, and I will *make* you love me." He drew her toward him. "I am not too old, too old for you, am I?" he said, gently.

"It is not that," she answered, in deep distress. "Oh, why, why have you said this?"

"Well, because I am fond of you, I suppose," said Dexter, stroking her hair. He thought she had yielded.

"You do not understand," she said, breaking from him. "You are generous and kind, the best friend I have ever had, and it is for that reason, if for no other, that I would never wrong you by marrying you, because—"

"Because?" repeated Dexter.

"Because I still love him."

"Heathcote?"

"Yes."

His face changed, yet he continued his urging. "Even if you do love him, you would not marry him *now*."

She did not answer.

"You would not marry him with poor Helen's blood between you?"

"It is not between us. He is innocent."

"But if, after escaping conviction, it should yet be made clear to you—perhaps to you alone—that he *was* guilty, then would you marry him?"

"No. But the very greatness of his crime would make him in a certain way sacred to me on account of the terrible remorse and anguish he would have to endure."

"A good way to punish criminals," said Dexter, bitterly. "To give them your love and your life, and make them happy."

"He would not be happy; he would be a wretched man through every moment of his life, and die a wretched death. Whatever forgiveness might come in another world, there would be none in this. Helen herself would wish me to be his friend."

"For the ultra-refinement of self-deception, give me a woman," said Dexter, with even deepened bitterness.

"But why do we talk of it when he is not guilty?" continued Anne. Then seeing him take up his hat and turn toward the door, she ran to him and seized his arm. "You are not going?" she cried, abandoning the subject with a quick, burning anxiety which told more than all the rest. "Will you not take me, as you promised, to Multomah?"

"You still wish me to take you there?"

"Yes, yes."

"What do you think a man is made of?" he said, throwing down his hat, but leaving her, and walking across to the window.

Anne followed him. "Mr. Dexter," she said, standing behind him shrinkingly, so that he could not see her, "would you

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wish me to marry you when I love—love *him*, as I said, in those words which you have read, and—even more?" Her face was crimson, her voice broken, her hands were clasped so tightly that the red marks of the pressure were visible.

He turned and looked at her. "Is it so, child?" he said, for her face told even more than her words. All his anger faded; it seemed to him then that he was the most unfortunate man in the whole world. He took her in his arms, and kissed her sadly. "God bless you! dear," he said. "Think of it no more. But, oh, Anne, Anne, if it could but have been! Why does he have everything, and I nothing?" He bowed his head over hers as it lay on his breast, and stood a moment; then he released her, went to the door, and breathed the outside air in silence.

Closing it, he turned and came toward her again, and in quite another tone said, "Are you ready? If you are, we will go to the city, and start as soon as possible for Multomah."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheeks flame:....the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less thro' all bore up."—TENNYSON.

GREGORY DEXTER kept his word. He telegraphed to Miss Teller and to Miss Teller's lawyers. He thought of everything, even recalling to Anne's mind that she ought to write to her pupils and to the leader of the choir, telling them that she expected to be absent from the city for several days. "It would be best to resign all the places at once," he said. "After this is over, they can easily come back to you if they wish to do so."

"It may make a difference, then, in my position?" said Anne.

"It will make the difference that you will no longer be an unknown personage," he answered, briefly.

His dispatch had produced a profound sensation of wonder in the mind of Miss Teller, and excitement in the minds of Miss Teller's lawyers. Helen's aunt, so far, had not been able to form a conjecture as to the identity of the mysterious young girl who had visited her niece, and borne part in that remarkable conversation; Bagshot's description brought no image before her mind. The acquaintance with Anne Douglas, the school-girl at Madame Moreau's, was such a short, unimportant, and now distant episode in the brilliant, crowded life of her niece that she had forgotten it, or at least never thought of it in this connection. She had never heard Helen call Anne "Crystal." Her imagination was fixed upon a girl of the lower class, beautiful, and perhaps in her way even respectable—"one of those fancies which," she acknowledged, "gentlemen sometimes have," the tears gathering in her pale eyes as she spoke, so repugnant was the idea to her, although she tried to accept it for Heathcote's sake. But how could Helen have known a girl of this sort? Was this, too, one of those bitter trials which wives of "men of the world" were obliged to endure?

Neither did Isabel or Rachel think of Anne. To them she had been but a school-girl, and they had not seen her or heard of her since that summer at Caryl's; she had passed out of their remembrance as entirely as out of their vision. Their idea of Helen's unknown visitor was similar to that which occupied the mind of Miss Teller. And in their hearts they had speculated upon the possibility of using money with such a person, inducing her to come forward, name herself, and deny Bagshot's testimony point-blank, or at least the dangerous portions of it. It could not matter much to a girl of that sort what she had to say, provided she was well paid for it.

Miss Teller and the lawyers were waiting to receive Anne, when, late in the evening, she arrived, accompanied by Mr. Dexter. The lawyers had to give way first to Miss Teller.

"Oh, Anne, dear child!" she cried, embracing the young girl warmly; "I never dreamed it was you. And you have come all this way to help us! I do not in the least understand how; but never mind—never mind. God bless you!" She sobbed as she spoke. Then seeing Dexter, who was standing at some distance, she called him to her, and blessed him also. He received her greeting in silence. He had brought Anne, but he was in no mood to appreciate benedictions.

And now the lawyers stepped forward, arranging chairs at the table in a suggestive way, opening papers, and consulting

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note-books. Anne looked toward Dexter for directions; his eyes told her to seat herself in one of the arm-chairs. He then withdrew to another part of the large room, and Miss Teller, having vainly endeavored to beckon him to her side, so that he might be within reach of her tearful whispers and sympathy-seeking finger, resigned herself to excited listening and silence.

When Anne Douglas appeared in the witness-stand in the Heathcote murder trial, a buzz of curiosity and surprise ran around the crowded court-room.

"A young girl!" was the first whisper. Then, "Pretty, rather," from the women, and "Beautiful!" from the men.

Isabel grasped Rachel's arm. "Is that Anne Douglas?" she said, in a wonder-struck voice. "You remember her—the school-girl, Miss Vanhorn's niece, who was at Caryl's that summer? Helen always liked her; and Ward Heathcote used to talk to her now and then, although Mr. Dexter paid her more real attention."

"I remember her," said Rachel, coldly; "but I do not recollect the other circumstances you mention."

"It *is* Anne," continued Isabel, too much absorbed to notice Rachel's manner. "But older, and a thousand times handsomer. Rachel, that girl is beautiful!"

Anne's eyes were downcast. She feared to see Heathcote, and she did not even know in what part of the room he was placed. She remained thus while she was identified by Bagshot and Simpson, while she gave her name, and went through the preliminary forms; when at last she did raise her eyes, she looked only at the lawyers who addressed her.

And now the ordeal opened. All, or almost all, of that which she had told Gregory Dexter she was now required to repeat here, before this crowded, listening court-room, this sea of faces, these watching lawyers, the judge, and the dreaded jury. She had never been in a court-room before. For one moment, when she first looked up, her courage failed, and those who were watching her saw that it had failed. Then toward whom did her frightened glance turn as if for aid?

"Rachel, it is Gregory Dexter," said Isabel, again grasping her companion's arm excitedly.

"Pray, Isabel, be more quiet," answered Mrs. Banner. But her own heart throbbed quickly for a moment as she recognized the man who had told her what he thought of her plainly in crude and plebeian Saxon phraseology.

Anne was now speaking. Bagshot's testimony was read to her phrase by phrase. Phrase by phrase she corroborated its truthfulness, but added what had preceded and followed. In this manner all the overheard sentences were repeated amid close attention, the interest increasing with every word.

But still it was evident that all were waiting; the attitude was plainly one of alert expectancy.

For what were they waiting? For the confession of love, to whose "extraordinary words" the New York journals had called attention.

At last it came. An old lawyer read the sentences aloud, slowly, markedly; while the fall of a feather could have been heard in the crowded room, and all eyes were fastened pitilessly upon the defenseless girl; for she seemed at that moment utterly forsaken and defenseless.

"'You say that I can not love,'" slowly read the lawyer, in his clear, dry voice; "'that it is not in my nature. You know nothing about it. You have thought me a child; I am a child no longer. I love your husband, Ward Heathcote, with my whole heart. It is a delight to me simply to be near him, to hear his voice, to meet his eyes. When he speaks my name, all my being goes toward him. I love him so utterly that everything else on the face of the earth is as nothing to me compared with it; and I would be your servant, yes, *yours*, only to be in the same house with him, even if I was of no more account in his eyes than the dog on the mat before his door.'"

There was an instant of dead silence after these last passionate words had fallen strangely from the old lawyer's thin lips.

Then, "Are these your words?" he asked.

"They are," replied Anne.

In that supreme moment her glance, vaguely turned away from the questioner, met the direct gaze of the prisoner. Until now she had not seen him. It was but an instant that their eyes held each other, but in that instant the thronged court-room faded from her sight, and her face, which, while the lawyer read, had been white as marble, was now colored with a blush, and so transfigured with deep feeling, so uplifted, so beautiful, that men

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leaned forward to see her more closely, to print, as it were, that exquisite image upon their memories forever.

Then the crowd took its breath again audibly; the sight was over. Anne had sunk down and covered her face with her hands, and Miss Teller, much agitated, was sending her a glass of water.

Even the law is human sometimes, and there was now a short delay.

So far, while the testimony of the new witness had been dramatic, and in its interest absorbing, it had not proved much, or shaken to any great extent the theory of the prosecution. On the contrary, more than ever now were people inclined to believe that this lovely young girl was in reality the wife's rival. Men whispered to each other, significantly, "Heathcote knew what he was about. That is the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my life; and nothing can alter *that*."

But now the tide turned. The examination proceeded, and the two unfinished sentences which Bagshot had repeated, phrases which seemed to tell so much, were read. Anne corrected them.

"'You can not conquer hate,'" read the lawyer.

"Mrs. Heathcote did not say that," began Anne; but her voice was still tremulous, and she paused a moment in order to control it.

"We wish to remark here," said one of Miss Teller's lawyers, "that while the witness named Lucretia Bagshot is possessed of an extraordinary memory, and while she has also repeated what she overheard with a correctness and honesty which are indeed remarkable in a person who would deliberately open a door and *listen*, in this instance her careful and conscientious ears will be found to have been mistaken."

He was not allowed to say more. But as he had said all he wished to say, he bore his enforced silence with equanimity.

"Mrs. Heathcote wished me to come and live with her," continued Anne. "She said, not what Mrs. Bagshot has reported, but, 'You can not conquer *fate*.' And then she added, 'We two *must* be together, Anne; we are bound by a tie which can not be severed, even though we may wish it. You must bear with me, and I must suffer you. It is our fate.'"

This produced an effect; it directly contradicted the impression made by Bagshot's phrase, namely, that the two women had parted in anger and hate, the wife especially being in a mood of desperation. True, it was but Anne's word against Bagshot's, and the strange tendency toward believing the worst, which is often seen at criminal trials, inclined most minds toward the elder woman's story. Still, the lawyers for the defense were hopeful.

The last remaining sentence, or portion of a sentence, was now read: "'If he had lived, one of us must have died.'"

It had been decided that Anne should here give all that Helen had said, without omission, as she had given it to Dexter.

"Yes," she answered; "Mrs. Heathcote used those words. But it was in the following connection. When we had said good-by, and I had promised to come again after the funeral, she went with me toward the door. 'If he had lived,' she said, 'one of us must have died.' Then she paused an instant, and her voice sank. 'Changed or died,' she added. 'And as we are not the kind of women who change, it must have ended in the wearing out of the life of one of us—the one who loved the most. And people would have called it by some other name, and that would have been the end. But now it is *he* who has been taken, and—oh! I can not bear it—I can not, can not bear it!'"

She repeated these words of Helen's with such realistic power that tears came to many eyes. Rachel Bannert for the first time veiled her face. All the feeling in her, such as it was, was concentrated upon Heathcote, and Helen's bitter cry of grief, repeated by Anne, had been the secret cry of her own heart every minute since danger first menaced him.

Anne's words had produced a sensation; still, they were but her unsupported words.

But now something else was brought forward; proof which, so far as it went, at least, was tangible. Anne was testifying that, before she went away, Helen had taken from her own neck a locket and given it to her as a token of renewed affection; and the locket was produced. The defense would prove by Bagshot herself that this locket on its chain was around her mistress's neck on the morning of that day, and Mrs. Heathcote must therefore have removed it herself and given it to the present witness, since the latter could hardly have taken it from her by force without being overheard, the door being so very conveniently ajar.

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And now the next proof was produced, the hurried note written to Anne by Helen, after the tidings of her husband's safety had been received. After the writing was identified as Helen's, the note was read.

"DEAR ANNE,—Ward is safe. It was a mistake. I have just received a dispatch. He is wounded, but not dangerously, and I write this on my way to the train, for I am going to him; that is, if I can get through. All is different now, dear. I trust you. But I love him too much not to try and make him love *me* the most, if I possibly can. HELEN."

This was evidence clear and decided. It was no longer Anne's word, but Helen's own. Whatever else the listeners continued to believe, they must give up the idea that the wife and this young girl had parted in anger and hate; for if the locket as proof could be evaded, the note could not.

But this was not all. An excitement more marked than any save that produced when Anne acknowledged the confession arose in the court-room when the lawyers for the defense announced that they would now bring forward a second letter—a letter written by Mrs. Heathcote to the witness in the inn at Timloesville on the evening of her death—her last letter, what might be called her last utterance on earth. It had been shown that Mrs. Heathcote was seen writing; it would be proved that a letter was given to a colored lad employed in the hotel soon after Captain Heathcote left the room, and that this lad ran across the street to the post-office and dropped it into the mail-box. Not being able to read, he had not made out the address.

When the handwriting of this letter also had been identified, it was, amid eager attention, read aloud. The feeling was as if the dead wife herself was speaking to them from the grave.

"TIMLOESVILLE, *June* 10, *half past* 8 P.M.

"DEAR ANNE,—I sent you a few lines from New York, written on my way to the train, but now that I have time, I feel that something more is due to you. I found Ward at a little hospital, his right arm injured, but not seriously. He will not be able to use it readily for some time; it is in a sling. But he is so much better that they have allowed us to start homeward. We are travelling slowly—more, however, on my account than his. I long to have the journey over.

"Dear Anne, I have thought over all our conversation—all that you told me, all that I replied. I am so inexpressibly happy to-night, as I sit here writing, that I can and will do you justice, and tell all the truth—the part that I have hitherto withheld. And that is, Anne, that your influence over him *was* for good, and that your pain and effort have not been thrown away. You asked him to bear his part in life bravely, and he has borne it; you asked him to come back to me, and he did come back. If you were any other woman on earth, I would never confess this—confess that I owe to *you* my happiness of last winter, when he changed, even in his letters, to greater kindness; confess that it was your influence which made him, when he came home later, so much more watchful and gentle in his care of, his manner toward, me. I noticed the change on the first instant, the first letter, and it made my heart bound. If it had been possible, I should have gone to him then, but it was not. He had rejoined his regiment, and I could only watch for his letters like a girl of sixteen. When he did come home, I counted every hour of that short visit as so much happiness greater than I had ever known before. For I had always loved him, and *now* he loved me.

"Do not contradict me; he does love me. At least he is so dear to me, and so kind and tender, that I do not know whether he does or not, but am content. You are a better, nobler woman; yet *I* have the happiness.

"He does not know that I have seen you, and I shall never tell him. He does not know that *I* know what an effort he has made. But every kind act and tone goes to my heart. For I *did* deceive him, Anne; and if it had not been for that deception, probably he would not now be my husband—he would be free.

"Yet good has come out of evil this time, perhaps on account of my deep love. No wife was ever so thankfully happy as I am to-night, and on my knees I have thanked my Creator for giving me that which makes my life one long joy.

"He has come in, and is sitting opposite, reading. He does not know to whom I am writing—does not dream what I am saying. And he must never know: I can not rise to *that*.

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"No, Anne, we must not meet, at least for the present. It is better so, and you yourself will feel that it is. But when I reach home I will write again, and *then* you will answer.

"Always, with warm love, your friend,

"HELEN."

During the reading of this letter, the prisoner for the first time sat with his head bowed, his face shaded by his hand. Miss Teller's sobs could be heard. Anne, too, broke down, and wept silently.

"When I reach home I will write again, and *then* you will answer." Helen *had* reached home, and Anne—had answered.

THE PAWN-SHOP.

THE recent movement which was so general in all our large cities toward the orderly and economic organization of the abundant charity, both public and private, for aiding the poor, and especially the tendency it displayed of a growing distrust of mere alms-giving as being at best an injudicious and temporary palliative, together with the increasing conviction that it is possible to permanently improve the condition of the poor only as they are taught the self-respect of independence, and furnished with the means of becoming so, suggest the following social study of the pawn-shop, as it is and as it might be made.

No one, be he poor or rich, can expect that his entire life shall be passed with such an exceptional freedom from the common lot of mankind that he shall never experience at any time the need of some temporary assistance, and especially is this need felt by the poor from the very fact of their poverty. The only institution regularly constituted in society as yet for meeting this need is the pawn-shop.

In France, in Italy, and elsewhere in Europe, the Mont-de-Piété, as it is called, is an institution supported by the funds of the state, and operated under public control. It is thus always abundantly supplied with the means it needs for carrying on its business, never taking advantage of a plea of its own poverty to increase its gains, or to lessen the aid it can give to those who require it; and while the rate of interest charged is low, the profits of the business, if they prove excessive, return to the state itself, for the benefit of the public from which they were originally drawn. In Paris, for example, so admirably is the Mont-de-Piété organized, so thoroughly respectable are all its surroundings, that there is no social obloquy connected with its use, and it is a very general custom for persons in easy circumstances to deposit in the spring their furs and winter clothing with it, redeeming them when the winter comes, and they want them again for their personal use. In this way they are certain to escape the risk and bother of guarding them from the ravages of moths during the summer, while having the use of the money advanced upon them, at such a reasonable interest as makes the operation an advantageous one to both parties. The poor find this institution their best friend to apply to when they have urgent need for a small loan, nor is their self-respect hurt in making the application; they are the chief supporters of the institution; it is organized for their benefit, and they feel that they have a right to use it. There is no more air of a furtive transaction in visiting it for legitimate purposes of business than there is here in entering a public post-office to buy a postage stamp.

There is no need to particularize concerning the difference between such an institution and the pawn-shops whose three balls are so increasingly scattered over the poorer sections of all the cities of this country. As a matter of social history, it is singular, too, that pawnbroking should have sunk to so low a level, both here and in England, when we remember that one of the chief inducements put forward in the original prospectus for the establishment of the Bank of England was that it would regularly engage in the pawning business, being ready at all times to advance reasonably on such silver-plate and other personal property as its customers should deposit with it, charging for this convenience a much less rate of interest than the gold and silver smiths of the time, who had the monopoly of this business, were in the habit of charging. But to-day, to mortgage one's house, to hypothecate one's bonds, to get an advance upon one's storage receipts or one's bills of lading, is a business operation as respectable as it is general; while to pawn one's watch or any other piece of personal property, though the operations are of precisely the same character, and are undertaken from the same necessity, is consid-

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ered a somewhat disreputable transaction. This is partly owing to the fact that public attention has not been called to the intelligent and sympathetic study of the matter. The more prosperous classes have, with a careless disregard for the welfare of their more needy fellow-citizens, allowed the whole business to fall into unworthy hands. How thoroughly the best interests of the poor have been in this matter disregarded is shown conclusively by the fact that the legal rate of interest allowed the pawnbrokers in our large cities is six per cent. a month, or seventy-two per cent. a year.

Among all the cities of the country, Boston, Massachusetts, is the only one in which any attention has been given to this wholly unnecessary burden placed upon the poor, and where a proper consideration of the subject has led to a practical reform. Several years ago a few rich men in that city, recognizing the importance of organizing pawnbroking in an orderly business way, subscribed a capital of one hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a Pawners' Bank, as it was first called. This name was soon changed to that of the Collateral Loan Bank, the change being made in deference to the prejudice against the use of the word "pawner."

By the terms of its charter the bank was allowed to charge on its loans one and a half per cent. a month, or eighteen per cent. a year. The dividends to the stockholders were limited to eight per cent., and all excess of profits after the payment of expenses was to be spent in the free distribution of coal to the poor during the months of December, January, and February, under the supervision of the Town Council. The business has been found so large as to justify the increase of the capital; and in their reports the managers of the bank reiterate the statement that the business is one of the surest there is, the security being in all cases deposited with the bank before the loan is made, and being in the immense majority of cases promptly redeemed. A very large proportion of the loans are made for sums less than a dollar, while the borrowers, upon the payment of the interest, are so astonished at the smallness of this charge that they constantly offer to pay more. The bank, while paying to its stockholders their regular dividends of eight per cent., has reduced the cost of pawning to those requiring this aid, and at the same time raised the compensation of those who attend to the details of the business above the rate they at first were paid. Thus all the various classes who are connected with the bank have been benefited.

But excellent and unquestionable as are the benefits this application of intelligent sympathy for the poor has produced in the organization of pawning, yet it is evident that it is not all that can be done in this direction by a further application of the same principle to the economic study of their condition. Why would it not be possible to combine with a pawners' bank a savings-bank, so that these two institutions should work harmoniously together to their common end—the improvement of the hard conditions of the poor? The very necessity of security to-day forces the savings-bank, which gathers its funds from the poor, to limit its investment of them to such securities as pay but the smallest interest. But the pawners' bank offers, as experience has shown, an exceptionally safe opportunity for the investment of large aggregate sums of money at exceptionally high rates of interest. Though eighteen per cent. a year, or one and a half per cent. a month, is evidently ruinous to the ordinary transactions of business, yet it is only a fourth of seventy-two per cent., which is the regular charge for pawnbroking in all of our cities. A pawners' bank, therefore, the capital of which was contributed by the rich, who would be contented with a small interest upon their investment, could induce the poor to deposit their small savings with it by the secure promise of a higher rate of interest than they can get now. The details of such a plan could be easily worked out if the task were undertaken with an intelligent and heart-felt sympathy with the purposes it should propose and the results it sought to gain, the essential idea of the scheme being that it would enable the poor to lend their savings to the poor.

A DIMPLE.

A VALLEY born in sunshine with the blush of early morn;
A vale where pleasure nestles in nature's softest down;
Paradise by a smile created;
An Eden lost by a frown.

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VI.

JONAS FIELDING left Mrs. Boyce's *conversazione* determined to seek an early opportunity of accepting Miss Armory's invitation. That young lady had impressed him as wide-minded in the midst of confusing influences. There was certainly something pleasing, as well as perfectly sincere, in her frank gaze and manner of treating him. He felt a degree of satisfaction in her society which made him forget any of the reasons for embarrassment or distaste which oppressed him in English society, and he believed that she could offer him frank and simple solutions of the social problems which already disquieted him. Accordingly he made his appearance in Cornwall Gardens one morning about five days after Mrs. Boyce's *conversazione*, and was pleased to find Miss Armory alone in the sitting-room or boudoir devoted to her special use. She looked uncommonly pretty. She was becomingly dressed in dark green, although to Jonas the color and intention of picturesqueness seemed slightly theatrical; but he thought the general effect not unpleasant. She was embroidering as he came in, and quickly put down a heap of white and gold and dull red silks upon a table near her.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Fielding," she said, cordially. "I felt sure you would come soon."

"Yes," said Jonas, smiling in his shrewd, reflective way, "I made up my mind that you meant it."

"Of course I meant it. Now do sit down and make yourself comfortable."

But Jonas appeared to prefer leaning against the chimney-piece.

"Well," said Miss Armory, "I never interfere with that attitude in a man. Men always appear to derive a special satisfaction from chimney-pieces. I'm sure fireplaces never ought to go out of fashion."

Although Miss Armory laughed, it was without any of the air of having made one of the abstract speeches of society, and Jonas, who had no sense of piquant repartee, answered nothing for a moment. Then:

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I am fond of standing up. I think if you've anything on your mind, it is easier to say it standing up or walking about."

"Then you shall do as you like, and, if you try, I think you could walk about even this confused little room."

"Is it confused?" Jonas said, good-humoredly. He looked about the many artistic decorations and furnishings, which indeed nearly filled the room, but, as in the drawing-room, there were certain wide, tranquil spaces. "I don't think I shall have to walk about much," he said, smiling; "but I think I could make my way. I hope you won't get tired of me."

"No, I promise that. May I go on with my work?" and Miss Armory gathered up the rich mass of color at her side.

"What is that?" asked Jonas, politely. "I suppose it is for a fair. Ladies do a great deal of worsted-work now, don't they? Is that a tidy?"

"Yes," said Miss Armory, slowly; she drifted back some years at mention of the forgotten name. "They call them antimacassars and sofa backs here."

"Do they?" Jonas looked a moment at the deftly moving fingers and the colors, which he felt harmonized perfectly with all the surroundings, yet by means of some subtle power he could not define. "Miss Armory," he said, a little suddenly, "I've come to talk to you about something very particular. It's about Prudence."

Miss Armory nodded. "Yes; I knew you had."

"Well, I suppose Prudence is in English society now?"

"Yes, Mr. Fielding; and, do you know, I am sure she is going to be a genuine success. That is something worth attaining in this worn-out day."

"Worn out!"—the young man laughed unaffectedly. "Worn out!" he repeated, with almost a pitying glance at the girl before him.

"Yes, Mr. Fielding, worn out in certain ways. You carry your atmosphere of freshness and clearness so strongly about with you that I can't talk to you much about it."

"Oh, go on," he pleaded; "I beg you will."

"Well, then, you don't know how Fashion has tired herself, how glad she is of the *raison d'être* in—well, in this very tidy I am doing. People are still seeking novelty."

"What is it that they want?"

"I am not sure they know themselves.

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But there is one thing certain, in many things a great degree of perfection is required."

"Are there grades of perfection in anything, Miss Armory?"

"Well, there are different kinds, I should say; or, rather, we see perfection little by little. Nowadays people want to see a great deal, however, at once. English society is charming and beautiful and artistic, and in certain circles splendid, but it is in some ways what our friend Mrs. Crane would call—hollow."

Miss Armory laughed, but she saw that Jonas listened intently.

"Go on," he said, very gravely. "Tell me sincerely about it. How do these people"—he waved his hand as if including the phantoms of the other night—"how do these people think and feel and live?"

"How am I to tell you?" said Miss Armory, looking at him with a little uncomfortable laugh. "I am only philosophizing, please remember. And as you are a clergyman, you will be telling me presently that I ought not to judge people by surface indications."

"If you will be candid, and give me the benefit of your knowledge, Miss Armory, you need not be afraid I shall preach to you."

"Well, then, these people—pray remember I am one of them myself—undertake to set up standards of *feeling*. It is all very well to use Chelsea tea-cups and old blue, to wear olive green and dead gold because it is the fashion—all that comes of our keener appreciations of good form and color; but when you are told just how your pulses should beat, what should reach your inmost being, what folly you may indulge in because it expresses *soul*, then I say it is time to grow philosophical."

Miss Armory was working languidly. She did not look at Jonas when she ceased speaking, but the young man sought her gaze. He looked at her intently.

"And to be a *success*?" he said, sharply.

Miss Armory lifted her eyes. "To be a success in this circle," she answered, "is to contribute to the beauty, the brilliancy, the magnetism, or the *effect* of the hour."

Jonas remained silent. He looked around as though he might begin that impetuous walking about of which he had spoken; but in fact no repose was more complete than that expressed by his tall sinewy figure leaning against the chimney-piece. "I am afraid," he said at last—"I am afraid I do not receive new impressions quickly."

Miss Armory smiled, and held out her hands with an expressive gesture.

"I don't think it is *that*," she said, earnestly. "It is because—don't you see?—it's like expecting to understand an unknown tongue in an hour. Indeed, I only half know it myself. Wait until you hear it talked a little longer around you."

"No," said Fielding, "it isn't *that* either. I am not one of those to be enlightened ever by it." He stopped a moment, and then added, with an air of shrewd conviction, "I don't like it."

Miss Armory continued to look at him earnestly.

"Wait!" she said, brilliantly.

"Ah!" exclaimed Fielding, smiling, "you are pleading the cause of this—this sort of thing yourself, after all you have said."

"What did I say?" she answered, eagerly. "Did I say I didn't like it? Oh, I know I analyzed it; but don't you know there are times, and especially with certain people, when we analyze and criticise our deepest, our dearest, beliefs?"

Jonas smiled thoughtfully.

"Well," he said, growing preoccupied again, "this is not what I meant to say of Prudence."

"No, it is not, and even now I don't know what to say of her. I told you she was going to be a success, and so she is."

"To contribute to the beauty, the brilliancy, the magnetism, or the effect of the hour?" said the young man, without a tinge of irony in his tone. The sedate intensity of his manner impressed Miss Armory. She paused; she had abandoned her work, but she moved the silks through her fingers carefully.

"Not the magnetism," she answered.

"Why not?" Jonas spoke in a low tone.

"Well, I don't want to answer you hastily, though I promise to be more explicit in the future. All I can say at the moment is, she wouldn't know how."

"Oh, then," exclaimed the young man, with a light laugh, "that is an acquired art here, is it? Well, Prudence may learn."

Miss Armory shook her head.

"Not if she staid here forever; it isn't in her; but she will be just as successful

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in another way. She is so divinely beautiful."

"Prudence is a handsome girl," answered Jonas, almost as though defending her against the charge of too æsthetic a beauty. "In Ponkamak every one thought so."

"Then she is accustomed to success."

"Ah," exclaimed Jonas, with a quiet tone of sadness, "I shall have to explain *our* meanings to you, Miss Armory. In Ponkamak Prudence was respected and loved."

"She is respected here, Mr. Fielding, and loved in just the same sort of way. Of course I know just what you mean, but don't you realize the difference between a large circle and a small one? In Ponkamak every one had grown up with every one else. There was no question of sudden ideas, of revelations in beauty or acquirements; here society has only time to look on in a surface way. It is never sure of renewing any phase of feeling a second season. The sweetness of constant remembrance and association must be lacking."

"You all seem to be remarkably intimate," said Jonas, gravely. "That young Simmonson, for instance, the artist, why, I heard him talking to half a dozen people as if they were his dearest friends."

Miss Armory smiled, and again made that little despairing gesture with her hands.

"That is part of the language. You must learn to be one of them," she said, laughing. "But don't let us be abstract any more, Mr. Fielding. There is something I want much to know. Tell me about Prudence. Have you known her long?"

"Always," he answered, and there drifted across his remembrance a picture of baby Prudence on his shoulder as he tramped through the snow; of the child Prudence watching for him on his way from school; of the girl Prudence, tall and beautiful, but still trustfully dependent. With these pictures came the framework of simple home life—clear beliefs, clear purposes. They carried him easily down to the present hour, but here they seemed to stand still, veiled, obscured, mystified by the newer settings, beyond which he strove in bewilderment to believe in the past.

"Always," he repeated. "Her brother was my dearest friend. We went to school together in Ponkamak, and we went to Andover the same day; but there Marlitt shot clear ahead of me. Everything there, as I remember it, seems to have belonged to him. I was a shy sort of boy, and he made life open treasures to me. Prudence is beautiful. Well, his mind was like Prue's face. I never saw anything like what he absorbed of the best in everything. He had a nature you couldn't be near without feeling; and for all his study and science, he had the heart of a boy. Well, we both began to study for the ministry together; but while I was plodding on the ground, Marlitt had thought out all his spiritual life. He had lifted himself up to the highest places. Marlitt—" Jonas Fielding paused; his theme seemed to have made him forgetful of everything else, yet he could not find words. "Marlitt," he repeated, intensely, and with the look of some suffering long held dumb in his eyes, "I *can not* believe that death could kill him."

"And he died?" Miss Armory said, gravely.

Jonas inclined his head.

"Yes. It was the time of the yellow fever in New Orleans. He went down there: he felt he must. He died after months of toil, weary in the harness. I was always glad he had accomplished something, and I found he had left his impress upon many minds. He was *real;* but to me he is one of the incontrovertible arguments against annihilation: everything half uttered; all that subtle brain-power; the depth of heart-meaning; the unspoken; the undefined; yet the rich, rich possibility. Can it be it is gone, broken and unfinished, ended forever beneath a few feet of sod? What demon could have created such an earth?"

After a moment Miss Armory said, in a low tone, "And Prudence?"

Jonas passed his hand across his forehead. He was still leaning against the chimney-piece, but he had ceased while he talked to look at Miss Armory. His eyes were fixed upon the bit of wintry Park visible through the window.

"Yes, Prudence," he said. "She was his idol. He would talk of her by the hour. Of all things he had dreaded for her was"—the young man turned a quick gaze toward Miss Armory, toward the room, toward, as it were, the London which was making Prudence a success—"was *this—this.*"

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"Do you think if he had known—" Miss Armory was beginning, when Jonas checked her:

"He knew all human nature; nothing was too wide, too remote, for him. You can study all the world, he used to say, if you like, in six people. He understood Prudence, and he loved her. Miss Armory, listen to me. If you make Prudence a success here, she will *not* be one at home among the people who truly love her."

Miss Armory was standing up herself now. She had begun to move rather restlessly about the room. "I have nothing to do with it," she said, finally, stopping short before the young man, and looking at him with a compassionate gaze.

"You called yourself one of them a while ago," he said, bitterly.

Miss Armory looked down at the fire, twirling an ornament of her châtelaine in her fingers. "This is morbid," she said at last. "You will see it for yourself later. I repeat again, Mr. Fielding—*wait*."

"How long?" he asked, gravely.

"Oh," returned Miss Armory, trying to laugh, "I have no idea of suggesting a dissection of society in regard to its effects upon Prudence, nor of asking you to look on at a few scenes from a metaphysical point of view. Believe I am only anxious to see you less unhappy."

"I am not unhappy."

"You are apprehensive and suspicious, which is a great deal worse; and you are starting out to judge of us on a morbid, prejudiced basis. When you came in first, I thought I had penetrated your feelings—your point of view seemed so apparent—but I see now that I was mistaken."

"I am not one of you," said the young man, with a kind of gloomy insistence.

"Don't harbor that against me. Come, Mr. Fielding; I am truly Prudence's friend, and I want to be yours. Won't you believe me when I tell you that you are allowing yourself to be morbid?"

He shook his head.

"She is a curious girl," he said, slowly. "Marlitt was right in saying she should have her foundations firmly fixed before any strong wave swept over her."

"And you think she has come into what you call *this* too crudely?"

"She will be dazzled," he said, gravely.

"And why not? A dazzle is often a very good thing."

"No." He spoke a general negative, but Miss Armory was keen enough to understand its special application.

"Then why don't you say all this to her yourself?" she exclaimed.

Jonas smiled sadly.

"Surely you see," he said. "How much of all this would she understand?"

It was certainly a tribute to Miss Armory's intuitions, but she scarcely thought of that.

"Then what am I to do?" she said, with calm despair. "Remember, I think you morbid."

"We have drifted so far away from the beginning of this talk," said Jonas, "that you forget the impression you were willing to convey half an hour ago."

"Oh," said Miss Armory, "half an hour ago! I didn't know you then."

"You don't know me yet," said Jonas, a little sadly; "nor even does my poor little Prudence. I am going to use your word, Miss Armory," and he smiled good-humoredly—"*wait!*"

He held out his hand for good-by, and the girl very quickly put her own in it. It was odd that this ungainly, unimpressive young man should be leaving her with a sense of defeat, or at least a desire to make herself appreciated and better understood. While he held her hand in a thoroughly impersonal sort of way, she was swiftly trying to think of some way to prolong the talk, or bring about another interview.

"I shall quote you, then," she said, finally, clasping her hands and looking at him very brilliantly. "How long?"

Jonas smiled shrewdly. "Until I say, Enough," he answered.

There was a moment's silence, after which Miss Armory said, "Have you accepted Mr. Simmonson's invitation to his studio?"

"Of course. I went there yesterday."

"Indeed! and what did you do?"

"You can imagine. I looked at his pictures, and he talked."

"Did he? I don't think you appreciate your privileges. Mr. Simmonson is considered a most desirable acquaintance."

"I am going again, to-morrow, to lunch with him."

Miss Armory involuntarily stared.

"I am studying him," said Jonas Fielding, "and I think he is studying me."

Miss Armory knew she should enjoy reflecting upon this later.

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"Well," she said, "then I suppose we shall meet you there at the sittings?"

"I hope so," he said, still so sedately that Miss Armory's keenest instincts failed her.

"Have you said all you can think of?" she asked, pleasantly.

"Oh no," he answered. "I mean to talk a great deal to you yet. My *wait* ought to show you that."

Miss Armory felt a new degree of exhilaration.

"Very well," she answered. "But don't forget my offer of friendliness."

"No," he said, "I am not likely to. Good-by, Miss Armory, and thank you. Prudence tells me she is going to the theatre with you to-night."

"Yes; good-by, or rather *au revoir*."

He took her hand again with the same stiff formality, and was gone in a moment, leaving Miss Armory a brilliant figure in the centre of the beautiful room, but he carried away the very vaguest impression of her personal charms. Something about her, indeed, had made talking to her agreeable, independent of his desire to hear her opinions; but he never analyzed effects upon himself. Indeed, it was not in the nature of the man to take his own feelings into account. A few ambitions he possessed, a few set ideas. A certain plan of life he had devised as being philosophically and ideally the best, but he could contrive to work toward that end without the relaxation of Miss Armory's brilliant smiles or epigrammatic conversation. She was a type, he told himself, entirely outside of his life. He needed her as little as he needed the æstheticism of the London in which he found himself and Prudence.

When he left Cornwall Gardens he wandered rather aimlessly about, unconsciously seeking a certain physical repose upon one of the benches in Hyde Park. It was a wintry day, yet the sun, being still high in the heavens, pierced the fog with something like illumination. Fielding sat still in the half-mist, thinking intently, and indulging in those plans for the future which occupied half his waking thoughts. Yet even as that visionary to-morrow framed itself in genial colors, bringing a look of unutterable joy to the man's clear-cut, strong face, he reverted to his recent talk with Miss Armory, and a new channel, less vigorous and hopeful, was given to his thoughts.

He had started out that morning believing he should find just the assistance he needed in Miss Armory; but he was compelled to own himself disappointed. What was it he had asked of her? Something he now believed she could not understand; yet how well she had talked! How readily she had found answers to his meagre words! He could not tell how to frame his complaint against the brilliant, good-humored young lady, yet he knew that he had reason to be disheartened. As he found the benches of the Park on so cold a morning peculiarly unresponsive, he got up, and, stretching his limbs, walked away in the direction of Piccadilly; but as he went he owned to himself that he was depressed in the extreme. He sauntered on, still idling both in his gait and train of thought, but as he walked, the characters of a certain advertisement grew luminous before his eyes.

"Christ leaving the Prætorium."

I think he had encountered the words a dozen times before he found himself in Bond Street, mechanically directing his steps toward the Doré Gallery. He paid his shilling, stopped to look at a gorgeous book on sale, and then going into the very glaring little gallery, experienced a certain shock on seeing Prudence and Mrs. Crane seated on one of the circular benches.

VII.

Mrs. Crane wore her most absorbed air. She was looking at the large mass of color representing that most pathetic, marvellous moment in the life of Christ. Prudence was also studying the picture, but with the air of one ready to dimple into smiles at anything more interesting and attractively personal.

"Oh, Jonas," said Mrs. Crane, brightly, as she extended a cordial hand. Prudence looked delighted, and made room for Jonas at her side.

"Now," said Mrs. Crane, "this is just what a clergyman ought to like, and *isn't* it wonderful? Just look at those Jewish women, and those children! That dear little thing there! *Isn't* it perfect?"

Jonas looked. "There is a great deal of color," he said, critically.

"Oh, but you know," said Mrs. Crane, "that's what they *like* so over here now. Don't you remark it? They make color a perfect—a perfect idol."

Jonas, whose eyes had unconsciously been filled with the tender harmonies in

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Cornwall Gardens, answered nothing for a moment. Then he said, studying the picture,

"Well, it isn't my idea of the scene." And he turned to Miss Marlitt. "Prue looks very tired," he said, smiling.

"Oh, no wonder," said Mrs. Crane. "She's going to be such a belle! She's bewildered with invitations and attentions, and now Lady Frances Holbrook wants us to go to her manor-house in the country. Really I had *no* idea, until I came over, the English were *so* cordial."

"They're perfectly lovely," said Prudence. "Don't you want to come and have some lunch with us! If I look tired, so do you. Come, Aunt Rebecca, do remember all there is to be done before this evening."

Mrs. Crane stood up with a pleased sort of importance. "Yes," she said, looking at Jonas for approbation, "Prudence is regularly in society."

Prue laughed. It was her old gay laugh, yet her eyes sought those of Jonas with a furtive air.

"Aren't you proud of me, Jonas?" she said, coaxingly.

"Of course," he answered, gravely; "but I wish you looked less tired."

He stood up and followed the ladies down stairs, where they took a cab, and Jonas, sitting opposite to Mrs. Crane, listened to her discourse upon London society, now and then glancing at Prue's fair face to read in it some expression of sympathy with his distrust. But there was none. The girl was supremely contented, supremely happy. She ate her luncheon, and talked about the afternoon, freely imparting her plans to Jonas, displaying a little note-book full of engagements, and wondering whether she should enjoy the theatre. Mrs. Crane touched Jonas's arm with a significant smile.

"Of course she will," she said, radiantly. "*We* know who'll be there. That young Mr. Simmonson. Did you know, Jonas, his uncle is a real lord over here, and one day he is to have the title."

"I knew," said Jonas.

"*Well*," said Mrs. Crane, drawing a long breath, "I think if *some* people in Ponkamak would hear of our doings, they *would* be surprised."

"I am writing home to-night," said Jonas, a little grimly. "What shall I say?"

"Oh, what you like. Tell them about Prudence's success here."

It was the second time he had heard the word applied to the girl whom he fain would shelter from the world with his very life, but coming from Mrs. Crane it had a bolder significance.

"How am I to say that, Prue?" he said, smiling across the table upon Prue's contented young face.

"Oh," said the girl, gayly, "call it fun—that's what it is. Tell them I'm having a perfectly elegant time."

"I am writing to George Maybery," said Jonas, "and I won't forget your message."

In spite of their many obligations, the ladies declared after luncheon they had an hour or two on their hands, and would like Jonas to take them to see something. He was eager enough for their service, and standing in Regent Street hurriedly enumerated such places as he considered likely to interest them. Westminster occurred to them all as peculiarly congenial. The Abbey was one of the spots which Jonas had frequently discussed with Prudence in a remote way, aided by stereoscopic views and a magazine article or two they read together during the winter evenings. It hurt him a little to see that the calm radiance of her face remained unchanged while he made his suggestion, and when they were in a cab whirling toward the Abbey she said, with her lovely smile, "Westminster, isn't it?" And almost before Jonas answered "Yes," she had turned to ask some trivial question of her aunt.

But in the Abbey Prudence's fluttering thoughts concentrated: solemnified by the silent, hidden presences to which Jonas conducted her reverently, wishing he could lift his face up to the very vault of Heaven with bared head as he stood among them. Prue looked, asked questions, and listened to Jonas with respectful attention; but what would he not have given for an hour of the old sweet companionship, in which the girl gave freely all that she had to give, while he unlocked the store-house of his mind, or lavished on her the homage of his deep, whole-souled nature? That there had been no promise for the future exchanged between them had only seemed to strengthen his devotion and her trustful dependence. She knew—she must have known—he was only waiting to speak until she

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was older, in obedience to a promise made her dead brother. Six months ago he and Prudence would have stood in this grand old monastery with but one feeling, and now the girl was listening and looking because she knew it was a part of her education, and it would be silly to forget the names and the tombs, and Jonas's descriptions were more interesting than the guide-book, or even a verger. As for Jonas, he steeled himself bravely to the subtle change in their relationship, and went on, elaborating if possible more than he would have done had his heart beat less sadly. Mrs. Crane was brilliant, alert, and smilingly sarcastic in her remarks. She meant to write home very well and solemnly on the subject, but the Abbey, like all else that was English, afforded her a certain amount of amusement. Of late she was rarely in a mood to be impressed, and she moved about among the monuments seeking some object for her brilliant sarcasm. That tomb holding the mortal remains of the man who moved nations to tears or laughter held her quiet, and subdued her most eager remarks; but she said in a moment that he had belonged to all the world, and moved away with a look on her face in which there was, singular to say, no thought of self. They had wandered about the cloisters, looked at the close in the pale foggy light, and examined with some interest the low doorways leading to the various clerical residences of the Abbey. The afternoon service began, and as the organ pealed forth, the American party decided to take their places among the worshippers, interested to observe the entrance of the choristers, and listen to the sweet passionless music of the cathedral choir.

Jonas was glad of the quiet. He sat in one of the old stalls, looking now and then at Prudence's beautiful face shining beneath the broad-brimmed felt hat. The girl's rich tints filled him with a sort of peace: he hardly knew what to call it—what name to give the love and longing that sometimes crept into his very soul. Was it, he wondered, because she was so unutterably lovely? He looked intently at the soft cheek, the lashes which curled upon it, half shading the dark sweetness of her eyes; at the waves of warmly colored hair that showed beneath her hat; at the delicately moulded chin, the child-like bloom of the lips—he looked at her, I say, feasting his eyes, his very soul, upon her beauty. Yet he was almost unaware that he was counting up her charms, that he was rejoicing in her exceeding loveliness; something higher, stronger, sweeter, was in the conscious part of his mind—the dream that had filled him since boyhood, the hope that had made of toil a pleasure. He leaned his face down upon his hand, and passionately conjured up the vision that had been the day-dream of all those working, toiling years. It was Prudence, always Prudence, the girl sheltered in his keeping, the wife waiting for his coming, the mother caring for his children, the woman who was to be the inspiration, the guardian, the friend of all his life! And had this been reality, or only the fantastic folly of a man who passionately idealizes not only his chances of life, but the object of his concentrated desires? Jonas, unnerved, unstrung, by all the mental conflicts of the past few days, refused to answer to himself these unrestful questions. He tried to reduce thought to mere numbness, if it would not flow into another channel, and Prudence, glancing shyly toward him, was struck with the repressed intensity of the man's face and look. To her vision, Jonas, dear old Jonas, sat there a tall strong figure, with the same plain, earnest face she always remembered, and had never criticised. She never questioned whence came the light that filled his eyes when he was preaching, or perhaps when he was walking up and down the old-fashioned parlor in Ponkamak, talking to her or reading aloud. Those hidden chambers of the mind, those untrodden, mysterious places, which were Self in the man, she had never considered. Their outcome she felt without analyzing the source, or questioning whether there might not be a tremulous fascination in response to the movements of his inner being. She looked up at him now, realizing the lines of fatigue about the honest eyes and strong mouth, seeing with swift regret that he was pale and tired; but no depths were stirred, no longing to know the meaning of the change in his familiar face. She would have slipped one of her little hands tenderly toward him had she dared; she would have gladly ministered to his physical needs; indeed, she began to wonder whether she had been right in urging Jonas to stay in London when he had found them on his way to Nice; but her intro-

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spection went no further than this vague doubt of her own infallibility, and compassion for the weariness expressed in Jonas's face.

"It is over," he said, in a moment, while Prudence was thinking what she ought to do.

Prudence started, and demurely walked after her aunt and Jonas down the aisle, a little flattered by the glances of admiration freely lavished upon her as she went. She forgot to say anything to Jonas about his health as he put her with Mrs. Crane into a cab, but then, as she remembered later, she should see him the next day. When they had driven off, the young man started for another solitary walk. Where his steps took him that afternoon Jonas Fielding never knew. He walked on and on, piercing the fog, through which street venders with their flaring lamps were to be seen, before he found himself at his hotel, and after so much incoherent reflection it was somewhat of a relief to find some home letters, and also a little note from Miss Armory. The latter was quickly read, but Jonas held it a long time in his hands. It bore the air of Belgravia in its faint scent, pretty monogram, and unobtrusive crest.

"DEAR MR. FIELDING" (it ran),—"I really feel that we have made a good beginning to-day, but came to no ending. You must come up soon again, and may be sure of finding me at home between eleven and one o'clock any morning. The chief object of this note, however, is to ask you to try and look in at the Lyceum this evening, where you will find us in box No. —. Don't think I am going to be too persistent in my efforts to control destiny. I only want you to see that I am not the ruling power you seemed to imagine. Do you know, I felt after you went away as though I would give a great deal—for—well, even the cobble-stones on Broadway.

"Sincerely yours,

"HELENA LISLE ARMORY."

Jonas re-read the letter once or twice before he replaced it in its envelope. He smiled to himself with the air of a man who wishes he could alter a decided opinion. Then, after one or two turns about his room, he sat down and penned the following reply:

"MY DEAR MISS ARMORY,—I am very much obliged to you for your kindness in writing me that note, and I am glad that anything I have said made you feel as if you would like to see your native land soon again. We shall have many more talks if you are always as kind as you were to-day. I feel very much unhinged lately, but I don't know as anything in particular has happened to unhinge me, only I suppose we must have periods of peculiar mental and moral shock once in so often. I would rather have had just this one in America, I think. I am not in the humor for the theatre to-night, or I should certainly go, but I hope your party will enjoy it very much. Very truly yours,

"JONAS P. FIELDING."

When he had written this note the young man held it a long time purposelessly in his hands. Then he went down stairs, and with a sedate politeness asked to have it posted at once.

VIII.

There is an old house not far from the Strand in which Mr. Barley Simmonson has his studio. How that popular young man had come to set up his artistic gods in such a sombre neighborhood was a question of wonder until his friends learned to know the house; then surprise merged into something like envy, for nowhere in London could there have been more beautiful rooms. A great many people know the old house now. It is in a quiet street full of sanctuaries, and there is a vague charm, half of antiquity, half of splendid solemnity, about the vistas on every side. The house once belonged to a famous duke, whose coat of arms is still above the mantels, and in faded colors painted on the wall. Few outward changes have been made since the pompous day of his Grace—the old knocker, the link-boys' extinguishers, the heavy door, the porter's niche, remain in solemn preservation, and the dusky hallway and staircases are ponderous with suggestions of the past.

Mr. Simmonson had two brilliant rooms up stairs, in which royalty had danced many a gay measure a hundred years ago. The lower windows look out upon an old bit of London, and catch the rushing of the river, with its suggestions of many a century's ebb and flow; at the side the windows front a peaceful old-fashioned garden, such as one sees in the very heart of London, fragrant and green even

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in winter-time. Within, everything that a really good instinct for color and arrangement could do he had done for the room. I can not hope to describe the means employed for this wonderful harmonious end. Miss Armory used to say that if at times she forgot that she was in a real workshop, she always remembered that she was among the most beautiful fabrics, the most artistic furnishings, softened, harmonized, by the divinest tints time can devise or money buy. Simmonson's piano stood in a darkly polished space near the embrasure of those windows looking out upon the river, and the window-seats covered in faded red velvet had panes of stained glass here and there, so that his listeners sitting there looked often like saints in a shrine, aureole-crowned, vibrating with some mysterious light—at least Helena thought of this on the days when Prudence visited the studio, and the girl sat for her picture in a desultory sort of fashion, interrupted by the fitfulness of the painter's mood, or Prudence's declaration that she was tired.

It was a fascinating sort of occupation, I think, for all the party: a few weeks which drifted into their lives unexpectedly, but bringing a charm which no one thought of analyzing any more than they wondered who had first owned the faded mediæval splendors of Barley Simmonson's room. Mrs. Boyce used to bring her work, but Helena never made even a feint of thus occupying her fingers. She moved about the room from time to time, played bits of music, exchanged sentiments and feelings with Barley Simmonson, and freely vented her admiration of little Prudence, who sat in a shining space, wearing her satin gown, and holding some fading yellow roses in her hands.

Those were whole hours of life, Miss Armory sometimes said, yet she believed in them as contributions to the warmer needs of nature and feeling. She would not have sacrificed her share in them for any consideration, and her mind was only disturbed when she thought of Jonas Fielding, and forced herself to believe that Barley Simmonson intended to let himself fall in love.

Moving his eyes from the canvas to Prue's face above the creamy satin and careless lace, it was not possible that he should not be at least moved to sentiment; but Miss Armory had seen the man's intention that night at the Lyceum Theatre. It was not only that he had brought, as an offering to Prudence, a tall white lily, which the girl had some difficulty in holding or "bearing" throughout the play, but that since the talk of the morning Helena's instincts were all sharpened where Prudence was concerned. A flavor of Puritanism clung about Helena in the midst of her later surroundings. She could not shake off her keen sense of justice, and it now smote her conscience that she had not frankly warned Jonas of what she felt to be in the air. But of what nature was his and Prudence's relationship? Helena had gathered enough to know that the man loved Prudence passionately, and that he believed in her loyalty to him. No engagement existed between them founded on word; yet the very nature of a bond that has for its security what must remain unspoken appealed to Helena's best instincts. The fine appreciation of the girl covered with clear vision and unwavering opinion what might have been debatable ground in a mind like Prue's. Miss Armory told herself that she would have been faithful forever on such an understanding, and it would be double treason to desert a post to which your unformulated sense of honor alone held you. In this fashion Miss Armory reasoned during the first fortnight of the sittings, seeing Jonas Fielding only twice in the interval, for he had unexpectedly gone out of town. That he looked to Miss Armory for some sympathy had been evident to her in the note he wrote in starting. "I am off," he said, "to preach for a friend at N——, and I regret not having seen you when I called yesterday, for I should like to have taken counsel with you as to how to address the middle classes who will hear me; not that I do not feel strongly with the 'multitude,' but that I am all at sea as to English instincts. I should not have demanded any theology of you, you may be sure, for I know your lack of even a religious impression. Perhaps while you were instructing me in the traditions of the people, I should have shown you the error of your way. At all events, I believe we should have done each other good. I shall be at Simmonson's next Thursday."

Miss Armory thought she had never received a note she liked so well, and in spite of her mental uneasiness, she waited with some impatience for Fielding's appearance on the Thursday. In the midst

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of a sword-thrust, even, we may care for the hand that holds the weapon, and to Miss Armory there was already a fascination in Jonas Fielding's disapproval.

"You are working very badly," she said to the painter about three o'clock that afternoon.

Simmonson threw down his brush, gazing sadly upon Prudence.

"Am I?" he said. "Yes, I suppose so." And then the heavy curtains were moved, and Jonas Fielding was announced. Helena gave a start. He shook hands with Mr. Simmonson, who seemed glad of an absolute excuse for idleness.

"It is getting too dark for work," he said, standing up; and Prudence moved with evident gratification at the change.

"Now, Miss Marlitt," said Simmonson, in a moment, "I will show you those costumes you wanted to see."

The two moved away, followed by Mrs. Boyce, and Helena found herself apart with Fielding.

"How did the sermon go?" she said, pleasantly.

"Well enough. I found out that the simplest way was to appeal to common human nature." His eyes wandered toward Prudence, who was sitting in the window with her lap full of color.

"And the sittings?" he said, with a smile.

"Very well. I wish you had been here. I think you would have enjoyed them."

"Which means I should have had my prejudices removed?"

"Oh no; I have been saving something special for that."

Helena's dark eyes flashed merrily.

"What?—do let me work myself up to it properly."

"The private view at the Grosvenor—it will be to-morrow. I felt that to be my *pièce de résistance*."

"Well," said Jonas, "I won't ask any questions. If you are kind enough to invite me, I shall go as ignorantly as any juryman could begin a case; but—will you accept my verdict?"

Helena's expression changed.

"Oh," said Jonas, laughing, "I don't mean as an influence upon your own thought—don't imagine I am quite so self-confident; but I mean will you believe in the sincerity of my own beliefs after this supreme test?"

Helena paused.

"Do you know anything of art?" she said, in a moment. They were sitting in one of the windows, Helena leaning back against the side, Jonas on a low chair near by. He swept the room slowly with his gaze, and then brought his eyes back to Miss Armory's charming figure.

"No," he said, conclusively.

"Well," said the young lady, "what can I do to-morrow, then?—my object being to show you the real art in æstheticism, and that in it could be true feeling, real action."

"Even though you scorned it so forcibly to me the other day?"

"I scorned its exaggerations. I scorn them yet. Come, Mr. Fielding, be fair, and wide-minded. Accept, with tolerance of others' needs, what you do not need yourself."

They had been using a light tone of banter, but now into the man's face came a look which startled Helena as she watched him: it brought out painfully the haggard lines about his mouth and eyes.

"I am trying to do that very thing," he said, quietly. "I am afraid I never thought of it until lately."

Mrs. Boyce interrupted them at this moment. She too had some questions to ask about the country sermon. Meanwhile Barley Simmonson was heard idling at the piano.

"So you've been preaching to the people, Fielding, have you?" he said, smiling, and lingering over a soft cadence.

"Who are the people?" asked Jonas, with his shrewd smile. "I've been trying to find out ever since I came here, for, from what I am told, it seems to me my lot in life, were I an Englishman, would be among them. You will be a lord, I suppose, one day, Mr. Simmonson, and if I were to be an Englishman, I should probably have to consort with your grocer, and you couldn't know me."

Simmonson looked deeply interested, but he said nothing for a moment. He did not so much scorn his prospective rank as that he said its obligations hampered him. He sat silently a moment, his Greek head bent backward slightly, his eyes half closed.

"*Noblesse oblige*," he murmured, with soft disdain. He was playing vagrant bars of Schubert. "When we can realize the poet's meaning" (a sad arpeggio) "of a higher life; when existence grows fuller; when sensations deepen; when the soul grows conscious of the infinite, which

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pierces or vibrates through the finite; when song" (and here Barley's eyes grew illumined)—"when song is but the outcome of nature; when nature fuses itself with the illimitable; when Passion finds its final utterance, and our moments—our moments throb with the actual in what we call Emotion and Life" (Barley's finger touched one note over and over in the treble with a sad insistence)—"then even *rank* may have its measure of intensity: then we may say 'my lord,' meaning 'my gentle'" (Barley's smile was very sweet—he looked at every one); "then we may wear laurel in Westminster; then we may assemble as one palpitating, perfect Soul."

"Well," said Mrs. Boyce, leaning over one end of the grand piano, "that sounds very well, Mr. Simmonson. I hope we shall all live to see something of this Arcadia in the House of Lords."

Helena slowly turned her eyes upon the artist, who continued to strike desultory notes, and look with a cold sad smile upon the little company.

"I wonder how much of it you'll repeat heartily ten years hence?" Miss Armory said, and almost instantly colored, for she observed Jonas smiling approval, with a half-triumphant, half-mischievous "I told you so" in his expression. Therefore she felt it her duty to add, in a low tone, which he only heard: "I understand what you mean. I maintain that the false ground in æstheticism is only in the establishing a standard of *feeling*. Now I am sure I can explain myself better at the Grosvenor. You will come?"

"Of course," said Jonas. And while they briefly arranged for the hour and place, Mrs. Boyce carried Prudence into the inner room to make her driving toilet; and then Helena moved away, listlessly turning over some draperies, while Fielding sat regarding the artist with a gaze that became entirely compassionate. The room was very still, yet to Helena it seemed, a few minutes later, to vibrate with feeling that might have been sound; for Prudence returned, and one of those silent moments, full of action and significance, occurred. Simmonson sat leaning his arms on the music stand, his eyes seeking Miss Marlitt's; Fielding also regarded the girl critically, and under this double gaze an air of shyness or coquetry took possession of her.

She blushed faintly, and absorbed herself in buttoning a refractory glove. Fielding and Helena moved forward together to offer assistance, and Prue, with a little sigh, held out her slim wrist indifferently to either. It was a moment of confusion in Helena's mind. She never knew how in putting her own warm soft fingers down to the little wrist they touched those of Fielding, and by some awkward accident were a moment held in his. The unexpected contact startled him, but he looked swiftly at Prudence. Helena for the first time in her life felt the warm blood tingling in her fingers, and rushing as it were to her heart and cheeks. She kept her face passionately down-bent during one of those vibrating eternal moments by which we are told mortals should count time. It seemed to Helena at last that she must move or speak; but Prudence, whose glove was now comfortably arranged, came to her relief with her clear little contented treble.

"Thank you, dear," she said, and prettily kissed Miss Armory's pink cheek.

The confusion was over. Helena felt that she could meet Fielding's eyes, and trust to the sound of her own voice, but the leaving was all confused in her memory. As they went down the dusky staircases she was faintly conscious that Mr. Simmonson was saying to Prudence, impressively:

"Then I may call to-morrow morning—you will be sure to see me?"

They were like words heard in a dream. All that seemed real to Helena was a sense of folly if not weak-mindedness; but a whole lifetime may depend upon five moments; and as they drove home, Miss Armory was conscious of having made a plunge into the future.

IX.

Fielding awoke the next morning with a defined consciousness that the day was to mean something for him. He had spent the evening previous in Guildford Street, and while Prudence was absent a few moments from the room, Mrs. Crane had discoursed brilliantly upon their social position. She had been writing a great many letters home. To her own family she had suggested the possibility of Prudence's "wearing a title."

"But I thought," said Fielding, in mild protest—"I thought you objected to the aristocracy."

Mrs. Crane was momentarily confused; but then such perplexities with her al-

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ways wore the air of an effort to be strictly lenient in her judgment of her companion.

"Well," she said, slowly, "if Prudence marries here, I prefer it should be the best. I think Mr. Simmonson will speak very soon to her. In fact, Jonas, I don't mind telling you, as an old friend of the family, he has consulted me already."

Jonas had found no words to answer this, and just then Prudence returned, wearing, with an air of brilliant coquetry, a new gown, which she called upon Jonas to admire. She had had it made for the Grosvenor private view.

"Mr. Simmonson designed it," she explained, "or, I should say, he and Miss Armory between them."

Jonas felt a sudden thrill of disgust. It was to him as if they were dressing her up for an exhibition of her charms to the vulgar, gaping admiration of a crowd. But the gown, he admitted, was charming. It was a serge of a curious shade of red, warm in tone, and yet sombre; the sleeves were puffed, but altogether it had a touch of almost Puritanical simplicity about it. The rich curves of the girl's figure showed to perfection in it, and Jonas thought he had never seen her face lovelier than it looked above the lustrous red and the narrow frill of lace. With this gown was to be worn a bonnet with plumes, and short wide strings of satin the color of her gown. Prudence arranged herself gleefully, and was pleased by Jonas's approbation. When he was leaving, she followed him out into the hall, Mrs. Crane being absorbed by some important letters received by the last post.

"Dear Jonas," the girl said, looking up at him with one of her old sweet glances, "you seem troubled—what is it?"

"Not troubled, Prue," the young man answered, searching the depths of her eyes half sadly. "But I think I may have been foolish lately. Tell me, are you ready to have me come to you tomorrow evening and tell you all that I have to say?"

"Oh, Jonas!" she answered, eagerly, "do! I shall be *so* glad!" and she held her hand out for a gentle, affectionate good-by.

Prudence and Mrs. Crane were to go to the Grosvenor with Mrs. Boyce's party, and it was agreed between Miss Armory and Jonas that he should meet them at the gallery. Accordingly, about three o'clock, he started for Bond Street through the fog, thinking much more of the human than the pictured presences awaiting him. He was somewhat confused by the animation in the entrance to the Grosvenor. English "private views" were completely unfamiliar to him, and the presence of aristocracy, fashion, art, and science rather bewildered him. He was conscious, as he went toward the staircase, of Mrs. Poynsett's tired, friendly smile; of Hergliebe's dark head and broad shoulders; of the agreeable Lady Ericson, to whom Miss Armory had introduced him; and, indeed, of nearly all the faces he had known in London the past five weeks. Then he found himself following some ladies in curious garments up the staircases and into the group of rooms. There, for a moment, all seemed confusion. The walls were assuredly richly hung, but Fielding's eyes took in only a sense of many colors. The moving figures were as diverse and as peculiar as if half a dozen centuries had contributed to the fashions of one single hour, and Jonas stood still, in a side doorway, searching among the quaintly dressed women for the figures and faces that he knew.

It so chanced that at that moment Miss Armory had disengaged herself from her party, and was standing before one of Albert Moore's pictures. Fielding's eye caught sight of her figure speedily. She was curiously dressed, and the young man looked a moment at her gown of dull-colored velvet with trimmings of rich brown fur, the large bonnet of felt, in color like her gown, which framed her face luxuriantly, if possible adding a new softness to her calm, patrician beauty. For a moment Jonas enjoyed the impression of womanly elegance and grace which she conveyed, without feeling any impulse to move even in so attractive a direction, but before she had left the picture he was at her side. It was only when she turned her eyes toward him, and held out her hand, that some vague fluttering remembrance of the touch of her fingers yesterday crossed his mind; but he looked at her with kindly eagerness, trying to dissipate the idea quickly.

"You are punctual," she said, smiling; and Fielding remarked that she looked brilliant, but with the unnatural brilliancy which sometimes succeeds long waking hours.

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"I like to be punctual in all things," he said, answering her smile. "And yet, do you know, Miss Armory, I staid awake last night discovering that I have been a most lamentable dawdler."

Miss Armory continued to look pleasantly at him without speaking.

"Now, I suppose," Fielding said, "it won't do to chain you to a conversation. I must find Prudence, and then will you show me the pictures?"

He laughed, and Helena was struck with the almost boyish radiance of his face. He looked like a man who had been performing or contemplating some greatly benevolent action, and he had such a large cheerfulness about him that it seemed to the girl only to intensify the depression of her own mood.

"Prue is in there," she said, indicating the next room. "Do you see the little court about her, Mr. Fielding? She is looking perfectly lovely. She is the *furor* of this most critical occasion."

Fielding's benevolent demeanor continued. "Ah," he said, "of course she is lovely; of course they would all see it. I feel much more generous lately. Perhaps I had better not interrupt her just now." The memory of last night's good-by was still in his mind, the feeling of Prue's little hand clung to his fingers, the light of her sweet uplifted eyes seemed to be the radiance that fell everywhere about him.

"Suppose we talk a little first," he said, "if I may take up a quarter of an hour of your time."

Helena assented, and they wound along silently regarding the pictures.

Since yesterday it seemed to Helena that every purpose was changed. She had no longer that alert desire to make Fielding see things as she viewed them. During the long hours of the night she had grown conscious of many conflicting feelings, and while a sudden passionate distrust of herself, her judgments of life, her basis of philosophic thought, had tormented her, yet her duty toward Jonas Fielding was always luminously distinct. She had a fixed purpose in her mind, yet she found it difficult to put it into words.

I think all her life Helena will remember just that moment with the sharp distinctness our passionate, our weak, or our saddening memories have. There is a picture of Mr. Whistler's always connected with it. If she owned it, and saw it hourly on her wall, she could not more clearly know its misty, ineffable tenderness of gray and green and blue. She stood still with Jonas a moment apparently studying the picture intently, and then, with a great effort, she turned and said, gravely,

"I THINK YOU ARE A MAN TO WHOM ONE CAN SPEAK FEARLESSLY."

"Do you remember my 'Wait'?"

He looked at her brightly. "Yes—yes, indeed."

"It is done with," she said, smiling faintly. "I have something special to say to you. Do not wait. I think you are a man to whom one can speak fearlessly.

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Well, then, Mr. Fielding, if you care for anything in life, stretch out your hand and try to take it at once to yourself."

The radiance of Fielding's face was undimmed, but it grew thoughtful.

"I know what you mean," he said, in a low tone, "and I shall answer you fairly. I love Prudence, and she loves me; we both have known it for years; but long ago I promised Marlitt not to bind her to any engagement until she was twenty-one. The time had passed two months ago, and I came here, as you know, on my way to Nice. For a week or two the fitting moment did not come, and then I experienced the shock you know of finding her in such strange surroundings. So I said nothing. I was wrong, but— Yes, your 'Wait' did seem to me impressive, or perhaps it urged on my own thought, but it is all right now. My doubts are gone," he said, with the smile Helena had learned to watch for curving his lips. "They are gone. To-morrow, or to-day, it shall be settled between us; but thank you, thank you—you have been *so* good."

Miss Armory was silent for a moment; then she said, in a low, tired voice, "Why did he ask you to wait?"

"Marlitt? Oh!" said Jonas, skimming the past, as it were, with the lightness of one who sees an old error of judgment vanishing. "He wished Prudence to be admired in a more general way, to see the world a little. My life is to be an active one in Boston, but a hard one in many ways. I am not rich, and my wife must share the simplicity as well as the purposes of my calling. Prudence, Marlitt said, ought to see the other side; and she *has* seen it," he said, joyously. "Even Marlitt would be satisfied now; but, Miss Armory, it has been the one passion, the one thought, the one purpose of my life, apart from my actual duties. I did not know, I was not sure, at least until yesterday, how all ends had been tending toward this result. Life will begin now."

Helena was still motionless, with an effort to keep even the faintest shadow of her feeling from her eyes, which were resting softly on his strong, clear face.

"You must make things clear, *perfectly* clear," she said, earnestly. "Do not leave any part of your bond now indefinite. Is there anything I can do or say —I mean to give you the opportunity for your talk alone with Prudence? Come to Cornwall Gardens, if you like, to-morrow at eleven—she will be there. Let me do that for you."

Jonas hesitated a moment, and then the remembrance of Mrs. Crane's ambitious murmurs last night crossed his mind, and he realized that she might be an obstacle to free speech with Prudence.

"Oh, thank you," he said, with a happy light in his eyes. "We know—Prue and I—just the one word needed between us to give me the right to call her my own. Then I will go to you to-morrow, Miss Armory."

"It will be all right," she answered, with a sweet, grave smile. Fielding looked at her, conscious of the influence of her womanly sympathy, and moved to make any demand upon it which his impulse suggested. "I hope you know," he said, earnestly, "that if it were for her good I would resign all thought of her, but I can not believe that. I have cherished her since she could walk, or think, or feel. She learned to read sitting on my knee, with her head against my shoulder. She brought me every grief and every joy. Oh," he said, radiantly, "it could not be."

Helena listened with every token of interest possible in silence. Neither spoke for an instant, and then she said, gently, "Oh, I wish you godspeed: she is yours by right."

They turned to look at the pictures, and Helena felt surprised at her own listlessness in leading him into the region of the "æsthetes." Singularly enough, all such interest, where he was concerned, had vanished. She moved about, picking out peculiarities and points to admire or contemplate; but it was with an evident effort. She was eagerly sought for by so many people that Fielding good-humoredly withdrew while she was talking to young Grierson, and making his way into the next room, he looked about for Prudence.

As Helena had said, the girl had her little court, and she was unquestionably a source of interest and comment to every one in the room. People passed and repassed, looking at the girl's wondrous beauty, half shaded by the bonnet Fielding had seen last night, and he was sufficiently exultant not to notice the expression of complete self-satisfaction which had crept of late into her face. In fact, this period, emphasized by such novel occasions, was one of intense enjoyment to little Prue. She had known for years that she was the prettiest girl in Ponkamak, but the hom-

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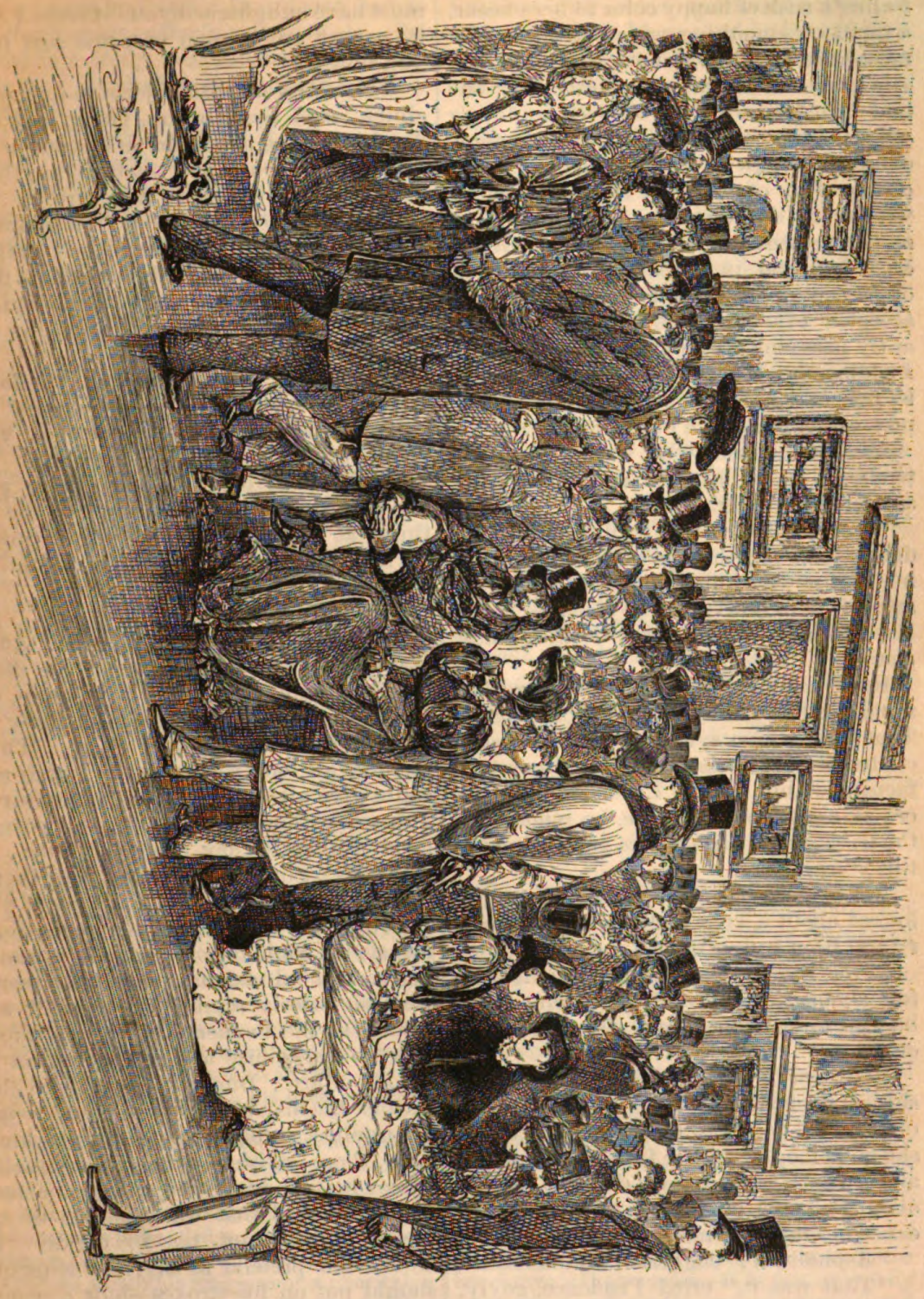

"WELL, MR. FIELDING, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE PICTURES? THIS IS ART."

age paid her there had a dull flavor which made it uninteresting; moreover, it was different from that rendered in London in that it was accompanied by nothing splendid. If she were the prettiest girl in Ponkamak, it was in sober-colored, ugly parlors, among simply dressed women, who loaned each other paper patterns, and thought a black silk good enough for any occasion; but here, on such a day as this, for instance, to be admired in such a magnificent company was enough to stir any girl's pulses—and Prudence was not proof against such homage. She sat on one of the benches with her little court, in which Mr. Simmonson was the favored courtier,

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feeling a rush of happy color to her cheeks, a thrill of something which made her almost hope she should never see Ponkamak any more. She had no adaptability; she had little or no power of even imitating what she saw, and certainly no perceptions delicate enough to appreciate the *raison d'être* even of a social form or feeling which was entirely new; but the novelty of her present position amused and interested her, and, in proportion to her lack of perception as to cause and effect, she accepted everything offered as triumphantly personal. She was glad that Jonas Fielding should see how polite people were to her, and as he approached, the sweetness of her eyes gave him a welcome.

Mr. Simmonson, who was in close attendance, looked around at Fielding with a careless greeting.

"Well, Jonas—Mr. Fielding," said Prudence, with a little eager, fluttering manner that it was difficult to define as either animation or nervous enjoyment—"well, Mr. Fielding, what do you think of these pictures? This is *Art*."

Prudence pronounced the word with a rapid, veiled glance at Mr. Simmonson. That young man evidently had no idea of contributing any but the complimentary faculty within him to Prudence. Mediocre as his genius might be, he rendered it the tribute of silence before such minds as this young girl's.

"Why," said Jonas, smiling, "I've only looked about a very little, but Miss Armory has been trying to lead me upward."

"Miss Armory knows what she is talking about," said Mr. Simmonson; "she has genuine feeling, and she is so clever"

"Oh, isn't she?" said Prudence; "and she says such funny things. I asked her once how I ought to talk to an artist, and she gave me one of her funny little looks, and said, 'Have you any definite opinion about Prussian blue, and—and—'" Prudence hesitated with her bewitching air.

"Asphaltum?" suggested Simmonson.

"That was it," cried Prudence, gayly. "I knew it had something to do with the pavements at home. Well, she said, if I couldn't make up my mind about that, I must try and understand yellow ochre, and that was all I could get out of her. She would only laugh and tease me when I told her I really meant it."

"But surely," said Fielding, when they had all done laughing, "Mr. Simmonson must have enlightened you. Come, I really expect an opinion of some sort from you now."

"But Miss Marlitt objects to first principles," said Simmonson, lazily, and evidently wishing art could be left out of the question. "She won't admit anything but a literary quality in a picture."

"I like a nice little story in a picture," said Prue, gayly. "I have been telling Mr. Simmonson if all this is *real* art, then I'll never buy anything but a chromo. I like a picture one can make up a long story about."

Simmonson, who looked ineffably dreamy and willowy leaning against the velvet bench, was conscious of a very matter-of-fact, reasonable moment.

"And therefore," he said, "you give the painter, as a workman, credit for nothing at all. Any penny-a-liner might do his work for him; his art means nothing."

Prudence stared.

"What do you mean?" she said, audaciously; and then, glancing in the direction of Simmonson's waving fingers, she added, "oh, *don't*—please don't show me those horrid things over there. Those pictures all look so hungry. I wish so I could give all the poor people Mr. Burne-Jones and those other gentlemen paint a good dinner. They want beef tea.... Now Mr. Simmonson says that is the highest expression of art."

Prudence's cheerful little appeals to Jonas struck Simmonson as the most amusing sort of self-defense; the three people were so utterly asunder in thought and feeling at the moment that it was impossible to harmonize a single pulsation by the aid of art. Dimly Jonas realized this, because the man's nature was deep enough, his intellect sufficiently piercing, to know that there existed widely untravelled spaces beyond his vision. In some fashion he realized that this question of art-meanings was not his to decide. He would not pretend to say how a painter should put on his strokes—how a painter should illustrate his theme. All that he felt as sacred to the man's own genius. As for Simmonson, he was indifferent, only wishing Prudence would allow him to conduct her about the rooms, and talk to him in amusing generalities. But to Prudence the moment was one in which she felt called upon to be critical, and underlying her air of perplexity was a fla-

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vor of sarcasm which it amused her to see Simmonson utterly overlooked. She poised her pretty head, looked at this and that, and laughed a great deal at nearly everything.

"I can't make out what Mr. Simmonson means," she said, finally. "He talks of the pictorial and the literary quality in a picture.—Which was I, Mr. Simmonson, when you painted me, please?" And the girl darted a charming but very flippant look at the artist.

"You were everything," Simmonson said. "Too much for me to paint. Now come over to see those Dutch pictures. Don't refuse opportunities of enlightenment that may never come again."

Prudence eagerly complied, and Jonas, after observing how many people showered attentions upon her, determined to leave her to undisturbed enjoyment of what he was pleased to call "the hilarity of the occasion." He said a few words of good-by, and then tried to find Miss Armory; but that young lady was in an animated group, and Jonas decided to go home, and write a few lines to Prudence which should explain the motive of his visit to Cornwall Gardens the next day. On the way out he lingered over some pictures in the last room, and there he was suddenly conscious of Miss Armory approaching from the right hand with a searching air.

"Oh, you are here!" she said, quickly. "Do you know I wanted so much to say a little word to you."

Jonas looked pleased.

"I want you to promise," she said, rushing into the subject, "that you will give me an hour of your time—some day before you leave London."

"An hour?" said Jonas, with alacrity; "a whole day, a week—any time."

She looked at him critically. The joy in his heart still found a reflection in his quiet eyes.

"Well, only don't forget," she said, "which means, don't be selfishly exclusive."

Jonas might have been more flattered by all this if something very impersonal, almost chilling, had not shown itself in the young lady's manner. While she talked she seemed to regard him, he told himself, simply as an abstract means to some end, and he was sure that Miss Armory's interests were as often purely philosophical or intellectual as personal.

Editor's Easy Chair.

MADAME ROLAND'S melancholy exclamation, "Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" is equally applicable to all the virtues. It is, indeed, but another form of the saying that hypocrisy is the tribute that vice pays to virtue, and one of the most lamentable but exceedingly comical figures in our modern civilization is that of the swindler who lives by affecting not to swindle, and of the hypocrite who rolls up his eyes at hypocrisy.

Some months ago we alluded to one of these characters who had been vividly depicted at length by a reporter in the *Herald*. The story was told with humorous fidelity and skill of an old sinner who pretended to relieve the poor and suffering, and who really did give to them some of the food which his pretense of a charitable institution extorted from the benevolent. This worthy sinner still prosecutes his trade, and is virtuously indignant with competitors in his business. His success is due to the careless good nature of comfortable people who are only too glad to be quit of the duty of charity without personal inquiry and trouble. There is a general conviction that in a great city there must be immense suffering among the poor. When the mercury falls and the frost pinches, the heart-strings and the purse-strings relax. The kindly disposed are sure that they ought to do something to aid the suffering. But they are still averse to penetrating the slums and investigating the tenement-houses. It is not the giving, but the disagreeable details of ascertaining whether they ought to give, which annoys them. This is the precise mental condition which shrewd knavery comprehends, and in which it sees its opportunity. It is upon this disposition that such shrewd knavery trades. As Mephistopheles suddenly appeared to Faust in the critical moment of his perplexity, the solemn and respectable charitable impostor, man or woman, the Reverend Mr. Chadband or Sister Charlatana, whispers that the institution under his or her charge is the very one—is, in fact, especially designed—to relieve the sympathetic soul and purse, and to aid the suffering without wetting the feet or offending the nose of the charitable.

This trading upon charity and the charitable is one of the industries of the great city. It is probably a very moderate statement that half of the enormous sum of money which is given every year in New York for charity is not only absolutely wasted, but actively increases pauperism, knavery, and crime. As "H. C. P.," a

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correspondent of the *Evening Post* whose initials reveal one of the most intelligent, energetic, and efficient laborers in the field of practical charity, forcibly observes, while most of the charities outside of the public institutions are administered by ecclesiastical organizations, there is no common understanding, no concert of action. One inevitable consequence of this chaos is that Chadband and Charlatana have a free field for their cheating, because there is no system or organization by which they can be detected and exposed. It is only a happy chance that a reporter comes in upon Chadband, and posts him in the Rogues' Gallery.

The trick of these gentry is very transparent. It is based wholly, as we said, upon the general good feeling and laziness of the community. The reader of these words, for instance, sitting comfortably by his fire, would very willingly succor somebody who has no comfortable fire to sit by, if he could do it without trouble. Happily for him the morning mail brings him a simple and candid circular, which is really an extraordinary coincidence. The circular sets forth that the Saint Thingumbob's Guild, or Fraternity, or Fold, or Home, or Arms, or other soft and humane name, is Not Sectarian, and is Devoted to the Relief of Sick Mothers and Suffering Children, and to the Reform of the Neglected. It aims, D. V., to discover Real Necessity, to teach the Poor the Laws of Health and Economy, to show them How to Help Themselves, to make Employment the Basis of Relief, and to Provide Homes in the Salubrious West and South. It will also supply to the Absolutely Destitute a Home, Food, Clothing, and Moral and Humane Instruction; Preparing the Recipient for Honest Employment, and Aiding in Strengthening them against Temptation. Who will give a House, Rent Free, to the Deserving Poor, who are Eager to go upon the Land and Build up the Country? The Reverend Chuzzlewit Chadband is Director, and Sister Charlatana will be always at the office.

The comfortable reader sees at once the finger of Providence pointing the way that he wished to discover—the way in which, without personal inconvenience, he can aid the deserving poor to help themselves, and prevent the growing and alarming evil of pauperization. If to the circular a respectable and responsible name or two is appended, as an officer or a member of an advisory committee, it is conclusive. But money is always a dangerous gift even for charity, so with an excess of prudence the comfortable reader sends to Dr. Chadband an order upon the grocer for provisions. The humbly grateful doctor hastens to the grocer, and receives the provisions. The good grocer, also of a charitable mind, hears of this truly excellent institution, and encouraged by the order of the customer known to him, he, for his own share, doubles the gift of hams, sago, and soap. The inquisitive and incredulous Thomas, if such a skeptic there be, who happens in to verify the existence of the institution, finds the house, and beholds Sister Charlatana dispensing the cheese, currants, nuts, coffee, tea, and canned peaches, the soap and sago, buttons, cotton, ham, which cost her nothing, to a few melancholy recipients. She provides employment for the deserving, of whom she knows nothing, by sending applicants to the address of advertisers in the *Herald*.

This is indeed beautiful. But what the incredulous Thomas does not see, nor the comfortable reader nor the good grocer suspect, is that Chadband and his assistants reserve for the institution a proper share of the provisions and cash received, and are simply living upon the charitable impulses and humane sympathy of the lazy and the busy. Can there be anything more indispensable than the common understanding and intelligent co-operation among legitimate and honorable charitable associations which H. C. P. urges? It will throw out Saint Thingumbob's Guild, Fraternity, Home, or however it be called, as promptly as the Clearing-house throws out a broken bank, and it will relieve the really honorable and humane guilds and fraternities and homes from the stigma which such swindles cast upon them all.

Meanwhile let the comfortable reader reflect that there is no way of being carelessly and comfortably charitable. In order to give wisely he must give carefully. To sneer at scientific charity is to increase pauperism, crime, and the public peril. It is as sensible to sneer at scientific physiology or scientific anatomy as at scientific charity, which is merely a phrase describing an intelligent system of treating poverty, founded upon the widest actual experience and the most careful thought.

THE endless fascination of arctic travel is due not only to the charm of heroic adventure, but to the mystery which involves one of the great unsolved geographical problems. The Nile voyager of thirty years ago, when he stood at the temple of Aboo-Simbel in Nubia, looked southward with the exquisite consciousness that he was not very far from the frontier of the *terra incognita* which held the sources of the Nile and the Mountains of the Moon. It was before the days of the exploration of the White Nile, of Speke and Grant, of the revelation of the Victoria Nyanza, of Stanley's transcontinental march. Mid-Africa was a land of fable and faery, and the tales of Prester John were still the latest intelligence. That Ultima Thule has long since been reached. Its mystery is pierced, and on modern maps the springs of the Nile are noted with those of the Amazon and the Mississippi.

But while the northwest passage is determined, while a proximately probable map of the Arctic Ocean and its shores may be drawn, the pole, the pole, is still beyond human vi-

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sion. It is known that there can be no navigation, no commercial use, of the frozen sea. It is the sea of death. But into that silent zone every generation sends its seekers with unquenched and unquenchable ardor. Like a resistless magnet, the unseen pole draws a certain class of heroic minds, and every few years sees a little sail or a smoke-stack pressing into that awful realm, bearing the indomitable and unwearying conqueror of time and space and impossibility. "A chip with a thought in it," said the gentleman of two hemispheres, as he lay with the Easy Chair on the cliff by the summer sea at Newport long ago, while the white sails glimmered and faded along the horizon—"a chip with a thought in it goes round the world."

The boy who pored over the *Arabian Nights* usually devoured with the same eager fascination the narrative of Captain Ross and Captain Parry and all the arctic travels. There was a familiar joke in the last generation, when Captain Back sailed to find Captain Parry, who meanwhile had returned, that Back had not got Parry, but Parry had got back. The feeling with which the narratives were read gave a clew to the passion which stimulated the explorers. It is with the same profound and eager interest that the news of the arrival of some of the company of the *Jeannette* upon the northern coast of Siberia, at the mouth of the Lena, was received in the early winter. The *Jeannette* was sent by Mr. Bennett, who had previously aided Mr. Stanley to cross the African continent from Zanzibar to the Atlantic. No tidings had come from her for more than two years, and supplementary vessels, as usual, had sailed in search of her. As we write, all that is known is that last June the *Jeannette* was crushed in the ice four or five hundred miles from the mainland, and that, through what perils and sufferings are not yet disclosed, the ship's company made their way toward shore in three boats, two of which have arrived at a point accessible only by long and hard weeks of travel. A new chapter in the old and ever-entrancing story awaits us.

Mr. Bennett is understood to have made a very sensible proposition, which he will probably carry out if he can obtain the necessary friendly countenance from the Russian government. It is to make the northern, arctic coast of Siberia the base of exploration toward the pole. This is in accord with the Russian plan of scientific surveys from the same base. In this way, if in any, the secret will be extorted. Here the theatre for truly adventurous spirits will be opened; and as they set forth upon the quest, which will be forever renewed until it is successful, they will chant, in the lofty strain of Tennyson's Ulysses:

> "It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
> It may be we shall touch the happy isles,
> And see the great Achilles whom we knew."

It is evident that hereafter Brook Farm will figure in history as the rural home of all the American Transcendentalists, and Mr. Emerson's favorite tree, and Miss Fuller's grove, and Mr. Alcott's

> "Haunted spring and dale,
> Edged with poplar pale,"

will be pointed out to the reverence of admiring pilgrims. The reason that we presume this will be the event in the future is that already, in the lifetime of old Brook Farmers, these things are said, and correction and contradiction seem not to affect the persistent untruths, the constant truth being that none of the three were ever Brook Farmers.

We have recently seen a description of a visit made during the present winter to the farm, and the visitor remarks, with emotion: "Most interesting of all to us was Margaret Fuller's cottage, still standing on the crest of a little hill, in the midst of a copse of cedars. It is cruciform in shape, covered with wide wooden clapboards, and is now the dwelling of the superintendent of the estate and his family. Our guide remarked, *sotto voce*, that Miss Fuller received a thousand dollars for it in the distribution of the property." But then it was not Margaret Fuller's cottage, and she was never a Brook Farmer, and if she received any sum of money "in the distribution of the property," it was a free gift. Neither was Mr. Emerson ever at the farm as a resident or an associate. Concord was a Mecca for Brook Farmers, as it has long been for Cambridge students of a certain taste and sympathy, but Brook Farm, although curious and interesting to Mr. Emerson, seldom drew him personally within its borders. Miss Fuller made occasional visits, often remaining some days, and she was always most warmly welcomed.

Those who think of this accomplished woman as a mere *bas bleu*, a pedant, a solemn Minerva, should have heard the peals of laughter which her profuse and racy humor drew from old and young. The Easy Chair remembers stepping into Noah Gerrish's West Roxbury omnibus one afternoon in Cornhill, in Boston, to drive out the nine miles to Brook Farm. The only other passenger was Miss Fuller, then freshly returned from her "summer on the lakes," and never was a long, jolting journey more lightened and shortened than by her witty and vivid sketches of life and character. Her quick and shrewd observation is shown in the book, but the book has none of the comedy of the *croquis* of persons which her sparkling humor threw off, and which she too enjoyed with the utmost hilarity, joining heartily in the laughter, which was only increased by her sympathy with the amusement of her auditor.

Miss Fuller was not only a woman of remarkable literary cultivation, but her resources were always at command. Before the Brook Farm days, and when she was a teacher in the Green Street school in Providence, the Easy Chair—then a mere stool or cricket—has heard

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her tilting with the cleverest men, who were purposely testing her acquirements, leaving them vanquished upon the field. There was undoubtedly in her manner a consciousness of superiority, but this was heightened by a slight physical peculiarity which made it seem very much greater, and which sometimes gave the impression of disdainful self-complacency. She had the natural contempt and impatience which every high-spirited and intellectual and cultivated woman feels for the masculine assumption of superiority because of sex. In the mouths and in the minds of such women the word "mannish" is just as impatient an adjective as "womanish" in the mouths and minds of many men. "That is just like a woman," a man exclaims, petulantly, serenely unconscious that his own conduct also stings a sensible woman into the same protest, "That is just like a man." Hawthorne's Zenobia was his conception of a beautiful and graceful Margaret Fuller, little foreseeing, however, that the catastrophe of his story would have its counterpart in the melancholy death of the noble woman whom he admired.

It was chiefly in the earlier and more idyllic epoch of Brook Farm that Margaret Fuller was a visitor. It was in the time when the farm was familiarly called "the community"—a name that well expressed the kindly and fraternal feeling which was universal. To many Brook Farmers of the prime, the later lapse into Fourierism, when "the community" had become a "phalanx," seemed a decline from the Golden into the Silver and Brazen ages. To Hawthorne, indeed, even the earliest time was far from idyllic. The hard farm with its weary labor was not the Arcadia of which he had dreamed, and he has left the amusing record of his disillusion in the "Note Books." But Hawthorne never shared the moral enthusiasm, the high hope of a new heaven and a new earth, which took the pioneers of Brook Farm from a truculent world of competition into the serene realm of co-operation. If they did not find that new and harmonious order, they yet found much. Brook Farm has proved, indeed, to some of its pupils, the fountain of perpetual youth. Its kindly impulse and influence have not been lost. It is only a generation since it ceased to be, and already its guides tell pensive fables as they point out to the pilgrim things that never were. Indeed, it is not on those silent slopes and hillocks, nor on the pine-fringed meadows of the placid Charles, that Brook Farm is to be sought. It lingers in the generous faith which no disappointment can finally chill, in the unsullied friendships, in the inextinguishable hope of humanity, which are doing their work elsewhere, and to which Brook Farm itself is but a beautiful and long-vanished mirage of the morning.

"This," said the Cynic to the Easy Chair, as they sat at a feast offered in New York to an English stranger—"this is a spectacle unknown anywhere but in America. Why should we all fling ourselves at this man's head? Does London, or Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna, or Rome, or St. Petersburg—does any great capital—go mad over a foreigner, however distinguished, and ogle and flatter and fawn in this manner? He is very polite, this guest of the occasion, he is very affable, and acknowledges with felicitous humility the suffocating honors that we shovel upon his head. But if we could know his real feeling at this moment, I suppose that it would be like that of Columbus when he accosted the soft savages of San Salvador, or Captain Cook's at Otaheite. To be sure, Cook's hosts devoured him instead of offering him food. But forms of politeness among barbarians differ. When shall we Americans cease to be children and fools?"

The Cynic spoke with hearty petulance. But the Easy Chair could not help asking him in what way childishness and folly could be more conspicuously shown than in the nervous apprehension and timid awe of an international Mrs. Grundy? Must our way be bad because it is not the English or French way? There are English "society" newspapers, vulgar caterers to a snobbish vulgarity, which would not be tolerated here. There are English "professional beauties," a phenomenon happily unknown among us. Many an English gentleman thinks it the height of insolence for a "tradesman" to present his bill for his honest dues. But it is the height of ungentlemanliness in this country not to pay honest bills promptly. John Bull has his ways; we have ours. If he does not like ours, *à la bonne heure*—perhaps we don't like his. In either case, good Cynic, his ways are no better merely because they are his.

As for "trades-people," we are all sprung from them. The great multitude of Americans have always been obliged to make their own living. The princely fortunes of to-day are held by men who either in their own persons or in those of their fathers were hard workers of some kind. It was a wise queen of New York society a generation ago who when she had issued invitations for a ball to which "everybody" was sighing for a note, said to a friend who laughed at a tailor's daughter who was imploring an invitation: "But why laugh? If she is the daughter of a tailor, I am the granddaughter of a hatter." There are very splendid palaces to be seen in every great city, full of exquisite works of art, and of every luxury and refinement of taste. "It is a mixture of the Alhambra and the *Arabian Nights*," wrote Dickens to a friend of a fine house in London. Such fine houses are in New York also. But the ancestor of the family, or the head of the house himself, was generally a Whittington who came to town with his cat and his pack. Our blue blood is not that of idleness, but of labor. We are all, O Cynic, trades-people, and the children of

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trades-people. Of course our "ways" should be seemly and honorable. But why are we so solicitous that they should be those of another society and civilization?

Our latest guest was Mr. Legrand Savage. Mr. Savage was a kind of jest in London. He and his friends were the most recent result of the pre-Raphaelite spirit—a spirit which, however distorted and extravagant in many of its aspects and forms, is really a regenerating influence in modern art and life. The universal taste for greater beauty in all the accessories of life is both a consequence and a manifestation of the pre-Raphaelite spirit. It was merely a name, like the Renaissance, to describe a certain stage of progress and perception in art. All that is said of Mr. Savage and the æsthetes, of their costume, their manner, their fanciful affectations, their unspeakable absurdities, was said of Rossetti's and Millais's pictures thirty years ago. Mr. Savage and the school of which he is an accepted representative are only another form of the feeling which expresses itself in the art of ornamentation. He is a natural product of the time, which also produces the Kensington School in London and the Decorative Art Society in New York.

The Cynic, of course, asks whether all this makes Legrand Savage any the less d—well, diabolically—silly, or the people who run after him any the less foolish. Perhaps not. But why should we get angry with languishing ladies who love to lift a lily, or who sit in the rosy twilight of a deftly darkened room, clad in a tinted costume of duly adjusted hue, holding a harmonious screen? They are engaged in a laudable endeavor to give pleasure to the chance visitor. They are assisting the artist who colored and gilded the walls and hung the draperies and composed the ensemble of the drawing-room. Perhaps you would prefer that human beings should not make themselves adjuncts of furniture and wall-paper, and that immortal souls should not be rapt by a dado or enchanted with a frieze. But nature has room for hummingbirds and flamingoes, for cockatoos and paroquets, for scentless but brilliant flowers, all of them fitly set in a corresponding landscape. Why not also for living parts of exquisite house-furnishing? The æsthetic lady in a green mist of vesture accordant with the tone of her boudoir obeys the same impulse of nature that poises a bird-of-paradise in the heaven of the Eastern isles.

If Cynic is not equal to these things, let him not seek relief in oaths and gibes and reckless reviling. If my tinted lady chooses sweetly to offer a lily to Mr. Legrand Savage, let not the Cynic shiver as he thinks of the London Mrs. Grundy. Let him rather reflect that nature is wise and thrifty. She will not suffer us to be crushed by a lily. As she produces but an occasional dodo, so she vouchsafes few fanatics of the dado. Neither the dodo nor the dado shall devour us, and Cynic would be much happier if he could see that Mr. Legrand Savage is but an amusing extravagance of an excellent tendency, and if he could only school himself to care as little for John Bull's opinion of our "way" as that worthy cares for our opinion of his way. When it comes to a society that sometimes makes itself ridiculous, an impartial Cynic will agree that honors are easy.

In Mrs. Martha Lamb's *History of New York*, which is a very interesting and delightful story of the great city, there is a picture of the old "Kennedy mansion, No. 1 Broadway, before the Revolution." The view is taken from the Battery, and there are three figures—a woman at the corner, going up Broadway, a man in the street, moving in the same direction, and another man coming up Battery Place. An air of perfect quiet invests the scene, and the impression is that of a glimpse into a staid, respectable, and tranquil town. The house was not very far from the old Delancy house, afterward Fraunces' Tavern, at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, a venerable mansion—"the last, as 'twere, of a long ridge of such"—of which the Easy Chair was lately speaking in an obituary of the Walton house, which has now vanished. The old Kennedy house is also disappearing as we write. It had already lost its "genteel" air—the air of a patrician mansion—and had become a huge, overgrown, amorphous hotel. The Washington Hotel it had long been, for it was one of the houses in the city in which Washington lived.

To all citizens and to all strangers who went to the Battery the old house must have been familiar. Yet nothing, so far as we know, ever marked it to the passenger as a historic house. There was no plate let into the wall, no marble slab, no sign whatever, such as marks in older countries the houses of famous men and of interesting associations; such memorial inscriptions as are proposed for such houses in Albany. The charm of such association is felt by the traveller who arrives in Augsburg, and is shown to the house of the Fuggers, and wonders whether it was in the room where he dines that the graciously munificent banker, to make a royal guest comfortable, lighted the fire with the royal guest's promissory note for a princely sum. The elevators, the telephones, the bath-rooms, the cuisine, the cleanly comfort and luxury, of our great hotels, compensate the traveller for the absence of such associations. But they can not supply the romance. There may, indeed, be romance without comfort. Sing, Muse, that night at Passignano, upon the shores of classic Thrasymene—shores upon which, in the shock of Hannibal's battle,

"An earthquake reeled unheededly away"—

Passignano, in whose *locanda*, or country inn, the appearance of the beds and chambers was so unspeakable that romantic youth preferred to pass the night on chairs.

John Watts, Mrs. Lamb tells us, built a fine

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house next to the site of the Kennedy house, where he lived with his beautiful wife. Lovely Ann Watts, their daughter, married Archibald Kennedy, afterward eleventh Earl of Cassilis, and my subsequent lord built No. 1 Broadway, the Kennedy house, after the most approved English model. On great gala days and nights the two noble houses were connected by a bridge—a Rialto from which those smiling young belles our grandmothers' grandmothers looked upon the river which washed the foot of the garden. Fifth Avenue is a very stately street, and noble also are its palaces. But the spacious houses of the old New York, with grounds and gardens sloping to the water, had a prospect which even the vision of the Murray Hill reservoir can hardly surpass. There was a carved doorway to the Kennedy mansion, and it had wide halls and spacious rooms. The state drawing-room was fifty feet long, and opened upon a porch in which a quadrille could be danced. The dining-room, as becomes the noble English race, was vast and rich. And that nothing should be wanting to the loftiness of association, in this fine old house the oldest son of Archibald Kennedy and Ann Watts was born, and this precious heir became not only twelfth Earl of Cassilis, but first Marquis of Ailsa.

But the days of peaceful festivity in both the houses passed, and in April, 1776, came Israel Putnam to command New York until Washington should arrive. The stout old patriot occupied the Kennedy house as his head-quarters. Poor Captain Kennedy tried to serve both masters, and had sent his wife and family to New Jersey. But he was suspected by both sides. His father-in-law, Watts, who remained loyal to the crown, barely escaped the hands of the Sons of Liberty, and sailed to England, where he soon died. In the Kennedy house, also, after the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed, Washington received Colonel Patterson, Lord Howe's Adjutant-General, who came to see if an understanding could be reached between the crown and the colonies.

Washington was "elegantly attired" in full military costume, and received the envoy with courtesy. Colonel Patterson had brought the famous letter addressed to "George Washington, Esquire, etc., etc., etc." Perhaps something in the aspect of Washington suggested prudence, and the English officer produced but did not offer to deliver the letter. He remarked, however, that three et ceteras might mean everything. Washington assented, but added that they might also mean anything, and in his official capacity he could receive only letters officially addressed. Colonel Patterson could make no adequate answer, as there was none to make. He begged to have Washington's commands for Lord and General Howe. "My particular compliments to both of them," replied Washington, with perfect courtesy. General Howe afterward said that the interview was more polite than interesting, but that it had induced him to change the superscription of his letters. From that time he addressed Washington by his proper title.

Sir Henry Clinton succeeded Washington as the occupant of the Kennedy house, but Washington returned to it after the British evacuation, and from this house he went to Fraunces' Tavern to take leave of his officers. No other interesting old building now remains upon Broadway, except St. Paul's. Few, indeed, remain upon the island. But the pile of offices which will now rise upon this interesting historic site will command from their upper windows the most beautiful prospect that the city affords, the bay and the heights of Staten Island. The denizens of no other such building can recount, as they look from their sunny windows, so many and such various romantic traditions of their site as those who shall occupy hereafter the offices of the building which, we hope, will retain in this final change the old name of the famous mansion, the Kennedy house.

At the end of our late articles upon "Journalistic London" it was stated that there was but one halfpenny evening paper. Since the article was written the *Evening News* has appeared, sold for a halfpenny, and owned by Mr. Martin Pradd, who owns also two papers in the west of England, and the commercial manager is Mr. J. Watkinson. It is meant to be an independent Liberal journal, and its articles upon the death of President Garfield were partly cabled to American papers. It is understood to be a prosperous enterprise, constantly extending its circulation. It is a significant fact, also, that both the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *St. James Gazette* have become penny papers. The report of their success, if it be continued, points to great changes in "Journalistic London."

Editor's Literary Record.

It would be impossible to write the biography of any great statesman that would do justice to the whole man, or satisfy an intelligent reader, which should ignore or unduly subordinate the political ingredients that entered into his life, shaped his career and character, and won for him that degree of prominence on the world's stage which makes men solicitous to know his history. Again, if a biography be so written that the attention of the reader is too exclusively directed to the public and political career of such a man, and if it enters into a too voluminous recital of his arguments, opinions, and speeches, his great political contests, vic-

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tories, and defeats, and his most elaborate acts of policy or statesmanship, the teachings that might be derived from his example would be lost to those who are the most susceptible to its influence, and whom it is most desirable should be affected by it. Mr. John Morley has struck the happy mean between these biographical methods in his very able and copious *Life of Richard Cobden*.[1] So ample in its details of the personal incidents in the life of Cobden that the reader is enabled to form a distinct image of the person, the temperament, the mental, moral, and physical characteristics of the man, and a vivid conception of his social and family surroundings, and of all that influenced his character and tastes or constituted the life he lived—these are so made to touch upon or are themselves so touched upon at all points by the events of his commercial and political career as mutually to supplement and illuminate each other. Mr. Morley makes us know Cobden as a man all the better for the clear views he gives us of Cobden as a manufacturer and statesman, and *vice versa;* and by his judicious blending and interfusion of these, and his disposition of them at the right time and the right point of contact, he gives the reader the clearest possible idea of the whole of Cobden's powerful and impressive individuality. The biography is remarkable for its symmetry as a literary composition, and equally so for the profound interest it excites for its subject. It may be studied with profit by the veteran statesman, and read with pleasure by the general reader; but if, as we believe, there is wisdom and truth in an early saying of Cobden himself, that "good examples are more influential than bad ones," and that "goodness or virtue, by the very force of example, and by its own indestructible nature, must go on increasing and multiplying forever," the largest sphere of practical usefulness of this admirable biography will be among the thousands of the rising generation who, as was the case with Cobden, are springing from the humbler planes of life, and entering upon their life work with no other capital than sound bodies, vigorous minds, energetic wills, patience, perseverance, unfaltering honesty, and a resolute determination not to "spoil a horn," but to "make a spoon."

THE life of Garibaldi has been so thickly crowded with romantic acts and heroic deeds, and his character has been so strongly tinctured with the fine extravagance and the uncalculating enthusiasm of the knight-errant, that his biographer, Mr. Theodore Bent, is not far astray when he likens the old paladin to a nineteenth-century Don Quixote, rich in chivalrous and unselfish motive and in noble and patriotic impulse, full of courage, and imbued with a high sense of honor, but withal erratic, visionary, struggling to accomplish vast ends with incommensurate means, and thus frequently succeeding in small but failing in large undertakings, and too commonly the puppet or the tool of less pure and impassioned natures than his own. In his biographical sketch of Garibaldi[2] Mr. Bent traces the career of the patriotic soldier of fortune half lovingly and half sardonically, following him closely through all his devious ways on both hemispheres, as soldier, exile, lover, patriot, politician, author, and recluse, and painting the stirring events of his life with minuteness and spirit. He is more successful as a narrator of incident than as an analyst of character, and his political judgments are visibly colored by his political bias. Hence he frequently adopts a patronizing tone when reciting Garibaldi's plans, and even when recounting his virtues, and we are conscious of an ill-concealed sneer whenever he speaks of the patriot's military and political genius, or when he alludes to Garibaldi's title to be considered the savior of Italy. Nevertheless, although he makes the most of the hero's eccentricities and vagaries, and magnifies his failures, the portrait he has drawn remains a noble and striking one, despite the coldness of the artist.

THE three latest volumes of Mr. Rolfe's family and school edition of the plays of Shakspeare, *The Tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra*,[3] *The Comedy of Measure for Measure*,[4] and *The Comedy of the Merry Wives of Windsor*,[5] fully deserve the unreserved commendation that has been accorded to their predecessors. As the work approaches its conclusion, Mr. Rolfe manifests no abatement of the careful scholarship and assiduous research which have hitherto characterized his editorship of our greatest poet.

MR. FRANK VINCENT, Jun.'s, new volume, *Norsk, Lapp, and Finn*,[6] or tracings of travel through Norway, Lapland, and Finland, has been effectually forestalled by Mr. Du Chaillu's work on Scandinavia, of which an extended notice was given in this Magazine for November. With the exception of a brief tarry in Denmark, Mr. Vincent's course lay over much of the same route that had been traversed by Mr. Du Chaillu, and he notes the same geographical and topographical features, national characteristics, social peculiarities, and objects of interest generally that Mr. Du Chaillu de-

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[1] *The Life of Richard Cobden.* By JOHN MORLEY. 8vo, pp. 640. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[2] *The Life of Giuseppe Garibaldi.* By J. THEODORE BENT, B.A., Oxon. Illustrated. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 60. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Shakspeare's Tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE. 16mo, pp. 222. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Shakspeare's Comedy of Measure for Measure.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE. 16mo, pp. 175. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Shakspeare's Comedy of The Merry Wives of Windsor.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE. 16mo, pp. 173. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *Norsk, Lapp, and Finn; or, Travel Tracings from the Far North of Europe.* By FRANK VINCENT, Jun. 12mo, pp. 263. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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scribed, but with much less amplitude of detail, and infinitely less vivacity and spirit. His book has little value for the library, though it may prove a convenient knapsack book and traveller's guide.

It will be difficult to find in any collection of English poetry lines that are tenderer or more richly freighted with the spontaneous and untroubled gladness of a mother's heart than those composing Mrs. Mary D. Brine's *My Boy and I; or, On the Way to Slumberland.*[7] The only extended poem on that theme that we can now recall, it has great merit, whether considered as the expression of mere human emotion, or as the utterance of poetic feeling. Its union of ideality with the strongly realistic tendencies of maternal affection at once satisfies the instincts of the heart and the demands of the imagination; so that the most prosaic parent, if only the affections be deep and sensitive, and the parent who, in addition, is endowed with a quick fancy and lively imagination, will each find responsive chords touched by it. The leading thought of the poem is as simple as it is happy. A mother describes a day in the life of her "golden-haired baby boy," from his first awakening in the cradle at early dawn, through the morning hours, while he is at play under the trees in the garden; at the noontide, as he toddles down to the brookside, chattering to the birds and flowers on the way; a little later, when, tired with play, he has nestled amid the "grasses high" of the meadow, and has gone "half-way on the road to slumberland"; in the waning of the day, absorbed with his miscellaneous playthings in the nursery; in the twilight, prattling on his mother's knee, or listening dreamily to her songs and stories, till at length he sinks into the cradle again, and is lulled to slumber by the mother's lullaby, and at last the curtain of friendly night falls on mother and child with "the peace of a benediction." On this thread are strung alternately the day's record of baby delights, amusements, tricks, sayings, and doings, and of the mother's busy thoughts, fancies, and fingers, of her buoyant hope, and of her perfect love that "casteth out fear." The poem is beautifully printed in Old English letter, on tinted paper, and instead of the conventional binding, its pages are held together by silken skeins, portfolio fashion, between loose covers of rich and flexible Russia leather. The illustrations with which it is embellished are quaintly suggestive, but minister rather to the prevalent rage for the odd, the curious, and the fantastic than to the taste for the beautiful.

At the close of a notice of the American edition of *The New Testament in the Original Greek*, as prepared and revised by Canon Westcott and Professor Hort, which formed a part of the Record for November last, it was stated that an accompanying volume by the editors was in preparation, and would be forth-coming at an early day, in which they would set forth elaborately the principles that governed them in the preparation of their revised text, and would announce their views as to the true principles of textual evidence and criticism. The editors have now made good their promise by the publication of a companion volume[8] to the one containing the Greek text, supplementary to it, and forming a very complete apparatus for Greek scholars and Biblical students on the entire subject of the choice of texts and readings, the methods of textual criticism, the application of principles of criticism to the revision of the text, the determination of orthography, punctuation, and markings, the classification of readings, and the corresponding notation. The volume is arranged in the form of an Introduction and an Appendix to the revised text, the former comprising a succinct statement of the reasons why criticism is still necessary for the text of the New Testament, and of what the editors hold to be the true grounds and methods of Biblical criticism generally; a résumé of those leading facts in the documentary history of the New Testament which appear to supply the textual critic with secure guidance; and an account of the manner in which the editors have themselves endeavored to embody the results of criticism in their revised text. The Appendix consists (1) of a body of notes on select readings, comprising the few peculiar clauses or passages, partly Western and partly non-Western interpolations, which are printed between brackets either within the text or appended to it, miscellaneous rejected readings sufficiently important to deserve special notice, a few variations in which there has been reason for discussing alternative readings or punctuations retained in the text or margin, and words or passages in which it is believed or suspected that some primitive error or corruption is present; (2) of a group of notes on orthography—including letters, nouns, verbs, and particles—which are not intended to form a complete or systematic account of the orthography of the New Testament, but to elucidate alternative readings and to indicate the prevalence or the exceptional occurrence of particular spellings; and (3) of a list of quotations from the Old Testament, being those passages and phrases which are marked by uncial type in the text as taken from the Old Testament, together with references to the places from which they are derived, the numeration of chapters and verses being that of the ordinary English editions. The Introduction is exceedingly full, and considers suc-

[7] *My Boy and I; or, On the Way to Slumberland.* By Mary D. Brine. Pictures by Dora B. Wheeler, Louis C. Tiffany and Co., Associated Artists. Unpaged. New York: George W. Harlan.

[8] *The New Testament in the Original Greek.* The Text Revised by Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., and Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D. Introduction and Appendix. 8vo, pp. 512. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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cinctly but minutely the following topics: (1) the need of criticism for the text of the New Testament, as explained by the circumstances of its transmission, first by writing, and then by printing; (2) the successive emergence of the different classes of textual facts, involving the internal evidence of readings, of documents, of genealogical evidence, and of groups of documents, and a critical consideration of errors antecedent to existing texts; (3) a general chronological survey of the entire body of the documentary evidence with which all criticism has to deal, and an examination of its bearings in editing the text; (4) a determination of the genealogical relations of the chief ancient texts, comprising a specification of their several characteristics, a sketch of post-Nicene textual history, a statement of the relations of the principal extant documents to the chief ancient texts, an identification and estimate of readings belonging to those texts, and a review of previous criticism with reference to them; (5) a résumé of the results of the internal evidence of groups and documents, as limited by reference to primary Greek manuscripts *generally*, or by reference to the *best* primary Greek manuscripts; and (6) a consideration of the ultimate question as to the substantial integrity of the purest transmitted text and its identity with the text of the autographs, with a statement of the conditions necessary for a further improvement of the text. This scholarly treatise is appropriately closed by an exposition, by the editors, of the nature and details of their revised edition of the text, its aims and limitations, the principles by which they have been governed in their textual notation, in their determination of orthography, breathings, accents, and other accessories of printing, and in their punctuation, divisions of text, and titles of books.

THE appearance of new editions of Dr. Plumptre's fine translations of the Tragedies of Sophocles[9] and Æschylos[10] naturally invites a passing reflection upon the important part translations have played in forming, moulding, and enriching our literature. In every branch, both of prose and verse, from the time of Wycliffe, and Chaucer, and Surrey, and Spenser, and Chapman, and Marlowe, and the translators of the English Bible, down to our own Bryant, translations have exercised the powers of the greatest masters of our tongue, and have been so numerous as to form an imposing department in English letters, and make a wide and deep impression upon the thought and morals of all English-speaking peoples. Of modern translations none have received a more general and cordial approval from men of taste and scholarship than Dr. Plumptre's versions of the two great masters of classical Greek tragedy above named. Originally published severally in 1865 and 1869, the present editions are greatly more than a mere reprint; since, besides the many changes that have been made in the translation of words and phrases, the new editions have been materially enhanced in value by the addition, in an appendix to the Sophocles, of a rhymed version of the choral odes and the chief lyrical dialogues, and in like manner by the addition to the Æschylos of a rhymed version of the chief odes of the Oresteian trilogy. Nor is this all. Additional philological, critical, and explanatory notes have been supplied, the plays have been arranged in their chronological order, in the rhymed and unrhymed versions a revision has been made by which the symmetry between the strophes and antistrophes of the choral odes has been carefully reproduced, a short argument has been prefixed to each play, giving so much, and no more, of the story as may enable one who starts with but little previous knowledge to take up the action of the drama at the point at which it opens, and to follow it without difficulty to the end, and, finally, numerous brief explanatory notes are interspersed, enabling readers who are not classical scholars to understand local or mythological allusions without recourse to a dictionary. The versions have been greatly increased in value to scholars by the revision to which they have been subjected, while they have been made largely more serviceable to the general reader.

[9] *The Tragedies of Sophocles.* A New Translation. With a Biographical Essay and an Appendix. By E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., Professor of Divinity in King's College, London, etc. 12mo, pp. 502. New York: George Routledge and Sons.

[10] *The Tragedies of Æschylos.* A New Translation. With a Biographical Essay and an Appendix. By the same Author. 12mo, pp. 378. New York: George Routledge and Sons.

LIEUTENANT REGAN, of the United States army, has prepared a *Manual of Guard Duty*,[11] which is a complete *vade mecum* on that branch of the military service, carefully adapted to the needs as well of the militia of the several States as of the officers and enlisted men of the regular army. The compiler has brought together and compressed in a nutshell all the authoritative rules, regulations, and principles relating to guard duty and kindred subjects, which have hitherto been dispersed over numerous and not always accessible official and unofficial publications and documents, and has so judiciously arranged and so systematically classified his material that the desired information, even on the minutest details, may be obtained by a glance. The first part of the manual is devoted to "Minor Guards," and includes the roster, guard mountings, the personnel of guards, the subjects of countersigns, paroles, watch-words, safeguards, safe-con-

[11] *Manual of Guard Duty and Kindred Subjects*, for the Regular Army, Volunteers, and Militia of the United States. Being a Thorough Compilation of the Rules, Regulations, and Principles, collected from the most Authentic Sources. By JAMES REGAN, First Lieutenant and R.Q.M. Ninth Infantry. Sq. 18mo, pp. 398. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ducts, flags of truce, arrest and confinement, and the detail of police, stable, park, and provost guards. The second part is appropriated to "Grand Guards," and treats specifically and elaborately upon the duties and disposition of advanced rear and flank guards, convoys, detachments, cantonments, and parties of reconnaissance. Lieutenant Regan is already well known among military men as the author of a digest of military law, entitled *The Judge Advocate and Recorder's Guide*, which has been favorably received by officers of distinction in the regular and volunteer services; and the manual under notice has met with similar approval from distinguished officers to whom it was submitted while in manuscript. In an introductory letter, after expressing the opinion that the manual has merit, and will do good to the service, General Sherman states that having referred it for examination to one of his best and most experienced staff officers, who has served with troops both regular and volunteer, and in whose judgment he has implicit confidence, he reported that the work brings together the best information on guard duty and kindred subjects now scattered through many works, and that he has no knowledge of any single treatise which so fully explains the class of duties referred to as this. He is further of the opinion that it will be of great value to the officers and men of the army, not only for the amount of information conveyed, but for the uniformity it would tend to produce in the performance of the duties it treats upon.

Two historical compends for young people, respectively a *History of France*[12] and a *History of Russia*,[13] have just issued almost simultaneously from the press of New York and Boston, which have more than a passing value, as well for the judgment that has been displayed in their preparation as for the close and important relations that subsist between these great nations and our own, and the complete absence of any books concerning them sufficiently comprehensive and yet sufficiently elementary to be of use to young readers. The *French History*, for which we are indebted to the press of the Messrs. Harper, was prepared by Sarah Brook, an accomplished English gentlewoman, primarily for English children, but has been revised and edited in the interest of American children by Mr. George Cary Eggleston. It is a succinct outline of the history of France from the time of the ancient Gauls until 1880, written with dignity and simplicity, and describing with spirit and clearness, and without the omission of any material fact, the origin of the French people and nation, the growth and transitions of their social and political institutions, the local, personal, political, and military incidents and occurrences which have made an impression upon their national character and autonomy, and, in fine, the development of France during twenty centuries in territory, in population, in science, literature, and the arts, in arms, in polity, and in the principles of rational liberty. The sketches of the Revolutionary period, of the career of Napoleon, and of the more recent events of the Franco-German war and the establishment of the Republic, are specially noteworthy for their clearness and animation. — Mr. Dole's *History of Russia*, published by Messrs. Estes and Lauriat, is noticeable for an occasional turgidity of style, that may possibly have been insensibly suggested by, and certainly is in harmony with, the darkness and romance of the earlier periods of Russian history, and with the barbaric splendor and barbaric crimes of its later years. Mr. Dole's accounts of the foundation of this mighty empire, and of the successive dynasties that have exercised despotic sway over it, are intensely interesting; and he depicts with vivid and rude energy the consolidation of its diverse races into the colossal military power that now bestrides Asia and Europe; the building of its cities; the development of its social, political, and religious institutions; the conspiracies, tragedies, and unspeakable crimes that have studded its history; and in particular the transitional movement that has been going forward for the past half a century, and now fills the nation with forebodings of evil.

The Prince and the Pauper[14] is the title of a happily told historical tale of the sixteenth century, by Mark Twain (S. L. Clemens), which is adapted to the taste of young people, and in its principal lines recalls the story of Christopher Sly, with which Shakspeare preludes *The Taming of the Shrew*, with the difference that the one is a pretended reality, and the other a waking dream. The story is based on the fiction that the young Prince Edward, afterward Edward VI., having rescued a bright and comely but ragged pauper lad of his own age from the brutality of some of the court servitors, took him to his apartments in the royal palace, and there regaled him with a luxurious meal. In the exercise of his hospitality, and moved by boyish curiosity, the prince proposed an exchange of garb with his pauper guest, and forthwith, boy-like, it was done—Tom Canty, the pauper of Offal Court, attiring himself in the prince's rich garments, and the prince donning Tom's miserable pauper rags. Instantly upon the change being made, both lads are startled, not merely by the transformation of the prince into a seeming pauper and the pauper into a seeming prince,

[12] *French History for English Children.* By Sarah Brook. Revised and Edited by George Cary Eggleston. With Illustrations and Maps. 16mo, pp. 327. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *Young Folks' History of Russia.* By Nathan Haskell Dole. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 520. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[14] *The Prince and the Pauper.* A Tale for Young People of all Ages. By Mark Twain. Illustrated. 4to, pp. 411. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

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but by the revelation of the extraordinary resemblance they bore to each other; so that when Tom glanced at himself in a mirror, he saw, as the prince had already seen, that the transformation was so perfect that their most intimate friends would not be able to distinguish the prince in the pauper's rags from the pauper in the prince's robes. Hastily dashing out of the room to put the matter to a practical test with his attendants, the prince soon received an unwelcome confirmation of his conjecture. He is jeered at, hustled, insulted, beaten, and cuffed out of the palace grounds by his own guards and servants, who ridicule his assertion that he is the prince; and for many days he is made to change places with Tom, and is exposed to every species of indignity and every form of forlorn wretchedness and want. Meanwhile the servants, attendants, and relatives of the prince present themselves before Tom, the pauper lad, and, misled by his princely garb and his strange resemblance to Edward, treat him as the real prince despite his insistence that he is not the prince, but a poor pauper, and regardless of his eager inquiries for his young benefactor. Nothing, however, that he can say or do avails. He can not convince them of their error, and he must be a prince in spite of himself. So, while the true prince is having a bitter taste of the hard things of life, such as hitherto had been Tom's lot, the latter, sorely against his will, and to his great discomfort, is having a surfeit of the unaccustomed luxuries of royalty. His persistence in trying to convince the servants and courtiers, the princesses Elizabeth and Mary, the Lady Jane Grey, and even bluff King Henry himself, that he is not the prince, but a pauper lad, is at first but little heeded, but is finally construed as betraying a temporary madness; and finally he is forced to submit to his gilded captivity, and enact the part of a prince with the best grace he can muster. In the vein of a veracious chronicler, the recital being interspersed with sparkles of dry humor and covert satire yet observing a careful regard to the historical accessories, Mr. Clemens describes what befell these lads in their changed spheres, till at length the prince comes into his own again, and punishes those who had maltreated him, together with those whom he had detected in wrong-doing while his majesty was shrouded in the rags of a pauper. The tale is full of romantic surprises, and besides being rich in historical facts and teachings, is charged with a generous and ennobling moral.

THE love of nature, which has made so visible an impression on the productions of Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson's pencil, has found a new manifestation in a work by this genial artist on *Camp Life in the Woods, and the Tricks of Trapping and Trap-Making.*[15] The immediate incitement to the preparation of the book was the fact that so few examples of "Boys' Books of Sports" are to be found in this country, while the few good English works of that kind dwell on sports which are essentially English. Mr. Gibson has undertaken to fill this neglected corner in our literature by a thoroughly practical volume, in which he gives an exhaustive description of all manner of traps for large and small game, for fish and fowl, and for household and miscellaneous use, and of the different varieties of snares and noose traps, with such a detailed account of the construction of each, accompanied by diagrams, as will put it in the power of any boy of moderate ingenuity to improvise them for himself. This, however, covers only a moiety of Mr. Gibson's densely packed volume. A large portion of it is also devoted to a sketch of the art of trapping, and to a chapter entitled the trapper's miscellany, which embodies accounts not only of all the devices that have been successfully employed by experienced trappers for decoying and capturing game, and the baits, scents, and drugs they have found effective for attracting them, but in addition a fund of interesting and entertaining matter on the nature, habits, and characteristics of various American birds and animals, and on woodcraft generally. All this is complemented by a graphic practical outline of campaign life in the woods, so that the manual embraces, besides the arts of trapping and trap-making, full directions for building boats, canoes, cabins, shanties, tents, and shelters, together with hints on food, cooking and cooking utensils, the hunter's outfit generally, curing and tanning skins, and the preparation of specimens.

APPARENTLY the Muse that presides over the world of romantic fiction has not been in a propitious mood since the opening of the new year, the number of novels that have found their way to the editor's table thus far being few, and their quality light. None of them are of a kind to invite an extended analysis or to warrant enthusiastic panegyric, and the only ones that have sufficient merit to entitle them to mention in our record are *The Senior Partner*,[16] by Mrs. Riddell; *The Question of Cain*,[17] by Mrs. Cashel Hoey; *Joseph's Coat*,[18] by David Christie Murray; and *Dick Netherby*,[19] by Mrs. Walford, the best of the quartette being the one first named.

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[15] *Camp Life in the Woods, and the Tricks of Trapping and Trap-Making.* Containing Comprehensive Hints on Camp Shelter, Log Huts, Bark Shanties, Woodland Beds and Bedding, Boat and Canoe Building, and Valuable Suggestions on Trappers' Food, etc., etc. By W. HAMILTON GIBSON. Illustrated by the Author. Sq. 12mo, pp. 300. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *The Senior Partner.* A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 94. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *The Question of Cain.* A Novel. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 66. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *Joseph's Coat.* By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. 12mo, pp. 506. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[19] *Dick Netherby.* By Mrs. L. B. WALFORD. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 280. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on January 19.—Congress adjourned for the holiday recess from December 22 to January 5. The House referred the Utah contested election case to the Committee on Elections.—Both Houses passed a resolution of thanks to the Khedive of Egypt for the gift of Cleopatra's Needle.—In the Senate, a bill to promote the efficiency of the navy was reported favorably.—Both Houses passed the Census Appropriation Bill for final expenses, amounting to $540,000.—The House recommitted a report in regard to enlarging the committees.

The Iowa Legislature, January 18, elected as United States Senators James F. Wilson for the long term, and J. W. McDill for the short term.

The French Senatorial elections were held January 8. Sixty-four Republicans and fifteen Conservatives were chosen. The Republicans gained twenty-two seats.

The Italian Senate, December 21, passed the Reform Bill, one section of which entitles all to vote who can read and write.

A Valparaiso dispatch, January 17, announced the conclusion of a treaty of peace between Bolivia and Chili, the condition being that the former shall surrender her territory along the coast, and break off relations with Peru.

An imperial rescript dated January 4, countersigned by Prince Bismarck, has been addressed to the Prussian Ministry. It is as follows: "The right of the King to direct the government and policy of Prussia in accordance with his own judgment is restricted, not abrogated, by the Constitution. The official acts of the King require the countersignature of a minister, and are carried out by his ministers; but they remain the official acts of the King in whose resolve they originate, and who in them gives constitutional expression to his will. Therefore it is not permissible to represent their exercise as proceeding from responsible ministers. The Prussian Constitution is the expression of the monarchical tradition of this country, whose development rests onthe living relations of its kings to the people. These relations can not be transferred to ministers, because they appertain to the person of the King, and their maintenance is necessary for Prussia. It is therefore my will that in Prussia, and also in the legislative bodies of the empire, no doubt will be allowed to attach to my constitutional right, or that of my successors, to direct personally the policy of the government. It is the duty of my ministers to support my constitutional rights by protecting them from doubt and obscurity, and I expect the same from all officials who have taken the oath of loyalty to me. I am far from wishing to restrict the freedom of elections, but the functionaries intrusted with the execution of my official acts are bound to support the policy of my government, even at the elections. I shall acknowledge the faithful discharge of this duty, and shall expect all officials, remembering their oath of allegiance, to hold aloof, even at the elections, from all agitation against my government."

DISASTERS.

December 16.—Severe earthquake in the district of Kau-Tcheore, China. Over 250 persons killed.

December 24.—News that the flood at Oran having subsided; 201 bodies had been recovered in the plain of Habra. Of these 163 were natives, thirty-three Spaniards, and five Frenchmen.

December 25.—Panic in a church in Warsaw. Forty persons killed, and sixty injured.

December 26.—Steamboat explosion at West Point, Virginia. Nineteen persons killed.

January 13.—Collision between passenger trains on the Hudson River Railroad, near Spuyten Duyvil. Eight persons killed, including Webster Wagner, New York State Senator.

January 16.—Railroad accident at New Albin, Iowa. Twenty-one persons killed.

OBITUARY.

December 21.—Announcement of the death of John Ludwig Krapf, African explorer and missionary, aged seventy-two years.

December 23.—In Paris, France, E. C. Grenville Murray, author and journalist.

December 24.—In New Haven, Connecticut, Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, aged eighty years.

January 3.—In London, England, William Harrison Ainsworth, novelist, aged seventy-seven years.

January 4.—In New York, Professor John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., aged seventy-one years.

January 5.—In Paris, France, François-Michel Pascal, sculptor, aged sixty-eight years.

January 7.—In Rome, Italy, Richard Henry Dana, lawyer and author, in his sixty-seventh year.—In New York, Hon. E. W. Stoughton, ex-Minister to Russia, in his sixty-third year.

January 8.—Announcement of the death of General Valmaseda, Governor of Madrid, and formerly Captain-General of Cuba.

January 9.—In New York, Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith, in his fifty-sixth year.

January 14.—In Richmond, Virginia, Mrs. Caroline Richings-Bernard.

January 17.—In Worcester, Massachusetts, ex-Governor A. H. Bullock, in his sixty-fifth year.—In Paris, France, M. Auguste Alexandre Philippe Charles Blanc, writer on fine arts, aged sixty-eight years.

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Editor's Drawer.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

COLLEGE NEWS IN 19—.

THERE is much excitement at Kingston College, and a serious rebellion on the part of the faculty has occurred. Last Saturday Mr. B—— made a speech at a political meeting in the village, and that faction of the local Republicans who favor his nomination as the next Republican Presidential candidate met him on his arrival at the station and escorted him to the Town-hall. As the procession passed the residence of President Begosh, who for seventy-five years has been a warm supporter of Mr. B——, the aged President hastily illuminated his house. As soon as this fact came to the ears of the students—who are unanimously in favor of the nomination of the distinguished young civil service reformer C. A. A——, Jun.—they held a meeting, and sentenced the President to suspension for the remainder of the collegiate year. The professors and tutors, without exception, espoused the cause of President Begosh, and protesting against the decision of the students, announced that they would not attend a single recitation unless the sentence of suspension should be annulled. Thus far the students have remained firm, and have peremptorily refused to reconsider their action. The faculty paraded the village last night with a band of music, and it is rumored that several tutors broke into the mathematical recitation-room and destroyed the blackboard, together with nearly a pound of chalk. A college rebellion is of course a very unfortunate matter, but in this case it is obvious that if any sort of discipline is to be maintained by the students, they must not yield to attempts at coercion on the part of the faculty.

It is rumored that the experiment of making the attendance of students at ball matches optional will be tried at Harvard next year. Hitherto every under-graduate has been obliged to attend the regular ball matches unless he could furnish a physician's certificate that his health would suffer thereby. It is notorious that only a small minority of the students look upon ball-playing with the seriousness which it really deserves, and it is at least doubtful if their compulsory attendance is of any spiritual benefit to them. If attendance on ball matches were made optional, it is thought that all the earnest and piously disposed students would attend, and that the others would lose nothing by staying away. The result of the experiment, should it be tried, will be awaited with much interest, and if successful, it will possibly be followed by the abolition of the compulsory attendance of the students at dog-fights.

The Wheatley College crew has achieved a brilliant success in the late race with the Berlin University crew. The captain of the gallant Americans has just telegraphed to a leading New York sporting journal that the crew succeeded in selling the race for $1200. This is the fourth race that the Wheatley boys have managed to sell since they went abroad. They received $500 for the Henley race, $400 for the race with the Oxford University crew, and $250 for the race with the London Rowing Club. They have thus made, in the course of six weeks, $2350 by honest industry, and may be fairly proud of the result. The last race—with the Berlin crew—was especially creditable to them, for their antagonists rowed so badly that it seemed inevitable that the Americans should win, and nothing but the presence of mind of the stroke, who at the last quarter-mile stretch was suddenly attacked with cerebro-spinal meningitis, enabled the bargain to be fairly consummated.

The position of the American student who last year entered the Freshman Class of the San Francisco University is certainly an unenviable one. He says that he is treated fairly by the faculty, but he is the object of intense hostility on the part of the Chinese students, who make insulting remarks to him concerning his want of a pigtail, and annoy him by every means in their power. When he appears on the street he is invariably followed by a mob of young Chinamen, who yell after him, "Melican man must go!" and throw bricks and stones at him. The San Francisco papers assert that he is taking the bread out of the mouths of hard-working Chinamen, and demand that the Emperor of China should make a treaty with the United States forbidding Americans to enter California. The courage of the young man in entering a San Francisco college is perhaps praiseworthy, but he would have been more prudent had he remained among the people of his own race. W. L. A.

MODERN FABLES.

THE MONGOOSE AND THE HAPLESS INEBRIATE.

A Hapless Inebriate having organized a Private Ophiological Exhibition in his Boots, his Friends introduced a Mongoose into his Apartment, in the benevolent Expectation that he would appreciate its Assistance in Killing the Snakes. But the unfortunate Man, with a Shriek, "I see Rats too!" leaped out of the Window, alighting with fatal Force upon the Heads of his Friends, who were just leaving the Hotel, rejoicing at the probable Success of their ingenious Plan.

Moral.—Let Bad Alone.

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

As a Dog carrying a tempting Piece of Meat in his Mouth was crossing a Stream upon a

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narrow Plank, his Attention was attracted by his Image reflected in the Water beneath. Carefully crossing the Brook, he deposited his Prize in a Place of Safety, and returned to the Bridge. "Humph!" said he, "I fancy he has concealed his Meat too, and has returned to look for mine; besides, I have no Business with Dogs of my own Size who walk under Water with their Legs up." So saying, he regained his Piece of Meat, and trotted contentedly away.

MORAL.—"'Tain't Safe to Swap Beefsteaks While Crossing a Stream."

THE STRATAGEM OF BELISARIUS.

Belisarius, having long and faithfully served his Country, was in his Old Age so utterly neglected that he was about to pass round his Helmet, when he reflected that Mendicancy was a Statutory Misdemeanor, and that he knew a Trick worth two of that. Hastily drawing up an Arrears of Pensions Bill, he submitted it in the Comitia of the Whole, and it being supported by the Patricians as well as by the Plebeians (both of whom were desirous of conciliating the Soldier Vote), it was instantly adopted, and the Contents of the Treasury were forthwith divided among himself and his Fellows, his Gains being further increased by his setting up in Business as a Claim Agent.

MORAL.—This Narrative and Recent History Effectually Dispose of the Slanderous Allegation that Republics are Ungrateful.

THE ERMINE AND THE HUNTER.

A Hunter who had read that the Ermine was so averse to soiling its snowy Fur that if surrounded by defiling Substances it would allow itself to be taken, proceeded to the Chase armed with Tar-barrels, Stink-pots, and other Offensive Weapons. What was his Surprise when, having blocked with them every Avenue of Escape, the *Putorius Erminea* calmly walked over the most formidable Barricade, and disappeared! He did not fail to reproach the Animal with so conspicuous a Departure from its published Principles. "My Friend," replied the little Creature to the Man who had endeavored to play a Skin Game on it, "you forget that this is a Question of Practical Politics."

MORAL.—This Fable Teaches Us the Imbecility of depending upon Mud-throwing in a Campaign.

THE WOLF AND THE VEGETARIAN GOAT.

A Goat, having encountered a hungry Wolf, attempted to convert him to the Practice of Vegetarianism. "Linnæus," said he, "has shown that of 565 Descriptions of Plants, I thrive upon and enjoy 449, to say nothing of the Plant of Hoop-skirt Factories and Job Offices, making a Specialty of Circus Printing. Why do you not imitate my Abstemious Example, instead of Making Game of your Fellow-Creatures? Besides, Goat's Flesh is notoriously Indigestible." But the Wolf, without any more Ado, proceeded to dine upon Goat Cutlets *au naturel*.

MORAL.—This Fable Teaches us the Impropriety of Preaching to a Man that hasn't had his Dinner.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

A Spider who had long but vainly attempted to induce a Fly to walk into his Parlor, hung a Red Flag out of the Window, and instantly found his Web besieged by Flies anxious to pay High Prices for the Privilege of being Taken In and Bitten.

MORAL.

O Women, in our Stores at Ease,
Unconscionably Hard to Please,
When Sales or Auctions there may be,
Competitory Demons ye! G. T. L.

UPON MY WORD SHE DID!

HER hair *was* black. "But black," she sighed,
"Is very much too cold;"
And so she bleached her locks until
They looked almost like gold.
A simple satin robe she wore,
Which closely to her clung
(In fact it was *extremely* scant),
And from her belt a lily pale
And four sunflowers hung—
Four *big* sunflowers hung.

She would not touch a bit of meat,
But oft she'd sit and weep,
To think the broilèd chops were once
Part of a baby sheep.
"And oh!" she'd moan, "these seared steaks,
So full of gravy now"
(This was a slight mistake, I think),
"Once wandered o'er the fields and meads,
Attachèd to a cow—
A gentle browsing cow.

She was the most poetic thing;
She wouldn't harm a fly;
"Its life is short at best," she'd say—
"Oh, pray *don't* make it die!"
The very cat for catching mice
In tearful voice she chid,
And then at last she married
(And seemed quite glad to get him, too)
A butcher: yes, she did—
Upon my word she did! M. E.

GINGER AND THE GOOSE.

WELL, I didn't b'long to de las' gineration; an' now I comes to tink ob it, I didn't b'long to any gineration at all, fur de war fixed dat wen I was tree year ole, an' dis yere only happen'd latelywise.

You see, ole Miss was mighty sot in her ways, an' wen Marse Ned marry, his wife she was mighty sot in her ways; an' so ole Miss kind o' drew in, an' de young people didn't hab de nicest sort ob a time. It war pretty dull in de ole house, an' arfter a while de ole gen'elman say as how he an' ole Miss would take a little tu'n to de islands, being as how it war spring-time, an' de eggs at de freshest; an' dere was a heap ob talk, 'cep' from de ole gen'elman. He war nat'rally kind ob still, but

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wen he mek up he min' to do a ting, why, you could hab bet at onst dat it war done.

Wen it war all settle', ole Miss call in Aunt Daphne, an' dey two war closeted in a long time; fur, you see, Aunt Daphne come inter de fam'ly wid de fust marriage, an' she war sartainly on ole Miss' side all de time, wedder in peace or war. But wateber dey settle atween dem, no one hab any idey ob till de time come.

Well, de ole lady bin hardly tu'n de corner ob de street wen Marse Ned wife—Miss Carrie, dat is—swoop down 'pon dose lock closet dat she neber befo' hab git her eye in. I ain't see it myself, but I year Aunt Daphne a-talking all roun' de kitchen consarning it, only dere war only de dressers an' de pots to year her; but, lor! Miss Carrie *she* didn't care nuthin' 'bout Aunt Daphne's grumblin'. In haf a day she had all dem chaney tings dat de ole man's pa brung frum de outside Indies range 'long de room, an' all de glass an' all de silber an' eberyting dat had bin store away for nigh fifty year. She hab 'em all spread out, shure's you lib, an' den she hab dem wash an' clean an' scrub. I didn't feel good in my min' eider; an' wen I come 'cross Aunt Daphne wid her check apron ober her head, a-rushin' backards an' forrards in de stable-yard, an' a-prayin' agin de wrat' dat war a-comin', I tought I would speak to Marse Ned.

Well, I war marcifully save dat, fur de nex' day Marse Ned he sen' fur me, an' he say, "Ginja," he say, "Miss Carrie tinks she would like to gib a dinner party, an' I would like it too, fur she has hab a bery quiet time sence she marry me." An' I say, "Yes, Marse Ned, dat is so." An' he dig him cane in de loose grabble—fur we war a-stan'in' in de front ob de house—an' he say, sort ob shame' like, an' he say, "Aunt Daphne she tinks your ole Miss mightn't like dat dinner." An' I say, "In coorse Aunt Daphne mus' hab her oar in, but dat don't 'mount to a row ob pins." An' den he poke he cane in deeper, an' he look kin' ob shamed, an' he say, "But Aunt Daphne say she won't cook de dinner. Ginja," he go on, "don't you tink dat *you* could cook dat dinner fur Miss Carrie?" An' I say, "Marse Ned, I is ready an' willin' to sarve you an' Miss Carrie any ways I kin." An' den he call Miss Carrie, an' he tell her, an' den dey fix de day, an' Miss Carrie she say I mus' git de ma-arket baskit an' go wid Marse Ned, an' I mus' mek him buy eberyting good dat I see.

Well, d'rectly we cum to a big fat goose, an' I call Marse Ned's 'tention dat way; an' he say: "Ginja, dat goose is neber goin' in de ma-arket baskit. Is he a good goose?" An' I say: "Marse Ned, ef he can't go in de ma-arket baskit, he kin string roun' my neck; an' as fur him goodness, he be young an' fat an' t'ick." An' so we buy him.

Well, de day cum fur de dinner, shure 'nuff. Aunt Daphne gone off to a funeral, an' I hab de kitchen all to myself. De dinner table war

DAPHNE IN THE STABLE-YARD.

dat loaden wid chaney an' glass an' silber dat, hab ole Miss bin dead in her coffin, shure she would hab tu'n. An' den de grass an' de flowers war a show.

Arfter I see dat all war right, I gone back to de kitchen, an' sen' up de dinner to de white people, all but de goose, fur dat goose war de las' coorse.

Well, he war a pictur' wen I tuk him outen de roaster. He war fat an' he war roun' an' he war a splendid brown, an' he war a-settin' on de kitchen table, ready to go up, wen Dolly she cum in.

Now Dolly, you know, is de gal I lub, an' wen she cum in de kitchen, she hole up her nose, an' she say, wid a long sniff: "He-e-e-e! wha' dat smell so good?" An' I say: "G'long, gal—g'long. What mek you so triflin'? What you got to do wid dat smell?" An' she say: "Ginja, dat is de nicerest smell I eber hab had. What is dat?" An' I say: "G'long, gal; what you got to do wid de white folks' goose?" An' Dolly cum close to me, an' look ober my shoulder, an' she say: "Dat is a splendid goose. Oh, Ginja, but dat goose smell nice!" An' I say: "You git 'way frum dat goose. You see, while you has bin a-foolin' yere, de goose hab git cole." An' Dolly say: "Dat don't count. You jis' put him in de oven fur a minit an' hot him agin." An' so I did; but dat gal kep' on a-triflin' till, wen I tek him out, why, he foot war dat bu'n dat I didn't dar' to dish him up.

Den Dolly she cum in wid her tongue, arfter mekin' all de mischief, an' she say, "You jis' mek a rich gravy, an' tu'n de goose on de side dat you cut de bu'n foot off, an' tu'n de goose on dat side, an' pour de gravy all ober

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"G'LONG, GAL."

him, an', shure's you lib, Marse Ned he'll neber miss dat foot."

Well, I did jes' do dat ting, an' Dolly in coorse she eat de bu'n foot; an' I bein' a kin' ob oneasy in my min', I slip on my bes' coat, an' tek up de goose myself.

Now it all might hab been right 'ceppen dat Miss Carrie hab ast little Miss Susan, who war her bridemaid, an' de dinner, I has since hearn, war gibben to she an' her sweetheart, Marse William Gibbons; so in course whateber Miss Susan eat, why Marse William he mus' hab de same. So Marse Ned he say, "Well, Susan, what pa-art ob de goose will you hab?" An' she say, "De leg, if you please." An' den he ask, "An' what pa-art will you hab, William?" An' in coorse he mus' hab de oder leg. When he say dat, de sweat fairly pour down my back, an' Marse Ned he tu'n de goose ober, an' he gib me one look, an' dat fairly sen' me clean out ob dat room; an' how dat dinner was got troo, I couldn't tell to my dyin' day.

Well, de sun was a-settin' befo' de company done gone; an' I was a-stan'in' in de ba'an-yard, when Marse Ned come a-whistlin' 'long. "Ginja," he say; but I jis purten' dat I didn't year. "Ginja," he call agin, an' he cum right up. "I wouldn't 'a beliebed," he say, "dat a 'spectable man like you would hab dun sich a low-down trick." "Why, what's dat, Marse Ned?" I say, 'stonish' like. "I like to know," he say, "whar dat oder leg ob de goose hab gone," an' he look straight in my face.

Now it war jist de time dat our gooses war a-restin', an' I look roun' an' see dem all a-stan'-in' on deir one leg, an' so I tek Marse Ned by de arm an' I pint to dem all. "What's you a-meanin', Marse Ned?" I say. "Does you see any ob dem gooses wid more'n one leg, dat you 'cuse me ob sich a ting?" An' Marse Ned he jist

"I SLIP ON MY BES' COAT, AN' TEK UP DE GOOSE MYSELF."

raise up he han', an' he holler "Shoo! shoo!" an' den in coorse de gooses put down de oder leg, an' dey all run.

An' den I tu'n right roun' at Marse Ned, an' I say, solemn like, an' I say him loud, an' I say him strong, an' I look him straight in de whites ob his eyes—I say, "Marse Ned, when you see dat goose on de table in front ob you, wid but one leg, afore de company, did you 'member to say 'shoo' to dat goose? I jist arsk you dat!" And Marse Ned neber had one word to say.

P. Y. P.

"I JIST ARSK YOU DAT!"

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXXIII.—APRIL, 1882.—Vol. LXIV.

SPANISH VISTAS.

First Paper.

FROM BURGOS TO THE GATE OF THE SUN.

I.

WE took our places, for the performance was about to begin. The scene represented a street in Burgos, the long-dead capital of old Castile. Time: night.

Ancient houses on either side the stage narrow back to an archway in the centre, opening through to a pillared walk and a dimly moon-lit space beyond. Muffled figures occasionally pass the aperture.

Suddenly enter Don Ramiro, or Alvar Nuñez—I really don't know which—and advances toward the front. To our surprise, he does not open the play with a set speech or any explanation, but continues to advance until he disappears somewhere under our private box, as if he were going from this street of the play into some other adjoining street, just as in actual life. A singular freak of realism! He is closely pursued, however, by two assassins in long cloaks, who, like all the other figures we have seen, move noiselessly in soft shoes or canvas sandals. Presently a shriek resounds from the quarter toward which Don Ramiro betook himself. Have they succeeded in catching him, and is that the sound of his mortal agony? We have just concluded that this is the meaning of the clamor, when, after a second or two, the shriek resolves itself into laughter. Then we begin to recall that we didn't pay anything on entering; and as we glance up toward the folded curtain above the scene, discover that its place is occupied by the starry sky. The houses, too, have a singularly solid look, and do not appear to be painted. While all this has been dawning upon us, we become conscious that the mixed sound of agony or mirth just heard was merely the signal of amusement caused to certain wandering Spaniards by some convulsingly funny episode; and the next moment their party comes upon the scene at about the point where the foot-lights ought to be. They exchange a good-night; some go off, and others thunder at sundry doors with ancient knockers, awaking mediæval echoes in the dingy old thoroughfares, without causing any great surprise to the neighborhood.

In truth, we had simply been looking from the window of an inn at which we had just arrived; but everything had grouped itself in such a way that it was hard to comprehend that we were not at the theatre. That day we had been hurled over the Pyrenees, and landed in the dark at our first Peninsular station; then, facing a crowd of fierce, uncouth faces at the dépôt door, we had somehow got conveyed to the Inn of the North, through narrow, cavernous streets brightened only by the feeble light of a few lost lanterns, and so found ourselves staring out upon our first picturesque night in Spain. The street or plazuela below us, though now deserted, went on conducting itself in a most melodramatic manner. Big white curtains hung in front of

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"TWO ASSASSINS IN LONG CLOAKS."

the iron balconies, flapping voluminously, or were drawn back to admit the cool night air. Crickets chirped loudly from hidden crevices of masonry, and a well-contrived bat sailed blindly over the roofs in the penumbral air, through which the moon was slowly rising. Lights went in and out; some one was seen cooking a late supper in one dwelling; windows were opened and shut, and a general appearance of haunting ghosts was kept up. Now and then a woman came to the balcony and chatted with unseen neighbors across the way about the festival of the morrow. By-and-by one side of the street blew its lamps out and prepared for bed; but the wakeful side insisted on talking to the sleepy one for some time longer, until

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warned by the cry of the night-watch that midnight had come. Anything more desolate and peculiar than this cry I have never heard. It was a long-drawn, melancholy sounding of the hour, with a final "All's well," terminating in a minor cadence which seemed to drop the voice back at once into the Middle Ages. This same chant may have resounded from the days of Lain Calvo and the old judges of Castile unaltered, and for a time it made me fancy that the little Gothic town had returned to its musty youth. We were walled into a sleepy feudal stronghold once more, and perhaps at that very moment the Cid was celebrating his nuptials with Ximena, daughter of the count he had murdered for an insult, in the old ruined citadel up there on the hill, above the cathedral spires. But the watchman came and went, and the present resumed its sway. He passed with slow step, in a big cloak and queer hat, carrying a long-bladed staff, and a lantern which cast swaying squares of light around his feet; silent as a black ghost, and seeming to have been called into life only with the lighting of his lamp wick. But after he had disappeared, the lonely quaver of his cry returned to us from farther and farther away, penetrating into the comfortless apartment to which we now retired for sleep.

The Inn of the North was dirty and unkempt; a frightful odor from the donkey stable and other sources streamed up into our window between shutters heavy as church doors; and the descant of the watch, relieved by violent cock-crows, disturbed us all night. Nevertheless, we awoke with a good deal of eagerness when the alert young woman with dark pink cheeks and snapping eyes who served us came to the door with chocolate and bread, water and *azucarillos*, betimes next morning. It was the festival of Corpus Christi; but although every one was going to see the procession, no one could tell us anything about it. Unless he be extraordinarily shrewd, a foreigner can hardly help arriving in Spain on some kind of a feast day. When the people can not get up a whole holiday, they will have a fractional one. You go about the streets cheerfully, thinking you will buy something at leisure in the afternoon; but when you approach the shop, commerce has vanished, and is out taking a walk, or drinking barley-water in honor of some obscure saint. You engage a guide and carriage to visit some public building, and both guide and carriage are silent as to the religious character of the day until you arrive and find the place shut, when full price, or at least half, is confidently demanded. Church feasts are a matter of course, but you are expected to know about them, and questions are considered out of place. In this case we had kept Corpus Christi in mind, and as Burgos is a small place, the "function" could not by any possibility escape us.

The garrison turned out, and military music played in the procession, but otherwise it was a quaint reproduction of the antique. The quiet streets, innocent of traffic, were filled with peasants whose garments, odoriferous with age and dirt, made a dazzle of color, especially the bright yellow flannel skirts of the women, and the gay handkerchiefs which men and women alike employ here. Sometimes it is worn around the shoulders, sometimes around the head, and sometimes both; but everywhere and always handkerchiefs are brought into play as essentials. From almost every balcony, too, hung bed-quilts, or sheets scalloped with red and blue, in emulation of the tapestries and banners that once graced these occasions. Amid a tumultuous tumbling of bells up amid the carven gray stone-work of the cathedral, the candles and images and tonsured priests clad in resplendent copes moved forth, attended by civil functionaries in swallow-tail coats or old crimson robes of the twelfth century. But the prettiest sight, one more striking than the tottering gilt effigies of St. Lawrence and St. Stephen and the rest, under toy canopies and wreathed with false flowers, was that of two little boys, nude except for the snowy lamb-skins they wore, who personated Christ and St. John. The Christ rode on a lamb, and kept his head very steady under a big curled wig made after the old masters. We saw him afterward in his father's arms, still holding his hands prayerfully as he had been drilled, with a look of sweet, childish awe in his face.

When the procession was about to return, we were amazed, in gazing at the small street from which it should emerge, to behold eight huge figures, looking half as high as the houses, in long robes, and with placidly unreal expressions on their gigantic heads, advancing with that peculiar unconscious gait due to human leg-power when concealed under papier-maché

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monsters. It took but a glance, as they filed out and aligned themselves on the small sunny square, to recognize in them the Kings of the Earth, come in person to do homage before the Christ. One bore a crown and ermine as insignia of the Castilian line; others were Moors; and even China was represented. After them danced a dozen boys in pink tunics and bell-crowned hats of drab felt, quaintly beribboned, and throwing themselves about fantastically, with snapping fingers. They received with due reverence by the thick heads which got hit. A more heathenish rite than this jig at the sanctuary gate could hardly be imagined.

"Are these things possible, and is this the nineteenth century?" exclaimed my friend and companion, who, however, had been guilty of an indigestion that day.

I confess that for myself I enjoyed the dance, and could not help being struck by the contrast of this boyish gayety with the heavy gorgeousness of the priests and

DANCING BOYS.

formed in two ranks just under the grand shadowy entrance arch to receive the pageant. A drummer and two *flautistas* in festive attire accompanied them; and whenever a monstrance or holy image was borne past, the flutes mingled with the drum eccentric bagpipe discords, at which the boys broke into a prancing jig and rattled their castanets to express their devout joy. Two other men in harlequin dress, wearing tall, pointed hats, stood on the edge of the eager crowd, and belabored those who pressed too close with horse-hair switches attached by a long cord to slender sticks. This part of the performance was conducted with great energy and seriousness, and seemed to be the immobile frown of the sculptured figures on the massive ogee arch.* Then when the Host was carried by in the *custodia*, and the motley crowd kneeled and bared their heads, we sank to the pavement with them, our knees being assisted possibly by the knowledge that, a few years

* The dancing boys still officiate at Seville also, in Holy Week, where they leap merrily before the high altar, and do not even take off their hats to the Host. The story runs that, years ago, a visiting bishop from Rome found fault with this as being unorthodox, and threatened to put a stop to it. He complained to the Pope, and a lenient order issued from the Vatican that the observance should be discontinued when the boys' clothes should be worn out. Up to the present day, curiously enough, the clothes have not been worn out.

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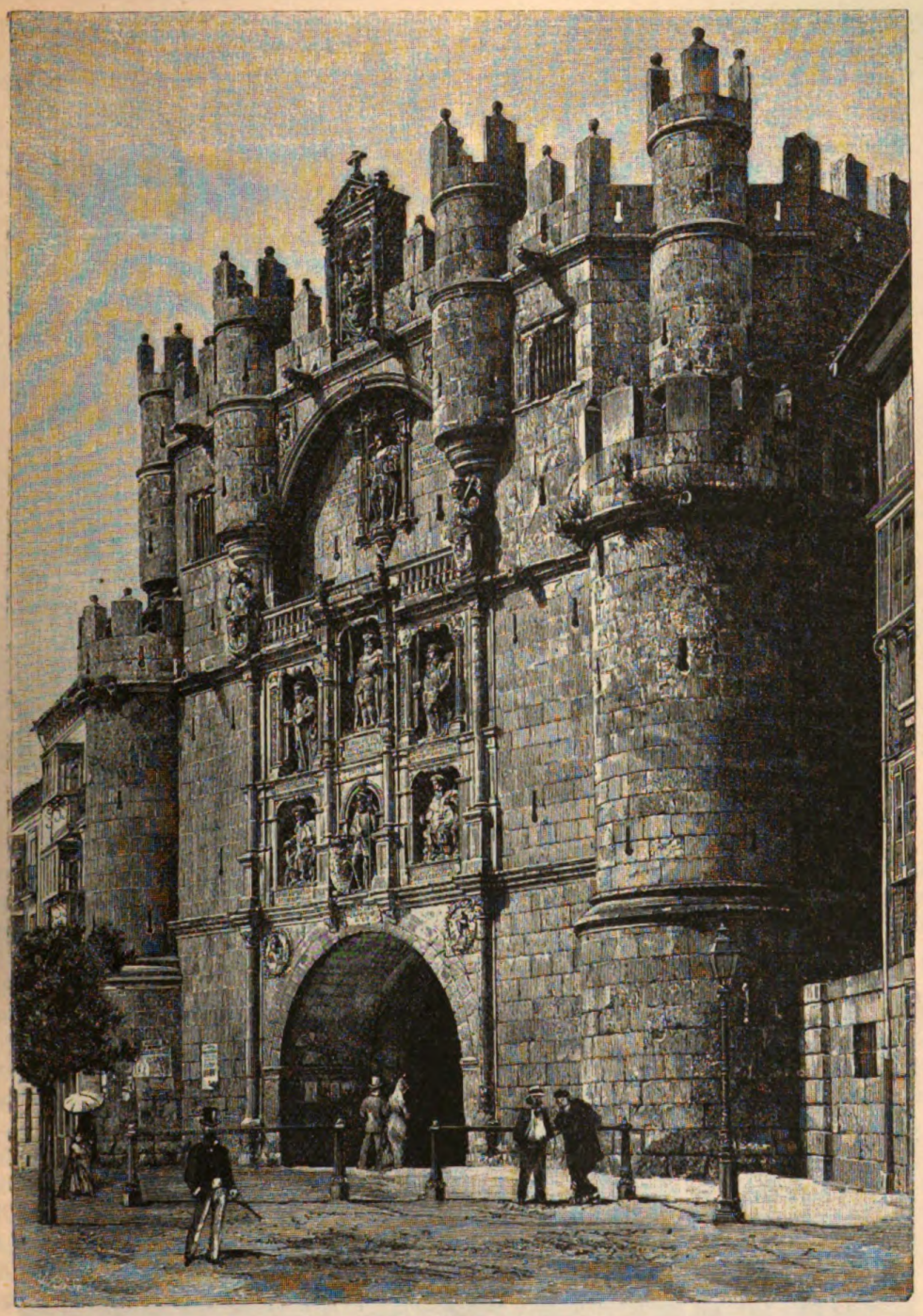

THE ARCH OF ST. MARY.

since, blows or knives were the prompt reward of non-conformity. Afterward, when secular amusements ensued, our boys went about, stopping now and then in open places to execute strange dances, with hoops and ribbons and wooden swords, for the general enjoyment. A gleeful sight they made against backgrounds of old archways, or perhaps the mighty Arch of Santa Maria, one of the local glories, peopled with statues of ancient counts and knights and rulers.

No Spanish town is without its paseo—its public promenade; and in Burgos this is supplied by The Spur—a broad esplanade skirting the shrunken river, with borders of chubby shade trees and shrubbery. On Corpus Christi the citizens also turned out in the arcades of the Main Plaza. Here, and later in the dusty dusk of The Spur,

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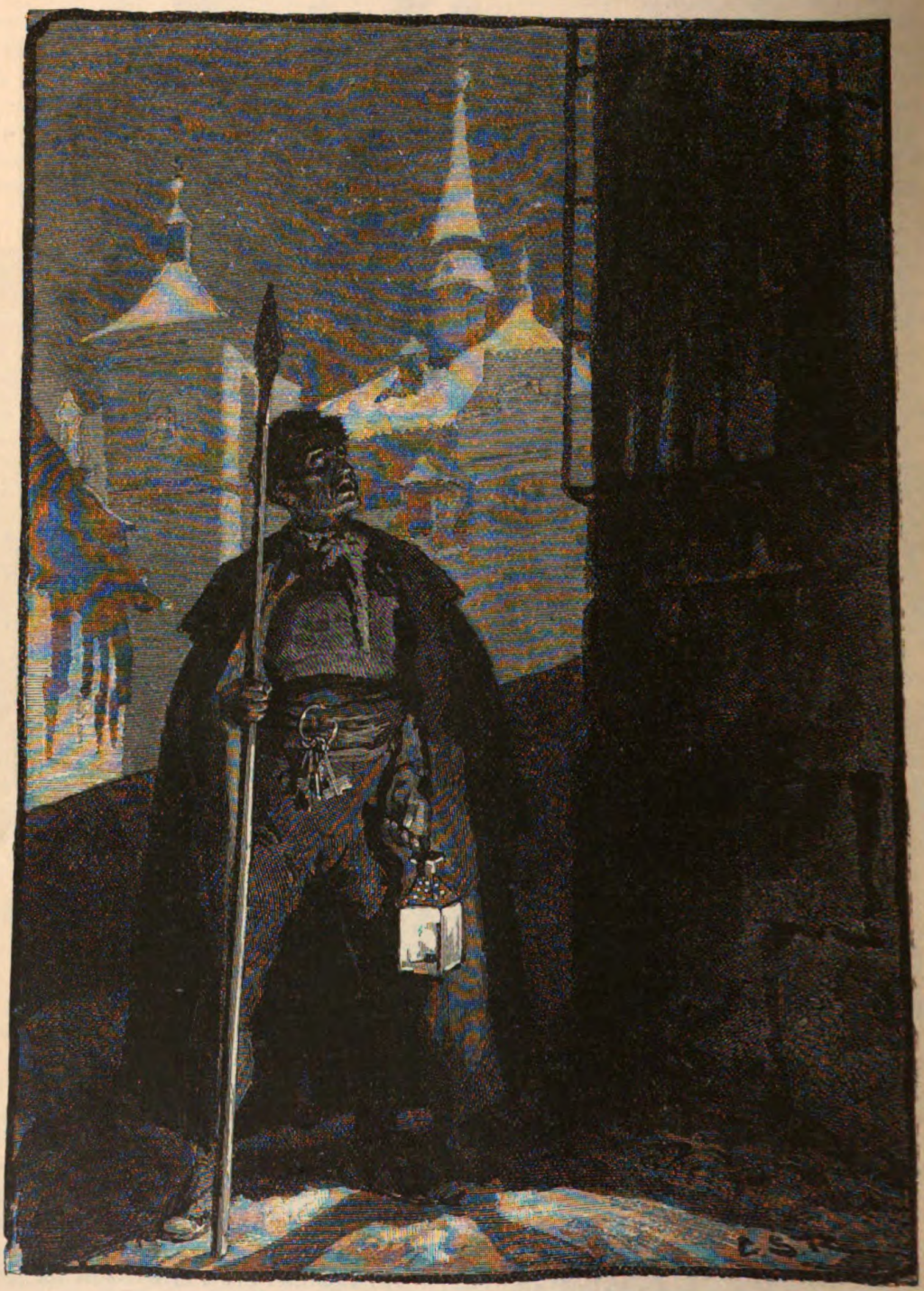
they crowded and chatted, in accordance with native ideas of enjoyment; and except that their mantillas and shoulder-

perhaps they hadn't a coin in their pockets. The men had the universal Iberian habit of carrying their light overcoats



THE NIGHT-WATCH.

veils made a difference, the señoras and señoritas might have passed for Americans, so delicate were their features, so trim their dainty attired figures, though

folded over the left shoulder; but their quick nervous expression and spare faces would have been quite in place on Wall Street. Spanish ladies are allowed far

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PEASANTS IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

more liberty than the French or English in public; but though they walked without male escort, they showed remarkable skill in avoiding any direct look at men from their own lustrous eyes. During the accredited hours of the paseo, however, gallants and friends are suffered to walk close behind them—so close that the entire procession often comes to a standstill—and to whisper complimentary speeches into their ears, no one, not even relatives of the damsels, resenting this freedom.

At Las Huelgas, a famous convent near the town, much resorted to by nuns of aristocratic family (even the Empress Eugénie it was thought would retire thither after her son's death), the fête was renewed next day; and it was here that we saw beggars in perfection. A huge stork's nest was perched high on one end of the chapel, as on many churches of Spain. Bombs were fired above the crowd from the high square tower that rose into the hot air not far from the inner shrine. The nuns were at their devotions, caged behind heavy iron lattices that barely disclosed their picturesque head-dress. Meanwhile peasants and burghers wandered aimlessly about, looking at pictures, relics, and inscriptions in an outer arcade. After which the holiday of the people began. Holiday here means either walking or sleeping. In a sultry, dusty little square by the convent, covered with trees, the people went to sleep, or sat about talking, and occasionally eating or drinking with much frugality. The first object that had greeted us by daylight in Burgos was a marvellous mendicant clad in an immense cloak, one mass of patches—in fact, a monument of indigence—carrying on his head a mangy fur cap, with a wallet at his waist to contain alms. The beggars assembled at Las Huelgas were quite as bad, except that they mostly had the good taste to remain asleep. In any attitude, face down or up, on stone benches or on the grass, they dozed at a moment's notice, reposing piously. One sat for a long time torpid near us, but finally mustered energy to come and entreat us. He received a copper, whereupon he kissed the coin, murmured a blessing, and again retreated to his shadow. Another, having acquired something from some other source, halted near us to find his pocket. He searched long among his rags, and

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plunged fiercely into a big cavity which exposed his dirty linen; but this proved to be only a tear in his trousers, and he was at last obliged to tie his treasure to a voluminous string around his waist, letting it hang down thence into some interior vacancy of rags.

It may not be generally known that beggars are licensed in Spain. Veteran soldiers, instead of receiving a pension, are generously endowed with official permission to seek charity; the Church gives doles to the poor, and citizens consider it a virtue to relieve the miserable objects who petition for pence at every turn. As we came from Las Huelgas we saw the maimed and blind and certain more robust paupers creeping up to the door of a church, where priests were giving out food. A little farther on, an emaciated crone at a bridge head, with eyes shut fast in sleep, lifted her hand mechanically and repeated her formula. We were convinced that, since she could do this in her slumbers, she must have been satisfied with merely dreaming of that charity we did not bestow.

It was a favorable season for the beggars, and many of them sunned their bodies, warped and scarred by hereditary disease, on the cathedral steps. But professional enterprise with them was constantly undermined by the tendency to nap. One old fellow I saw who, feeling a brotherhood between himself and the broken-nosed statues, had mounted into a beautiful niche there and coiled himself in sleep, first hauling his wooden leg up after him like a draw-bridge.

Meanwhile the peasants kept on swarming into the town, decorating it with their blue and red and yellow kerchiefs and kirtles, as with a mass of small moving banners. The men wore vivid sashes, leather leggings, and laced sandals. It was partly for enjoyment they came, and partly to sell produce. All alike were to be met with at noon squatting down in any sheltered coigne of street or square, every group with a bowl in its midst containing the common dinner. There were also little eating-houses, in which they regaled themselves on bread and sardines, with a special cupful of oil thrown in, or on salt meat. A lively trade in various small articles was carried on in the Main Plaza; among them loaves of tasteless white bread, hard as tiles, and delicious cherries, recalling the farms of New York. Another product was offered, the presence of which in large quantity was like a sarcasm. This was Castile soap. It must have taken an immense effort of imagination on the part of these people to think of manufacturing an article for which they have so little use. I am bound to add that I did not see an ounce of it sold; and I have my suspicions that the business is merely a traditional one—the same big cheese-like chunks being probably brought out at every fair and fête, as a time-honored symbol of Castilian prosperity. But, after all, so devout a community must be convinced that it possesses godliness; and having that, what do they need of the proximate virtue, cleanliness? This is the region where the inhabitants refer to themselves as "old and rancid Castilians"; and the expression is appropriate.

The most intolerable odor pervaded the whole place. It was a singular mixture, arising from the trustful local habit of allowing every kind of garbage and ordure to disperse itself without drainage, and complicated with fumes of oil, garlic, general mustiness, and a whiff or two of old incense. The potency of olive-oil, especially when somewhat rank, none can know who have not been in Spain. That first steak—how tempting it looked among its potatoes, but how abominably it tasted! We never approached meat with the same courage afterward, until our senses were subdued to the level of fried oil. Combine this with the odor of corruption, and you have the insinuating quality which we soon noticed even in the wine—perhaps from the custom of transporting it in badly dressed pig-skins, which impart an animal flavor. This astonishing local atmosphere saluted us everywhere; it was in our food and drink; we breathed it and dreamed of it. Yet the Burgalese flourished in calm unconsciousness thereof. The splendidly blooming peasant women showed their perfect teeth at us; and the men in broad-brimmed, pointed caps and embroidered jackets, whose feet were brown and earthy as tree roots, laughed outright, strong in the knowledge of their traditionary soap, at our ignorant foreign clothes and over-washed hands. Among the humbler class were some who were prepared to sell labor—an article not much in demand—and they were even more calmly squalid than the beggars. They sat in ranks on the curb-stones of the Plaza, a matchless array of tatters; and if they

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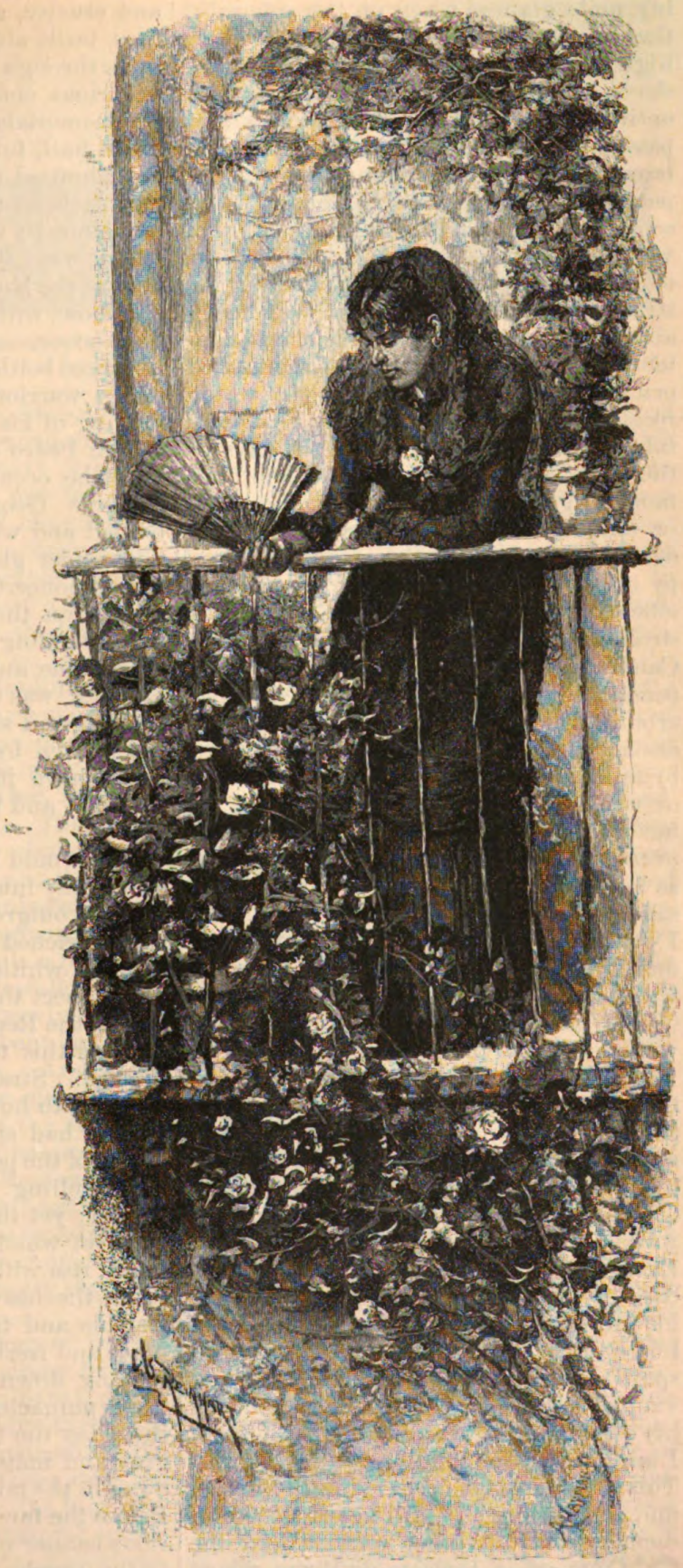
could have been conveyed without alteration to Paris or New York, there would have been sharp competition for them between the artists and the paper-makers.

So my companion, the artist, assured me, whom, by-the-way, in order to give him local color, I had rechristened Velazquez. But as he shrank from the large implication of this name, I softened him down to Velveteen.

We had been twenty-four hours in Burgos before we saw a carriage, excepting only the hotel coach, which stood most of the time without horses in front of the door, and was used by the porter as a private gambling den and loafing place for himself and his friends. When wheels did roll along the pavements, they awoke a roar as of musketry. Perhaps the most important event which took place during our stay—it was certainly regarded with a more feverish interest by the inhabitants than the Corpus Christi ceremonies—was the bold act of our landlady when she went out to drive in a barouche, while her less daring spouse hung out of the window weakly staring at her. The house fronts were filled with well-dressed feminine heads, witnessing the departure; a grave old gentleman opposite left his book and glared out intently. When the wheels could no longer even be heard, he turned to gaze wistfully in the opposite direction, dimly hoping that life might vouchsafe him a carriage.

Although, as I have said, women avoid meet-



"DOLCE FAR NIENTE."

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ing male glances when on the sidewalk, they enjoy full license to stand at their high windows, which are called *miradores*, or "lookers," and contemplate with entire freedom all things or persons that pass, which, in view of the complete listlessness of their lives, is a fortunate dispensation. Existence in Burgos is essentially life from the window point of view. It proceeds idly, and as a sort of accidental spectacle. Yet there is for strangers a dull fascination in wandering about the narrow, silent streets, and contemplating ancient buildings, the chiselled ornaments and armorial bearings of which recall the wealth and nobility that once inhabited them during the great days of the town. Where have all the dominant families gone? Are they keeping store, or tending the railroad station? Their descendants are sometimes only too happy if they can get some petty government office at five hundred dollars a year. I strolled one afternoon into the Calle de la Calera, and through a shabby archway penetrated to a stately old ruined court, around which ran an inscription in stone, declaring this palace to have been reared by an abbot of aristocratic line a century or two since. It is used now as an oil factory. A pretty girl was looking out over a flower-pot in an upper window, and as I strayed up the noble staircase, I met a sad-looking gentleman coming down, who I afterward learned was a widower, formerly resident in Paris, but now returned with his daughter to this strange domicile in his native place. The lower rooms were devoted to plebeians and donkeys.

The humble ass, by-the-way, begins to thrust himself meekly upon you as soon as you set foot in the Peninsula, and you must look sharp if you wish to keep out of his way. His cheap labor has ruined and driven out the haughtier equine stock of Arabia that once pawed this devoted soil. Even the Cid, however, did not boast a barb of the desert in the earlier days of his prowess, for when King Alfonso bade him quit the land, "then the Cid clapped spurs to the mule upon which he rode, and vaulted into a piece of ground which was his own inheritance, and answered, 'Sire, I am not in your land, but in my own.'" This little incident occurred near Burgos, and the drowsy city still keeps some dim memory of that great warrior lord the Cid Campeador, Rodrigo de Bivar, whose quaint story, full of hardihood, robbery, and cruelty, gallant deeds and grim pathos, trails along the track of his adventures through half of Spain. But there is a curious cheapness and indifference in the memorials of him preserved. In the Town-hall, for the sum of ten cents, you are admitted to view the modern walnut receptacle wherein all that is left of him is economically stored. Those puissant bones which went through so many hard fights against the Moors are seen lying here dusty and loose, with those of Ximena, under the glass cover. Among them reposes a portly corked bottle, in which minor fragments of the warrior lord were placed after the moving of his remains from the Convent of San Pedro in Chains, where for many years he occupied a more seemly tomb. Imagine George Washington, partially bottled and wholly disjointed, on exhibition under glass! The Spaniards, in no way disconcerted by the incongruity, have graven on the brass plate of the case a high-sounding inscription; but a tribute as genuine and not less valuable, though humbler, was the big spruce-looking modern wagon I saw in the market-place one day, driven by an energetic farmer, who might have just come into Boston from Concord, and bearing on its side the title *El Cid*.

One would look to see the conqueror's dust richly inurned within the cathedral—a noble outgrowth of the thirteenth century, enriched by accretions of later work until its whitish stone and wrought marble connect the Early Pointed style with that of the Renaissance in its flower. But perhaps this temple has enough without the Cid. Strangely placed on the side of a hill, with houses attached to one corner, as if it had sprung from the homes and hearts of the people, it seems to hold down the swelling ground with its massive weight; yet the spires, through the openwork of which the stars may be seen at night, rise with such lightness you would think the heavy bells might make them tremble and fall. I passed an hour of peace and fresh air above the fetid streets, looking down from the citadel hill on these pinnacles, while around and below them lay the town—an irregular mass of gray and mauve pierced with deep shadows—in the midst of bare, rolling uplands. Before the fair high altar hangs the victorious banner of Ferdinand VII., recalling to the people the great battle of Tolosa Plains. And when one sees peasants—

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LANDSCAPE BETWEEN BURGOS AND MADRID.

rough spots of color in the sombre choir—studying the dark fruit-like wood-carvings through which the Bible story wreathes itself in panel after panel, one feels the teaching power of these old churches for the unlettered. In one of the corner chapels appears another less favorable phase of such teaching, in the shape of a miracle-working Christ, amid deep shadows and dim lantern-light, stretched on the cross, and draped with a satin crinoline. This doubtful reverence of putting a short skirt on the figure of the Saviour, often practiced in Spain, may perhaps mark an influence unconsciously received from the Moorish dislike for nudity. The cathedral bells were continually clanging the summons to mass or vespers, and their loud voices, though cracked and inharmonious, seemed still to assert the supremacy of ecclesiastical power. But while a priest occasionally darkened the sidewalks, many others, on account of the growing prejudice against them, went about in frock-coats and ordinary tall hats. And under all its crowning beauty, the old minster, motionless in the centre of the stagnant town—its chief entrance walled up, and a notice painted on its Late Roman façade warning boys not to play ball against the tempting masonry—wore the look of some neglected and half-blind thing once glorious, symbol of a power abruptly stayed in its prodigious career.

Meanwhile the daily history of Burgos went on in its wonted way, sleepy but picturesque—a sort of illuminated prose. Women chaffered in the blue-tiled fish-market; the *bourgeoisie* patronized the sweetmeat shops, of which there were ten on the limited chief square; the tambourine-maker varied this ornamental industry with the construction of the more practical sieve; a peasant passed with a bundle of purple-flowering vetches on his head for fodder, and another drove six milch goats through the streets, for sale. One morning I met an uncouth countryman and his stout wife on the red-tiled landing of the inn stairs (they bowed and courtesied to me) with chickens and eggs for sale. In this simple manner our hotel was supplied. All the bread was got, a few pieces at a time, from a small bakery across the plazuela, in a dark cellar just under the niche of a neglected stone saint, a new arrival causing our maid to run hurriedly thither for a couple of rolls; and the water also came from some neighbor's well in earthen jars. The barber even exercises his primitive function in Burgos: he is called a "bleeder," and announces on his shop sign that "teeth and molars" are extracted there. Democratic and provincial the atmosphere was, and not unpleasantly so; yet during our stay Italian opera from Madrid was performing in the theatre, and large yellow posters promised "Bulls in Burgos" at an early date.

II.

To pass from this ancient city to Madrid is to experience one of those astonishing contrasts in which the country abounds.

We dropped asleep in the rough, time-worn regions of Old Castile, and in the morning found ourselves amidst the glare and bustle of reconstructed Spain, as it displays itself on the great square called the Gate of the Sun—a spot with no hint of poetry about it other than its name. Madrid adopts largely the Parisian style of street architecture, and has in portions a resemblance to Boston. The sense of remoteness aroused in the north here suddenly fades, though the traits that mark a foreign land soon re-assemble and take shape in a new frame-work. Perhaps, too, our first rather flat impression was

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due to an exhausting night journey and some accompanying incidents.

"The Spaniards are a nation of robbers," a cheerful French gentleman of Bordeaux had told us; and he threw out warnings of certain little coin tricks in which they were adepts. When two Civil Guards, armed with swords and guns, inspected our train at the frontier, we recalled his statement. These guards persistently popped up at every succeeding station. No matter how fast the train went, there they were always waiting; always two of them, always with the same mustached faces, and the same white havelocks fluttering on their bunchy cocked hats of the French Revolution, and making their swarthy cheeks and black eyes fiercer by contrast. In fact, they were obviously the same men. Every time, they marched up and down the platform scanning the cars in a determined manner, and scowling at our compartment in a way that fully persuaded us some one must be guilty. It didn't take long to convince us that we ourselves were suspicious; but it would have been a relief if they had taken us in hand at once. Why should they go on glaring at us and swinging their guns, as if it were a good deal easier to shoot us than not, unless it was that we were too rich a "find" to be disposed of immediately—squandered, as it were? Perhaps the torture of suspense suited the enormity of our case, but it was certainly cruel. There was some satisfaction, however, in finding that when we left the dépôt they allowed us a restricted liberty, and kept out of our way. If it had been otherwise, I don't know what they would have done to us at Burgos, for it was there that the landlady forced upon us a gold piece that would not pass, in exchange for a good one which we had given her. This very simple device was one of which the French gentleman had told us. But we were too confiding. The money to pay the bill was sent away by a servant, and once out of sight was easily replaced with inferior coin. Disturbed by this episode, we went to our train, which started with the watchman's first hail at eleven, and stumbled hastily into an empty compartment, which we soon converted into a sleeping-carriage by making our bundles pillows, drawing curtains, and pulling the silk screen over the lamp. Our nap was broken only by a halt at the next station. There was a long drowsy pause, during which the train seemed to be pretending it hadn't been asleep. It was nearly time to go on, when feminine voices drew near our carriage; the door was thrown open, and two ladies quickly entered. There was no time for retreat; the usual fish-horn and dinner-bell accompaniment announced our departure, and the wheels moved. Then it was that one of the new-comers uttered a half-scream, and we saw that she was a nun!

Had it been a cooler night, our blood

"I HASTENED TO GET INTO A COUPÉ."

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THE ESCORIAL, MADRID.

might have frozen; but as it failed us, we did what we could by feeling greatly embarrassed. The nun and her travelling companion had been speaking Spanish as they approached, and we tried in that language to impress on them our harmless devotion to their convenience.

"But he said it was reserved for ladies," murmured the sister, in good English.

The terrible truth was now clear. My eye caught, at the same instant, a card in the window which proved beyond question that we had got into the carriage for señoras.

The result of this adventure was that we found the nun to be an English Catholic employed in teaching at a religious establishment, and her friend another Englishwoman protecting her on her journey. Pleasant conversation ensued, and we had almost forgotten that we were criminals, when the speed of the engine slackened again, and the thought of the Civil Guards returned to haunt us. We did not dare remain, yet we were sure that our military pursuers would confront us again on the platform. There indeed they were, when we tumbled out into the obscurity, with their white-hooded heads looming above their muskets in startling disconnectedness. Telling Velazquez, with all the firmness I possessed, to bare his breast to the avenging sword, I hastened to get into a coupé, preferring to die comfortably. He, however, ignominiously followed me. It is true, we were not molested; but the shock of that narrow escape kept us wakeful.

Not even our own prairies, I think, could present so dreary and monotonous an outlook as the wide, endless, treeless Castilian plains while morning slowly felt its way across them. Brown and cold they were, skirted by white roads and all shorn of their barley crops, though it was but middle June. Now and then a village was seen huddled against some low slope; a church lifting its tall square campanario above the humble roofs against the pearling sky. Interior Spain is a desolate land, but the Church thrives there and draws its tax from the poverty-stricken inhabitants — a crowned beggar ruling over beggars.

If the first man were now to be created from the clay of this region, he would doubtless turn out the very type of a lean hidalgo. The human product of such soil must perforce be meagre and melancholy; and the pensiveness which we see in most Spanish faces seems a reflection of the landscape which surrounds them.

The Madrileños offer not a flat, but rather an extremely round, contradiction to this general and accepted idea of the national appearance. Slenderness is the exception with them. Their city is a forced flower in the midst of mountain lands, and the men themselves rejoice in a rotund and puffy look of success, which

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WATER-DEALER, MADRID.

also partakes of the hot-house character. They are people of leisure, and, after their manner, of pleasure. How they swarm in the cafés, in the Gate of the Sun—where they keep up the Moorish custom of calling waiters by two claps of the hands—or on the one great thoroughfare, Calle de Alcalá, or in the bull-ring of a Sunday! They are never at rest, yet never altogether active. They never sleep, or if they do, others take their places in the public resorts. The clamor of the streets, and even the snarling cry of the news-venders—"*La Correspondencia*," or "*El Demócrata-a*"—is kept up until the small hours; and at five or six the restless stir begins again with the silver tinkling of fleet mule bells. There are no night-howling watchmen in Madrid; but the custom of street-hawking is rampant in Spain; and here, in addition to the newsmen, we have the wail of the water-criers ministering to an unquenchable popular thirst, the lottery-ticket sellers, the wax-match peddlers, and a dozen others. The favorite bird of the country is a kind of lark called *alondra*, much hung in cages outside the windows, whence they utter—with that monotonous recurrence which seems a fixed principle of all things Spanish—a hard, piercing triple note impossible to ignore. This loud, persistent "twit, twit-twit," resembling at a distance the click of castanets, begins with daybreak, and gives a most discouraging notion of the Spanish musical ear.

But the watchmen are merciful. They are called, as elsewhere, *serenos*, which may mean either "quiet," or "night-dews," but their function in Madrid is peculiar. Early in the evening they come out by squads, with staffs of office, and at their girdles bright lanterns and an immense bunch of keys. These are the night-keys of all the houses on each man's beat, the residents not being allowed to have any. When a person returns home late—and who does not, in Madrid?—he is obliged to find his sereno, and if that officer is not in sight, calls him by name: "Frascuelo," or "Pepino." Whereupon Frascuelo, or Pepino, or Santiago, if he hears, will come along and unlock the door. This curious system should at least encourage good habits; for unless a man be sober, his watchman may have unpleasant tales to tell of him.

The feline race being too often homeless, and having a proverbial taste for nocturnal wanderings, the average male citizen of the capital feelingly nicknames himself a "Madrid cat." This shows a frankness of self-characterization, to say

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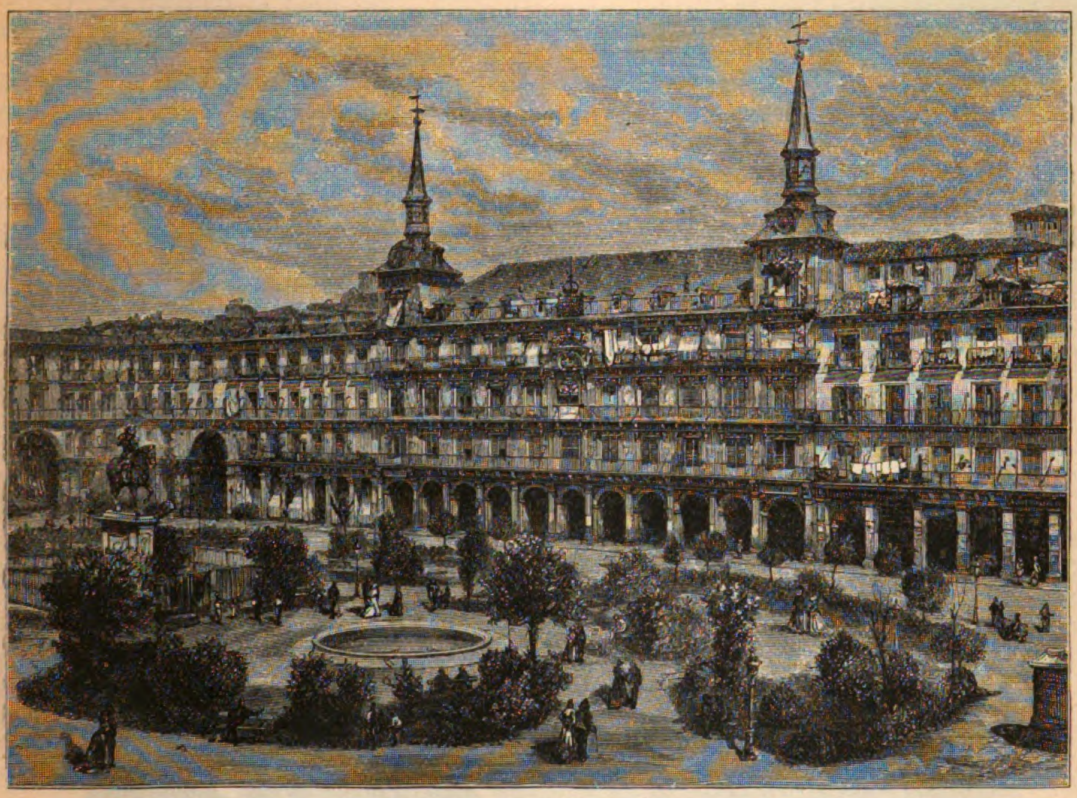

THE MAIN PLAZA, MADRID.

the least, unusual. Of course there is home life and there is family affection in Madrid, but the stranger naturally does not see a great deal of these; and then it may be doubted whether they really exist to the same extent as in most other civilized capitals. It becomes wearisome to make sallies upon the town, and day after day find so much of the population trying to divert itself or killing time in the cafés and clubs. The feeling deepens that they resort to these for want of a sufficiently close interest in their homes. More than that, they do not seem really to be amused. Even their language fails to express the amusement idea; the most that anything can be for them, in the vernacular, is "entertaining." Still the choice of light diversion is varied enough. Opera flourishes in winter, in spring and summer the bull-fight; theatres are always in blast; cocking-mains are kept up. Hitherto gambling has been another favorite pastime until checked by the authorities. Not content with all this, the Madrileños seek in lottery shops that excitement which Americans derive from drinking saloons. The brightly lighted lottery agency occurs as frequently as that other indication of disease, the apothecary's window, in American cities. People of all classes hover about them both by day and by night. Posters confront you with announcements of the Child Jesus Lottery, the lottery to aid the Asylum of Our Lady of the Assumption, or the National, which is drawn thrice a month, with a chief prize of thirty-two thousand dollars, and some four hundred other premiums. There are many small drawings besides constantly going on: not a day passes, in fact, without your being solicited by wandering dealers in these alluring chances at least half a dozen times.

Altogether, looking from my balcony upon the characteristic crowd in the great square, leading this life so busy yet so apathetic, as if in a slow fever, Madrid struck me as only one more great human ant-hill, where the ants were trying to believe themselves in Paris. The Parisian resemblance, however, is confined to strips through the middle and on the edges of the city, and as soon as one's steps are bent away from those, the narrow ways and older architecture of Spain are open to one. Only a few rods from the Puerta del Sol lies the Main Plaza, which once en-

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OLD ARTILLERY PARK, MADRID.

joyed all the honors of bull-fights and heretic burnings — occasions on which householders were obliged by their leases to give up all the front rooms and balconies to be used as boxes for the audience. From the Main Plaza again an arch leads into Toledo Street—old meandering mart full of mantles and sashes, blankets and guitars, flannel dyed in the national colors of red and yellow, basket-work and wood-work, including the carved sticks known as *molinillos* (little mills), with which chocolate is mixed by a dexterous spinning motion. The donkey feels himself at home once more in these narrow thoroughfares; the evil sewage smell, which oozes through even the most pretentious edifices in the new quarters, diffuses itself again in full vigor, and the cafés become dingy and unconventional. On the Alcalá or San Geronimo, the carefully dressed men sip beer and cordials, or possibly indulge in sparkling sherry—a new and expensive wine like dry Champagne; but here the rougher element is satisfied with *aguardiente* (the liquor distilled from anise-seed), and quite as often confines itself to water. The lower orders are temperate. Peasants and porters and petty traders will sit down contentedly for a whole evening to a glass of water in which is dissolved a long meringue (called *azucarillo*, literally "su-

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garette"), or to a snow lemonade. Another esteemed cooling beverage is the *horchata de chufas*, a kind of cream made from pounded cypress root and then half frozen. The height of luxury is to order with this, at an added cost of some two cents, a few tubular wafers—fancifully named *barquillos* (or little boats), through which the semi-liquid may be sucked. This barquillo is considered so desirable that boys carry it on the street in large metal cylinders, the top of which is a disk inscribed with numbers. You pay a fee, and he revolves on the disk a pivotal needle, the number at which it stops deciding how many wafers fall to your lot. In this way the excruciating pleasure of barquillos to eat is combined with the national delight in gaming.

European costume has fallen on the Madrid people like a pall, blotting out picturesqueness; but peasants of all provinces are still seen, and now and then a turbaned figure from Barbary moves across the street. Nor is the fascinating mantilla quite extinct among women, in spite of their more than Parisian grace and splendor of modern robing. There are humble old women squatted on the sidewalk at street corners, who sell water and liquors and shrub from bottles kept in a singular little stand with brass knobs like an exaggerated pair of casters; and when one sees the varied types of peasant, soldier, citizen, or priest, with perhaps a veiled woman of the middle class, gathered around one of these, the Spanish quality of the town reasserts itself distinctly. So it does, too, when a carriage containing the princesses of the royal household rattles down the Prado Park, drawn by mules in barbaric red-tasselled harness, and preceded by a courier who wears a sort of gold-braided night-cap.

There is no cathedral at Madrid, but the churches, smeared as usual with gold and stucco and paint in tasteless extravagance, are numerous enough; and on many a balcony I saw withered straw-like plumes long as a man, hung up in commemoration of the last Palm-Sunday.

ON THE ROAD TO THE BULL-FIGHT, MADRID.

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The morning papers have a "religious bulletin" in the amusement column, giving the saints and services of the day, besides which special masses for the souls of departed capitalists are constantly announced, with a request that friends shall attend. These paid rites doubtless offer a pleasant exception to the routine of commonplace church-going. Thus while the men are absorbed by their cafés and politics, their countless cigarettes and lottery tickets, with a minimum of business and a maximum of dominoes, the women fill up their time with matins and vespers, confessions and intrigues. It would be merely repeating the frank assertion of the Spanish men themselves to say that feminine morals here are in a lamentable state; but at least appearances are always carefully guarded, and if judged by externals only, Madrid is far more virtuous than London or Paris. As for local society, it exists so much on appearances that the substance suffers. It is true, the ladies are beautiful and of noble stature; and their costumes, governed by the happiest taste, surpass in luxury those seen in public in almost any other city. The cavaliers are without exception the best-dressed gentlemen in the world, and the mass of sumptuous equipages with polished grooms and surpassingly fine horses which crowds the broad Castilian Fountain drive, or the Park road on the east of the Buen Retiro gardens, during fashionable hours, is amazing. Great wealth is gathered in the hands of a few nobles, who often draw heavy salaries from government for long-obsolete services; but the most of this costuming and grooming is attained by semi-starvation at home. By consequence, dinners and dancing parties are rarely given even in the season, and royalty itself provides no more than a couple of balls, with two or three state dinners, a year.

To be sure, no capital is better provided with sundry of the higher means to cultivation, as its Royal Armory, its Archæological Museum, and its glorious Picture-Gallery—in some respects the noblest of Europe—remind one. Moreover, in the neighboring Escorial, that dark jewel in the head of Philip II., travellers find a rich monument of art, albeit to many eyes unseen inscriptions perhaps record there more than enough of Spain's misfortunes. The stately, severe, and robust royal portraits by Velazquez, or his magnificently healthy "Drunkards," reveal in their way, as do the Virgins of Murillo, floating divinely in translucent air, that deep and deathless power of Spanish temperament and genius over which slumber has reigned so long. The pictures of Ribera, hanging together, are like loose pages torn from Spanish ecclesiastical history and legend: a collection of monks, ascetics, martyrs—scenes of torture depicted with relentless and savage vigor. Goya, again, scarcely known out of Spain, left at the beginning of this century portraits of wonderful vitality and finish; fresh glimpses of popular life, and wild figure compositions marked by the fierce, half-insane energy of a Latinized William Blake. His imagination and manner were both original. Though falling short, like all other Spanish painters, in ideality, he had that faculty of fertile improvisation so refreshing in Murillo's naturalistic "Madonna of the Birdling," or in his "Saint Elizabeth," and "Roman Patrician's Dream," at the Academy of Fine Arts. But it is not with these past splendors, still full of hopes for new futures, that the Castilian gentlemen and ladies of our varnished period concern themselves. The opera, the circus, and the *Corrida de Toros*—the irrepressible bull-fight—are to them of far more consequence.

In every crowd and café you see the tall, shapely, dark-faced, silent men with a cool, professionally murderous look like that of our border desperadoes, whose enormously wide black hats, short jackets, tight trousers, and pigtails of braided hair proclaim them *chulos*, or members of the noble ring. Intrepid, with muscles of steel, and finely formed, they are very illiterate: we saw one of them gently taking his brandy at the Café de Paris after a hard combat, while his friend read from an evening paper a report of the games in which he had just fought, the man's own education not enabling him to decipher print. But the higher class of these professionals are the idols, the demi-gods, of the people. Songs are made about them, their deeds are painted on fans, and popular chromos illustrate their loves and woes; people crowd around to see them in hotels or on the street as if they were heroes or star tragedians. Pet dogs are named for the well-known ones; and it was even rumored that one of the chief swordsmen had secured the affections of a patrician lady, and would have married

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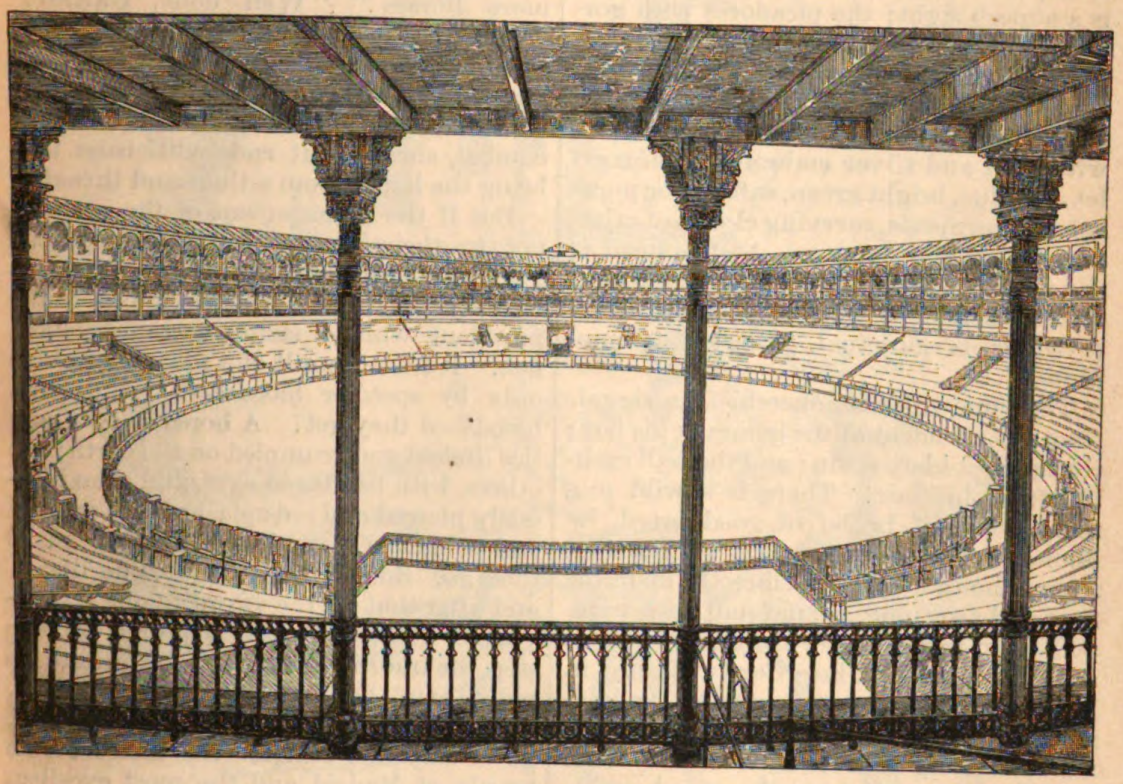
her but for the interference of friends. Certain it is that a whole class of young bucks of the lower order—"'Arrys" is the British term—get themselves up in the

crack, the drivers shout wildly; and at full gallop we dash by windows full of on-lookers, by the foaming fountains of the Prado, and up the road to the grim



PLAN OF THE BULL-RING.

closest allowable imitation of bull-fighters, down to the tuft of hair left growing in front of the ear. The *espadas* or *matadores* (killers), who give the mortal blow, hire each one his *cuadrilla*—a corps of assistants, including *picadores*, *banderilleros*, and *punterillo*. For every fight they receive five hundred dollars, and sometimes they lay up large fortunes. To see the sport well from a seat in the shade, one must pay well. Tickets are monopolized by speculators, who, no less than the fighters, have their "ring," and gore buyers as the bull does horses. We gave two dollars apiece for places. Nevertheless, the route to the Place of Bulls is lined for a mile with omnibuses, tartanas, broken-down diligences, and wheezy cabs to convey the horde of intending spectators to the fight on Sunday afternoons; a long stream of pedestrians files in the same direction, and the showy turn-outs of the rich add dignity to what soon becomes a wild rush for the scene of action. The mule bells ring like a rain of metal, whips

Colosseum of stone and brick, set in the midst of scorched and arid fields, with the faint peaks of the snow-capped Guadarrama range seen, miles to the north, through dazzling white sunshine.

Within is the wide ring, sunk in a circular pit of terraced granite crowned by galleries. The whole great round, peopled by at least ten thousand beings, is divided exactly by the sun and the shadow—*sol y sombra;* and from our cool place we look at the vivid orange sand of the half-arena in sunlight, and the tiers of seats beyond, where swarms of paper fans, red, yellow, purple, and green, are wielded to shelter the eyes of those in the cheaper section, or bring air to their lungs. No connected account of a bull tourney can impart the vividness, the rapid changes, the suspense, the skill, the picturesqueness, or horror, of the actual thing. All occurs in rapid glimpses, in fierce, dramatic, brilliant, and often ghastly pictures, which fade and re-form in new phases on the instant. The music is sound-

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ing, the fans are fluttering; amateurs strolling between the wooden barriers of the ring and the lowest seats; hatless men are hawking fruit and aguardiente—when trumpets announce the grand entry. It is a superb sight: the picadores with gorgeous jackets and long lances on horseback, in wide Mexican hats, their armor-cased legs in buckskin trousers; the swordsmen and others on foot, shining with gold and silver embroidery on scarlet and blue, bright green, saffron, or puce-colored garments, carrying cloaks of crimson, violet, and canary. At the head is the mounted *alguazil* in ominous black, who carries the key of the bull-gate. Everything is punctual, orderly, ceremonious.

Then the white handkerchief, as signal, from the president of the games in his box; the trumpet-blare again; and the bull rushing from his lair! There is a wild moment when, if he be of good breed, he launches himself impetuous as the ball from a thousand-ton gun directly upon his foes, and sweeping around half the circle, puts them to flight over the barrier or into mid-ring, leaving a horse or two felled in his track. I have seen one fierce Andalusian bull within ten minutes kill five horses while making two circuits of the ring. The first onset against a horse is horrible to witness. The poor steed, usually lean and decrepit, is halted until the bull will charge him, when instantly the picador in the saddle aims a well-poised blow with his lance, driving the point into the bull's back only about an inch, as an irritant. You hear the horns tear through the horse's hide; you *feel* them go through *yourself*. Ribs crack; there's a clatter of hoofs, harness, and the rider's armor; a sudden heave and fall—disaster!—and then the bull rushes away in pursuit of a yellow mantle flourished to distract him.

The banderilleros come, each holding two ornamental barbed sticks, which he waves to attract the bull. At the brute's advance he runs to meet him, and in the moment when the huge head is lowered for a lunge, he plants them deftly, one on each shoulder, and springs aside. Perhaps, getting too near, he fails, and turns to fly; the bull after, within a few inches. He flees to the barrier, drops his cloak on the sand, and vaults over; the bull springs over too into the narrow alley, whereupon the fighter, being close pressed, leaps back into the ring light as a bird, but saved by a mere hair's-breadth from a tossing or a trampling to death. The crowd follow every turn with shouts and loud comments and cheers. "Go, bad little bull!" "Let the picadores charge!" "More horses! more horses!" "Well done, Gallito!" "Time for the death! the matadores!" and so on. Humor mingles with some of their remarks, and there is generally one volunteer buffoon who, choosing a lull in the combat, shrieks out rude witticisms that bring the laugh from a thousand throats.

But if the management of the sport be not to their liking, then the multitude grow instantly stormy: rising on the benches, they bellow their opinions to the president, whistle, stamp, scream, gesticulate. It is the tumult of a mob, appeasable only by speedier bloodshed. And what bloodshed they get! A horse or two, say, lies lifeless and crumpled on the earth; the others, with bandaged eyes, and sides hideously pierced and red-splashed, are spurred and whacked with long sticks to make them go. But it is time for the banderilleros, and after that for the swordsman. He advances, glittering, with a proud, athletic step, the traditional chignon fastened to his pigtail, and holding out his bare sword, makes a brief speech to the president: "I go to slay this bull for the honor of the people of Madrid and the most excellent president of this tourney." Then throwing his hat away, he proceeds to his task of skill and danger. It is here that the chief gallantry of the sport begins. With a scarlet cloak in one hand he attracts the bull, waves him to one side or the other, baffles him, re-invites him—in fine, plays with and controls him as if he were a kitten, though always with eye alert and often in peril. At last, having got him "in position," he lifts the blade, aims, and with a forward spring plunges it to the hilt at a point near the top of the spine. Perhaps the bull recoils, reels, and dies with that thrust; but more often he is infuriated, and several strokes are required to finish him. Always, however, the blood gushes freely, the sand is stained with it, and the serried crowd, intoxicated by it, roar savagely. Still, the "many-headed beast" is fastidious. If the bull be struck in such a way as to make him spout his life out at the nostrils, becoming a trifle *too* sanguinary, marks of disapproval are freely bestowed. One bull done for, the music recommences, and mules in showy trappings are driven in. They are harnessed to the

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A STREET SCENE, MADRID.

carcasses, and the dead bulks of the victims are hauled bravely off at a gallop, furrowing the dirt. The grooms run at topmost speed, snapping their long whips; the dust rises in a cloud, enveloping the strange cavalcade. They disappear through the gate flying, and you wake from a dream of ancient Rome and her barbarous games come true again. But soon the trumpets flourish; another bull comes; the same finished science and sure death ensue, varied by ever-new chances and escapes, until afternoon wanes, the sun becomes shadow, and ten thousand satisfied people—mostly men in felt sombreros, with some women, fewer ladies, and a sprinkling of children and babies—throng homeward.

What impresses is the cold blood of the thing. People bring their goat-skins of wine, called "little drunkards," and pass them around to friends, between bulls; others pop off lemonade bottles, and nearly all smoke. Even a combatant sometimes lights a cigar while the bull is occupied at the other side of the ring. During the hottest encounters, grooms come in to strip the harness from dying horses or stab an incapacitated one, to carry off baskets of entrails, and rake fresh sand over the blood pools, quite calmly, at the risk of sharp interruption from the vagarious horned enemy. In the midst of a dangerous flurry, while performers are escaping, an orange-vender in the lane outside the barrier pitches some fruit to a buyer half-way up the *gradas*, counting aloud, "One, two, three," to twenty-four. All are caught, and he neatly catches his money in return. Afterward, when a bull leaps the barrier, this intrepid merchant has to fly for life, leaving his basket on the ground, where the bewildered

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animal upsets it, rolling the contents everywhere in golden confusion. Another time we saw a horse and rider lifted bodily on the horns, and so tossed that the horseman flew out of his saddle, hurtled through the air directly over the bull, and landed solidly on his back, senseless. Six grooms bore him off, white and rigid. But the populace never heeded him; they were madly cheering the bull's prowess. A surgeon, by-the-way, always attends in an anteroom; prayers are said before the fight; and a priest is in readiness with the consecrated wafer to give the last sacrament in case of any fatal accident. The utter simple-mindedness with which Spaniards regard the brutalities of the sport may be judged from the fact that a bull-fight was once given to benefit the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!

On occasion, the drawing of a charitable lottery is held at the *Corrida de Toros*, and then there are gala features. The Queen and various high-born ladies present magnificent rosettes of silk or satin and gold and silver tinsel, with long streamers, to be attached to the bulls with little barbs before their entrance, each having his colors indicated in this way; and these ornaments are displayed in shop windows for days before the event. The language of the ring is another peculiarity. There are many fine points of merit, distinguished by as many canting terms. There is the "pair regular," the "relance," the "cuartos," and the darts are playfully termed "shuttlecocks"; the swordsman deals in "pinches" and "thrusts," and so on—all of which is recorded in press reports, amusing enough in their airy and supercilious half-literary treatment. These are the most polished products of Spanish journalism. Fines are imposed on the performers for any achievement not "regular," and, on the other hand, good strokes are rewarded by the public with cigars, or, as the dainty reporters say, they "merit palms." The three chief swordsmen are Lagartijo, Frascuelo, and Currito; "Broad Face," "Little Fatty," and the like, being lesser lights. Frascuelo is so renowned for hardihood that I once saw him receive, in obedience to popular will, the ear of the bull he had just slain—a supreme mark of favor

Madrid is now the head-quarters of the national game, as it is of everything else. It is outwardly flourishing, it is adorned with statues, its parks are green, and its fountains spout gayly. Nevertheless the impression it makes is melancholy. Beggary is importunate on its public ways. Palaces and poverty, great wealth and wretched penury, are huddled close together. Its assumption of splendor is in startling contrast with the desolate and uncared-for districts that surround it from the very edge of the city outward. The natural result of extremes in the distribution of property, with a country impoverished, is public bankruptcy, and public bankruptcy stares surely enough through the city's gay mask. There is another unhappy result from the undue concentration of resources at this artificial capital. Madrid prides itself on being the spot at which all the avenues of the land converge equally, the exact centre of Spain being close beyond the city's confines, and marked—how appropriately!—by a church. But Madrid is, notwithstanding, a national centre only in name. It enjoys a false luxury, while too many outlying provinces sustain a starveling existence. And, seeing the alien, imitative manners adopted here, one feels sharply the difficult contrasts that exist between the metropolis and the provinces; no hearty bond of national unity appears. We looked back over the ground we had traversed, and thought of the gray bones of Burgós cathedral lying like some stranded mammoth of another age, far in the north. O bells of Burgos, mumbling in your towers, what message have you for these sophisticated ears? And what intelligible response does the heart of the country send back to you?

"Come," said I to Velazquez. "It is useless to resist longer. Let's surrender to these two white-capped guards, and be carried away."

FROM A WINDOW IN CHAMOUNI.

Long waited for, the lingering Sun arose:
  Hid was the low East, flushed with crimson shame,
  By stately hills, to which his glory came
One after one, kindling the virgin snows,
That on their brows eternally repose,
  To glowing welcome of his godlike claim
  To be their Lord and Lover, and his flame
Of everlasting passion to disclose.
Even so for you, impatient hearts, that wait,
  Cold 'neath the snows of your virginity,
The hour shall come that warms you, soon or late:
  Though long your night, the longest night goes by,
  Strong Love shall shine in triumph from your sky,
And with his kiss of fire fulfill your fate.

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"IN DAYS GONE BY."

BESIDE the two miniatures which lie here on my desk—once to their originals the mute and long-cherished mementos of a short-lived joy—are letters yellow with age, and eloquent with the historic names and events of a past century. In these time-stained pages have been preserved, among the records of the more important public questions of the day, the threads of a romance "gone by," that of this pair, who—as since Adam and Eve all humanity have done—like Theckla, "lived and loved."

Painted nearly one hundred years ago, the delicate tints of the miniatures are yet unfaded, the soft colors undimmed; the haughty lips of the Cavalier close as proudly as in the day their shapely curves were transferred to the ivory oval, and the jewelled buttons and pink embroideries of his brocade coat are still as clear and defined as when first traced by the pencil. Through her pearl-incased frame the aristocratic head of the maiden turns as sparkling an eye and as rounded a cheek toward the curious gaze of this Cavalier's descendants as met his own grateful glance in the fond and happy hour when these love-tokens were exchanged, and each youthful heart filled with expectancy and hope.

It was in the midst of the fervor and glow of the American triumph in the struggle against British rule, in all the excitement and stir of the times which held so much to be shaped and settled, in which soldiers were calmed into the tranquillity of statesmen, and statesmen warmed into the enthusiasm of heroes, that this young lady and gentleman stepped aside from the turmoil of ordinary life into that charmed circle which seems to divide for the while man and woman from the rest of the world.

High aims and patriotic ambitions had hitherto absorbed the gentleman's time and attention, that chance for early distinction a successful national struggle grants unto youth having been his. Summoned from his law studies in the Inner Temple at London by the outbreak of the American rebellion, he had crossed the Atlantic to take part in the struggle.

Eldest son of a well-known and wealthy planter, Mr. James Read, of Georgia and South Carolina, a company was easily raised, at whose head he marched against the British invaders, but was unfortunately taken prisoner in one of the earlier battles, ere he could obtain for himself all the military renown he coveted; and he had chafed out the remaining years of the war behind the battlements of a British fort.

Released by the peace, he had been elected Senator to Congress from the State of South Carolina, a dignity conferred in that healthy-toned era on those conspicuous for worth and ability—men who entered upon the service of their newly established government with all the ardor of a bridegroom for his hardly won bride. For those were indeed the fair honey-moon days of our land, and patriotic hearts glowed with the transport of a first triumph and possession.

At the date of these letters Congress had been removed from the gay metropolis of Philadelphia to the small and comparatively inaccessible town of Annapolis; and it was in the narrow horizon of that quiet provincial town that had dawned for the young Carolinian the bright star of love, so certain to rise somewhere in life for nearly every one, and so likely to pale and disappear behind the drifting clouds of human mishaps and misadventure.

As the capital of the State of Maryland, Annapolis was the centre of a society drawn from the families of the rich tobacco planters of the eastern and western shores of the Chesapeake Bay. Cultivated in tastes and luxurious in habits, this society, while repudiating loyalty to hereditary government, still maintained that precedence of birth and descent inherited from their Cavalier ancestry, and believed as firmly in the degradation of personal labor as in the aristocracy of agricultural sources of wealth.

It is a little curious to observe how Maryland has presented within her own confined limits a counterpart in miniature of those distinctions, social, domestic, financial, and political, which during the establishment of that semi-feudal condition of servitude called slavery (out of which in great measure they rose) divided the Northern and Southern sections of the country at large. For while the society of Annapolis and of the southern portion of the State cherished the above obsolete ideas, the rapidly growing town of Baltimore, with the northern counties at her back,

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upheld the more practical views of the superiority of business and commercial enterprise over mere social attainment and position, and the small value of any pedigree unsupported by individual effort and worth.

Situated near the head of the noble bay which flowed so majestically past the steep streets and quiet wharf of Annapolis, Baltimore was covering its broad waters with the white-winged messengers of commerce and trade, and was steadily advancing to that size and importance which was to cast the elegance of the little capital into the shade, and to reduce it to its present condition of a cipher beside its overshadowing and prosperous neighbor. But in that day of its Congressional importance Annapolis had reached its zenith. And in spite of the many sarcasms and sneers at the measure which had made of so small a town "the court end of the continent," as the temporary seat of national government, it became not only the arena of public events, but of social gayety and state ceremonial.

Maryland, known even to transatlantic Frenchmen as "*le pays des belles femmes et du bon tabac*," presented to the admiration of those gallant sons of her twelve sister States, here gathered, such a bevy of fair women that embryo Presidents, future plenipotentiaries and cabinet ministers, men already heroes, and men to become famous, submitted to their proverbial attraction as unresistingly as their more nonchalant great-grandsons are compelled to do, even in this prosaic age, whenever chance brings them within range of their witchery and grace.

On the 23d of December, 1783, the floor of the Senate-chamber at Annapolis was filled to overflowing by stately dames and gentle maidens, who had flocked to the Capitol as if the weight of state questions had been for this one hour intrusted to their wise deliberations. Washington, the mighty yet unambitious hero of the time, while still the idol of the public heart, was on this day to lay down his laurels by resigning to Congress his commission of commander-in-chief of the brave little army whose triumphs he had directed and whose sufferings he had shared.

Accompanied by his aides, Colonel Benjamin Walker and Colonel David Humphreys, and the officers appointed as escort, Washington entered the hall where the assembled Congress awaited him, every manly voice among the spectators cheering, and every feminine kerchief waving an enthusiasm of approval and welcome; but the cheers were hushed into breathless silence by the first words of the great hero's dignified address, to which General Mifflin, as President of the Senate, made an eloquent and appropriate reply.

On Washington's left stood the valiant soldier Colonel John Eager Howard, of Maryland, and facing Colonel Howard, conspicuous among the foremost group of Senators, was General Read, of South Carolina, the hero of this short legend of a by-gone love. How little did either of these young men, strangers to one another, dream of the day to come when a son and daughter of each were to become husband and wife to the daughter and son of the other!

Many were the men whose names were already distinguished, or to become historic, who were present, either as members of Congress or spectators of the impressive scene. Madison, Jefferson, Monroe; Lee of Virginia, Osgood of Massachusetts, Morris of Pennsylvania, McComb of Delaware, and General Otho Williams, Generals Smith and Swan, of Maryland. The well-known Charles Carroll of Carrollton was accompanied by his two daughters, one of whom was afterward, as Mrs. Caton, mother to the celebrated trio of American beauties who became respectively Lady Stafford, the Marchioness of Wellesley, and the Duchess of Leeds.

But absorbing as was the attention given to Washington by the august assemblage of heroes and patriots, who recognized in him the greatest hero and patriot of any, the young Carolinian's eyes wandered up to the gallery above, where Mrs. Washington, with her young grandchildren at her knee, was seated in all the dignity and legitimate pride of the wife who crowns herself with her husband's glory.

Grouped around her chair were the three Calvert sisters, Maryland's blood royal, the family of Lord Baltimore; and never was the fame of Maryland beauty better maintained than by the contrasting loveliness of the youngest, Miss Ariana Calvert, with the more brilliant charms of her elder sisters, who had been espoused during all the perils of the war, both on the same evening, the one by Washington's step-son, Parke Custis, and the other by Mr. George Stuart, of Maryland.

It is told of these gentlemen that each received the announcement of the birth

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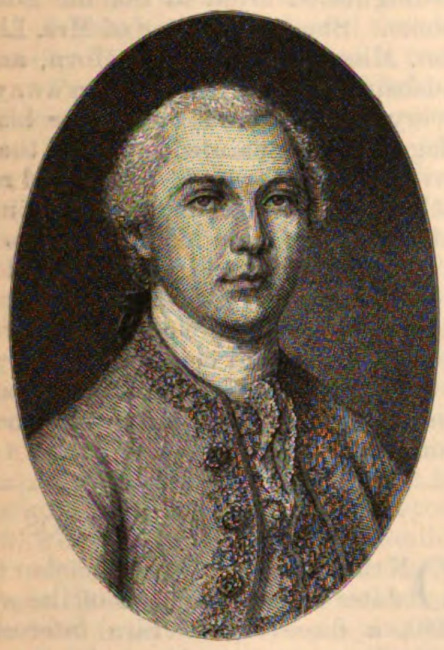
of a son—born on the same day, a year after the marriages—while on the battle-field.

But it was not the rich bloom or dark eyes of the beautiful young matrons which so riveted the attention of the young Southerner that even the sublime presence of Washington was for a while forgotten. To his eyes the youngest sister was much the fairest; and he gazed up at the unconscious young girl until the friend at his elbow, Mr. James Monroe—too thorough a Virginian not to recognize the phenomena of a love at first sight—whis-



JACOB READ.

ARIANA CALVERT.

pered her name in his ear, and the offer to present him before the lady quitted Annapolis town for her home in the country. The offer was gratefully accepted, and ere the winter was half over, Miss Calvert was affianced to her eager and enraptured young lover; but not, alas! with the entire consent and approbation of her family and friends, and thence arose the cloud which darkened the horizon of this love legend.

As usual, that passion youth deifies, age coldly ignored. The Carolinian was wealthy, of prominent position and good birth, and of distinguished education; but the lady was threatened with decline. She was also the youngest darling of the household; her sisters had married so well, yet remained in their midst, and her family grew more and more reluctant that this comparative stranger should bear away their tender and fragile flower to his far-off Southern home, to pine away, and die perhaps, out of sight and hearing of those who had loved her from her cradle; and the angered lover saw the feeble health of his lady-love give way under the conflict of duty with feeling, until she became indeed seriously ill.

In this crisis of uncertainty and unhappiness the young gentleman poured out his sorrows and wrongs in a despairing letter to a kind and sympathizing confidante—the modest poetess of Princeton, Mrs. Anne Stockton—and received the following animated reply:

"Indeed, my dear Read, you did me but justice to say that you knew I would sympathize with you in your distress, and to refer me to my own feelings was the best method you could have taken to convey an idea to me of your sufferings; indeed, there are few situations where the heart has been engaged that I have not experienced. A very few months before I was married, my beloved husband was ill of a fever, and his life despaired of; therefore I must well know the anxiety, the tender, the interesting interviews, which must happen between two persons whose hearts are united, and my heart pitied you as I read. But be comforted.

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I have a presentiment that you will be happy yet, and that the woman of your heart will be given to your wishes. I love her, I honor her, for her sensibility. May Heaven restore her, and may you both long enjoy that true and unspeakable felicity that springs from a mutual affection!....Be assured, that if there is one Muse inhabits the hill of Morven, an event so interesting to my friend shall not be unsung....Let me know from time to time how Miss C. is. I shall be very anxious." Then, with that cheerful confidence in the future with which we are so ready to set aside other people's troubles, Mrs. Stockton proceeds to divert her friend with lighter topics. She tells him of "little waffle parties" formed by her intimates, "to wit, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Clymer, Mrs. Livingston, Mrs. Armstrong, and myself, meeting once a week at each other's houses. We converse and play whist, as suits our inclinations, without gaming, for that is against our rules. Apropos, I hear you are great gamesters at Annapolis. Fie! it is beneath the dignity of a member of Congress to be a gambler. Tell my friends that I deny positively the charge for them, and undertake to assert that it is no such thing: so it remains for them to make me an oracle....I hope that you will get the fever and ague in the spring, and be shaken into a remembrance of the heights of Princeton, or those above the sweet banks of the Delaware. You were all a party of scurvy fellows for leaving us; but though I abuse you to your faces, I keep the privilege for myself; I can not suffer any one else to do it in my presence."

But the passionate Southerner was not to have the woman of his heart granted to his wishes, according to the presentiments and prophecies of his kind correspondent. The sensibility which could doom the gentle Ariana Calvert to an early death could not permit her to sacrifice family affection to her own and her lover's happiness. What bitter tears and faltering words were exchanged in their parting none can tell; but the miniatures, given once as the fair tokens of union, each still retained, to be sorrowful consolation and reminder of a life-long separation.

And so the short love-dream of those who thus early in life had sounded the depths of that feeling which makes at its flood either the heart's sweetest joy or its deepest regret was ended, but the remembrance lay with the miniature on the heart of the fair girl until the tomb closed over her beauty and pain.

General Read threw up his chance for that political fame for which he had been so eager, to the astonishment, and in spite of the remonstrances, of his friends and fellow-statesmen. He declined a re-election to Congress, and exchanged the goal of a manly endeavor for the quiet and stagnant pool of an insignificant future.

Man-like, in his sorrow he turned aside in anger to seek forgetfulness in the love of another, and he soon bore a lovely and distinguished bride to his far Southern home. She was a sister of Mrs. Livingston, Miss Katharine Van Horn, and her husband seems to have hidden away from every eye, even his own, after his marriage, the fair painted image of the once-loved face, with all the letters and records of his disappointed passion and relinquished career, leaving his children to bring forth after his death, from the old trunk in a disused garret of a far-away plantation villa, the picture of his lost love, and the Congressional correspondence, which were to him the mementos of the fatal romance of his ardent youth in "the days gone by."

ATHENA PARTHENOS.

ON the thirtieth day of December ($\frac{18}{30}$, as dates run in that part of the world), 1880, a discovery of rare interest and importance was made at Athens. The find was enough in itself to excite the curiosity of every archæologist and lover of antique art, but the form which the news took as it travelled was positively startling. One version had it that the Mayor of Athens had telegraphed to the Lord Mayor of London—deep unto deep—that the veritable Athena Parthenos of Pheidias had been unearthed. After the recovery of the Hermes of Praxiteles, to say nothing of the treasure of Priam and the gold mask of Agamemnon, scarcely any tidings from the omnipotent spade can be considered impossible; but those who knew anything about the Athena Parthenos knew that the original was made of gold and ivory, and had long ago been transmuted into coin, or haply into false teeth. Still there was room to hope that the Athena so exposed was a large copy in marble; but as the mist cleared off, the

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statue became a statuette, yet a statuette of sufficient dimensions to show many valuable details of the original after which it was modelled. It is, indeed, in many respects one of the most interesting and instructive discoveries made in these days, in which nature and history alike yield up so many secrets to those who have the patience to dig and the audacity to knock. Certainly it deserves to share popular attention, if not with the Venus of Melos or the Hermes of Olympia, at least with the figurines of Tanagra.

The original Athena Parthenos was one of the most famous works of the great master Pheidias, whose name has become typical, although it is to be feared that his personality has been effaced by his reputation. Pericles and Pheidias, Pheidias and Pericles, are conveniently coupled: Pericles prince of his age, Pheidias first and greatest of true sculptors, and there an end. It may, however, be worth while to recall his career in brief outline. Born in Athens about 500 B.C., and carefully trained in the technicalities of his art by a native master, he seems to have come under the influence of a great artist, Ageladas of Argos, who counted among his pupils Myron and Polycleitus. To his earlier period belongs the colossal bronze statue of Athena Promachos (Minerva the champion) on the Acropolis; to the second period, which coincides with the administration of Pericles, the Athena Parthenos, or Virgin Athena, which was finished and consecrated in his sixty-second year (437 B.C.). In his sixty-fifth year Pheidias went to Olympia, where he was received with the highest honors, and where he constructed his chryselephantine statue of Olympian Zeus. His workshop was thenceforward a sacred spot to the Eleans, who granted him the privilege of putting his name on the base of his immortal work —a privilege which might seem to have been denied him by the Athenians in the case of the Parthenos. In 432 he returned to Athens with a crown of glory about his old head, to find that the enemies of Pericles, unable to work their will on the chief of the state, were determined to wreak their vengeance on Pheidias, the friend and familiar of Pericles. Menon, a former assistant of the artist, was bribed to accuse the master of purloining a part of the gold which had been delivered to him for making the Parthenos. But Pheidias, at Pericles's suggestion, as the story goes, had so constructed the golden part of the statue that it could be removed and weighed, and so this charge was easily quashed. The next plan of attack was more successful. Pheidias was accused of impiety for having introduced portraits of Pericles and himself in the reliefs on the shield of the Parthenos; and to make the story more effective, it is sometimes stated that these figures were so wrought into the composition that it was impossible to remove them without destroying the whole —a misinterpretation of a passage in Cicero. The student of this period of Greek life is often puzzled by the success of accusations of impiety, and is sometimes tempted to the conclusion that orthodoxy, political or religious, covered a multitude of sins; blasphemy which would have been intolerable in an advanced thinker was a mere jest in the mouth of a Tory poet, and while it was no crime to call Pericles a "squill-headed Zeus," or to give him all the attributes of Zeus, it was sacrilege to put his image on the shield of Zeus's daughter. At any rate, upon this charge of impiety Pheidias was thrown into jail, and died soon after—according to one account, of sickness, according to another, of poison. Menon, his accuser, was honored by immunity from taxation, and the authorities were made responsible for his personal safety. We hear nothing of that dramatic repentance which is ascribed to the Athenians upon the death of Socrates. Indeed, reverence for philosophy and art as embodied in philosophers and artists was of slow growth among the people that had done so much for philosophy and art. Socrates was considered a mere sophist, a mere ambulatory professor, for generations after his death; and if we wish to find, at least in literature, what we should consider an approximate estimate of the divine in a man like Pheidias, we should have to come down several centuries into the period of the Greek renaissance.

Pheidias was a worker in bronze and marble as well as in gold and ivory, but of all his works his chryselephantine figures of Athena Parthenos and of the Olympian Zeus were far the most famous. The technical process by which these statues were constructed is not handed down in detail, though the French archæologist Quatremère de Quincy has succeeded in making a probable combination of the few statements that are extant, and in showing at any rate how it was possible

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to make ivory plates of sufficient size to cover as a skin the flesh of clay with which an inner skeleton of wood was clothed upon. Glue here, rivets there, kept the ivory in position, and the whole work was then filed into perfection. It is evident that there must have been great danger of the shrinking or swelling of the wooden frame-work, if wooden frame-work it was. The air of the Acropolis was too dry, the atmosphere of the Alpheus too heavily charged with moisture; and it has been supposed that a system of channels was constructed in the interior of these statues to supply the Parthenos with water, and the Zeus with oil.

The high reach of the art of Pheidias is shown by the fact that his main work was on statues of the gods, and historians of Greek plastic art have not failed to point out the importance of the new line struck out by Polycleitus, who set up as his "canon" the purely human of the spear-bearer (Doryphorus). Few men, few heroes even, were honored by the chisel of Pheidias. Zeus and Athena were in the front rank. Next, at an interval, Aphrodite, but not the "weaver of crafty devices," not the winner of hearts, the troubler of homes, the witching goddess of Praxiteles, but the great mother of us all, serene if not severe in her unattainable height.

Pheidias is called the author and the finisher of the ideal in art. He did not imitate what he had seen; he did not make studies after a model; he had an image in his mind, an archetype of beauty, of majesty, of sublimity. The source of his power was the indwelling of the divine. It was the godlike Homer that revealed to him his Zeus, his Athena. His Olympian Jove was an incorporation of the Homeric god as he nods assent to Thetis, and promises to do honor to her son.

"He said; and his black eyebrows bent; above his deathless head
Th' ambrosian curls flow'd; great heaven shook."*

And so his Athena is to be sought in the same poem, where Homer pictures, or rather Chapman broiders, her:

"About her broad-spread shoulders hung his huge and horrid shield,
Fringed round with ever-fighting snakes; through it was drawn to life
The miseries and death of fight; in it fell Pursuit flew;
In it the monster Gorgon's head, in which held out to view
Were all the dire ostents of Jove; on her big head she placed
His four-plumed glittering casque of gold, so admirably vast
It would an hundred garrisons of soldiers comprehend;
Then to her shining chariot her vigorous feet ascend;
And in her violent hand she takes his grave, huge, solid lance,
With which the conquests of her wrath she useth to advance,
And overturns whole fields [files?] of men, to show she was the seed of him that thunders."

* Chapman's terseness here is as remarkable as his amplitude elsewhere.

But these æsthetic commonplaces which have reached the present day are not satisfying. Fortunately this is no place to discuss the problems of the condition of poetry and sculpture, the interpenetration of ideal and real, which, by-the-way, were as carefully studied and almost as obscurely presented among the ancient critics of art as among the modern. With no slavish submission to the *milieu*, and with every disposition to give all glory to the individual, there is no such thing possible as perfect emancipation, no such suspension in mid-air as is claimed for wonder-workers new and old. And so we turn to what is of more importance to us just now than any general theory of plastic art—the comparison of the newly discovered statuette of Athena with the descriptions and imitations of the Athena Parthenos that are known to us. A glimpse into this field of archæological research is all that is possible here, but that glimpse will perhaps do more to give a correct notion of the position of Pheidias than any amount of second-hand æsthetics.

What do we know of the original? According to the combinations of the archæologists, the Athena Parthenos was a colossal figure about forty feet in height. The goddess was represented as standing erect, with a *chiton* that came down to her feet (talaric). On the top of the helmet—the close-fitting Attic, not the Corinthian visor helmet—lay a sphinx in the round, and on either side a griffin in high relief. Pausanias, by-the-way, finds it necessary to tell us what griffins look like—"animals resembling lions, with the wings and beak of an eagle." The particularity with which he states this is of some interest in connection with the dispute as to the character of the animals which occupy corresponding positions in the statuette. On her breast was the ægis

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with the *gorgoneion*, though Pausanias only mentions the "ivory" head of the Medusa. The shield on the left of the goddess rested on the base of the statue. The hand of the goddess, reposing on the rim of the shield, held (but how?) a spear that leaned against her shoulder. Around the shaft curled the serpent Erichthonios, the mystic snake-child of Hephæstus, and the point rose out of a crouching sphinx. A statue of Niké (Victory), four cubits high, stood on the outstretched right hand. Athena has overcome, and sends forth victory to her faithful people. The detail work was wonderful. In fact, this combination of sublimity in conception and minute finish in detail is one of the memorable things in Pheidias. We do not expect everything of Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini. We find everything in the Greek. It is true that the material itself in which Pheidias worked demanded the minuteness of the goldsmith's art, but it is the essence of art to recognize the demand of the material, else mere "barbaric gold and pearl." What if each new material shows an emergence out of the forms dictated by the technic of the older? This is a transition which we recognize everywhere in written as in plastic art.

The naked parts of the statue—face, arms, and feet—were made of ivory, the pupils of the eyes of precious stones, attire and armor of gold. One trouble of the archæologists in making out the composition from the descriptions given was the balance of the statue. The three attributes, spear, shield, and serpent, were all on the left side, and so it was conjectured that the mass of the dress fell on the right, which would serve both to restore the balance and to mask the special support that seemed to be needed for the figure of Niké, which must have weighed between three and four hundred pounds. The shield, the high soles, and the base were richly ornamented. On the outer surface of the shield the reliefs represented combats with the Amazons; on the inner, battles of the gods and the giants. Battles of Lapithæ and Centaurs were figured on the rim of the sandals, and on the plinth the birth of Pandora. How long this marvel stood we do not know. According to one story, the tyrant Lachares, in 296 B.C., carried off with him all the gold ornaments that could be removed, but Pausanias, who lived under the Antonines, speaks of the statue as being made of gold and ivory, and Athens was never in condition after 296 B.C. to restore the gold if it had been carried off. Gilding has been suggested as a possible resource. The last mention of the Parthenos that can be trusted occurs in the year 375 A.D., in the reign of Valentinian and Valens.

The type of Athena thus established continued to the end, and yet modifications were inevitable. The later period would insensibly alter it. Ingres's picture of Cæsar is ridiculously like Napoleon. Chinese reproductions of Laurens's "Death of Marceau" give almond eyes and high cheek-bones to Austrians and French alike. I have sometimes fancied that the nationality makes itself felt even in photographs; that the French photographer, the German photographer, manages to give a Gallic or Teutonic deflection to the rays of the sun. So, too, nationality shifts with time. It is impossible to remain Pheidian. Even Pheidias seems to have given his Lemnian Athena more beauty, more grace, than he gave his Athena Parthenos, and the student must look closely in order to discern which reproductions come nearest the type which we are seeking. But the reader will not expect to be taken through a list of the different statues, reliefs, and coins which have been studied for the purpose. Suffice it to say that the statuette which is the subject of the present paper was immediately recognized as by far the closest copy of the Athena Parthenos that has yet been discovered. Hence the shout of joy, the lyric enthusiasm, of the Athenians. In the fervor of recent possession, M. Dragatses, professor in the Gymnasium of the Peiræus, becomes almost as poetical as Lucian or Philostratus, who can still give the moderns odds in the description of works of art. "Athens," we are told, "she who so long had gazed in wonder on the dwelling-place of her sovereign lady, in ruins though it be, in these last days has had the good fortune to be the witness of the birth of Athena, but this time not from the head of her sire, but from the womb of the universal mother, the earth, and the obstetrician was not Hephæstus, but a simple day-laborer, the instrument not the axe of a deity, but a more plebeian tool, which, indeed, the god of smiths had furnished." So much classical imagery could hardly have been evoked in the latter half of the nineteenth

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century, except on classic soil or on a classic occasion.

I will now briefly state the circumstances of the discovery and results so far as I can gather them from the documents accessible to me.* The statuette was found on the 30th of December, 1880, in a short street north of the Varvakion (Βαρβάκειον), and in the immediate neighborhood of the northern boundary of the antique city. In levelling the street the workmen came upon the remains of a Roman house, and just north of the cross wall which connected the eastern and western sides of the building lay the statuette, on the face, only 0.60 m. under-ground, covered by a kind of brick vault, which seems to have been intended to conceal it or to protect it. It was evidently set up inside of the house, perhaps in the house chapel, as a continuation of the western wall northward was afterward laid bare. The material is Pentelic marble of homogeneous formation, free from mica, and is supposed to have come from the quarries on the north side of the Pentelicon.

The height with the plinth is 1.035 m.; the plinth, which is an irregular quadrilateral, is 0.103 m. high—the whole rather more than thirty-nine inches. The base itself is peculiar, as the face of it presents an architectural profile, which is said to be very rare. The rear of the statue is not elaborated, only done in the rough. Three marks, which one archæologist considered ornaments, are with more probability thought to be indications of measurements. The goddess stands with her weight on the right foot, her left knee slightly bent. Her left hand rests lightly on the shield, which is set on edge; her right is extended somewhat outward, and on the palm stands the figure of Niké (Victory). She is dressed in a talaric, sleeveless *chiton*, over it a *diploïs* (our girls would call it an over-skirt), which falls below the hips, and is kept in place by a girdle ending in two snakes that face each other. *Chiton* and *diploïs* are open on the right side, and the tips are ornamented with balls or bobs. Similar *pteryges*, ending in like ornaments, are seen in recent costumes. The breast is covered with an ægis; eleven curling snakes adorn the outer edge, the two uppermost turn their bearded heads toward the spectator. The ægis is fastened by a wingless Medusa head, with the hair parted in the middle. On the centre of the helmet there is a sphinx couchant, the paws on either side of the bow. The central crest rests on the head of the sphinx and on a pillar that rises from her back. The horse-hair of the crest is indicated in relief, and the crest runs down below the neck. On either side of the sphinx there is a winged animal half leaping, half lying, each supporting a side crest. These animals the French archæologist Hauvette calls griffins, and as they are headless, he restores the orthodox eagle head demanded by the description of Pausanias. Lange, on the other hand, declares that there is sufficient indication of a horse's mane, and that the legs of the doubtful animals are the legs of horses, although the tails are thinner than beseems even a winged horse. If the ends of the tails had been preserved, tuft or no tuft would probably have set this matter at rest. The outer wings were connected originally with the cheek-pieces of the helmet, which are raised. On the temples of the goddess are short clustering curls; two long tresses fall on either side in front, and reach half-way down the ægis; four plaits fall down her back. The goddess wears on either arm a bracelet in the form of a snake. The high soles of her sandals are without ornament. Beneath the shield is coiled the Erichthonios snake, with bearded and scaly head turned toward the spectator. The shield is supported by a rest. The only ornamentation of the outer surface is a winged Gorgon's head with waving hair and heavy unidealized features. The handle of the shield is carefully elaborated. The spear is wanting, and there is no indication of it, either in the position of the left hand or otherwise. The right hand of the goddess, which holds the Victory, is supported by an unfluted column, which diminishes toward the top, with a considerable *entasis*. The column has an Attic basis, and a peculiar capital that has no analogy with any of the three orders. The Victory measures without the head, which is missing, 0.14 m.; with the head,

* Articles in the *Mittheilungen des deutschen archaeologischen Institutes in Athen* (5ter Jahrg., 4tes Heft.; 6ter Jahrg., erstes Heft.), by Konrad Lange. Our engravings are made from the photographs by Romaides, which appeared in the last-named number. See also an article on the Παρνασσός by Professor Dragatses, and a note by C. T. Newton in the *Academy*, February 12, 1881. Much use has been made of Overbeck's *Geschichte der griechischen Plastik* in the historical Retch.

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it would be 0.16 m. She is attired like Athena in *chiton* and *diploïs*. A scarf passing from behind to the right, and then across her waist, falls in broad folds over her left arm. She is standing on her toes, and leaning forward eagerly, not toward the spectator, but obliquely to the right. In her hands she held a wreath or garland, a fragment of which was found afterward by Professor Lange.

The condition of the statuette is said to be remarkably good; only small pieces are wanting. Especially interesting are the traces of color—red, yellow, brownish-yellow, brown, blue-black, gold. Red is found in the rim of the helmet, at the bottom of the deep lines that represent the hair of the helmet, in the corners of the eyes and mouth, and in the nostrils of the sphinx, in the eyes of the snakes, in ægis and girdle, on the tail of the winged monster, on the rim of the shield. The feathers of the winged Medusa are picked out with red, and the beard of the Erichthonios snake was striped with red. The shield was yellow, and there is yellow on the hair of goddess, sphinx, and the two Medusæ, the two bracelets, and the manes of the griffins or winged horses, whichever we shall determine to call them. Traces of yellow are also found on the border of the robes of Athena and Niké. The scales of all the snakes are brown, and so are the feathers of the Niké. There are traces of gilding which have led Lange to the conclusion that the yellow of the hair and the bracelets and the border of the robes was only a priming for gold. The eyes of Athena have a red rim, the pupil is yellow with a red border, the iris blue-black, the lashes are represented by parallel strokes of red. There is no trace of painting on the naked parts. Such is in substance the description of this statuette as given by Professor Lange. Red, yellow, brown, black, and blue—how familiar all these colors are now as we speak of Greek works of art! and yet many of us can remember the time when it was heresy to believe in "polychromy" to any considerable extent. How much modern art has been influenced by the disappearance of the coloring of the antique models, and how much chemistry is responsible for in our changed attitude! Even in children, I can remember, the natural admiration of the image vender's painted wares was suppressed as something vulgar, and the beauty of cold correctness was held up as a model. But now I understand that the handmaidens of modern decorative art are sweeping down on plaster casts also with all the confidence of the Pheidian Niké.

I shall now give in brief what I have been able to learn as to the correctness of the copy. The general likeness to the original is evident enough. The omission of the spear seems to have been designed. It is missing in other copies also, and a cumulation of attributes which might have produced a noble effect in the great proportions of the original, would have been too heavy in a reproduction on so small a scale. Besides, we have here the peaceful goddess, and hence this attribute is the more easily dispensed with. The proportion of statuette to plinth is exactly as ten to one. This corresponds nearly enough with recent calculations as to the basis of the statue of the Olympian Zeus. Taking this as a standard, we should find that in the original the column was 5.15 m. high, the shield 4.64 m., the head of the goddess 1.16 m., the helmet above the head 1.45 m., the soles of her sandals 0.17 m.

Another and stronger proof of the accuracy of the copy is the proportion of the Niké to the whole statuette, 0.16 m. to 1.035 m., almost exactly four to twenty-six. Now, according to Pausanias, the Niké was four cubits high; the Parthenos herself, judging by the height of the cell, twenty-six cubits. It is impossible, as Lange says, that this should be an accident; and that the reduction was effected by mechanical means is shown by the three marks on the back of the figures, the three measuring points. This indication of a close copy of the original makes the statuette of the very highest value.

Among the important coincidences in detail may be mentioned the position of the left leg, which is nearly in a line with the right. Even the stiff fold that falls from the left knee re-appears. It may have been as characteristic as the huge hands or the wonderful knee of Michael Angelo's Moses. The girdle with the snakes, the form of the ægis, the number and treatment of the strands of hair, are all similar. So also the broad and round shape of the face, the horizontal position of the right arm, the height of the sole, the circular shape of the shield, the coils of the Erichthonios serpent, and the great advantage gained

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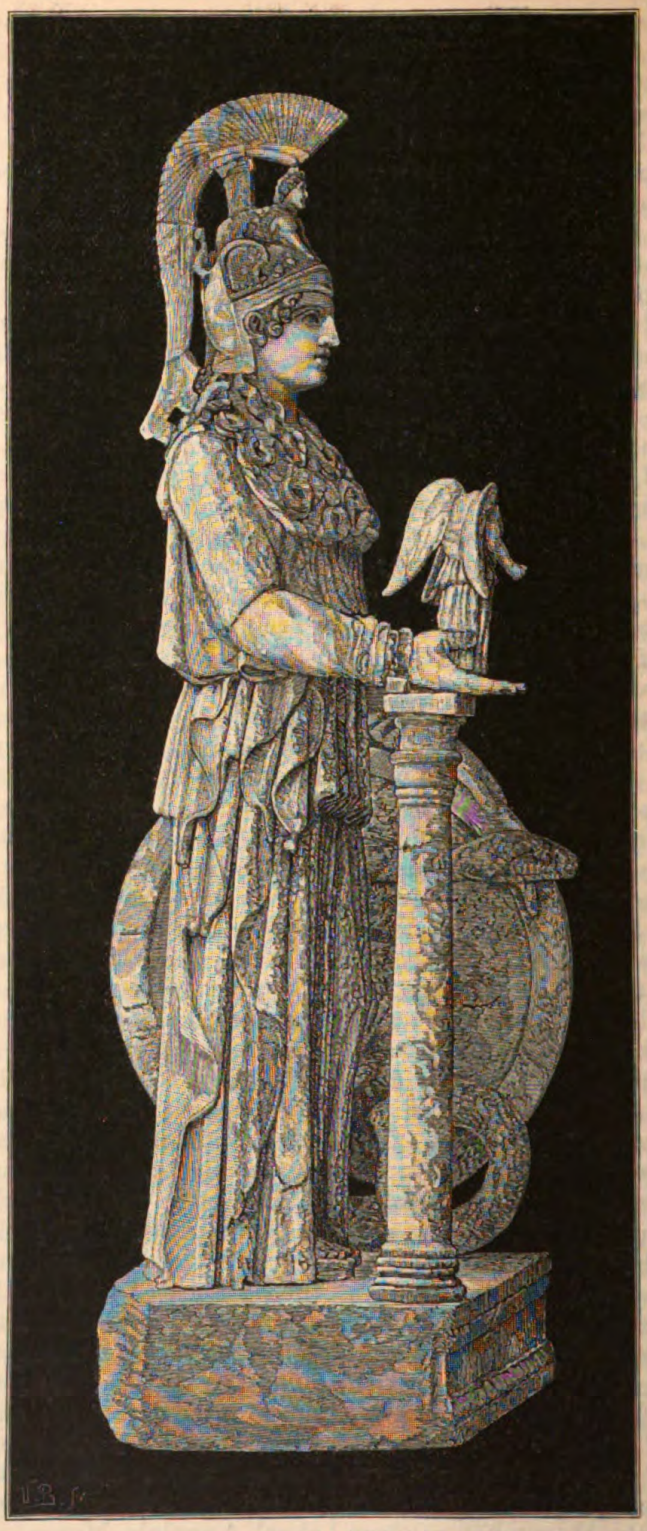

ATHENA PARTHENOS.

for the side view by the projection of the head of the serpent beyond the rim of the shield. The exactness of the copy is further guaranteed by the unusual care in the execution of details, unusual especially on this scale. To the artist this minuteness of reproduction seems to sin against the great canon of all art, *quod satis est;* but the archæologist takes a different view, and comforts himself with the reflection that this servility enables the beholder to call up the original, in

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which all this detail would be beauty. This slavish reproduction shows that the statuette does not date from the good Greek time, but from the Roman period, say the reign of Hadrian. "The Greek of the better period translates his original into the style of the material in which he copies," and much fault has been found with the details, and yet the conclusion of the whole matter is that we have a copy of the Parthenos which is of far greater importance than all the others. As to the face, opinions seem to vary. Lange recognizes in the sharply cut nose and the energetic modelling of the chin the Pheidian original, and claims for Pheidias what we moderns should most object to. Newton says that, "while recording certain features of the original design, the copyist has utterly failed to render the higher qualities of the original—the subtle charm of expression in the face, the grace and majesty in the general pose. This is nothing more than might be expected from the servile hand of a copyist in the Roman period, who probably executed this work as a commission for some private person." At any rate the archæological value must be rated very high. We have seen how sadly the balance was missed in the description of the original. That balance is restored by the device of the column; and if the column is archaic, so much the better, as it shows that Pheidias was, after all rhapsodizing, ancient and modern, the child of his time, and was not so much "the creator of a new principle of composition as the last great representative of an older principle, which he expresses in perfection of form." Another great gain is the position of the Niké, which has been a matter of dispute among archæologists. As she stands here, she is about to crown the conqueror with the wreath of victory in the name of the goddess.

In my account of the statuette I have followed in the main the descriptions of those who have seen the figure itself. Even the best photographs give most imperfect notions of statuary. You can not catch the light of a manuscript from any fac-simile; you can not force any camera to reproduce the thing itself. There is a strong temptation to surround one's self with photographs, engravings, models, of favorite works of art. There is danger in *this*—danger to the fresh beauty of the *actual* vision. So I do not consider myself as having any right to an opinion of this statuette of the Athena Parthenos; and yet this is what I said to myself when I first saw the photographs, uninstructed, some might say unsophisticated, by the articles which I have since read.

The full face is a disappointment. It reminds me too much of certain archaic Greek work which I was called on in my youth to admire without reserve—work against which every sound instinct rebels. The forehead is too low for the goddess of wisdom; the nose is too doughty (I can not think of another word); the eye is too sleepy; the smile of the mouth too constrained, too official; the breast is almost masculine. Hephæstus was enamored of Athena once. Witness the Erichthonios snake. Hephæstus was a good judge of beauty. Could he have loved the Athena Parthenos? The arms are shapely, and the pose of the left hand is full of grace; but the effect of the whole is—dare I say it?—squab. The goddess is not near so light as the Niké that she holds in her hand. Athena is on her own ground, and by the way in which she comes down on her right foot, she intends to stay. The very folds of her dress hang heavy and stiff over her right foot as over something that was truly planted. The massive plait that plunges from her left knee forms with the thigh an awkward similitude of a wooden leg. But as one studies and ponders it more and more, the queen, the virgin goddess, reveals herself more and more, and the slumbering might in that peaceful form, which reminds one at first of a German maiden, makes itself felt. The snakes curled on the ægis of her collar in easy play are ready for work; the Erichthonios serpent that looms out from behind the shield is poised to strike. A moment's notice, and the virgin will seize the lance that she has laid aside, and woe to those with whom "the daughter of the mighty sire waxeth wroth"! But it is not necessary to resort to the imagination in order to see the full queenliness of the statuette. The side view, as in so many statues of higher claims, shows us what is truly meant, shows us a more adequate Athena—majestic, wise, victorious, proud of herself, proud of her people, and generous in her pride. It is as if she had put on these trappings to please her subjects, who made holiday before her; and despite massive helmet, snaky ægis, mysterious sphinx,

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hateful Gorgon breast, and serpent coiled within the shield, she is a divine mistress to be loved by her earthly liegemen.

I turned from my meditation to Professor Lange's article in order to find out what I ought to think, and was informed that though my uneducated eyes were perhaps right in accepting the profile view as the better for the face, the better for the folds, still the statuette was intended to be seen from the front, and only from that position can we gain the proper impression of the fine proportions, the rhythm of the ornamentation from helmet to sandal. And then I dared to call the divine creature "squab"! The proportion of the figure, it seems, is normal, somewhat over seven heads. I am as much pleased to know it as any man can be to find out his error. The first account had it nine, which shows the importance of reading proof carefully, or trusting the eye rather than the memorandum-book. "Even helmet and high soles do not make her look slender," is the next piece of information. I should think not; but I leave the photographs to correct my vision, and the archæologists to vent their wrath on the layman.

EASTER MORNING.

DAME MARGARET spake to Annie Blair,
To Annie Blair spake she,
As from beneath her wrinkled hand
She peered far out to sea.

"Look forth, look forth, O Annie Blair,
For my old eyes are dim;
See you a single boat afloat
Within the horizon's rim?"

Sweet Annie looked to east, to west,
To north and south looked she:
There was no single boat afloat
Upon the angry sea.

The sky was dark, the winds were high,
The breakers lashed the shore,
And louder and still louder swelled
The tempest's sullen roar.

"Look forth again," Dame Margaret cried:
"Doth any boat come in?"
And scarce she heard the answering word
Above the furious din.

"Pray God no boat may put to sea
In such a gale!" she said;
"Pray God no soul may dare to-night
The rocks of Danger Head!"

"This is Good-Friday, Annie Blair,"
Dame Margaret cried again,
"When Mary's Son, the Merciful,
On Calvary was slain.

"The earth did quake, the rocks were rent,
The graves were opened wide,
And darkness like to this fell down
When He—the Holy—died.

"Give me your hand, O Annie Blair;
Your two knees fall upon;
Christ send to you your lover back—
To me, my only son!"

All night they watched, all night they prayed,
All night they heard the roar
Of the fierce breakers dashing high
Upon the lonely shore.

Oh, hark! strange footsteps on the sand,
A voice above the din:
"Dame Margaret! Dame Margaret!
Is Annie Blair within?

"High on the rocks of Danger Head
Her lover's boat is cast,
All rudderless, all anchorless—
Mere hull and splintered mast."

Oh, hark! slow footsteps on the sand,
And women wailing sore:
"Dame Margaret! Dame Margaret!
Your son you'll see no more!

"God pity you! Christ comfort you!"
The weeping women cried;
But "May God pity Annie Blair!"
Dame Margaret replied.

"For life is long and youth is strong,
And it must still bear on.
Leave us alone to make our moan—
My son! alas, my son!"

The Easter morning, flushed with joy,
Saw all the winds at rest,
And far and near the blue sea smiled
With sunshine on its breast.

The neighbors came, the neighbors went;
They sought the house of prayer;
But on the rocks of Danger Head
The dame and Annie Blair,

With still, white faces, watched the deep
Without a tear or moan.
"I can not weep," said Annie Blair—
"My heart is turned to stone."

Forth from the church the pastor came,
And up the rocks strode he,
Baring his thin white locks to meet
The salt breath of the sea.

"The rocks shall rend, the earth shall quake,
The sea give up its dead,
For Christ our Lord is risen indeed—
'Tis Easter morn," he said.

Oh, hark! oh, hark! A startled cry,
A rush of hurrying feet,
The swarming of a hundred men
Adown the village street.

"Now unto God and Christ the Lord
Be praise and thanks alway!
The sea hath given up its dead
This blessed Easter-day!"

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WHAT WE OWE TO THE TREES.

THE trees are man's best friends; but man has treated them as his worst enemies. The history of our race may be said to be the history of warfare upon the tree world. But while man has seemed to be the victor, his victories have brought upon him inevitable disasters.

In the more civilized periods and places the poetic sentiment has found sweet companionship in the trees, and peopled the groves with dryads and hamadryads, while taste and refinement have planted them near the household dwelling-place, and found pleasure in their beauty and shade. The general feeling and course of action, however, have been in an opposite direction. The trees have not only been regarded by man as his lawful plunder, but he has even seemed to find a positive pleasure in their destruction. He has attached no value to them, except for the satisfaction of his physical wants, to furnish him fuel and shelter and the material of the industrial arts, and in satisfying these wants as they have arisen he has been reckless of the future. The supply has seemed to be abundant, and the future has been left to take care of itself.

In our own country we have gone to the forests in a kind of freebooter style, cutting, and burning more than we could cut, acting for the most part as though all the while in a frolic or a fight, until now at length, after a century or two of this sort of work, we are waking up to the facts that our once boundless woods are disappearing, and that we are likely to suffer no little loss thereby. But it is only the few who seem now to have any adequate sense of our condition as effected by the threatened loss of the trees. In a recent publication, issued by authority of one of our Western States for the express purpose of attracting settlers from European countries, the statistics of its great lumber production are elaborately set forth, accompanied by the assurance that the present enormous consumption of trees for this purpose may be continued ten or fifteen years longer before the forests will be destroyed. The cool unconcern in regard to the future shown in this is very noticeable. "After us, the deluge." A corresponding feeling, though working on a much smaller scale, is seen in an advertisement, and of a class often appearing in our older States. "Brace up, Young Man. You have lived on your parents long enough. Buy this farm, cut off the wood, haul it to market, get your money for it, and pay for the farm. . . . The owner estimates that there will be 500 cords of market wood." And so, all over the country, on the large scale and on the small, the axe is laid at the roots of the trees, and our forests are disappearing. It is estimated that 8,000,000 acres of forest land are cleared every year, and that in the ten years previous to 1876, 12,000,000 acres were burned over simply to clear the land.

So rapid was the destruction of our forests, even in the early days of our history, that in one place and another alarm was felt, and measures were taken for their preservation.

In the town of Hampton, New Hampshire, for instance, we find, as early as 1639, this record: "Wood-wards chosen, and no man to fell wood (except on his own lot) without assignment of them or two of them." Other regulations were also made for cutting and using wood. And here it may be remarked that this word *wood-ward* —the warden or guard of the wood—from which comes our common surname Woodward, speaks emphatically of the importance which the early settlers had been accustomed to see attached to the forests in the mother country, and which prepared them to exercise some care in the protection of those they found here. In the same town of Hampton, in 1670, there was "complaint of great abuse in spoiling the town's timber," the wood-ward's power having ceased a few years before. So in the town of Yarmouth, in 1698, it was forbidden to cut timber to sell. Duxbury also, at an early day, made an order against carrying timber away from the town. Says a writer in the *North American Review:* "There was so much alarm in Plymouth Colony on account of scarcity of some kinds of timber that within half a century after the landing certain kinds of lumber were not allowed to be exported except conditionally." As early as 1699 action was taken also in Brookline for the purpose of preserving the timber in that region. But in general the depredations upon the forests have gone on without restraint, and the wonder is not so much that our lumber supplies are now seen to be diminishing so fast, as that we have not been cognizant of the fact long ago, or that we have now any timber to care for.

But, after all, we are only following in

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this respect the course of nations which have gone before us. The nations of Europe and Asia have been as reckless in their destruction of the forests as we have been, and by that recklessness have brought upon themselves unmeasurable evils, and upon the land itself barrenness and desolation. The face of the earth in many instances has been changed, as the result of the destruction of the forests, from a condition of fertility and abundance to that of a desert. Such are the relations of the trees to the currents of the air, to temperature, to moisture, and to the soil itself, that without them the earth refuses to be a fit place for the inhabitancy of man.

Never was any region of the earth better fitted by climate, soil, and natural adjustments of land and water to each other, for the abode of man in the highest state of civilization, and in the possession of the greatest power, intelligence, and happiness—in short, with the promise of the greatest and most permanent prosperity—than that which borders the Mediterranean, and which stretches through Europe from the Straits of Gibraltar on the west to ancient Phœnicia on the east, and back through Africa to the Atlantic. Here, only a little way from the cradle of our race in Western Asia, it would seem the race might have had its home and centre of power and glory while the world should last. Greece, Rome, Carthage, Egypt, in the olden time, and Spain in more recent—what nations were these! What wealth and power, what glories of literature and art, belonged to them, our marvel even at this day, and their cities the shrines which we visit from this New World, born as but yesterday, and at which we bow with reverent wonder and admiration! Ancient Italy is said to have contained nearly two hundred cities. Spain, in the time of Vespasian, according to Pliny, had three hundred and sixty. Greece was the glory of the world. Palestine was a land "flowing with milk and honey," and crowded with cities and villages. The medals struck in commemoration of the conquest of that country, and bearing the legend *Judæa Capta*, bear witness, with other historical evidence, to its former fertility and populousness, the resistance which it was able to make to the Roman arms, and how important its conquest was deemed. Asia Minor, now hardly anything but a desert, an unknown region almost to us, had once, on the authority of Gibbon, five hundred populous cities. Great armies, we know, were gathered there, which poured their hostile floods over Greece. Northern Africa was the home of population and wealth. Three hundred cities acknowledged the sway of Carthage in the time of her renown, and she was able to contend with Rome for the supremacy. Libya was once a fertile region. She counted at one time eighty-five Christian bishops, and a population of six millions, where now are only sixty thousand.

These lands were once rich and fertile, the very garden of the earth. Their vales and meadows yielded every fruit abundantly. Their hills and mountain-sides were green with luxuriant forests. Now what are they? The mere wrecks of their former greatness, like stranded ships upon the shore of time for men to gaze at and take warning. Mr. George P. Marsh, one of our most careful and competent authorities, puts the case even more strongly, and few will be disposed to controvert his statements. He says: "There are parts of Asia Minor, of Northern Africa, of Greece, and even of Alpine Europe where causes set in action by man have brought the face of the earth to a desolation as complete as that of the moon, and yet they are known to have been once covered with luxuriant woods, verdant pastures, and fertile meadows, and a dense population formerly inhabited those now lonely districts. The fairest and fruitfulest provinces of the Roman Empire, once endowed with the greatest superiority of soil, climate, and position, are completely exhausted of their fertility, or so diminished in their productiveness as, with the exception of a few favored cases that have escaped the general ruin, to be no longer capable of affording sustenance to civilized man. If to this realm of desolation we add the now wasted and solitary soils of Persia and the remoter East, that once fed their millions with milk and honey, we shall see that a territory larger than all Europe, the abundance of which sustained in by-gone centuries a population scarcely inferior to that of the whole Christian world at the present day, has been entirely withdrawn from human use, or, at best, is inhabited by tribes too few, poor, and uncultivated to contribute anything to the general moral or material interests of mankind. The destructive changes occasioned by the agency of man upon the flanks of the Alps, the Apen-

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nines, the Pyrenees, and other mountain ranges of Central and Southern Europe, and the progress of physical deterioration, have become so rapid that in some localities a single generation has witnessed the beginning and the end of the melancholy revolution."

The destructive changes of which Mr. Marsh speaks so strongly have been occasioned mainly by the removal of the forests, the natural friends and protectors of man and of the earth. The harmonies of nature were thus broken up, and disturbance and destruction came as a matter of course. Undisturbed by man, the woods would maintain themselves. The tree, falling in the forest by natural decay or from any other cause, would soon have its place filled by another, and so the succession of vegetable life would be maintained from age to age. But when the trees are swept off in masses, whether by fire or by the axe, whether by an army seeking strategic advantage or the means of annoying or impoverishing an enemy, or as the result of the cupidity or carelessness of those intent upon pecuniary gain, the places thus denuded of trees often remain so. And when in any country large portions of its area are thus from any cause laid bare, it requires but a little consideration of the subject to see that such a changed condition of the surface may bring about other changes. The careful observer will see that natural causes not only produce great and even unexpected results in the field of nature, but that they are productive also of great political and moral results. Within the memory of the present generation a single article of commerce of vegetable growth, which England is obliged to import from another country, has determined her system of trade with that country, and in a measure shaped the policy of her government—has ruled the rulers themselves.

Looked at in their economic character alone, the importance of the forests to any civilized country, and their bearing upon its welfare and prosperity, will be seen if we give the subject only a little attention. It is stated on reliable authority that Great Britain imports every year forest products amounting in value to one hundred million dollars. If now we add to this large sum the probable value of similar importations into our own and other commercial countries, we shall at once have some notion of the bearing which the products of the forest have upon the general welfare and comfort of mankind, and their bearing upon national prosperity. How large an element in the traffic of our own country, what an important source of industry, and therefore of thrift, to us, is its lumber product! We have no complete and trustworthy statistics of this interest. The census returns are very imperfect. A great amount of lumber in the aggregate, made in thousands of establishments on our lesser streams and away from great markets or the routes of traffic, is never reported, and no account is made of it. From particular districts and the well-known great lumber marts we get most of our facts that bear upon this subject, with which the public are somewhat familiar. It is only by putting these together, and making probable estimates from them in a general way, that we are able to come at the importance of this branch of our national industry, this source of national wealth and prosperity.

The census of 1870 gives as the reported product of lumber in the United States 12,755,543 thousand feet. This does not include laths or shingles. The same census reports 63,928 establishments engaged in the manufacture of articles made entirely of wood, employing 393,383 persons, and using materials worth $309,921,403 annually, besides 109,512 establishments in which wood is an important part of the material used, as in the manufacture of carriages, furniture, sewing-machines, agricultural implements, bridges, etc., employing 700,915 persons, and using materials worth $488,530,844. The statistics of a single State—Michigan—give us for the year 1873 these remarkable figures: 3,231,470,894 feet of lumber sawed, at a valuation of $39,850,156, to which are to be added more than $4,000,000 as the value of shingles, headings, staves, hoops, etc.

Such figures show us the value of the forests in connection with the traffic and various industries which occupy man, and what a serious loss to a nation in this aspect the loss of its forests must be.

And then the importance of the forests as a supply of fuel, and so for the comfort of man and the prosecution of various industries, is to be considered. We must not forget that the coal, which is simply the surplus forests of former ages stored up and provided for our use, will some time be exhausted, and there is no more

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coal to be formed. Ultimately, then, so far as we can now see, the world must go back to the forests for its fuel for the purposes of domestic warmth, and the needs of the various arts and manufactures. Already England is calculating with alarm the date, not very distant, when her coal mines will be exhausted, and her fuel must be to a great extent imported from other countries.

Looked at, therefore, in this aspect of the case, we see that a country can not continue to be populous nor highly civilized when its forests, or their equivalent in coal, are lost to it. But this loss has been experienced by many nations. The whole Eastern world, as well as the countries of which we have spoken, was once well wooded. The Roman and Greek writers assure us of this. But vast regions of Europe and Asia, by wars and wantonness and imprudence, have been stripped of their forests. A belt of woodland stretching from the Pyrenees to the Himalayas has been swept away, and that whole region, once fertile and populous, now barely sustains a people scanty in numbers. It is a significant fact that great deserts now occupy the original seat of the human race, and extend on every route of their migrations.

Humboldt is reported as saying: "Men in all climates seem to bring upon future generations two calamities at once—a want of fuel and a scarcity of water." The two come alike from the destruction of the forests, as a little consideration will show.

The importance of water for successful agricultural operations has always been understood. It is only within a comparatively recent period, however, that the relations of the forests to the water supply and its distribution have been ascertained, and they are not fully understood even now. Enough is known, nevertheless, to warrant some very important conclusions. It is well established that the forest, except in winter, is cooler than the open ground. There will naturally, therefore, be more condensation and precipitation of the moisture of the atmosphere in a wooded region than in one destitute of trees. The lower temperature of the woods will also make itself felt for some distance above the trees, and tend to precipitate the moisture of the higher air. Then, also, without making anything of a somewhat extended popular belief that the forests, especially when situated upon hills and mountains, draw the clouds and the rain, we can see that elevated forests would act as an impediment to passing clouds, and by their very obstruction tend to condense their moisture and cause its precipitation. This effect of the forests will not be limited to their own area, but will extend more or less to the open ground beyond them, causing the rain to fall upon them for a considerable distance, when but for the vicinity of the forest they might not have been touched by it. An eminent scientific writer states that in a region near the Gulf of Guayaquil, which is covered with immense forests, the rains are almost continual. So on the island of St. Helena we have the double proof of our problem in the ascertained fact that with the cutting off, some time ago, of the forests with which it abounded, the rains were lessened, and certain crops greatly diminished, and now, in later years, as the woods have been allowed to grow again, the rains have increased in proportion. Sir John Herschel, speaking of this subject, says: "This is no doubt one of the reasons of the extreme aridity of Spain. The hatred of a Spaniard toward a tree is proverbial. Many districts in France have been materially injured by denudation, and, on the other hand, rain has become more frequent in Egypt since the more vigorous cultivation of the palm-tree." The island of Santa Cruz, near Santa Barbara, was once heavily timbered, and sustained a dense population. Now it is almost destitute of trees, except on the highest summits. It has no water, and gives no return to the husbandman. "It is impossible," says one, "to conceive a more dreary waste."

Near the close of the last century a lake in the valley of Aragua, in Venezuela, was observed to be lessening in area as the settlements in the valley and its cultivation increased. A civil war broke out in that region, which led to the neglect of agriculture, and allowed the forest vegetation again to spring up. It was observed, a quarter of a century later, that the lake was resuming its former size. So it has been observed that since the settlement of Utah, and the reclaiming of the land by the Mormons, and the growth of trees, shrubs, and grasses, the water in Great Salt Lake and other lakes around has been very much increased, and the climate perceptibly changed. Facts like these, gathered from

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all parts of the world, are abundant, and would seem to leave no doubt that the forests increase the rain-fall in their immediate vicinity, and are fountains of moisture for the atmosphere and the lands about them.

But the forests not only distribute moisture imperceptibly through the atmosphere around them, and thereby modify climate and affect health and agricultural industry, they are also the fountains whence issue the streams which flow down the hill-sides and along the valleys, furnishing those supplies of water so necessary for man and beast, carrying moisture through the fields and increasing their fertility, supplying power to man by which to drive all the mechanisms of industry and invention, and, as they swell into rivers, bearing on their bosoms to the ocean and to distant marts the products of a nation's harvest fields and factories. Left to themselves, the forests would thus bless the lands continually, and be abidingly man's best friends. It is a matter of common observation, however, that water-courses have disappeared or been greatly lessened in volume as the forests in their vicinity have been destroyed. Few persons can have grown to maturity in the open country without having had occasion to remark the disappearance of streams with which in their childhood days they were familiar. The pond or the brook where they formerly disported themselves has gone from sight, as have the neighboring woods where they rambled in search of nuts and game. This is the common experience. And as these springs and rivulets and brooks have vanished or dwindled in volume, so have the larger water-courses into which they flowed, and which they fed, been lessened in size. They have furnished diminished supplies to the farmer for the irrigation of his fields, and lessened power to the wheels of the manufacturer. We have few trustworthy and exact observations on this point in our country. In Europe they are more abundant. The river Elbe between the years 1787 and 1837 was found to have a lessened depth of ten feet, as the result of the cutting off of the forests where the tributaries of that stream have their origin. A similar result has been found in the case of the Danube, the Oder, and other streams.

But an evil as important as the diminution of the streams is the irregularity of their flow, which is also the result of the removal of the forest. The fall of the leaves from year to year, and their accumulation in the forest, create there a soft, spongy soil, or humus, which catches the rain as it falls from the clouds, or the water of the dissolving snows, and instead of allowing it to flow off at once, retains it as in a great reservoir, from which it oozes away gradually through a thousand springs and rivulets, which find their way down the hill-sides and slopes into the valleys, and there unite in larger streams, which are kept in steady volume by the regular flow of the many head springs above. Thus the forests become great store-houses of power and fertility for man, upon which he can safely count in all his pursuits and occupations which are at all dependent upon the flow of water. But let the forest be swept off by the recklessness or the cupidity of man, and the first effect, besides lessening the rain-fall, is to dry up this humus, as it is exposed to the sun and the winds. As it is thus dried, it is soon carried away by both wind and rain. The spongy surface being thus removed, the falling rains have nothing to detain them. They rush at once down the hill-sides, filling the beds of brooks and rivers, overflowing the adjacent fields, and even sweeping away houses, crops, factories, bridges, and not unfrequently destroying life. In the intervals between the rains the streams are low, there being no great forest reservoirs to feed them as before. The mill-wheels can no longer turn with full force, the cattle miss their wonted springs, the crops suffer for lack of water, busy industries languish, and suffering of various kinds ensues.

But even this is not all. As the flooded streams go down the hill-sides they often become torrents, scooping out the earth itself as with Titan hands, tearing up rocks and trees, and bearing them down into the valleys below to cover fertile fields with this avalanche of débris and sterility, and literally drive the husbandmen from their homes.

These more serious effects of the removal of the forests we do not see very often in this country, partly because we have not yet cleared away the trees so extensively as they have in some other countries, and partly because we have a different geological structure, and fewer high mountains to produce torrents as the result of the copious rains falling at such altitudes, and the rapid melting of great

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masses of snow in spring-time. We have enough, however, to illustrate the effect of the destruction of the forests in occasional floods of destructive character, and in the permanent diminution of the flow of streams. Hardly a river in our country runs with as full a stream as it formerly had. It is the common fact that our manufacturers have been compelled to place steam-engines in their factories as auxiliary to the water-power they have, or to supply the lack of it in the seasons of drought. Even when they have done this they have often also built artificial reservoirs among the hills, at great expense, to take the place of those natural ones which the forests furnished without cost.

But in Europe and elsewhere in the Old World the most fearful losses from the removal of the forests are frequently incurred. Witness the flood which in 1880 desolated Szegedin, in Hungary, and that which last year took place in Spain—poor Spain, which long ago sunk in power because she had not timber enough in her wasted forests to keep alive her navy! So in France, and elsewhere along the Alps, in Germany, Austria, and Italy, they have learned by bitter experience that the trees are their best friends. In Southeastern France whole cantons have been almost depopulated.

At Szegedin a population of 60,000 were overwhelmed by the waters of the Theiss. The Theiss district of Hungary is naturally one of the richest agricultural regions of the world. But it had long been known also as a region of floods. The Theiss has its sources in the Carpathian Mountains on the north. Formerly these were densely wooded, and they sent down their waters, whether rains or melting snows, into the valley of the Theiss with an even, steady flow. But the unrestrained greed and recklessness of man ravaged the forests, and opened those vast mountain flanks to sun and wind. The unimpeded waters first washed the soil of the mountains down into the stream below. Then wearing channels for themselves, they have cut these channels deeper and deeper from year to year, and as they have done so, they have torn the mountain-side with greater violence, and swept the rocks and gravel onward with resistless power for hundreds of miles. Thus the bed of the Theiss has been gradually filled up with the detritus of the upper country, until the river flows on a higher level than the adjacent land, and the inhabitants have been obliged to dike the sides of the stream as the price of their own protection from ruin. But now and then the ruin comes, as at Szegedin, by the torrents which have hurled the débris of the mountain-sides upon the fertile fields of the valleys below. In one district the population declined 5000 in five years from this cause, the people being driven from their former homes and obliged to take up their residence elsewhere. But where this has not been the result, the almost yearly recurring floods have been attended with great loss of property and the sacrifice of many lives. In a recent flood in the valley of the Garonne it was estimated that 1000 lives were lost, and a place of 30,000 inhabitants was almost blotted out of existence, while property to the amount of 300,000,000 francs was destroyed. These destructive effects of floods and torrents had been experienced in some measure for a long time. But with the more rapid clearing away of the forests, which dates from the time of the French Revolution in 1789, these evil effects had become more frequent as well as more disastrous. So far had this work of destruction and this real impoverishment of the people extended, and so threatening had become the prospect of farther and most serious national loss, that about thirty years ago the matter was taken in hand by the government, and vigorous measures adopted for the purpose of arresting the evil, if possible, and reclaiming the injured soil. Investigating commissions were appointed, and the most careful examinations were made by competent engineers and scientific experts, the result of which was the enactment of a code for reforesting the mountains. Under this code a large expenditure was authorized to be made annually by the government for a period of ten years, for the purpose of replanting those districts which had been stripped of their trees, and which had thereby given occasion to the torrents. The right of eminent domain was asserted. No one was now at liberty to remove at his pleasure the trees growing upon his own ground. He could cut them only under governmental direction, and in a way that would not be injurious to others; for it was seen that some peasant, living high up in the Alps, and desirous of extending his pasture-ground by cutting off

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the forests around him, might by so doing give origin to a torrent which would carry destruction to the fields of some one miles below, perhaps to the fields of a whole village.

Where the fields have been laid bare, the government offers aid to those who need it in replanting them. If any will not, with this aid, set about the work of replanting, the authorities having the work of reforesting in charge take possession of the lands and replant them. The owner has the right of redeeming his land at any time within five years after the replanting by the government has been completed, on condition of paying the cost of the labor expended, principal and interest, or by surrendering half of his land. In case this is not done, the land becomes wholly the property of the government.

To do the work contemplated by the French code is by no means easy. When an Alpine torrent has rent a gap in the side of the mountain, and gone thundering down its flank for miles, gashing and lacerating it in every direction, it becomes a case of nice and most scientific as well as skillful surgery to close the frightful wound, and restore the whole to soundness; to replace the trees, and while they are getting the growth that will enable them to discharge the office of forests, to fix such temporary barriers as will prevent the continuance of the torrential flow of the rains and melting snows. There are mechanical and vegetable laws to be studied. There are nice plans of engineering to be formed and executed. There are peculiarities of climate and many meteorological facts to be taken into account. There is also needed a careful oversight of the lands adjacent to the scene of operations, lest any ignorant or malicious person shall do something to hinder or defeat the work undertaken.

So important a place have the forests come to occupy in the estimation of European people, on account of their value as sources of fuel and lumber, as well as their relations to agriculture, to climate, and to health, that the care and management of them have become one of the most important employments of private land-holders, and of the many corporate bodies, including states and kingdoms, which are the possessors of forest domains. The state forests of France, for instance, amount to 3,000,000 acres, it is said, and yield an annual revenue of $5,000,000. Many of the provinces and departments also are large forest proprietors. Germany has about 35,000,000 acres in forest, nearly one-third of which belongs to the state, one-sixth to the communes, and somewhat less than one-half to private individuals. Other European countries have larger forest areas, with correspondingly larger revenues. The recognized importance of the forest interest has led to the establishment in most European countries of what are known as schools of forestry—institutions ranking in importance with our colleges and polytechnic schools. They furnish a course of instruction from two to two and a half years in length. During these terms the pupils are expected to spend five hours daily in study, and as many more in attendance upon lectures, or to do about twice the amount of work required in our colleges. Taking for illustration the school near Berlin, the faculty embraces a director, who occupies the chair of forest science, with two assistants in the same department, a teacher of mathematics, physics, mechanics, and meteorology, one of chemistry, mineralogy, and geognosy, one of botany, one of zoology, and one of jurisprudence; and, in addition, a royal forest officer as assistant teacher of construction of roads, geodesy, and plan-drawing, and also a chemist as assistant teacher of geology.

It will be seen, even from such general statements, that the instruction in these schools includes not only the technical or botanical study of forests, but embraces also a complete course in natural science and mathematics, as well as, to a considerable extent, political economy, finance, and jurisprudence. Captain Campbell Walker, chief conservator of forests in New Zealand, giving an account of his visit to the school at Neustadt-Eberswalde, says: "Nothing struck me as more remarkable than the extent and varied nature of the studies required from forest candidates or probationers in Prussia, and the number of years they are contented to spend, first in studying, and then in waiting for an appointment." The students at these schools or academies are expected to spend several years, either before or after their graduation, in practical work in the forest, under the watch and instruction of the forest officers, and it is only after five or six years of such employment that they can reasonably expect to receive

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a fixed and permanent appointment in connection with the forest service. Yet so respectable and desirable is this employment considered that it is stated on good authority that a few years ago there were not less than thirty-three barons or baronets holding appointments in the crown forests of Prussia.

The important place which forestry holds abroad may be seen from the fact that there are nine of these schools in Germany, and one or more in every European country except Great Britain, which has hardly any forests to care for, while the abundant moisture from her surrounding seas, and her exemption from severe summer heats on account of her high latitude, prevent her from suffering from the absence of trees as she otherwise would.

We have left ourselves space only to allude to the value of trees as shelters from injurious winds and from malarious influences. The vicinity of a forest, or even a few rows of trees, is a great protection, not only to man and beast, but to growing crops, from violent or cold winds. Such a shelter belt often makes the difference between success and failure to the husbandman. The best observers estimate that if one-fourth of the fields devoted to agriculture were planted with trees, properly distributed, the remaining three-fourths would yield as large returns of crops as are now gathered from the whole, while the product of the trees in fuel and timber would be a clear additional gain.

Trees also, aside from the fact that they absorb carbonic acid and exhale oxygen, and so promote the salubrity of the atmosphere, are found to be a very effective protection against malarious influences. The planting of only a single row of trees has produced a perceptibly favorable effect, while belts of trees planted in the vicinity of pestilential marshes have rendered them no longer noxious to those living near them.

It is pretty well settled now that for the best interests of most countries, their healthfulness, the greatest productiveness of their fields, and their general comfort and thrift, not less than a fourth part of their area should be permanently in forest. Wherever this proportion is not preserved, harmful consequences sooner or later ensue. But in Europe the forests are cherished and cared for not only on this account, but as being one of the most important industrial resources of a country. Science and art are employed not only to preserve a proper amount of woodland for the best development of other interests, sanitary and economic, but to produce the largest pecuniary returns from the forests themselves. The conditions for the best growth of the forest as a direct source of income are studied as carefully as are those for the growth of wheat or corn. By constant experiment and observation, in connection with the schools of forestry, it is ascertained what trees are best adapted to grow in particular soils or with particular exposures, which flourish best in a moist and which in a dry atmosphere, which in elevated and which in low situations. It is found, also, that trees, like human beings, are not only social in their nature, and will grow better when planted together in masses than when obliged to grow singly and apart from each other, but that they like a varied society; that the pine, for instance, will flourish better, will develop its nature more fully, attain a grander stature and a better quality, when planted in company with the oak or other trees different in character from itself, than when it is limited to the companionship of its own kind. The same is true of other trees, and it is only as the result of a nice and protracted study that the affinities of trees or their preferences in this respect can be determined. Then, also, it has been found that trees come to their best when a rotation of crops is observed, as in the case of the grains and grasses, and so the officers in charge of the governmental and other forests have it for one of their duties to determine what classes of trees shall succeed each other, and in what order.

Under this forestry management, now so well established in every country of Europe, the woodlands or forests have as constant oversight and care as the corn field has with us. The forest is not, as here, a hap-hazard and accidental growth, with which man has little to do except to notice its progress, and levy upon its resources according as they may serve his convenience or his greed, but the trees are regarded as one of the staple crops of the land. They are planted for a definite end—fuel or timber—but so planted as to conserve all other interests of the community. This planting is prepared for with due reference to the fact that the crop is not to be gathered at the end of a few months, but only at the expiration of a

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century or more. From the sprouting of the pine seed or the acorn in the seed bed until it has attained its growth and come to its destined harvest-time, a hundred and twenty years it may be afterward, not a year passes—we might almost say not a day—when it is not looked after with care, and everything done which will promote its best growth. What shrubs or trees shall be planted near it to protect its infant feebleness, how near it they shall be planted, how soon one and another shall be removed in order to give it more light and more room in which to develop itself, what insects are preying upon it and threatening to check its growth, what symptoms of feebleness are manifest, and what may be done for their removal—these and many other things are taken into consideration; and the tree is thus watched over not by one person, but by many, and by generation after generation whom it outlives. Then, again, if a piece of forest is planted with a view to a yield of fuel, it will have a different treatment from that which will be given it if it is designed to produce timber or lumber for use in the constructive arts. The most economical method of cutting the trees when arrived at maturity, and the best means of getting them to market, whether by land or water carriage, will also be carefully studied. Roads will be constructed by the most scientific engineering, and canals will be made, or river-courses will be taken advantage of, and by means of dams slack-water navigation will be obtained for the purpose of facilitating the movement of the products of the forest.

Then, furthermore, the forests will be carefully guarded against all browsing animals, which the experience of European foresters has proved are among the most destructive agencies against which they have to contend. It has been well said by Sir John Sinclair, in his *Code of Agriculture*, that "a landlord had better admit his cattle into his wheat field than among his under-wood. In the one case they only injure the crop of one year, whereas in the other, by biting and mangling one year's shoots, mischief is done to the amount of at least three years' growth." Oftentimes the death of the tree ensues. In some European countries the right of pasturage, which has been entailed upon many of the forests, has been one of the greatest burdens which the proprietors of woodland have had to bear. A similar right to gather the fallen leaves, for litter or bedding, the *Streu-recht*, which attaches to some forests, is considered a great hinderance to the growth of the trees by taking away their natural constituents, and the proprietors have taken great pains to extinguish such rights, by purchase or otherwise, whenever it has been possible to do so.

Of forestry as an art or science we know very little in this country. Even the word is new to us. With our almost unlimited domain, the single State of Texas exceeding in area some of the larger kingdoms of Europe, we have had little thought of there being any need of care for our forests. Now and then attention has been turned to the need of preserving our ship timber, and to the fact that our pine woods are being consumed very rapidly in some portions of the country, and that this is threatening us with a scarcity of desirable lumber, and high prices for it in the near future. But we have refused to take alarm, or use measures to prevent the impending evil. The belief seems almost to be born with every American that his country is the greatest in the world, and its supplies of every kind inexhaustible. Prophets of danger are not listened to. We give ear to those only who prophesy "smooth things." More recently, however, the subject has been forcing itself upon our notice. The history of the destruction of forests in the Old World, and the disastrous effects which have followed, the facts which we have already cited, have engaged the attention of observing men among us. One and another have written more or less largely upon the subject.

The work of Mr. George P. Marsh entitled *Man and Nature*, which is received as an authority in Europe, where the literature of forestry forms a considerable library of itself, and includes the works of some of the most scientific and nicest observers in the world,* presented the sub-

* The large place which forestry holds in European countries is strikingly shown to the American mind by the number of publications on the subject issued from the European press. Spain, from which we should not expect a voluminous literature of the sort, furnishes us a *catalogue raisonné* of 1126 books, MSS., etc., in Spanish, on subjects connected with forest science. In Schmidt's Catalogue, published in Prague in 1876, are given the titles of German works on this subject published from 1870 to 1875 inclusive, which amount to 650. A gentleman to whom application was made from the Cape, South Africa,

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ject to many in a new and very interesting light. Some efforts have been made within the last few years to secure Congressional action for the protection of what forests yet remain in the public possession. As the result of a memorial from the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1876, the Commissioner of Agriculture was directed to appoint some competent person to inquire and report concerning our forest products, the means of preserving and renewing forests, the effects of forests upon climate, and the methods that have been adopted in other countries with success in the management of them. The report made under this appointment has been recently published in part, and embodies a great amount of information upon the subject of which it treats. It is to be hoped that the unpublished part of the report will soon appear. But it shows the general unconcern in relation to the matter that the Secretary of the Interior, who, with an intelligent knowledge of the importance of the subject, and a familiarity with the European methods of treatment, would be glad to take efficient measures for the preservation of the national forests, is unable to procure from Congress the appropriations necessary for the prosecution of those who commit depredations upon the timber lands belonging to the government, and who are threatening them with irreparable injury.

Ignore the matter as we may, shut our eyes to facts as we please, we are rapidly approaching the condition of things in Europe which has called for the interposition of governmental authority for the preservation of the very soil itself from hopeless barrenness, and to protect great national industries from permanent injury.

While in some portions of our country there is still an ample supply of forest, the latest statistics show that in the proportion of forest area to the entire surface this country stands below Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Germany. A great treeless belt from three hundred and fifty to eight hundred miles in width stretches from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. Sometimes this is absolutely destitute of trees as far as the eye can see. Elsewhere there are fringes of trees along the river-courses. The heavily timbered Black Hills stand out like an island in the midst of an ocean. Other similar detached forests are occasionally found. Beyond the Rocky Mountains, again, there is another treeless region, extending from the Columbia River to Mexico, and Professor Brewer says it is possible to cross the continent from the Pacific to the Gulf of Mexico without passing through a forest five miles in extent. Persons who have traversed our newer Western States, almost all of which are deficient in forests, report the destruction of even those limited supplies of timber by fire as being sad to behold. The miners consume great quantities of timber in the prosecution of their work; but so reckless are many of the settlers and traders in the destruction of the trees that self-interest has prompted the miners in some cases to establish a system of lynch law for the protection of the forests. One saw-mill on the Keweah cut over two million feet of "big-tree" lumber in one season. But in these milling operations waste far exceeds use; for after the choice young manageable trees on any given spot have been felled, the woods are fired to clear the ground of limbs and refuse, with reference to further operations, and of course most of the seedlings and saplings are destroyed. In the Rocky Mountain region hundreds of square miles are disfigured by the trunks of trees blackened by fire. Where one tree is cut for use, ten probably are consumed by the flames. Professor Hayden, in his report of 1871, in speaking of this subject, calls attention to the fact that these burned districts are not covered again by a subsequent growth of trees, but remain bare for evermore. He intimates also that there is reason to believe that in that mountain region, even when undisturbed by the hand of man, the forests are gradually disappearing under the influence of natural causes. In the same strain, a writer in the Virginia *Enterprise*, Nevada, says: "It will be but a very short time before we shall be able to observe the effect that stripping the fine forests from the sides and summit of the Sierras will have on the climate of this State and California. In a very few years every accessible tree, even to such as are only of value as firewood, will be swept from the mountains. Even now this has been done in some

for information in regard to suitable works on forestry in the German language, reported that they might be reckoned by cart-loads. Publications on this subject are also abundant in the French and other languages of Europe.

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places. It is to be hoped that a new growth of pines or timber trees of some kind may spring up on the ground that has been cleared, but we do not hear that any such growth has yet started." The president of the State Board of Agriculture of California reported ten years ago that within twenty years at least a third of the whole native supply of accessible timber had been cut off or destroyed, and that, judging the future by the past, it would require only about forty years to exhaust the remainder. He says: "Thousands upon thousands of the noblest and most valuable of our forest trees in the Sierra Nevada districts have been destroyed without scarcely an object or a purpose, certainly with no adequate benefit to the destroyer or to any one else."

Reports like these might be multiplied to almost any extent, and it is only when we bring such reports together that we are able to get a proper notion of the work of sylvan destruction that is going on, and which is threatening us with such danger —danger not only of a scarcity of lumber and fire-wood, and the enhancement of the cost of a multitude of articles of comfort and convenience, but danger of a deterioration of climate, carrying with it a diminished productiveness of our fields, and influences detrimental to health. This danger can hardly be overstated, nor can we be too prompt or energetic in our efforts to avert it. It is encouraging to see the signs of awakening interest in this subject which are appearing in various parts of the country. The very necessities of their situation have aroused the people of some of our Western States to action. In Kansas, Nebraska, and other States liberal premiums have been offered for the encouragement of tree-planting, and already in many portions of the prairie region a perceptible change has taken place, and the eye no longer wanders over great spaces without sight of shrub or tree. Minnesota has her Forestry Association, and its secretary reports that between seven and ten millions of trees were planted in that State during the year 1877, of which more than half a million were planted in a single day, "Arbor Day," as it is called, or tree-planting day, the first Tuesday of May having been fixed upon as the day, and every owner of land invited to devote the day especially to the planting of trees. Similar efforts have been made in other States which are similarly situated in respect to a supply of forest. The great railway companies, whose roads stretch across the treeless prairies, have become in some instances large planters of trees, feeling the need of them both as screens from the fierce storms that sweep down from the Rocky Mountains, and as a source of supply for the ties which are constantly needing renewal.

Tree-planters' manuals are published and distributed freely, with a view to aid those who would plant by giving them the experience already obtained in regard to the most profitable trees to plant and the best methods of planting. Thus in some places there is already quite a movement in the right direction. In the reports of planting, the figures make an imposing aggregate. But a liberal discount needs to be made for the probable failure of a large percentage of the trees planted. And even with the most generous estimate in regard to the work of planting, what is accomplished as yet is but a fraction of what needs to be done. It is but the feeble beginning of a vast work. The talk is of millions of trees planted. This sounds well. But a good many trees can stand upon an acre, and the latest estimates put the annual decrease of our forest area at seven million acres. So that Minnesota, with all her ardor in this work, has only planted one tree for every acre of trees destroyed. An area equal to that of the State of Maryland is every year swept clean of its trees. This is a large section to be taken yearly out of our forest resources. With all that we are yet doing in the way of tree-planting, the balance is largely against us. With all the interest and energy manifested by the young West on this subject, stimulated by her most pressing need, we are only planting one acre while thirty-five are laid bare by the axe and by fire. And we must consider also that the work of destruction goes on at an increasing rate from year to year as our population and our industries increase, and that the trees which are felled are the product, on the average, of more than a century's growth, while those we plant must grow during a century before they can fill their place.

The work before us, therefore, is but just begun. With the utmost that we are likely to do, or can do now, we shall inevitably suffer more than we yet have done before the evils of our present condition can be remedied. Our streams

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will flow with still less volume than they now do. Floods and droughts more distressing and destructive than those which have marked the last twenty-five years will yet make us their victims. Tornadoes and sweeping blasts, coming over vast regions where their course is unimpeded by the friendly and protecting trees, will be the scourges still of man and beast. Nature bears long with those who wrong her. She is patient under abuse. But when abuse has gone too far, when the time of reckoning finally comes, she is equally slow to be appeased and to turn away her wrath. We must bear her resentments for a time, do what we will. But if we are ready to take lessons from the nations that have gone before us, we may escape most of the bitter sufferings which have been their lot. We can do that which will put a period to the evil results of our own misconduct.

For this purpose the most important and fruitful thing to be done is to spread the facts relating to the subject before the people as widely as possible, that common conviction and common feeling may insure appropriate and harmonious action. The mass of the people need to be enlightened in regard to the relation of the trees to water supply, to agriculture, to health—in short, to all the varied life and interests of man. They should have set before them the warnings from the history of the Old World. They need, too, all the facts relating to the growth of trees as related to the peculiar conditions of surface, soil, and climate in this country. The problem before us is not to be solved simply by the methods which have been successful elsewhere. There are peculiar elements which call for peculiar treatment.

As to facts, also, they are yet in large measure to be discovered by patient observation and experiment. There are a great many so-called facts in regard to this subject, as there are in regard to most subjects. What we especially need are facts which are facts—facts established, not by one individual working in a limited range of circumstances, but facts based on a wide induction from the work of concurrent and competent observers. We have been experimenting, and have ascertained some facts. Let these be spread before the people, and be used so far as they may be used wisely. Meanwhile the call is for more of careful, patient, scientific observation and experiment. We want to know what trees will grow best in one soil, and what in a different one; what in one exposure, and what in another; which will make a screen or wind-break soonest and best; what trees are most profitable for fuel in Kansas, and what in Massachusetts; and what are most profitable to be grown for timber or for the arts. We really know very little as yet about many of these questions, and knowledge is what we want here, of all things. If a man in planting for a crop of corn makes a mistake in choosing his seed or soil, or in his method of cultivation, it is not very serious, and he may correct it the next year. But if one makes a mistake in planting a forest, he incurs a loss not only for one year, but for fifty or a hundred in succession. The mistake is not to be corrected perhaps for a century.

What we want, then, as one of the first and most effective helps in this matter, is something in the nature of the experiment stations so common in Europe, and known to some extent in this country, and more or less closely connected with our agricultural societies, in which careful experiments are tried in regard to seeds and soils, their mutual adaptations, the best methods of tillage, the composition and comparative value of fertilizers, the breeding of domestic animals, and so forth. So we want something of this kind where the observations and experiments shall relate not to the annual crops of the farmer, but shall take in the larger growths of the forest, studying all that relates to tree growth, and carefully recording all ascertained facts, testing the value of different woods for various purposes, investigating the relations of the forest to moisture and rain-fall, to water supply and climate, and so to health—in short, the relation of the trees to the world in which man lives, and to his life in it. No one station could do the needed work for a country extending as ours does through so many lines of latitude and longitude, and embracing such a diversity of meteorological conditions. There might well be a station in every State, and our agricultural colleges and societies could in no way better prove themselves true to the name they bear than by undertaking such a work of careful observation and experiment as we have indicated.

In one case, at least, the necessity of establishing such a school of observation in

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connection with any agricultural society has been obviated by the founding of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University. This institution is described by its director, Professor Sargent, as being:

First, a museum of living plants, in which every tree and shrub capable of withstanding the climate of Massachusetts is to find its appropriate place, this collection being supplemented by a herbarium and various special collections illustrative of trees, their products and uses.

Second, a scientific station for investigation into the character, growth, and economic and ornamental properties of trees; into the relations of forests to climate and the flow of rivers; and into the best methods of forest reproduction and management.

Third, a school of forestry and arboriculture, in which special students may, when the demand for such instruction is felt, acquire the knowledge and training necessary to fit them for the care and increase of our forests.

This modest institution has already modified legislation in favor of tree-planting in several States, and been the direct cause of planting many million trees. It is doing a great deal in introducing and testing new plants in this country, and sending those of this country to different parts of the world. It maintains an extensive correspondence in regard to trees and arboriculture with every part of the United States and Europe, and is doing much in collecting and disseminating information in regard to trees and their culture.

A similar and unmistakably good work may be done in connection with any of our colleges or scientific schools, and there is hardly an object which more commends itself to the liberal-minded lover of his country than the founding of such institutions as the Arnold Arboretum.

How far the general or State governments should be looked to for aid in protecting the existing forests, or in planting where there are none, is a question which will be answered differently by different persons. The magnitude of the interests concerned is such, and their relation to the welfare of the country so direct and important, that, in itself considered, the legislative power might be unhesitatingly invoked. But it is not the policy of the State or national governments to be the owners and managers of great tracts of land, like the European governments. Besides, there would be great danger of mismanagement if the governmental authority were directly engaged. But so long as the nation or the separate States are holders of public lands, they may well be expected to protect them from wanton destruction. And it is a sad indication of our ignorance of the true value of the trees, and our consequent indifference, that there should have been any hesitation on the part of Congress to protect by all its power the timber lands of the West, scanty in amount at the best, from the thieves and marauders who are threatening by their course to convert vast tracts of land into a desert, and bring upon that portion of our country irreparable evils.

The national government has done something in the right direction by the passage of an act, a few years ago, by which the public lands were made an outright gift to the settler on condition of his planting a certain portion of it with trees, and cultivating them for a definite period. It has been thought by some that a Bureau of Forestry might be established in connection with the Department of the Interior, to which might be committed the care of the so-called "timber lands" belonging to the government, and of the great parks of the Rocky Mountain region, and which might do good service in collecting facts relating to the growth and uses of trees, and disseminating them throughout the country. Others fear the strong tendency of all bureaus in our country to fall into the hands of mere politicians, and so to fail of accomplishing any good. Possibly the end desired may be attained in connection with the Smithsonian Institution, aided as occasion may demand by Congressional co-operation. Possibly there may grow up by-and-by in this way a central national arboretum, in addition to those established as we have suggested in the several States, and perhaps a School of Forestry, or something answering the purpose of such. But for the present it would seem best to rely upon what may be done within the narrower circle of State action, whether it be of the local governments or of voluntary societies and scientific associations. These organizations will be comparatively safe from political influence, while they will be likely to be the more effective as they are closer to the various theatres of action, and will understand more fully the special needs of their particular localities.

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MY PRINCESS.

She walks beyond me fair and far,
As yon fair ship beyond the bar
Stands out to sea, or, in delay,
At anchor rides, day after day.

Day after day, before my eyes,
Just out of reach, the white sails rise:
Just out of reach, day after day,
Like this she keeps and holds her way,

Who holds and sways my heart, until
Within my soul some tender thrill
Wakes into life, and I forget
A moment then the gulf that yet

Between us lies, the swelling sea
That separates my love from me.
My love! With bated breath I name
Her thus, yet ev'n thus dare not proclaim

To her, before whom others kneel,
The throes of passion that I feel.
And yet—and yet, day after day,
She leads me on with looks that say

What speech denies, with smiles that prick
My armor through, though leaden thick.
The daughter of a regnant queen,
My princess fair, doth she demean

Her high estate, stoop from her place,
To lure a victim by her grace?
Ev'n while this doubt assaileth me,
Amidst the courtly throng I see

A face that for an instant there
Seems touched with some divine despair—
A look of human need and loss
That like a shadow flits across

The eyes whose smile but yesternight
Shone with a bright, alluring light.
Another moment, down the room
Her gay laugh rings. I catch the bloom

Of sudden roses on her cheek;
I meet her glance; I hear her speak
In jesting words—the old light way.
But down the room the harpers play

Wild waltzes, with a dying fall
In every note, a plaintive call
Of passionate, entreating pain
Inwoven with each mirthful strain.

I listen, and remember there
The face touched with divine despair—
I listen, lifting up my heart;
I look, where near and yet apart

She holds her way afar from me—
Afar yet near; I look, and see
My love, though seas may roll between!
My own, though kingdoms stand between!

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TRAIL TO A HIGH MINE IN THE SIERRA SAN JUAN.

WHEN, some eight years ago, I had let my mule down into Baker's Park by hitching its ivory tail around successive snubbing-posts, I wrote to a New York paper that the first question in regard to the San Juan mining district was how to get in, and the second query, how to get out. In a later letter I added that when the railway came it would approach from the open country southward through a cañon where then not even an Indian had ever been known to pass, the southward trail going over a terrible range at a height far above the timber line.

Now both questions have been solved, and their solution has come about in precisely the way prophesied. While two approaching lines from the northward have halted, baffled, on the other side of the range, the southern extension westward of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway has already pushed its track to the lower end of the cañon, and before this article meets the reader's eye its locomotive whistle will doubtless be heard in Baker's Park.

The geographical term "San Juan," as applied to the mineral region in Southwestern Colorado, is often carelessly made to include everything west of Cañon City and Rosita, and south of the Gunnison River. But properly speaking —or at any rate for the scope of the present essay—it can only pertain to that territory south of the San Juan Mountains the drainage of which is into the San Juan River (whence originally its name), and which is irregularly defined northward by the continental water-shed, here assuming a direction nearly east and west. Exceptions will be made for Ophir and Rico, but they are practically on the southern slope, and separate from Gunnison Valley.

Here the granite cores of the Rocky Mountains have been buried beneath enor-

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mous overflows of eruptive rock, or, along with the sandstones and limestones deposited against their sides, have been well metamorphosed. This geological character gives them a different appearance from any of the northern Rockies—a more precipitous, Alpine, and grander countenance, with sharp, highly colored peaks, tremendous vertically walled chasms, and extensive forests of spruce clothing their lower slopes. Nowhere else can be seen whole groups of mountains together holding their heads up fourteen thousand feet, and bearing great valleys almost at timber line; yet the several groups—for there is no regular "range"—such as the Uncompahgre, La Plata, the Needles, etc., are all of this exceedingly lofty and inaccessible character.

The old maps bear the name Sierra Madre to designate these heights, whose snowy summits filled the northern horizon, and forbade the advance of Spanish exploration. From the western slopes flow the rivulets that join to make the Gunnison and Grand, one of the forks of the Rio Colorado. Easterly, but on its northern face, bubbles the great spring which forms the very source of the Rio Grande del Norte. Every gulch upon its southern exposure feeds the rushing streams, the Rio Navajo, Rio de Piedras, Rio de los Pinos, Rio Florida, Rio de las Animas, Rio Mancos, and Rio de la Plata, which furnish to the Rio San Juan all the water that it gets for its long journey through the deserts.

Except you roll on muleback over the high, cold, and rugged passes northward, the only entrance to this region is from Durango—a town of magic growth at the southern base of the mountains, to which point the narrow-gauge railway will take you from Denver or Pueblo. The line exhibits some of the most notable feats of engineering, and passes within view of some of the grandest, and at the same time most pleasing, scenery in Colorado.

From Durango the journey is continued by the four-horse coaches of the Pioneer stage line. It begins, of course, in the early morning, cold even in midsummer, and the road leads straight up the Animas Valley, here broad and fertile, with green rounded hills sweeping up on each side, or lofty bluffs exposing long varicolored strata of cretaceous sandstone. There is much color in this part of the landscape, especially when the unusually abundant rains of August have put a spring-like freshness upon everything verdant. The long, low, treeless ridges between the road and the foot of the hills, the open places beside the river and the pasture-lands, are all glorious in a dense mass of sunflowers. The elevation is too great for a long stem, and the plants stand only knee-deep, with blossoms hardly larger than a dollar; but they are crowded so compactly that at a little distance nothing shows between them. Thus the summit lines of the ridges are defined in gilded ranks that rise behind one another as you ride along for miles and miles. On the opposite side of the river, and wherever the bottoms are not under cultivation, this brilliant weed blooms as commonly as spring daisies in the East, and the whole foreground is enchromed.

A belt of cedars and various evergreens, with dense shrubs, stands along the base of the hills; then perhaps an open steep space of uniform dull green shows the tone of mingled bunch-grass and sage-brush; next a bold wall of red sandstone set at an angle to the horizon, and contrasting richly in tints varying from dull vermilion to deep maroon with the ochre-yellow, white, or bluish-gray of the surmounting rocks.

It is fifteen miles before the valley narrows in until the road is closely hemmed by the hills, and it is twenty before you fairly mount into their rocky and well-wooded fastnesses, and feel your nearness to the central range. Throughout this whole extent of bottom-land ranches succeed each other without any waste land between, and I do not know any portion of the far West, this side of Salt Lake, where the farms seem as thrifty or the farm-houses so comfortable and pleasant. Every sort of grain is raised, and the yield to an acre is large, as must always be the case where the soil is rich, the weather uniform, and the farmer able to control his water-supply, and apply it as he sees need. Garden "truck" is much attended to also, for there is more profit in it than even in grain.

Hay and its substitutes, alfalfa and lucern, take high rank in the list of crops, and of the last two named it is customary to cut three crops annually. In the winter of 1880–1 baled hay was worth $120 and $140 a ton in Durango, while one man told me that it cost him almost $500 a ton to get a supply to his mine in an emergen-

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cy. In those days the ranchman had as good a mine as any on the sources of his river, and made "big money." Such prices will never occur again, for now the railway will bring hay and feed from Kansas, and reduce the prices to a quarter of their last year's size. The ranchman can compete with this, however, and still make money. That this is understood is shown by the fact that farm property in the Animas Valley has doubled in appraisement during the past twelve months, and is now worth $100 an acre.

Through the bottom we could see, running straight as an arrow, the graded bed of the coming railway, but the stage-road kept away from it until we reached the few cabins that constitute Hermosa.

Once in the hills, the road became very rough, but magnificent yellow pines surrounded us on every side, and we continually passed by stacks of ties corded up ready to be hauled away to the new road-bed. Presently we came upon one of Mr. Wiggleworth's construction camps. These ephemeral villages are scattered all through this very hilly region, where the grading proceeds slowly and with difficulty, a single mile, just now in sight, costing about $120,000. Camps like these are highly picturesque. Long low buildings of logs, with dirt roofs, where grasses and sunflowers and purple asters make haste to sprout, are grouped without order, and hardly disturb the untutored woodland aspect natural to the wilderness. Perhaps, in addition, there will be an immense tent, the curtains lifted at one side to let in the air, and disclose to view the rough plank tables and benches where the crew eat. Besides the larger houses, inhabited by the engineers, foremen, etc., you will see numbers of little huts about three logs high, roofed flatly with poles, brush, and mud, and having only a window-like hole, to creep in and out through; or into a side-hill will be pushed small caves, with a front wall of stones and mud, and a bit of canvas for a door; or Icelandic fashion will be imitated in a regular dug-out; that is, a house *all* cellar and roof, entered by a slanting passage cut into the ground. In these kennels the laboring-men find shelter, and when they have finished the difficult work which made the long residence there necessary, and abandon the place, there is no regret in leaving or bother about locking up. So substantial are the most of these "hoodoos," however, that all along the line of the mountain railways the ruined construction camps are easily recognized by those who understand what purpose the odd little abandoned huts once served.

Finally we jolt down the last steep declivity, turn a sharp corner, and roll out upon the level railway bed.

And what a sight meets our eyes! The bed has been chiselled out of solid rock until there is made a shelf or ledge wide enough for its rails. From far below it comes the roar of a rushing stream, and we gaze fearfully over the beetling edge the coach rocks so perilously near, down to where a bright green current urges its way between walls of basalt whose jetty hue no sunlight relieves, and upon whose polished sides no jutting point would give any floating thing an instant's hold. On our side the roadway is fully a hundred feet sheer above the water, and with the steep hill-side behind. Tip one way, we fall against jagged stones; tip the other, we are hurled into an abyss from which escape would come only by a miracle. Opposite rises almost straight up, quite vertically for a long distance, a solid, many-buttressed, unscalable wall that gleams like polished bronze, while up and down the bending of the cañon seems to shut us into a perfect cul-de-sac.

The chasm here is so narrow that the pines and spruces clinging precariously to the cliff mingle their shadows in a dim arch that spans the gorge, yet below the cañon contracts to one-half its ordinary width. The water is green as emerald, and has that same luminous quiver and transparent verdancy which the gem possesses. What gives it that vivid color here in this dark ravine? Anything but the fact that it is surcharged with the air caught in its turbulence? We can see nebulæ of bubbles racing along at various depths, shooting by too swiftly, meteor-like, to rise at once to the glassy surface. Niagara, below the falls, has that same wonderful deep green tint. Imprison Niagara until you could span it with a pebble-throw, narrow its upright walls into a volcanic chasm a hundred feet wide, turn the river up on edge, as it were, and send it down that black resounding flume with all the impetus of a twenty-mile race—then you have a picture of the cañon of the Rio de las Animas. I saw it from the top of a rocking old stage; you may see it now from the velvet cushions and plate-

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SULTAN MOUNTAIN.

glass of a "Pullman"; but perhaps my wilder view will remain the best.

After that the scenery of the cañon seems mediocre, though exhibiting a long panorama of picturesque interest equalled by few of the river gorges in the Rocky Mountains.

It is better to come down stream than to go up; to pass early in the day the glimpse of needle peaks, of groves of giant trees, of pretty water-falls flashing over ebon backgrounds, of crags which you must crane your neck to see to the top of, of rushing foam-flecked river and pleasant bit of sunny meadow, and so save till afternoon that climax of the cañon.

The last sunlight guides us out of the jaws of the cañon. Then there is a whipping of horses, a dash across a mile of meadow, a gallant whirl up the main street of Silverton, and—the centre of Silver San Juan.

In introducing some account of the characteristics of this region as a district producing the precious metals, it is to be said, in the first place, that as yet it is chiefly a region of "great expectations." Its prospects are well founded, but up to the present time its inaccessibility and other disadvantages have been obstacles to the development that under more favorable circumstances might have occurred. The scrutiny to which it has been subjected by sharp and knowing eyes, and such digging as has been done—by no means a small amount in the aggregate—exhibit the fact that the region is remarkable for its general richness. Profitable ores are to be had nearly everywhere within its limits; hardly a volcanic hill can be mentioned where veins carrying ore do not occur. Every mile of its fifty miles square may be said to hold one or more good mines. It is doubtful if anywhere else in the world there is so large a region over which the precious metals are so generally diffused.

Generally speaking, these are all fissure veins, and the gangue, or matrix, constituting the veins in which the desired metals are mixed, is quartz, instead of any of the lime spars or ferruginous materials with which silver and gold are often associated. The ore itself—that is, of silver, for gold is scarce—is principally galena, frequently enriched by gray copper (tetrahedrite). This high percentage of lead makes smelting the most rational process of treatment.

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In several localities, however, of which Parrott City and Mount Sneffels are chief examples, rich ores of silver occur nearly or quite devoid of lead. These come mainly into the group of antimonial ores, with chlorides and sulphides also. Popularly these ores, barring the chloride, are termed "brittle silver." They are unfit for smelting, on account of the absence of lead, but must eventually be treated by a milling process in which the pulp is subjected to the action of mercury in amalgamating pans, where the silver is separated from the quartz, and collected by the quicksilver. Antimonial ores, prior to amalgamation, will require chlorination (roasting with salt), as is done at the Ontario Mine, Utah, while the chlorides and sulphides of silver can be treated directly without roasting, as, for example, at the mines of the Comstock Lode, Nevada.

The foregoing remarks apply to all of the mining districts included in the present article, and their uniform character is readily explained by the fact that the whole of the district is of the same geological age, character, and origin.

The mines in the immediate vicinity of Silverton, my starting-point, are situated upon the lofty mountains which hem the little park in. Southward of the town, easily recognized by its cloven peak, stands Sultan, 13,500 feet in altitude.

Crossing Mineral Creek takes one to the abrupt sides of Anvil Mountain, just west of the town, where there are one or two hopeful locations. Tower and Round mountains, the next northward, contain a number of mines of low-grade galena ore, which are awaiting the coming of the railway before being opened further, it being the best investment to wait for cheap transportation.

Crossing the Animas now to the eastern side, King Solomon wears as the central jewel in his crown a magnificent mine. It stands upon his very brow, one of the highest silver deposits in the world, almost 14,000 feet above the restless surf of the Pacific. Here too the ore is galena and gray copper, of extraordinarily high grade for a lead ore. The trail winds up through a dense forest out above it, niched into the side of the bare rocks of the bald summit,

THE SIERRA SAN JUAN, FROM LOS PINOS RIVER.

and slowly climbs to the very crest, making nearly 5000 feet of height, half of it above timber line, from the level of the valley. On King Solomon also are several other noteworthy mines, from whose tunnel mouths one can see far into New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah, across a scene of ineffable grandeur.

Between King Solomon and Mount Hazelton sinks the wedge-like hollow of Arastra Gulch, which has a larger traditional than practical interest, since the only mine in it, the Little Giant, has long been abandoned. It was almost the first mine opened in the Park, having been worked upon in 1870, and the singular thing about it is that it is the only vein hereabout carrying gold, and the only one not utterly barren which is devoid of

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KING SOLOMON MOUNTAIN.

silver. That it should have been hit upon as it was is an oddity that finds many parallels in the history of mining. The old cabins and arrastra fell apart and disappeared, and the three openings of the long-disused tunnels which their labor drove are mere black dots far up on the face of the white cliff.

The winter is the best of all times to work in these silver mines. The impression that the San Juan district must be abandoned for half the year is entirely wrong when any thorough system of operations is projected. Well sheltered and abundantly fed, removed from the temptations of the bar-room (which can only be got at by a frightfully fatiguing and perilous trip on snow-shoes), and settled to the fact that a whole winter's work lies ahead, there is no season when such steady progress is possible either in "dead-work" development or in taking out ore ready for shipment in the spring.

Two little streams come down to the Rio Animas at Silverton, Mineral Creek and Cement Creek. Up the former many prospect holes have been sunk, but Cement Creek boasts several good mines. A short distance above, almost on the divide between the Animas and the Uncompahgre ("red water"), is the Poughkeepsie Gulch camp, which was not long ago the scene of a "boom," and I have the opinion of a very competent judge that there is probably no equally limited district in the whole region where so much good ore exists. This camp, being so near the intervening summit, can send its product conveniently either to Ouray, Lake City, or Silverton, but most of it thus far has come southward. The most celebrated opening in Poughkeepsie Gulch is Governor Tabor's Alaska Mine.

On Governor Tabor's property an ore of bismuth occurs in such quantity as to give it great mineralogical interest. Bismuth is exceedingly rare. In the United States it is obtained only to a small amount in Connecticut. Saxony furnishes commerce its main supply from the metallurgical works at Freiburg, where it is associated with the lead ores, and is extracted from the cupel furnace after large quantities of lead have been refined, being accumulated in the rich litharge or liquid dross near the termination of the process. This litharge is treated with acid, and the bismuth precipitated as a chloride by dilution with water. The making of complexion compounds is the chief use to which the mineral is put, aside from pharmacy, and its effect upon the skin is likely to be very noxious.

We cross the divide to the southeast, and descend the Animas River. Cunningham is a good type of those huge ravines the Western man calls gulches. Its real walls are several hundred yards apart—Galena and Green Mountain on the north, King Solomon on the south—but from each have tumbled long sloping banks of débris that join at their bases into a series of ridges. Among these a turbulent stream seeks its irregular way, and over them the traveller must climb wearily, making frequent détours to avoid huge pieces of rock that have fallen bodily from the cliffs, and have been rolled by their great weight to the very bottom of the gorge. Here and there the walls are

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LOOKING FROM A QUARTZITE ROCK.

sundered, and down a side ravine is tossed a foaming line of cataracts, or some hollow among the peaks (themselves out of sight) will turn its gathered drainage over the cliff, to fall two or three thousand feet in a resounding series of cascades, white and filmy and brilliant against the dark and glistening background of polished lava. Wherever any soil has been able to gather upon the loose rocks, and some curvature of the cliffs protects from the sweeping destruction of snow avalanches, heavy spruce timber grows and lighter-tinted patches of poplars, but for the most of the way mere bare meadows, or willow thickets in wet places, or a tangle of briers hiding the sharp rocks, give all there is of vegetation.

But these are all minor features, underfoot. Far overhead tower the rosy and gleaming monuments of that old time "when the gods were young and the world was new," cliffs rising so steeply that only here and there can they be climbed, and studded with domes and pinnacles so slender and lofty that they seem to totter under our unsteady glances, and swim vaguely through the azure concave.

Amid this magnificence of rock-work, spanned by a violet-edged vault which is not sky, but simply color—the purest mass of color in the universe—passes the trail and stage-road out over the lofty crest to the sources of the Rio Grande, and thence down to Antelope Park, the beautiful Wagon Wheel Gap, and so on to Del Norte and the railway. Here too are rich silver mines.

The central point and outlet of all this district is Silverton, and its founders pre-empted almost the only site for a town of any consequence in the whole San Juan; yet she has less than a thousand acres to spread herself over before scaling the rocks. Engulfed amid lofty peaks, a little park lies as level as a billiard-table, and as green, breaking into bluffs and benches northward, where the river finds its way down.

When, one-and-twenty years ago, miners were amazed at the wealth disclosed in the mines of Central Colorado, eager prospectors began to penetrate yet deeper into the recesses of the jumbled ranges that lay behind the front rank. Among the boldest of these was a certain Colonel Baker, re-

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SILVERTON.

ported to have got his title as a Confederate officer, who organized a large party of men—some say a thousand in number—to go into an exploration of what was then called the Pike's Peak Belt, including pretty much all the region between that historic mountain and the head of the Gila River, Arizona. Marching southward to Pueblo, and thence by the old Mexican wagon-road through Conejos and Tierra Amarilla, Baker and his men worked northward along the San Juan and Animas, prospecting for and finding more or less bars of gold gravel (you may get "colors" anywhere in this part of Colorado), and finally, in the summer of 1860, crossed the range, and discovered this deep-sunk nook which bears his name.

Erecting a head-quarters camp here, these prospectors climbed all the mountains and pushed up every ravine in search of gold, but got small encouragement. The silver they knew of, but had no means of working. Winter came, and they collected together and built cabins in the thick timber at the mouth of the cañon. The snow packed deep about them; a provision train intended for their succor was captured by the Indians, who became aggressive; sickness set in, and the horrors of starvation stood at their very doors. This terror, added to their lack of success, overcame even pioneer patience and philosophy. Reviling Baker as a cheat, who had brought them, under false pretenses, into this terrible strait, they were about to hang him to one of the groaning pines that mocked their misery with a loud pretense of grief during every storm, when some slight help came, and the colonel's neck was safe. The following summer all who had not died crawled out of their prison park and returned to civilization.

It was not until ten years later that any one went to Baker's Park to stay, and then very few found their way there. Almost the first result of this second advent of prospectors was the unearthing of the Little Giant gold mine in Arrastra Gulch—a narrow ravine where were at once erected a log village and an arrastra with which to crush the quartz, worked by the little stream trickling down from the snow-banks. Simultaneously came the

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discovery of silver leads—a fact which speedily got abroad, induced a little "boom," and set Howardsville on its feet as a "camp" of some importance and magnificent expectations: a future which has been realized only in the fact that to-day it is the only place in the San Juan where a man can buy two glasses of beer for twenty-five cents!

Four miles below, Silverton was laid out straight and square, became the county seat, and attracted most of the newcomers as a place of residence. At first, of course, all the buildings were of logs, and wore roofs of dirt. The mayor of the town lives in one of these original cabins yet. Then came a few ambitious frame houses, and now numerous brick structures lend an agreeable air of substantiality to the village. To-day it has perhaps a thousand permanent residents, with churches, schools, newspapers, the telegraph, and all the appurtenances of frontier civilization, including whiskey *ad libitum*.

It is characteristic of these mountain villages that they spring full size into both existence and dignity. There is no Topsy growth at all; rather a Minerva-like maturity from the start.

For several years no wagon-road entered Baker's Park, and the only communication between it and the world was by saddle animals. Goods and machinery of every sort were brought in on the backs of the tough and patient little Mexican *burros*, toiling across the terrible heights under burdens almost as bulky as themselves. The whole town would be alive with a general jubilation when the tinkling bells of the first train of jacks was heard in the spring, for that meant the end of a six months' siege in the midst of impassable snow.

The mail, however, came more or less regularly over Cunningham Pass on snow-shoes. The netted shoes are rarely used, the twelve-foot-long boards bent up at the end, known as the Norwegian shoe, being liked better. When a man becomes skillful upon these, he can go down hill safely and with astonishing speed. A sturdy young fellow sent down from some mine away above the usual level of the clouds would reach Silverton in twenty minutes, but thought himself succeeding well if he got back to supper. As for amusement, this sort of snow-shoeing is said to excel coasting, or even tobogganing, and many ladies are expert at the sport.

ARRASTRA GULCH.

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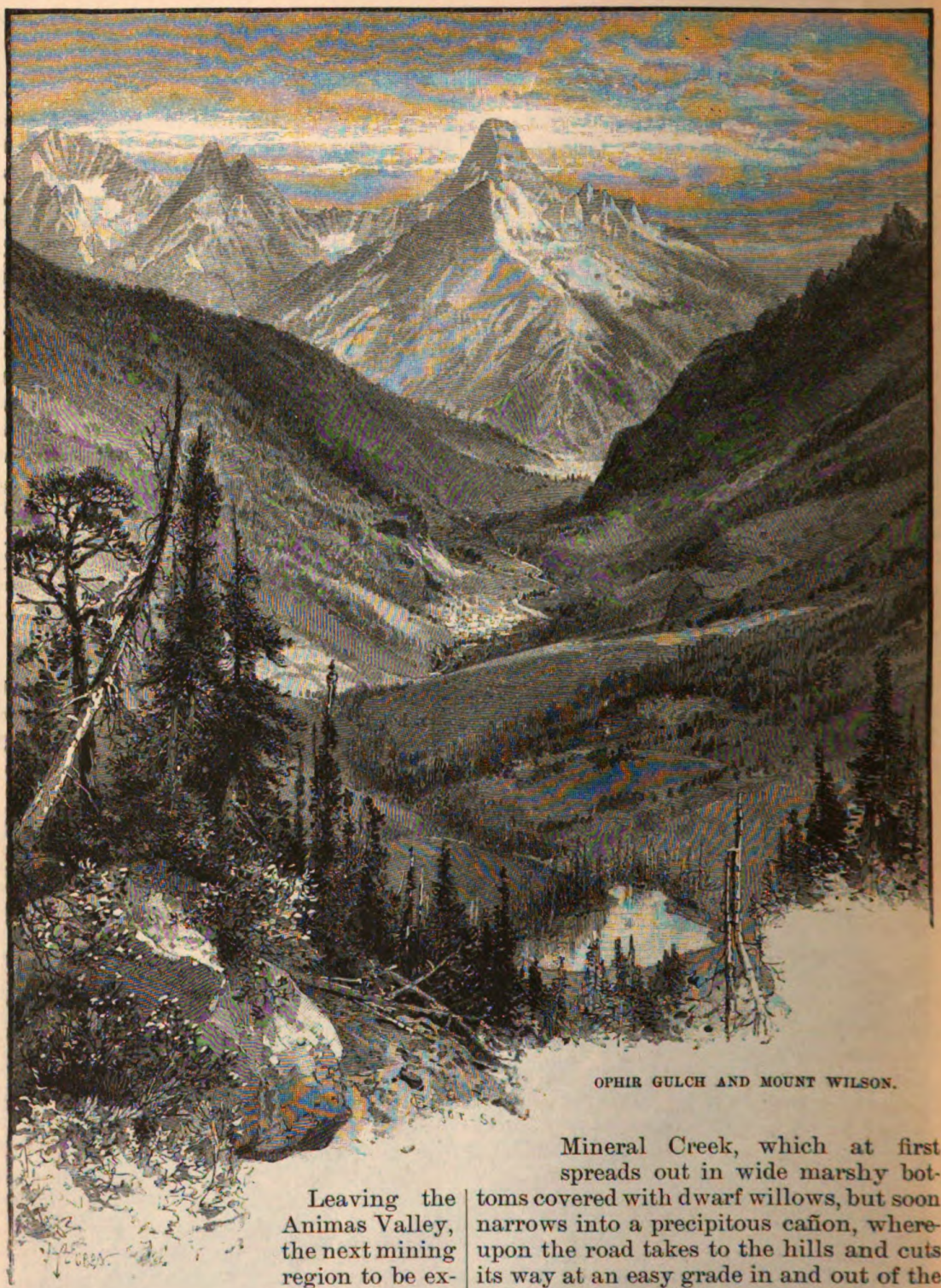

OPHIR GULCH AND MOUNT WILSON.

Leaving the Animas Valley, the next mining region to be examined is the prosperous camp, fifteen miles east of Silverton, named Ophir. It is accessible from various directions, but my tour led me to take the new toll-road from Silverton, over which, only a few days previous, the first wagon had been able to reach Ophir Gulch. No stages are running as yet, and I took a saddle-horse. The road leads up Mineral Creek, which at first spreads out in wide marshy bottoms covered with dwarf willows, but soon narrows into a precipitous cañon, whereupon the road takes to the hills and cuts its way at an easy grade in and out of the gulches, through a heavy forest of spruces and poplars, passing hardly a habitation except the toll-gates. Save an occasional glimpse of lights left behind, there was little to be seen for the first ten miles. Nearing the top, however, a remarkable picture presents itself. In a closely guarding circle of purplish and frost-trimmed peaks stand two isolated mountains of en-

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tirely different character and most striking appearance. Instead of the vertical cliffs, serrated and splintered summits, and ragged gray of the majority of the mountains, these are as rounded and smooth on top as if they had been shaved by a lawn-mower, and rise in unbroken slopes far above the blackish masses of timber which closely envelop their bases. It is their color, however, that makes them so grandly conspicuous. Long strokes of orange and rust-color extend up and down from the spruces to the apex, streaked with bright red, and set off with upright lines of glowing yellow, all softly blended together, and crossed by a crowd of hair-lines, wavy and level with the horizon, like the plumage of a canvas-back duck. Stand where you will on the eastern side of this divide, between the Animas and the San Miguel, and these great smooth cushiony hills of red tower up level with your eye, and burn under the sunlight.

At last the road rises above timber line, but even to the last verge the soil under the trees is crowded with flowers and all sorts of pretty herbage, among which the strawberry takes precedence in point of abundance. Then the track lies underneath beetling cliffs, which have crumbled into long tali, and the pass itself is only the triangular depression between two opposite slides. On one side here the rock is brown and broken almost as fine as railway ballast; on the other, the fragments run much larger in size, are of bluish trachyte, and completely covered everywhere with a stone-lichen hardly thicker than paint, which gives them a decidedly green color, while the brown rocks opposite are entirely devoid of lichen.

Down this jumble of fallen rocks, the scene of one incessant slow avalanche from the weather-crumbled crests still remaining above, the road passes by a steep and tortuous grade.

These vast "slides" are a prominent feature in every landscape in Southwestern Colorado. The volcanic rock with which all the mountains are capped has a natural cleavage in two directions, and rapidly disintegrates even under the air. On the quiet still days of midsummer you continually here the rattle of pieces of rock falling untouched from some scarp or pinnacle, and racing down the steep talus below. The winter, however, is the time of greatest destruction. Into the thousand cracks and crannies the rains and snows of autumn pour floods of water, which penetrate the inmost recesses of the well-seamed crags. Then comes a frost. The little veins and pockets of water expand with a sudden force, combined and irresistible. Perhaps some huge projection of cliff flies to pieces as though filled with exploding dynamite; perhaps a stronger body of frost behind it pries off the whole mass at once, and it dashes headlong down the side of the mountain to scatter widely its cracked shell, and leave the core, a huge bowlder, which crushes its way far into the struggling woods at the foot of the rough slope. This process goes on season after season, until finally the thousands of feet of summit which once towered proudly above the mountain's base have been crumbled down to the level with the top of the débris slope. If the rock is very soft, then the process goes on with each fallen block until it is reduced to soil, and forms a smooth grassy slope, or a clean-shaven but barren slide, like the rich red hills we saw on the other side of Lookout; but if the fragments are hard, then gradually bushes and grass will creep up, and the forest will follow as high as climate and snow-fall will let it grow, and above will be a rounded crest of broken lava, like Veta Mountain — the worst thing to climb in the wide world.

From the long slanting niche which lets the road down across this broken and sliding rock, and where men are always at work to throw aside the ceaselessly falling crumbs of the cliff, one gets his first view of Ophir Gulch—a valley half a dozen miles in length without an acre of level ground in the whole of it. This end is closed by Lookout Mountain; the opposite by the lofty crags of Mount Wilson. On the north, Silver Mountain cuts the sky in ragged outline, and, braced against its base, Yellow Mountain rises straight from the creek side to an almost equal altitude. In the crevice between stand the score or so of log-cabins which constitute what many persons consider the liveliest camp in the whole San Juan.

It is only four years since the value of this locality was made known, but now the mountains on both sides of the gulch are pitted like a pepper-box with prospecting tunnels, and there are perhaps twenty mines ready to ship ore in profitable quantities, even under the great disadvantages of their isolation. The leads in general run northeast and southwest, but good

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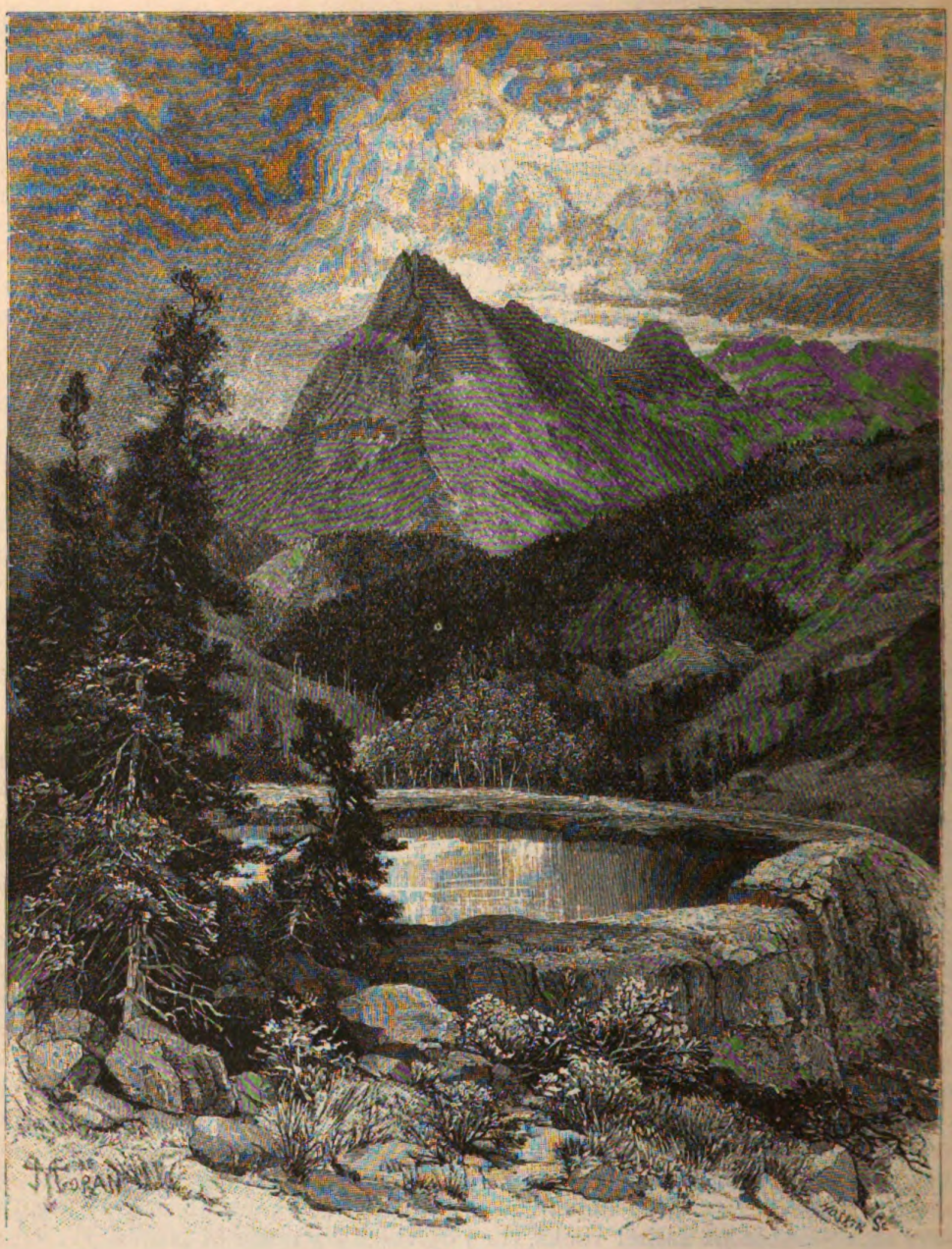

IRON SPRING POOL.

openings have been found all the way from the brink of the creek to the shattered combing that casts its ragged shadow down the long white slopes.

In general it may be said of Ophir that, as yet, there are hardly *mines* there, since systematic development has in no case reached a degree that will warrant the term; but there are a great many very promising holes in the ground, out of many of which ore can now be shipped a hundred miles, on donkey-back and in wagons, to the railway, and thence two hundred miles to Pueblo, and still yield a handsome profit. Half a dozen gold workings in particular are very rich, and several sales have been made exceeding fifty thousand dollars for a single location. Ophir intends to stay, and is working vigorously to get out ore, so that when the railway comes to Silverton—and this is promised for May, 1882—if it never gets nearer, she can keep pace with other camps in the amount of her shipments.

Remounting, the ride homeward through the mellow afternoon was very delightful. The mountains rose on either side high above where the hardiest trees could man-

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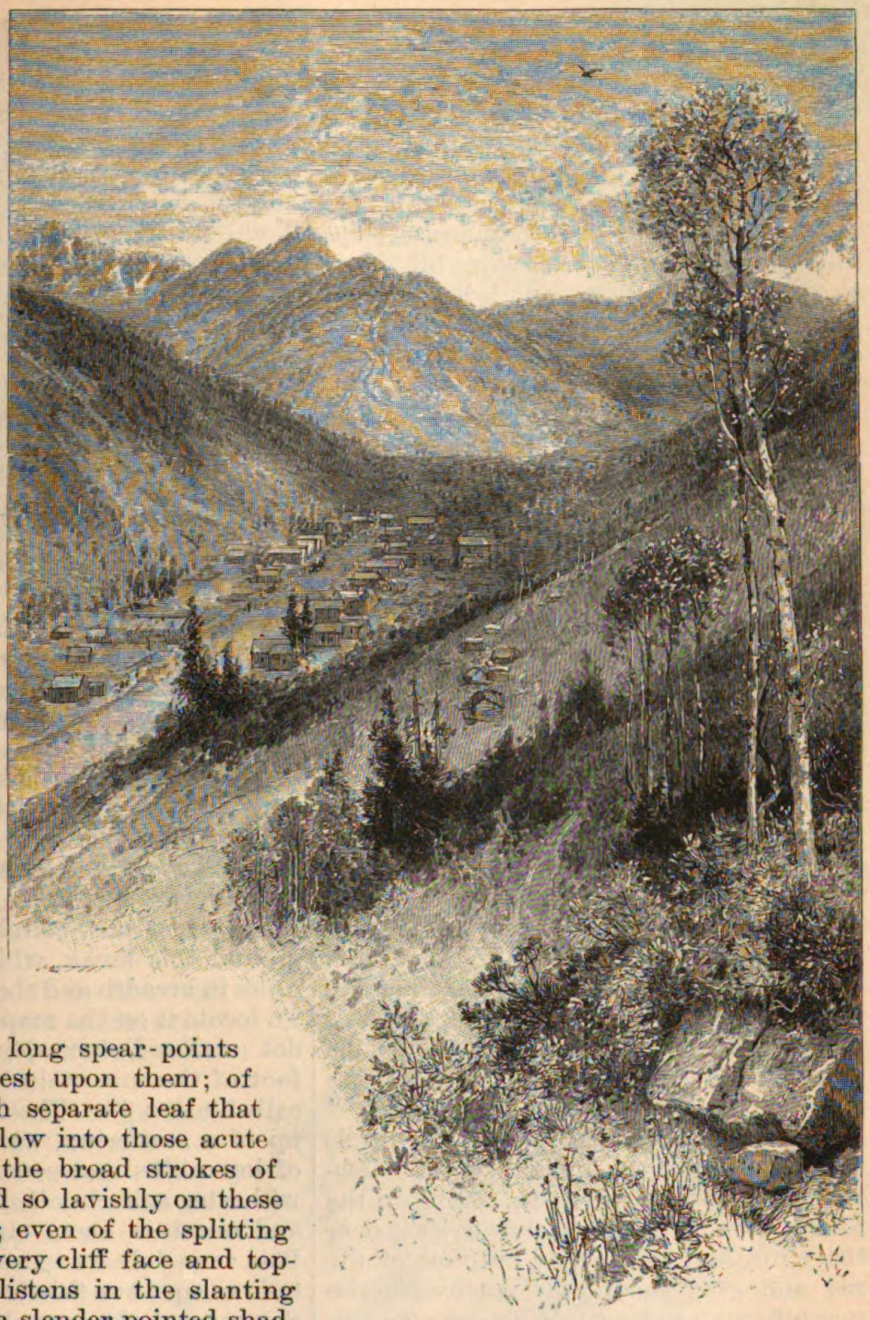
age to exist, gorgeously stained in great chevrons of red, orange, and rust yellow. Lookout and its brother peaks seemed to be vast stacks of small triangles, all upright and baseless, banked up with long slides of varied umber tints. On some of these slides the grass has grown, long tongues of it penetrating far toward the bright walls overhead, while elsewhere mile-wide slopes lie grayish-white, untouched by any blemish or projection. Everything is triangular—the outlines of the peaks and their reverse in the gorges between, the shape of the fallen fragments; of the long spear-points of verdure that rest upon them; of the trees and each separate leaf that blends with its fellow into those acute green patches; of the broad strokes of vivid color painted so lavishly on these splendid hill-sides; even of the splitting and cleavage of every cliff face and toppling spire that glistens in the slanting light, and throws a slender pointed shadow across the velvet rim of the valley.



RICO.

Backward, where the forests lie unbroken on the southern wall of the gulch, long ranks and patches of aspens were interspersed with the reigning evergreens; and these the frost had touched with various hues from its full palette—bright green where the leaves were protected, yellow on the warm side of the ridges, vivid orange and scarlet along the crests—so that these patches glowed like red and yellow flame against the dark spruces and firs.

Near timber line there is a remarkable picture. Down from the northern mountain there trickle reddish streamlets over a space several rods in width. A few yards below the road all this water collects itself into a basin, which, begun by some trivial obstruction, has been able to build up its walls by slow deposition until a great iron tank, with walls twenty-five or thirty feet high, and several feet thick, contains all but a trickling overflow of the mineral water. This tank is surrounded with pretty trees, and its wavy red outline holds a fountain as richly green as an emerald, or blue, if you look at it from

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some one of the surrounding heights, so that the Spanish way of calling a spring *ojo*—an eye—seems very natural. Beyond this highly tinted natural reservoir, built out like a balcony on the steep hill-side, you look across to undulating verdant knolls where shapely trees are scattered thinly, up beyond a deep maroon slope falling from a noble iron-brown bluff, and so on away to the gray and lofty peaks in whose rifts and vertical gorges the shadow lies blue as the farthest edge of the sea, and whose clustering, cumulative spires culminate in gleaming apexes of snow.

Rico is the next point in our progress. It is accessible from interior camps by trails, but the ordinary ingress is from Durango, over the new toll-road. Leaving the Animas Valley at the Rico House, this road bears northwestward up a cañon-like valley, bounded on the westward by a long line of lofty, many-gabled, and softly tinted cliffs of sandstone; but on the east the eye can range across a rocky forest-land away to the high green hills beyond the Animas Cañon, behind which tower the knife-edged crests of the Needles. The traveller, alert to the resources of the region, will notice the rich thick grass and the magnificent yellow pine timber, with large poplars enough to serve all log and fence purposes, and so economize the pine; but he will regret that the absence of water, and seemingly of any possibilities of irrigation, renders agriculture practicable only in very limited patches, which have already been taken up by eager settlers.

Toward the head of this valley the woods thicken into a continuous "forest primeval," the road gets rougher, starts up the long slope which ultimately carries it over the cliffs, and the rugged outlines of the red and gray mountains northward rise magnificent into view. Whenever one can see out, not only noble pictures present themselves in the far horizon, but the valley below—a solid heather of oak bushes, briers, ferns, etc.—seems carpeted in a queer design of tints of green and yellow, with all the mixtures of orange, scarlet, and crimson that the deft fingers of the frost could devise.

Beyond this range lie the long hay meadows of Hermosa Park. Then a second, higher, range is to be passed, at the foot of which flows the Dolores through Rico Gulch.

And how we did rattle down that Dolores slope! An Englishman riding on the Pennsylvania's sixty-mile-an-hour train from New York to Philadelphia the other day exclaimed: "I think if something should drop one of you Yankees astride a thunder-bolt, the first thing you would do would be to say, *chk! chk!*" I thought of that as we started, almost at a gallop, down that steep and winding mountain road. Corners?—we snapped around them. Hollows and ridges?—we bounded into and over them. Down long rough slopes cut in the side of a hill so steep that just under the hub it fell away hundreds of feet almost like a precipice; down through the full blaze of the afternoon rays in the frost-turned groves, where

> "Tremulous, floating in air, o'er depths of azure abysses,
> Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors"—

we rushed at a pace that Phœbus in his first hours of freedom might have enjoyed in his chariot, but which to us in an old buckboard was simply torture and risk of broken bones.

Rico, when you get there, does not amount to much. It stands in the centre of a volcanic upburst which has parted the sandstone and limestone once spread thousands of feet thick over the area, and whose edges now stand as bold bluffs all around this break, which is nearly four miles in breadth and about eight in length. To locate it on the map you must place a dot on the Dolores River at the eastern foot of the mountain which Dr. Hayden calls Station 37. The town itself is made up of a scattering, gardenless collection of log-cabins and some frame buildings, with a log suburb called Tenderfoot Town, and numbers about six hundred people. It is very dull compared with most Colorado camps, but this is owing to the fact that everybody is waiting until the railway gets a little nearer.

The Rico mines are characterized by their great dissimilarity with each other. Nearly every sort of ore, of both silver and gold, is found mixed in a most heterogeneous way among the lavas. Some true fissure veins exist, but more irregular deposits, and both lead and "dry" ores occur, often in contiguous claims. The richest ores thus far are those without lead.

There is also in the near neighborhood of Rico, high up on the "mesa," a magnificent supply of bituminous and "free-burning anthracite" coal, good material for charcoal, limestone for flux, bog and

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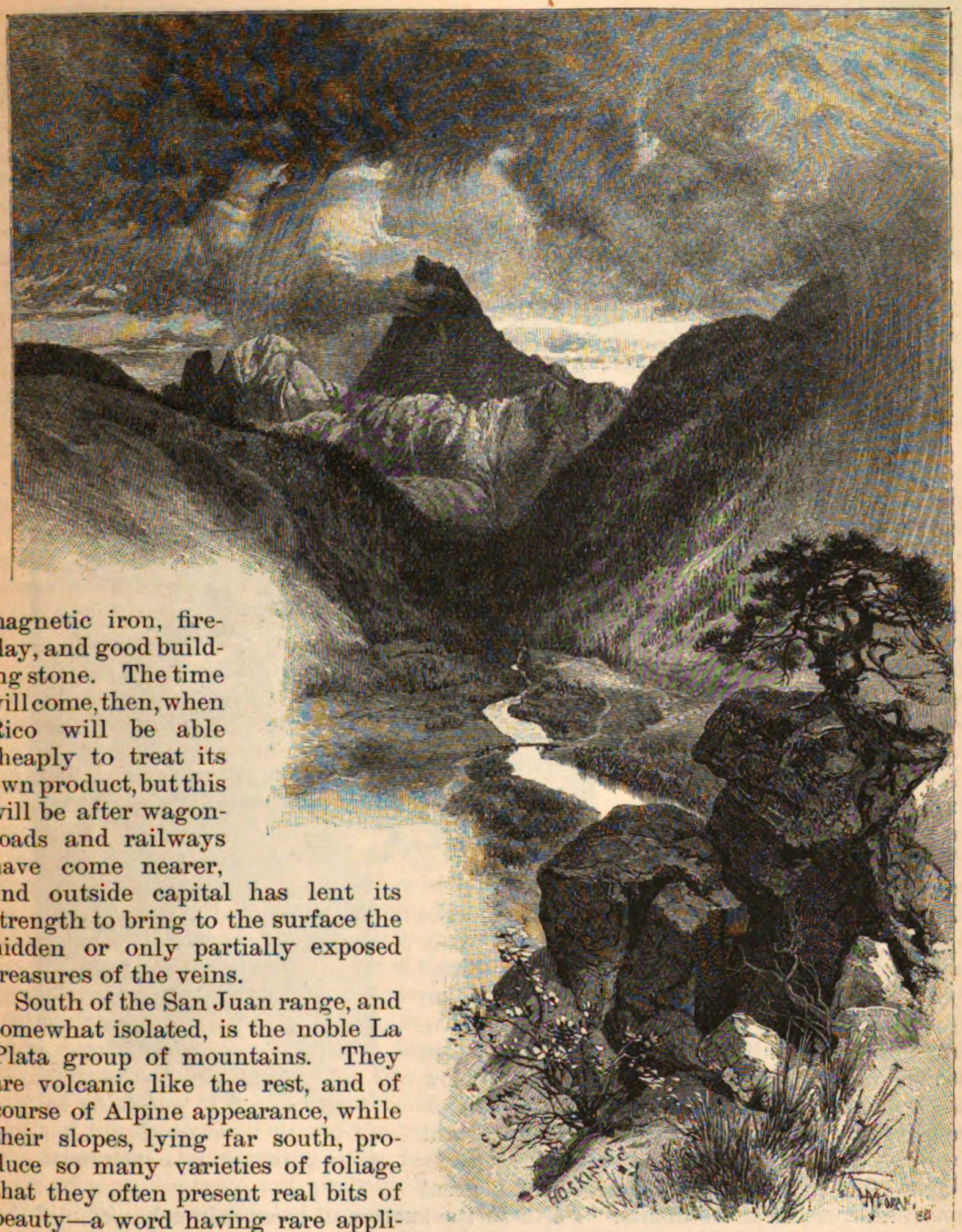

THE NEEDLES.

magnetic iron, fire-clay, and good building stone. The time will come, then, when Rico will be able cheaply to treat its own product, but this will be after wagon-roads and railways have come nearer, and outside capital has lent its strength to bring to the surface the hidden or only partially exposed treasures of the veins.

South of the San Juan range, and somewhat isolated, is the noble La Plata group of mountains. They are volcanic like the rest, and of course of Alpine appearance, while their slopes, lying far south, produce so many varieties of foliage that they often present real bits of beauty—a word having rare application in Colorado's scenery. These mountains were prospected eight or ten years ago, and a placer bar of supposed extraordinary value was found near the head of the Rio de la Plata by a company of California miners.

As I write, I hear that in one or two of the deepest mines late developments have been very rich, and that a new interest is being felt in La Plata. I have not myself been there recently, but I see no reason why those peaks should not be equally productive with any district in this region, while their nearness to the railway terminus, their likelihood of having the main-line extension into Utah come near them, and their climate give them advantages.

But this potential phase is true, as I constantly insist, of all of the San Juan. Everybody looks forward. Each proposes to do this and that, and to be happy, "when I sell my mine." Perhaps this delicious uncertainty is a part of the fun. Yet many a miner would reprove me for

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A SAN JUAN MINE IN A SNOW-STORM.

exaggerating the uncertainty. I only hope he is right and I am wrong. That there is a vast amount of the precious metals hidden in the veins of those mountains is undeniable. It is equally true that we know where very much of it lies. But the question stands, Is it sufficiently concentrated to make the getting it out and refining it into a useful condition yield a margin of profit on expenses? No doubt it is in many cases, but is it in the majority of so-called "mines," or in enough to support any general population and business? Many discreet persons say No. Many more, naturally, will answer Yes. I am not afraid to predict, however, that through slow but permanent advancement this corner of Colorado will come to be one of the most important silver-producing regions on the globe.

Upon this event depends the fate of a great many enterprising investments. Faith in the success of these mines has caused the Denver and Rio Grande to build 250 miles of railroad over mountains and wide plains which of themselves would never support the line. Faith in these mineral treasures has caused hundreds of men to follow the railway, and has set on foot little towns all along its track; and a part of the same faith is all that keeps alive the thriving terminus, Durango, where scores of well-packed warehouses vie with one another in plethoras of merchandise, and thousands of men are exciting each other in pushing, plucky struggles after the supremacy of wealth. If a panic should replace this enthusiasm, or a gradual sense of discouragement cause the mountains to be deserted, Durango would dwindle too, and the railway and smelters prove failures. But if, as I believe, no such dark destiny awaits the bright promise of the present, and if a constantly growing production and shipment of valuable ore shall attest the continued richness of the ledges, then a solidity awaits the metropolitan town, and a prosperity will spread over the whole country, which shall be permanent and glorious.

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THE HISTORY OF WOOD-ENGRAVING.*

THE wood-engravers are exercised with the theory of their art. They have been discussing its ends and methods with a view to justify some particular mode of work, and the usual misfortune of debate among experts has befallen them: they have not altogether freed their words from gall. Were the heat of the quarrel much greater, the public might still condone the fault, since the stake is the future of that art which now gives most promise of value as practiced in America. Wood-engraving has been from its birth the people's art in an eminent degree. At present the ease and cheapness of its processes, the variety of its applications, and its widespread use in scientific and artistic illustration make it one of the most accessible sources of inexpensive pleasure, and a most powerful instrument of popular education. It imparts a large share of the visual knowledge which the people have of the thing they have not directly seen; it portrays the humors of the day; it assists the imagination, and it sometimes generates in the better-endowed minds a real sympathy with the higher products of art. In a nation where a reading middle class is the larger element, this popular influence has a reach and penetration which make wood-engraving a living art in a sense which none other of the fine arts can claim; but this was not the main ground of my saying that it is the art which now gives most promise of value as practiced in America. Bad art may be popular; it usually is. A large demand and corresponding supply do not insure good engraving. The promise of value lies in the fact that there are signs of the appearance among the people of a critical spirit concerning it, the beginning of a public taste, not, perhaps, to be called intelligent as yet, but forming, nascent, feeling its way into conscious and active life, and again in the fact that wood-engravers are sincerely ambitious of excellence, and have made marked progress within the last ten years. The present interest in the theoretic aims of the art and its legitimate practical methods is a fresh and striking indication of its vitality, and may turn out to be a very noteworthy fact in the artistic life of the republic. At the least the discussion can hardly fail of some valuable result in doing something to clear up the too evident confusion in the minds of wood-engravers with respect to the nature and scope of their art, in informing those younger artists who can still be influenced through their intelligence to modify their habits of work, and in teaching the public what in wood-engraving is really admirable.

In this controversy I do not intend to take part, except incidentally; but before entering upon that rapid outline of the history of wood-engraving which is my main concern, some preliminary remarks must be made on a matter touching which I have said the minds of wood-engravers seem to be confused—the nature and scope of the art. What, then, is wood-engraving? Every one knows that it is the art of cutting upon blocks of wood a design in relief, so that the raised parts when inked will transfer the design to paper. The engraver hollows out all the spaces between the parts which are to appear black in the finished engraving, and these parts are left raised, like type; an impression is then taken just as in ordinary printing, by means of a press, or by rubbing the back of the paper with a flat instrument, and so pressing it down upon the block. This mechanical nature of wood-engraving—the materials and the way of dealing with them—is the key to the legitimate ends of the art; for it limits the results which can be obtained, and marks out a specific province. All the graphic arts have to do with some one or more of the three modes under which nature is revealed to the artist—the mode of pure form, the mode of pure color, the mode of form and color as they are affected by the different lights and shadows in which they exist. A fruit has form and color, and the bloom of a peach is one beauty in sun and another beauty in shade. With color, there is no need to say, wood-engraving has nothing to do; neither has it anything to do with the play of light, or the more marvellously transforming touch of shadow. That change of the peach's bloom is beyond its skill; more broadly, a landscape shot with the evanescent shadows that hover in rapidly moving mists, or the intermingling light and gloom of a wind-swept moon-lit sky half overcast with clouds, it has no power to seize and hold. The most it can do in this direction is to indicate strong

* *A History of Wood-Engraving.* Illustrated. By GEORGE WOODBERRY. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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contrasts of light and shadow, and symbolize varying intensity of hue, by the greater or less depth of its blacks and grays. True color and true chiar-oscuro it relinquishes to painting. Form, therefore, is left as the main object of the wood-engraver's craft; and the representation of form is effected by delineation, drawing, line-work. Here is the much-debated ground; for there are some who assert that there are good wood-engravings with very little line-work, and that these open the way to new progress. They are representations of charcoal drawings, washed sketches, and similar works, which have little to do with line, but depend for their effect upon other resources. Whatever may be the value of these, with their obscure masses meant for trees, in which you may look with a microscope and fail to find leaf, limb, or bark; their mottled grounds meant for grass or houses, in which there is neither blade nor fibre; their blocks of formless tints, in which all the veracity of the landscape perishes—they may be left on one side. Those who look on engraving as an art of expression, as a means of recording natural facts or conveying thought or sentiment, will take no delight in the new style, because of its simple vacuity; but they need not quarrel with those who look to wood-engraving for ineffective copies indistinctly indicating the general effect of originals in other arts with which it has no affinity. At least, they need not quarrel further than to say that in such work wood-engraving abdicates its own peculiar power of expressing nature in a true, accurate, and beautiful way, and descends to mechanical imitation.

Line-work is the main business of the engraver, because he has to represent form, and form is represented by lines. All lines, however, are not equally proper for wood-engraving; some are better adapted to engraving on copper-plate. This latter process, which must be understood before the provinces of the two closely allied arts can be easily discriminated, is exactly the reverse of engraving on wood. The lines of the design, instead of being left raised by cutting away the intervening spaces, are hollowed out or grooved in the metal; the incisions are then filled with ink, the intervening surfaces are wiped clean, and the print is taken off by rubbing or pressing the paper down into the inked hollows or grooves. Owing to the material and the mode of printing, copper-plate engraving obtains with little difficulty a fineness of line, delicacy of contour, and softness in transition of light and shade rarely and with difficulty attainable by the best-skilled hand and eye among wood-engravers. A fine line in wood is not only hard to execute, but is extremely liable to fracture, owing to the fragility of wood; on the other hand, a broad line on copper, which necessarily holds a broad channel of ink, is difficult to print. Again, copper-plate engraving, by an easy convention, suggests color values—*i. e.*, imitates variations in the hues of objects by variations in the depth of blackness with which different portions of the design are printed—an effect which is obtained by means of lines crossing one another at different intervals and at different angles, but usually obliquely; the depth of color depends, of course, on the relative fineness and closeness of the lines. To the wood-engraver, this cross-hatching, as it is called, is a more difficult task, because while the engraver on copper has only to cut lines crosswise by grooving them into the plate, the wood-engraver, who must leave these lines raised, is forced to gouge out separately the minute diamond spaces between the crossing lines. Yet wood-engraving has often adopted the methods of copper-plate, and attempted to rival it in the character of its lines, and has sometimes succeeded by dint of a great expenditure of care and labor. Any theory of art, however, which requires the waste of human labor is a wrong theory. In the mechanic arts an economical division of labor is maintained by constantly operating causes. In the fine arts these causes are not felt, and the sense of the value of human effort and the folly of its waste is not sufficiently established in the community to serve as a check on misguided ambition. What is gained by an engraver who cuts in wood with patient and wearying skill a design which could have been engraved on copper far more readily? He excites wonder that he should have obtained such results with such tools, his work is hailed as a marvellous *tour de force*, but the work has no greater artistic value on that account. Wood-engravers have frequently seemed to forget the cardinal fact that their own art has original and peculiar powers; that if it fails of the delicacy of line and softness of contour that belong to copper-plate, it excels in boldness and force of line and strongly

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contrasted lights and shadows well-nigh impossible in the kindred art; that it is of a value and deserves a respect which warrant it in retaining its own marked individuality, instead of wandering off into imitation of copper-engraving, charcoal-sketching, crayon-work, or anything of the sort. An incomplete realization of the essential worth and peculiar serviceableness of their art lies at the root of the current errors in the modern practice of wood-engravers, to some of whom, nevertheless, the conclusion to which our brief inquiry is verging will doubtless seem meagre and unfruitful; for, to sum up, the special province of wood-engraving appears to be, representation by means of lines broad rather than fine, and bold rather than soft, arranged with the least expenditure of labor compatible with correct and expressive delineation. But the practice of the great masters of the art plainly enforces the validity of these principles, which have been grouped together both for the sake of condensation, and to render more easily apprehensible the course of the historic development of the art, too easily lost sight of in a necessarily somewhat discursive narrative.

The beginning of the art is lost in conjecture. It may be made out the oldest of all the arts, as the much distrusted Papillon shows by tracing its origin to the moment when man first employed a tool on wood. Some historians go back to the time when the Egyptians and Babylonians began to cut characters on wooden stamps with which they impressed soft substances, such as wax or clay—a practice which afterward spread throughout the ancient world. Others, again, with a stricter definition of the art, close their researches at the earliest application of such stamps to printing in colors on those valuable Indian stuffs well known to Roman luxury, and date the beginning of the art in Europe from the use of similar stamps in the Middle Ages to affix signatures to public documents; nor is it unlikely that the hint which directly suggested the process of printing from engraved wood blocks came from this practice of the notaries, or from those later illuminators of manuscripts who occasionally struck the outlines of their initial letters in this way. These mechanical appliances, although they successively led up to and at last resulted in wood-engraving, can not properly be included under it; the art did not really exist until the inventor laid his paper down upon the block and took off the first rude print. Who this inventor was, when and where he worked, are questions which lead into a double obscurity of ignorance and fable, where national vanities and national jealousies jostle in a bitter dispute, which now, after more than a century of controversy, seems as far from settlement as ever. There is Pliny, with his account of Varro, indicating a momentary, isolated, and premature appearance of the art in his day. There is Ottley, who would have us believe that the art found its way into Europe through the Venetians, who learned it "at a very early period of their intercourse with the people of Tartary, Thibet, and China." There is Papillon, once more, who relates how the earliest wood-cuts were made by "two young and amiable twins," Isabella and Alexander Albeni Cunio, of Ravenna, who, in their seventeenth year, executed eight designs illustrative of the deeds of Alexander the Great, and dedicated them in 1284–5 to Pope Honorius IV.; his tale, with its romantic sequel, many believe to be the hallucination of an insane mind. Meerman, the stout defender of the claims of Lawrence Coster to the invention of printing by movable types, makes him also the first printer of wood-cuts; but despite the well-developed genealogical tree which the learned Dutchman provided for his hero, and despite the alleged discovery of his portrait by Mr. Sotheby, his very existence is doubted, and the charming scene in which the idea of the new invention first occurred to Coster, as he was walking after dinner in his garden, and cutting letters from beech-tree bark with which to print moral sentences for his grandchildren—the good dinner, the well-ordered Haarlem garden, the beech-tree, the old man, and the childish group—is perhaps only the baseless creation of an antiquarian's fancy. With it vanishes, too, that striking rhetorical contrast of Motley's between the citizen printer of Haarlem working at the practical problems of his great invention, and his liege lord Duke Philip of Burgundy at the same moment instituting at Bruges the glorious order of the Knights of the Golden Fleece. Upon such facts and fables the learned and patriotic authors of the Low Countries, Germany, and Italy, aided by contentious foreigners, have expended much patient research without result. All that is clearly known is that in the first quarter of the

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fifteenth century wood-cuts became plentiful in the civilized countries of Europe, and that their manufacture flourished more in the North than in the South.

known figures of saints, and the weight of authority favors the priority of the latter.

These were representations of various religious scenes in Scriptural or traditional

ST. CHRISTOPHER.—[FOUND IN THE CONVENT OF BUXHEIM, SUABIA.]

I have said that wood-engraving was from its birth the people's art in an eminent degree. Its first gifts were of diverse character, for it brought that great popular amusement of modern times the playing-card, and with it more holy prints —figures of the saints—to touch the conscience and arouse religious feeling. The earliest unquestioned mention of playing-cards in Europe occurs in 1392; but if they were not in general use before that year, they spread with enormous rapidity. This new and sudden demand may have led to a search for more speedy means of manufacture, and so to the first application of wood-engraving. There is no card, however, known to have been printed from a wood block of an earlier date than the first

history, and were scattered by the monks broadcast among the people. In Flanders, it is said, on days of festival, the monks, walking in procession, distributed brilliantly colored wood-cuts of holy subjects to the children in the streets. Numerous as they were in their day, only a few scattered examples have survived. The most famous of these is the St. Christopher which Heinecken found pasted inside the cover of a manuscript in the convent of Buxheim, in Suabia. It is dated 1423, and was long considered the earliest known wood-cut. The saint is crossing the river with the Child-Christ on his shoulder; opposite, on the right bank, a hermit holds a lantern in front of his cell; on the left, a peasant with a bag on

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his back climbs the steep ascent from his mill to his cottage high up on the cliff, where no swelling of the stream can reach it. The mutual attitude of the two heads is expressive, and the folds of the saint's robes are well cast about the shoulders, but otherwise there is little merit in the cut; the drawing shows the rude beginning of art, but an attempt to mark shadows by a greater or less width of line is noticeable, and the lines are more varied than is usually the case in very early work. The Virgin and Child in a Garden, preserved in the Royal Museum at Brussels, and dated 1418, is the earliest dated print; it is finer in design than the St. Christopher, the field is better filled, and the drawing more natural. Besides these and other dated examples, there are several without date, one of which, a Crucifixion, in a manuscript book of prayers in the possession of Professor C. E. Norton, is here by his kindness reproduced for the first time. The rudeness of this print does not necessarily point to an early date; but Ottley in his description of it assigned it to a time as early as 1445, which is the date of the manuscript itself. The Carthusian monk who transcribed his prayers in this book pasted it between the leaves, apparently with reference to an allusion, in the text of the page opposite the print, to the

THE CRUCIFIXION.—[FROM MANUSCRIPT "BOOK OF DEVOTION," A.D. 1445.]

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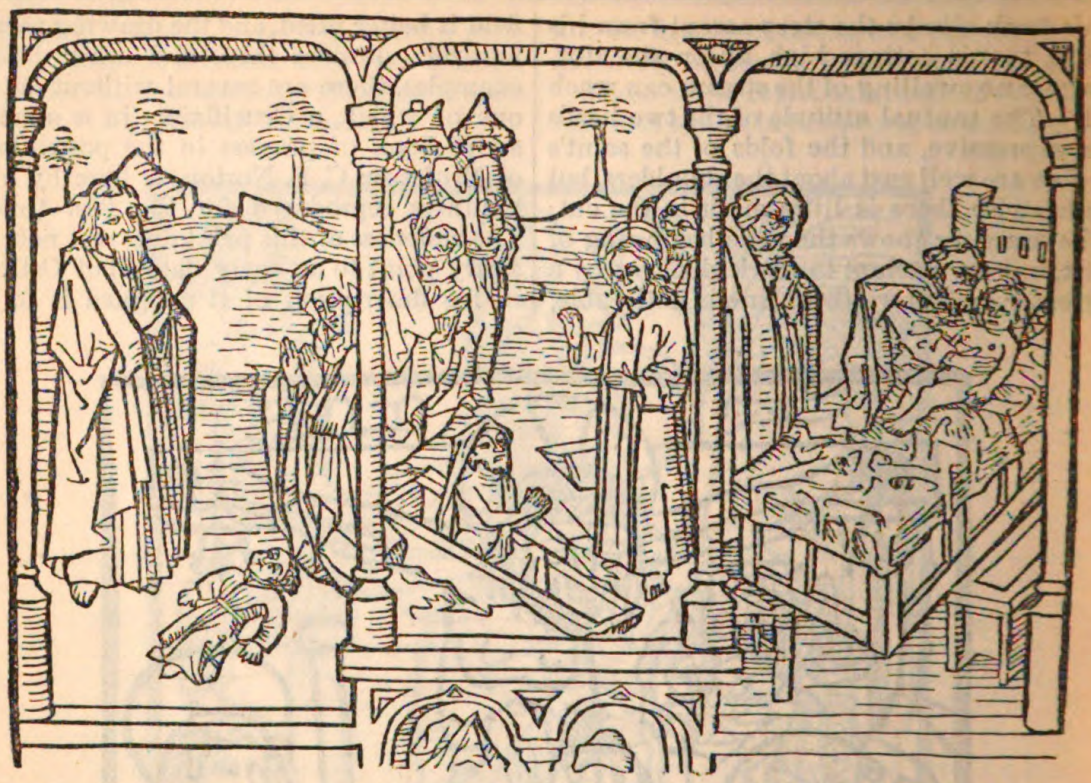

ELIJAH RAISETH THE WIDOW'S SON. THE RAISING OF LAZARUS. ELISHA RAISETH THE WIDOW'S SON.

[FROM THE "BIBLIA PAUPERUM."]

blood of Christ, which is represented in it by spots and lines of vermilion ink on the body of the crucified Lord. On the left are the figures of the Virgin and Longinus; on the right, St. John and perhaps the Centurion; beneath are the gates of hell, with three patriarchs in limbo; in the upper left-hand corner is an angel holding the sacred handkerchief on which a representation of the face of the Saviour was miraculously impressed and preserved; and above, in the upper margin, are a scourge and a knife. Mr. Ottley says that this is one of the rudest prints he ever saw. It is certainly an interesting illustration of the early efforts of a rising art. Nearly all these prints were taken off in a pale brownish fluid, generally called brown distemper, and were printed by rubbing on the back of the paper. The St. Christopher and some other examples were printed in black ink, and with a press. They were usually colored by hand, or by means of a stencil plate, and the outlines being thus obscured, they were rendered much more pleasing to the eye than they now appear.

This was a rude beginning; but in the days of the Renaissance the aroused curiosity of men made them alert to seize any means of breaking down that great barrier to popular civilization, the rarity of the instruments of intellectual instruction, and they soon perceived the serviceableness which lay in the ease and rapidity with which the new art multiplied impressions, and they assigned it more ambitious tasks. It was first applied to the reproduction of what are known as books for the poor (*Biblia Pauperum*), religious manuscripts rudely illustrated for the use of the poor preacher, which had been made as early as the twelfth century, in accordance with that famous saying of St. Gregory in regard to the wall-paintings in the churches, "The illiterate read in pictures, and therefore for the people, in a marked degree, painting takes the place of reading." These block books, or books printed from engraved wood blocks, were collections of Scriptural or moral illustrations, in the vacant spaces of which were introduced explanatory short sentences engraved in the wood block like any other portion of the cut; they were printed in the same brown distemper and by the same process of rubbing as the earlier single wood-cuts, and nearly all of them were published in the Netherlands or in

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Germany. They have become very rare, but several have been minutely described, and some of the engravings have been reproduced in fac-simile. The cut on the opposite page is from the *Biblia Pauperum*, or Poor Preachers' Bible, which, although its first editions are undated and without the place of publication, is probably the earliest of the block books.* The accompanying cut represents fairly the style of engraving, which need not be characterized until—passing over the other early block books of greater or less merit, like the Apocalypse of St. John or the History of the Virgin—we have examined the *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*, or Mirror of Human Salvation, which is the most interesting of all the block books both in itself and for what it reveals of the history of the art.*

There can be little doubt that the four editions of this work were issued in the Netherlands, where they must have appeared some time before 1483, and probably before 1454. The series of wood-cuts represents the life of Christi, with companion designs from Old Testament history or from tradition. The style is similar to that of the earlier block books, but one sure mark of early work is noticeable—the design is far in advance of the execution, while in block books of un-

THE CREATION OF EVE.—[FROM THE "SPECULUM HUMANÆ SALVATIONIS."]

* It consists of forty small folio pages printed upon one side of the paper only, and so arranged that they can be pasted back to back; each of them is divided into five compartments, separated by the pillars and mouldings of an architectural design. In the centre is a representation of some scene from New Testament history, and on either side one from Old Testament history, illustrative or typical of that commemorated in the central design; both above and below are two half-length figures of holy men. Various texts are interspersed in the field, and Latin verses are written below the central compartments.

* It is a small folio, and contains fifty-eight engravings, each made up of two designs; the type is no longer cut in the block, but is movable and metallic, and instead of being placed in the field, it occupies the lower two-thirds of the page in double columns. The four earliest editions, two in Latin and two in Dutch, all undated and without the place of publication, were probably issued in the same country, because they are printed on paper of the same manufacture, with cuts from the same wood blocks, and in the same typographical manner, excepting a slight difference in some of the type, and the remarkable insertion in the last edition of twenty pages of type engraved on wood blocks. This country was probably the Netherlands, since the Dutch used is the pure dialect of North Holland in the beginning of the fifteenth century.

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doubtedly German origin the mechanical skill excels the artistic power. In all the block books there is a realism well known to be a characteristic of the works of Van Eyck, the inventor of painting in oil, who founded a school of art which became renowned as the best outside Italy. The garb, physiognomy, and architecture also recall the court of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, where, owing to the commercial prosperity of the great Flemish towns, the arts of life were further advanced than anywhere else in Europe north of the Alps. The internal evidence of the engraving, therefore, leads to the conclusion that the block books were produced in the country which, on account of social conditions, was most likely to be their birth-place. If it be too much to grant that the Netherlands invented these books, it is at least clear that in that country the art was carried to its highest point in the first stage of its career; for in these books, although the engravings were much inferior to many of the miniatures of the earlier manuscripts, there was the beginning of artistic feeling. Engraving in wood, however, was still ignorant of its full resources. These simple outlines, shadowed by courses of short parallel lines and obscured by colors; these trees, flowers, and grass, symbolized rather than drawn; these countenances, in which the expression was often hard and feeble, often exaggerated to caricature, seldom natural and becoming; this naïve spirit, force ignorant of the channels of expression, and feeling inexpert at utterance—were still but the beginning of art. One step had been taken in advance of the manufacturing industry that produced cards and saints' figures, but engraving as yet revealed only the promise of an art that was to be. At this point, nevertheless, it was destined to stop for many years, and even to decline.

It had already done its greatest service to mankind in giving printing to the world; for out of these block books came movable type and Gutenberg's press. Wood-engravers looked on the new invention with no friendly eye. At the time—1450—they as well as the block printers were already organized in guilds extremely tenacious of their rights and jealous of their privileges, and were able to meet by united and aggressive opposition the rival art which threatened to supplant their own. This fact has been offered with some show of probability in explanation of the extreme rudeness of the wood-cuts in early printed books, which with few exceptions were inferior even to the early saints' figures, and were most likely hacked out by printers' apprentices or unskilled workmen. The first dated printed book, the Psalter of Faust and Schoeffer, 1457, is a striking exception, for its initial letters have seldom been equalled in beauty of design and fineness of execution. They are printed in red and blue ink, the letters being of one color, and the ornamental portions of the other. But this book was not followed by others like it. The introduction of wood-cuts into books did not become a practice until 1471–5, when Gunther Zainer began it at Augsburg. At first the guilds opposed his admission as a burgess, and succeeded in having him forbidden to introduce wood-cuts or initial letters into his books, but a compromise was afterward made on condition of his employing members of the guild to do all the engraving. In Italy, a German, Ulric Hahn, published the first illustrated book at Rome in 1467; the wood-cuts in it have considerable merit. The first similar English book was Caxton's *Game and Playe of Chesse*, published about 1476, but its wood-cuts are coarse. Besides the jealous aloofness of the allied arts, another cause contributed powerfully to depreciate wood-engraving—the development of copper-plate engraving, the methods of which the former soon imitated, and so began a practice which has proved a continually recurring danger to the art. It first attempted to obtain color by cross-hatching—a process which has been described—the earliest example of which is in the frontispiece to *Breydenbach's Travels*, 1486, in the drapery of the figure of St. Catherine, to whose shrine on Mount Sinai Breydenbach and his companions, whose arms appear in the engraving, made their pilgrimage. Chatto considers this the finest wood-cut up to its time. Cross-hatching in wood-engraving first appears to any considerable extent in the somewhat famous Nuremberg Chronicle, 1492, the two thousand cuts of which were designed and their execution superintended by William Pleydendürf and Michael Wohlgemuth, the master of Albert Dürer. The volume has an archæological and curious rather than an artistic interest, but it is an excellent illustration of the difference between the German and Italian Renaissance.

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The older style, in which the shadows were indicated by greater width of line and heavier marking, was developed in Italy in a succession of interesting books, and came to its most perfect work in that romantic and fantastic medley the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphile*, or Dream of Poliphile, in which the imagination of a Venetian monk, Francesco Colonna, has wrought upon a strange mass of mathematics, antiquities, mythology, love, and other materials. This remarkable book, which was published at Venice by the elder Aldus in 1499, is one of the most interesting monuments of Italian civilization—"the most concentrated, most comprehensive, and many-sided expression of the early Italian Renaissance," says Professor Sydney Colvin, "in its myriad enthusiastic moves at once. It is the early Renaissance drunk with antiquity, lifted up with the delights of marble and manuscript; a world rejoicing with the sense of new blood in its veins, new freedom in its thoughts, the lust of the eye and the pride of life made lawful and honorable again." It recalls Dante's great poem; the Renaissance Dominican also was a lover with his human Beatrice, of whom his Dream is the memorial and the glory; like Dante, he symbolized under the beauty and guardianship of his gracious lady a body of truth and a theory of life, and as Beatrice stood in Dante's poem for Divine wisdom and grace, his Polia stood for the new gospel of this world's joy, for the loveliness in ancient art and the wisdom in Greek philosophy; in adoring her he worships them, and in celebrating her as his guide through the mazes of his strange dream he celebrates the virtue and the hope which lived in the new Renaissance ideal of life. Besides the interest of this volume, arising from the poetic imagination of its author and the light with which it illumines its century, it derives its artistic value from its one hundred and ninety-two wood-cuts, which—here again I can not do better than quote from Professor Colvin—are "without their like in the history of wood-cutting. They breathe the spirit of that delightful moment when the utmost of imaginative naïveté is combined with all that is needed of artistic accomplishment, and in their simplicity are, in the best instances, of a noble composition, a masculine firmness, a delicate vigor, and grave tenderness, in the midst of luxurious or even licentious fancy, which can not be too much admired. They have that union of force and energy with a sober sweetness, beneath a last vestige of the primitive which in the northern schools of Italy betokens the concurrent influence of the school of Montagna and the school of Bellini." They have been ascribed to many illustrious masters, but perhaps the conjecture which assigns them to Benedetto Montagna is the least wild. It would be interesting to compare this Italian work with the Nuremberg Chronicle in greater detail than I have space for; but although there was so great a difference between the Italian and the German artistic sense, yet already, before the *Dream of Poliphile* had appeared in Venice, in Germany wood-engraving was beginning its great career.

A change in the whole spirit and compass of the art was near. Wood-engraving was now on the verge of its great period, just passing into the era of its most splendid accomplishment. It was about to be chosen as an artistic mode of expression by two of the most powerfully imaginative minds that have ever wrought in art—Albert Dürer and Hans Holbein. It was Dürer who transformed the art, and revealed the variety and value of its resources. Up to his time it had been primitive; he left it mature. A practical worker in many arts, in sculpture, architecture, jewelry, and painting, as well as in engraving on copper and in wood, he was of especial and invaluable service to the latter. The copper-plates exhibit such delicacy of line and patient finish that they have never been surpassed in mechanical excellence. In engraving in wood he saw he must conform to other conditions; and developing the art according to its peculiar nature, he gave increased prominence to the lines and boldness to the design, and thus obtained novel and valuable effects. In all his work he is distinguished by a simple, direct force, a tender or mystical sentiment, a deeply suggestive but straightforward imagination. He interprets the imaginative world in terms of daily and often homely life; and should any with minds unhabituated to German tastes be led to look at his works or reproductions of them in our libraries, they may be shocked because he does not represent allegorical or sacred characters in ideal forms, but realistically, in forms such as he saw about him and studied directly. For him, beauty is German beauty, and life and its material surroundings are German life and German civilization.

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There is no need of being irritated by this realism and this content with gross rather than beautiful forms, or of wishing, with Vasari, that he had been born in Italy and studied antiquity at Florence, since he would thus have missed the national endowment which individualized him and gave him charm. The undue sense of grotesqueness disappears as the eye becomes acquainted with the unfamiliar; and the emotion, the intellectual ideas, and imaginative truth expressed in these sometimes ugly moods are of that rare value which wins forgiveness for far greater defects of formal beauty than are apparent in Dürer's works. In the wood-cut of "Christ Mocked," what intensity is there! what a seizure of the malign mocking spir-

"CHRIST MOCKED."—[ENGRAVED BY ALBERT DÜRER.]

it in devilish possession of every lineament of the face and of every muscle working in that sinuous gesture! what ideal endurance in the Saviour's attitude! which needs not those symbols of His sorrows beside Him for pity, save that the fertile and romantic genius of Dürer must utter all of itself, and so fills every corner with secondary thought, subordinate suggestion, strangely wandering fancy, in unmeasured profusion. The application of this original and active mind to wood-engraving could not fail of great results. The fifteen cuts of the Apocalypse published in 1498, when Dürer was twenty-seven years old, marked an epoch in the art. They—as well as the later series of the "History of the Virgin," the "Great Passion of Christ," and the "Little Passion," all of which appeared about 1511—soon became widely known, and were highly prized. Some of them were reproduced in copper by the famous Italian engraver Marc Antonio Raimondi, for whose plagiarism Dürer attempted to get reparation.

I know there are some who see but little to care for in Dürer's work. Not long ago a distinguished engraver told us that the true art was not a hundred years old, and called these earlier productions of Dürer and Holbein mere hacking out, not engraving at all. There is justice in his remark, if the mechanical side be alone considered; but the calling of a mechanical process into the service of high imagination and vigorous intellect is of more importance to men than any mere improvement in process, even though it have such brilliant consequences as followed Bewick's later innovations; and in this view the service of Dürer to wood-engraving was the giving sight to the blind and speech to the dumb; nor are its obligations to him and his associates to be lightly spoken of by the moderns. In comparison with modern work, this engraving does seem rude and hard, but our advance is largely due to the progress made in the manufacture of paper, and in processes of printing which allow the use of finer lines and a smaller scale. If Dürer's designs be reduced similarly, they lose many of their seeming defects, and his real power can be more clearly seen. It must not be forgotten that Dürer did not engrave his own designs. The designs were drawn sometimes on the block, sometimes on other materials, from which they were afterward copied upon the wood by other hands. There is no evidence to show that the designers in general ever themselves engraved, further than to direct their workmen, and possibly cut the more delicate parts, such as the heads and the extremities of the figures; on the other hand, the great number of engravings forbids the supposition that they cut any great portion of them, and the known practice in many cases was to employ subordinates.

Soon after Dürer had shown the capacity of the art, that impecunious emperor, the jest of the Italians, Maximilian I., became its great patron, and used it to describe the glory of his realm and reign. He made his court its home, as the court of Duke Philip, whose granddaughter he had

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married, had been its birth-place. He called to his service Dürer, Burgkmair, and Schaufelin, and many more, and under their care were produced the great works which are among the principal monuments of the art in Germany. The greatest of them was the famous "Triumph of Maximilian," where a procession of warriors, nobles, and commons, on horse, foot, and in chariots, wound along in symbolical celebration of his pleasures, victories, and conquests, and picturesque display of the wealth, power, and resources of all his dominions. The herald of the triumph leads the march, after whom go two led horses supporting a large tablet, on which are written the titles of Maximilian: "Roman Emperor-elect and Chief of Christendom, King and Heir of Seven Christian Kingdoms, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, and of other grand Principalities and Provinces of Europe," etc.; his fifer Anthony, with his band of attendants; his falconer Teuschel, with his mounted subordinates, their hawks pursuing prey; his hunters of the chamois, the stag, the boar, and the bear, with their costumes of the chase, follow on; after them are many cars drawn by strange animals—elk, buffalo, camels, and the like, and filled with musicians playing various instruments; then the jesters (among them that famous Conrad von der Rosen whom Heine remembered), the fools, the maskers, the fencers, knights of the tourney and the jousts, and armed men of every service; then horsemen bearing standards of the emperor's hereditary provinces of Austria, those in which he has made war borne by cuirassed horsemen, the others by horsemen magnificently clad; then of the provinces of Burgundy; then lansquenets carrying banners inscribed with his wars and battles. So the procession lengthens out, for it can not be described in detail, in the trophy cars, representations of his marriage and his coronation, of the German Empire and the great wars—Flanders, Burgundy, Hungary, Naples, Guelders, Milan, the long Venetian war, an unending list—with symbols of military power, artillery, treasure, statues of great men, prisoners of war, the imperial standard, the sword of the empire, the princes, the counts, lords and knights, the savages of Calicut, and so on to the end—a splendid display of pomp. This great work, designed by Burgkmair, was first executed in miniature on one hundred and nine pieces of parchment, and was afterward engraved in wood. It extended over a linear distance of one hundred and seventy-five feet, and employed seventeen engravers in its execution.

As a whole, it is a striking illustration of that more attractive part of Maximilian's character, by virtue of which he sympathized with the dying spirit of mediæval chivalry and the delight of mediæval pride. In later days such a work would have been impossible. Maximilian himself was half modern, the reformer of civil administration, the inventor of a post-office system, given to craft and bad faith in foreign relations. Besides this most famous of his works, he also planned a Triumphal Car, which Dürer designed for him, and a Gate of Triumph, both works of extraordinary size, and similar to the Triumphal Procession in intent and character. There are also two other curious records of imperial vanity, the prose work called *The Wise King*, and the poem, "The Adventures of Sir Theurdank," in which the example of Maximilian's life is offered for the instruction of princes, and the history of his deeds, amours, courtship, his adventures and his temptations, is written out, once for the edification, but now for the amusement, of the world. In *The Wise King* were two hundred and thirty-seven prints, designed by Burgkmair, and in "Sir Theurdank" one hundred and eighteen, ascribed to Schaufelin. All these works are pervaded by realism, and are therefore a mine for antiquarian research in costume and armor; but their artistic value is very variable, the designs by Dürer being, of course, pre-eminent. In style and execution they are of the same general character, and they employ cross-hatching considerably, in that following the example of the Nuremberg Chronicle. The same Germanic type also characterized the productions of the Netherlands, where one of the artists, Lucas van Leyden, deserves mention with Dürer.

Wood-engraving had now become a true art, and had developed its unsuspected powers. Beginning in the inartistic saints' figures, it first began to have value when realism was introduced into art. After the Renaissance came to restore to men long-disused and condemned functions, to give them nature, beauty, and pleasure in the things of this world, wood-engraving became a beautiful mode of ex-

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pression for new and refined emotions. When the other arts went out from the exclusive service of the Church to the service of the princely and the wealthy, it also became secular, and its record of secular thought and feeling is the more valuable because, being a more truly popular art than the others, it influenced the minds and reflected the spirit of a larger class. In Dürer's day it found out that it could do more than merely outline, that it could reproduce the artist's finished drawing; and from this discovery, and the adoption of it by artists for this purpose, dates its great career in the eighteenth century.

THE SEA-MAIDEN.

A Tile Picture.

THERE was a lily and rose sea-maiden
  In marvellous depths of far-away seas,
Whose eyes were blue, and whose head was laden
  With luminous curls like the honey of bees.

Half hidden by corals and swaying rushes
  And vines of the ocean, she sat arrayed
In a tremulous veil of delicate blushes
  And robes of quivering light and shade.

The sun-fish came to worship her graces,
  The dog-fish lingered and marvelled beside,
And she gayly smiled in their whimsical faces,
  And sang them songs till they laughed or cried.

A poet of earth looked down upon her,
  And loved, and beckoned, and told his love;
But her soul was coy with a sea-maiden's honor,
  And she would not go to the world above.

So there he staid by the crystalline water;
  He leaned and gazed with his heart on fire;
And died at last for the ocean's daughter—
  Died of sorrow and long desire.

And still she sits in the peace of ocean—
  The peace of the mouth of the ocean caves—
A damsel without an earthly emotion,
  Who cares not for men, their loves, or their graves.

Thus, deep in calms of woman's life, covers
  Herself some maiden, on aureate sands
Of duty and innocence, far from lovers,
  From beatings of hearts and reachings of hands.

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GREENWOOD GREETINGS.

THE morning of the year
Flushes again these Northern glades. Awake!
O slumbering branches. The remembered cheer
And comradeship of other Summers take
On your mute faces. Answer me again,
And tell your Winter's dream of ecstasy or pain.

Then first the Maples stirred,
Their pendent blossoms trembling with delight,
And said: "The night is over. We have heard
The brook rejoicing in the breaking light,
The rapture of the rain
Over the lost arbutus found again;
The sod grows velvet green beneath our feet,
Homeward the robins fly, and life is warm and sweet."

The Pine-tree flung
Its tassels to the wind, and proudly sung:
"I dreamed of lands where over leagues of ice
The skaters joyous flew; of spectral lights
Flaming along the skies in strange device;
Of reindeer speeding through the glimmering nights.
The forest trembled with old Odin's signs
Of stormy pain, but all undaunted sung the Pines."

The Elm returned:
"Of summer was my dream the long night through:
Of sunset fires where myriad roses burned,
To give their beauty back in morning dew;
Of interlacing boughs
Festooned in arches meet for lovers' vows;
And of the golden robin's nest that clung
Close to my heart, which throbbed whene'er the birdlings sung."

Rough-hooded Fir,
Why dost thou beckon to the Juniper
With signs of joy? Slow waved her rustling fan
As she replied: "I heard in my long dream

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The mellow pipe, far blown, of jocund Pan,
Invisible by wood and valley stream.
He is not dead, the god of dell and grove,
And with him, ever glad, the Nymphs and Satyrs rove."

The Poplar-trees,
With odorous buds all quivering in the breeze,
Sighed: "Heavy was our sleep, and dark with gloom
The dreaded vision of the night. Of yore
The fated Poplar grew unto its doom,
And stricken, fell. Shaped from its shuddering wood
The Cross was fashioned. Now and evermore
That woe returns. The stain of holy blood
Our slumber haunts alway,
And every waking leaf still trembles with dismay."

The Willow's plume
Swept the warm sod with downy tufts of bloom.
O Willow, thou dost ever earthward gaze,
And sighs are all thy language. And the tree
Whispered: "I feel again the flowery days
Of a new year; but Spring, the fair and free,
Can not bring back the beautiful to me.
There is a sound of tear-drops in the rain,
Of mourning in the air. The lost come not again."

Ah! then the Cedars bent
Their glossy crowns, and spake with deep content:
"We have not slept nor dreamed the livelong night:
In our dark mantles wrapped, we watched for light.
We are the faithful. In our spicy boughs
The breath of Lebanon forever flows.
Summer or Winter, Life or Death, may be,
Hope gathers garlands green from off the Cedar-tree."

O kindred of the wood,
Lift up your heads, for now the sunrise beams
Scatter the mist of darkness and of dreams.
The world is made anew, and it is good!
A thousand voices herald Summer's day.
Let us drink deep from Life's fresh fountains while we may!

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POOR OGLA-MOGA.

I.

IT was a great day when Miss Slopham, so many years conspicuous in our best society, discovered the North American Indian—not for the Indian, perhaps, but certainly for Miss Slopham. Envious and slanderous tongues said that Miss Slopham was afflicted with an ambition. She wanted a mission—not a foreign mission, in any sense of the words. She was debarred from one kind by her sex, and the other involved the possibility of crocodiles and yellow fever, not to mention the chance of being sacrificed to some ugly heathen god. She could not paint, or write, or sing. The stage had never offered any attractions to her, for various reasons, one of which was, so said the same untrustworthy authority, that she had never offered any attractions to the stage. She was tall and spare, and of a dry and autumnal aspect. She wanted fame, but she wanted it respectable. Therefore it was, said gossip, that this excellent woman turned to philanthropy. Even here her fate was against her. If she had not been a woman, she would have mourned the ill luck that brought her into the world rather late for the antislavery agitation. The malicious rumor, by-the-way, which declared that she wore a bib and tucker at the time of Jackson's war with the United States Bank, was wickedly false. Miss Slopham tried tenement-house reform, but fled before the smells. She had a little practice in the hospitals and orphan asylums, but found the sphere too contracted. She felt that she needed the stimulus of public approval. She was almost in despair, when, as if by accident, her eye lighted on the North American Indian. For centuries he had been chasing the buffalo and the white man, shooting and being shot, taking up the tomahawk and perishing by the rifle, robbing and being robbed, massacring and pillaging whenever massacre and pillage suited his grim humor, and being all this while alternately pampered and starved, cajoled and cheated, by a government which at the same time that it furnished him with guns for shooting its own soldiers, often failed to fulfill the solemn treaties it had made with him.

He had been having this lively and variegated experience for a century or so, without any intimation, prophetic or present, of Miss Slopham's existence, when that lady discovered him, and when that happened she exclaimed: "He is mine!" Hers, she meant, for the purposes of philanthropy. Wicked tongues had suggested that in Miss Slopham's philanthropy distance lent enchantment to the view.

Only a day or two later, and before she had had time to form any plans, the postman brought a letter with the postmark of St. Louis. It read as follows:

"ST. LOUIS, *October* 20, 1881.

"MY DEAR MISS SLOPHAM,—I want to make an appeal to your benevolence, which I know never fails in case of need. There is in this city at this moment, in hiding, at the house of one of our friends, a poor persecuted Kickapoo. A Kickapoo is an Indian, you know. He has fled from his reservation because, he says, he can not endure any longer the persecutions and wrongs he has received at the hands of the agent who has charge of the tribe. This agent must be a very bad man. Poor Ogla-Moga—that is his name; it means Young-man-who-digs-up-seed-potatoes-and-feeds-them-to-his-pony, he says, but we call him by his Indian name because it's so much prettier—says that this agent has repeatedly refused to let them go hunting, which is the only amusement the poor things have, on the miserable pretext that the hay must be got in; and he once took away the gun of one of the Kickapoos because he pretended to believe that the man had shot a settler, whereas there was no proof of it at all, except, Ogla-Moga says, that the man died soon after the gun went off. Ogla-Moga says nothing wounds the self-respect of an Indian so deeply as to take his gun away from him, and we have all felt a great deal of sympathy with that poor insulted Kickapoo. Isn't it a shame that a great government should deliberately and maliciously oppress these unfortunate and high-spirited people?

"But I had almost forgotten what it was that I had to ask. Poor dear Ogla-Moga—he is so quiet and gentle and sad that we have all really grown fond of him—says that it won't be safe for him to stay here: the officers will soon be after him for hav-

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ing left his reservation. Now we have arranged to send him eastward with Mr. Michst. He is the new lecturer before our Ethical Circle, which meets every Sunday in Azure Hall. I read a paper there last Sunday, called, 'Is there Anything?' which Mr. Michst says contains the most triumphant series of negations he ever heard. He says I completely disprove the existence of everything, including many things we all know to be true. My friends in the Circle are begging me to publish it, and I think of doing so, under the title of 'The Everlasting No Indeed.'

"But I am wandering again. When Mr. Michst brings Ogla-Moga to you, can't you get him shelter somewhere? Mr. Michst thinks of taking him on to Washington, so that he may lay the whole matter before the President. We have all been studying this Indian question for the last ten days, and we are convinced that the whole trouble is that the President doesn't understand it. Mr. Michst feels sure that if the President will give him, say, three days of his time, he can make it perfectly clear to him. Please answer by telegraph.

"Your friend,

"CLARA O. VERRAUGHT."

Now Miss Slopham lived in a neat and æsthetic apartment in a fashionable apartment-house, and it might have been supposed that she was hardly prepared to set up an asylum for fugitive Kickapoos. But that intrepid woman never faltered. Her answer went whirling by wire before she had paused to think of the ways and means of caring for poor Ogla-Moga.

"*October* 23.

"*Miss Clara O. Verraught, St. Louis, Missouri:*

"Let him come at once, and send his Indian costumes with him. I have a special reason for this request.

"AMELIA SLOPHAM."

Miss Slopham formed a plan. What it was will presently appear.

II.

Not many mornings after, there was the sound of a strange footstep in Miss Slopham's kitchen, and Bridget emitted a half-shriek. "Mither of Moses! what's that?" It was Ogla-Moga, who had just arrived. His costume was an extraordinary mixture of blanket and trousers and coat, hardly consistent with the requirements of civilization. A broad slouched hat hid his coarse black locks, and cast a friendly shadow over his piercing eyes and swarthy face.

"Here, Bridget," said Miss Slopham, "get some breakfast for this—a—a—gentleman at once." Miss Slopham was not accustomed to meeting Indians in a social way. She hardly knew whether to call him chief; she thought wildly for a moment of sheik; but compromised upon gentleman.

To Bridget's astonishment, her mistress hovered about while the strange dark man gobbled his food and glared upon her with his wild eyes. Still another stranger had come in with them; but this one wore the garments of civilization as if he were used to them. He was a bald young man—in fact, one of the baldest young men that ever was seen. He seemed to be bald all over. He had no ascertainable eyebrows, or eyelashes, or hair, and this, with his bright, fresh complexion and his big spectacles, gave him a very unworldly appearance.

"Oh, Miss Slobham," he said, "I haf been so much moved wid de story of dis poor Indian! He iss a shild of nature. He hass been so quiet, and so goot, and so sad! I haf talked to him by de hour, and he hass not interroopted me vonce. I haf exblained to him the viewss of our Ettical Surkle upon de future state, and he hass listened so attentifely, and ven I haf looked at him I haf found dat he wass asleep. Oh, his sleep wass so benign! I haf vept; I could not hellp it. He iss a shild of nature;" and good Mr. Michst wiped a tear from his eye.

"Good! good!" grunted Ogla-Moga, as he put a block of beefsteak in his mouth without the formality of a fork.

"He hass eaten all de vay from St. Louis to here, and he never seem to haf enough," said Mr. Michst, in awe, looking at Ogla-Moga very much as one might at the phenomenon of a menagerie.

"Poor creatures! I've often heard that their supplies were sometimes cut off for months at a time. I suppose this is a case of that kind. Ogla-Moga," said Miss Slopham, addressing him with her most re-assuring and eleemosynary smile, "does the government feed you often, you—a—poor Indians?"

"Not had—what you call it?—round

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meal—no, square meal," the Indian replied, making an explanatory parallelogram with his hands, "in four moons."

"Moonss?—moonss? What does he mean by moonss?"

Before the lady had time to make sure of her own knowledge on the subject, a glass of ice-water, Bridget, and have it perfectly clear. It may remind him of the water he used to drink from the brooks of his far-off forest home;" and here Miss Slopham, in her turn, wiped a tear from her eye. Indeed, the crystal particle was apparently so surprised to find itself on the good lady's

"OGLA-MOGA BEGAN A WILD AND MYSTERIOUS PANTOMIME."

Ogla-Moga began a wild and mysterious pantomime, which caused Bridget, who had her eye steadily on the strange monster, and kept close to the window as an avenue of desperate retreat, to exclaim: "Mither of Moses! what's the baste going to do?" Ogla-Moga was throwing his arm up in the air with a fierce swing, suddenly crooking his elbow, and bringing his closed hand to his mouth, while he rolled his eyes around the room with a melodramatic ferocity, evidently intended to convey the idea of extreme rapture.

"Poor Ogla-Moga!" said Miss Slopham; "he wants something to drink. Give him

cheek that it seemed to disappear of its own accord.

Ogla-Moga looked at the innocent glass of Croton that was handed him with undisguised disdain; but he swallowed his thoughts, whatever they were, with the water, and signified that his meal was ended.

And now for the first time the extent of the task she had undertaken became apparent to Miss Slopham. What was to be done with this terrible infant from the prairies during the week of seclusion that her plan made necessary? She lived alone, except for the companionship of Bridget,

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and it was asking a good deal of a timid and shrinking nature like Miss Slopham's to take into her little household a gentleman who rolled his eyes in such an alarming manner. Then, too, there were the proprieties, against which sins could not be committed even in the name of reform. Yet what else was there to be done? He could not be sent to a hotel: that meant publicity, and perhaps recapture by the emissaries of a cruel and unsympathetic government. She could not ask a friend to take him in. He could not be sent anywhere without danger. Finally a brilliant thought struck her just as she was on the verge of distraction, with Ogla-Moga's big eyes fastened on her all the while. There was the janitor of the apartment-house. He might easily be induced to take a boarder, and he would be discreet. Ogla-Moga could be kept in retirement in his rooms. She would act at once upon the idea. And yet what was she to say? How was she to account for the presence of this stranger in her little household? Ah! he needed clothes. His present costume was an impossible one. She would begin with this subject with the janitor's wife, and feel her way gradually. So she made her way to the top of the house.

It would be hard to say who was in the greatest flutter when the janitor's door was opened upon her, Miss Slopham, whose maiden bosom was agitated with strange embarrassments, or Mrs. Doherty, who was not accustomed to receive calls from the ladies of the house. The former was so confused that she walked against a chair and knocked it over, gave a little scream, and stepped on the baby, which was sprawling on the floor, whereat the baby screamed, and she screamed, and Mrs. Doherty screamed—all of which did not tend to diminish the mental excitement of either of the ladies, especially as Mrs. Doherty had up to that moment been trying to dust off a chair with one hand while she held another baby with the other arm, and motioned with her head to a little girl—or perhaps she ought to be called a baby—who had charge of still two other babies, to take them out of the room. Poor Miss Slopham thought she had never seen so many babies in her life before, and the spectacle somehow only increased her bewilderment. So perhaps it was not to be wondered at that when she had sunk into a chair she should begin the conversation with the extraordinary and utterly unprecedented question:

"Oh, Mrs. Doherty, could you—a—could you—a—lend me—a—a pair of pantaloons?"

"A pair of what, Miss Slopham?" said the astounded Mrs. Doherty, in a low voice which expressed both the proper deference of the janitor's wife and the natural amazement of the woman.

"Oh, of course, I—I didn't mean to say that," poor Miss Slopham stammered, in hopeless embarrassment. "The fact is, there's a gentleman down stairs—a friend of mine, you know—he has no home, and very few clothes—and I want to get you to help me. He's down stairs now, and he's going to stay—I don't see how I am going to help it—and I must get a suit of clothes for him this afternoon. I suppose you think this is all very queer," said the poor lady, in breathless confusion, with a little nervous laugh, thinking to herself at the same time that it certainly *was* very queer.

"I'm not at all sure that I understand ye, ma'am," said the bewildered woman, looking about her in an alarmed sort of way, as if she wondered whether Miss Slopham was quite a safe woman to be alone with.

"Oh, how can I explain it?" that lady cried, desperately. "Well," she said, drawing a long breath, "let's begin at the beginning. Of course you understand that I don't want any such clothes for myself?"

"No, ma'am, I suppose not," murmured Mrs. Doherty, evidently suspecting that the other was slightly insane.

"Well, I wanted to ask you about them, because I thought your husband might have some clothes he did not want. I'd pay him a good price for them, and they needn't be very good"—and again Miss Slopham struck that terrible snag of the conversation—"I want them for a gentleman who's got into trouble; I can't tell you what it is, but he's got to keep out of the way of people. And the thing I wanted to ask you most, Mrs. Doherty," she said, in a pleading voice, conscious that she was twisting it all into a sad snarl, "was whether I couldn't get you and Mr. Doherty to take him to board up here with you for a while," and here the good lady sighed a sigh of relief in spite of her misery and confusion. She had at last let the cat out of the bag.

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Mrs. Doherty's eyes were growing very large. The man needed new clothes; must have them that afternoon; there was a reason for his keeping out of the way; Miss Slopham would not tell what it was; the man had got into trouble. The idea grew bigger and bigger in Mrs. Doherty's mind, until at last it burst out with,

"But is it a jail-bird ye've got there, ma'am?"

"No, no," cried Miss Slopham, badly frightened in her turn at the other's fear. "How could you think such a thing? He's a gentleman, you know; quite an important man where he comes from. There are reasons why I can't tell you who he is. He doesn't want anybody to know it either. But a jail-bird! why, wait till you see him, Mrs. Doherty. He looks so gentle, and he's really handsome."

Mrs. Doherty looked at Miss Slopham. Miss Slopham was a wealthy tenant, and paid a large rent, and Mrs. Doherty was only the janitor's wife. But, after all, Mrs. Doherty was a woman, and Miss Slopham was a woman also, and Mrs. Doherty looked at Miss Slopham in the way in which only a woman can look at another woman; looked at her gray and withered curls, and at her face, which had never, in the springtime of Miss Slopham's youth, been the kind of face which painters celebrate and poets embalm in verse, and said nothing. What she may have thought, or whether she thought anything, was a matter of little consequence, for when the richer lady came to mention the terms at which she rated the hospitality of the Doherty household, Mrs. Doherty showed a positive anxiety to oblige her, and even murmured something about being glad to do anything in their power for such a kind lady.

Now began a week of agony for Miss Slopham. Ogla-Moga was duly installed in the Doherty apartment, and duly invested with a suit of Mr. Doherty's clothes. But the taste for roving was still strong upon him. The inner life of an apartment-house seemed to arouse all his savage curiosity, and the fact that the entrance to every apartment looked like the entrance to every other apartment gave rise to some disagreeable complications. In the second floor front, for example, a skirmish with a view to matrimony had long been in progress between the daughter of the family, Miss Josephine Ayr, and Mr. Margent, of the young and prosperous stock-broking firm of Margent and

MISS SLOPHAM AND MRS. DOHERTY.

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Bar, and the decisive engagement was plainly near at hand. The progress of the acquaintanceship had been watched with an interest not altogether friendly by the second floor back, while Miss Slopham had deigned to catch such neutral and impartial glimpses of it as she could over the stairs from the third floor front. In fact, the second floor back, who bore the name of Pound, had in an unguarded moment introduced Mr. Margent to the second floor front, and had then in silent rage seen him borne away from them by Miss Josephine. Perhaps this was to be accounted for by the fact that the two marriageable daughters in the second floor back had been offered, to use the coarse expression of the young stock-broker, "with no takers" for a series of years, and perhaps by the bold and shocking manners of Miss Josephine, which were often the subject of remark in the Pound household, where the opinion was frequently heard that it was difficult to understand how old Mrs. Ayr could keep so cheerful with a daughter whose behavior was the scandal of all her acquaintances. By one of those unaccountable coincidences which will occur in apartment-houses, the remarks of the Ayrs about the Pounds were repeated to the Pounds, while at the same time the remarks of the Pounds about the Ayrs were repeated to the Ayrs, the result being that Miss Josephine said that it must be a great satisfaction to Mrs. Pound to feel that she would probably always have her daughters with her, especially as they were already of an age to have many tastes in common with her, and the Misses Pound said that it was truly painful to see people who had once been very wealthy reduced in circumstances, like the Ayrs, for example, and that both families were carefully polite when they met.

Now Mr. Margent was thought to be on the point of declaring himself, and when he appeared one afternoon his intentions were obvious. He was, if possible, more scrupulously dressed than ever. His clothes, trimly cut in the latest style, were new and spotless. His plump, not to say puffy, face, of an overfed white, was as smooth-shaven as ever. His plentiful watch chain and his elegant shoes and his expensive stockings were, if possible, more plentiful and elegant and expensive than ever. When Miss Josephine appeared in a fresh costume, his small gray eyes revolved about her with an appearance of sluggish satisfaction which for him was almost animation.

"Business," said he—"business 's been splendid this year. Tip-top. C. B. and Q. brought us in ten thousand at one clip the other day. Fact;" and Mr. Margent paused for a fresh supply of ideas.

"How nice that is!" said Miss Josephine, gently, with a shade of tender appreciation in her voice.

"But it costs a dreadful deal to live. We all live at hotels, you know—all the boys. And then a fellow has to have his cab: all the boys have cabs. And then we've got to have clothes. But I'm economizing on that. I cut myself down to twenty suits last year. I don't see any use of a fellow's having more than twenty suits;" and Mr. Margent paused again, intellectually out of breath.

"I think you're a very extravagant creature," said the charming Miss Josephine, playfully shaking her finger at him. "If you had a wife to take care of you, you wouldn't be allowed to spend so much money."

"Well, do you know, I've been thinking of getting married. I was talking with the boys about it the other day. I said I believed a man could support a wife on seven thousand a year—keeping a fellow's cab, and staying at the hotel, you know, and all that sort of thing"—he hastened to add, with a little anxiety in his voice. "The boys bet I couldn't, and I bet I could, and I believe it was then that I really made up my mind to get married. Don't you believe it could be done on that?" Mr. Margent found himself the subject of a suffusion of ideas, and had the appearance of being surprised at his own gifts.

Miss Josephine was of the opinion, in a low voice, and with an expression of intense interest in the lace in her sleeve, that it could be done for that.

"Well, now," said the ardent youth, moving over to the sofa where she was sitting, and settling himself down beside her, "why shouldn't we get married? You're just the kind of girl I like—tip-top, you know. I like a girl with style about her. Come, say yes." And here the crude outlines of something like a joke, for the first time in Mr. Margent's history, began to be visible to him in the dim recesses of his obese mind. "Let's make it buyer sixty days," and he laughed until his small eyes almost closed.

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"And what's buyer sixty days, you horrid man?"

"Why, don't you know that? I should have thought you'd know that. It's when the buyer has sixty days to call for the stock. Let's get married in sixty days, and we'll invite all the boys."

Poor Miss Josephine! Was this her romance? She had not counted on much—but was this all? She was a sensible and practical girl, however, and the instructions of an excellent mother had not been lost upon her. She yielded herself to the embrace of this winsome wooer, her head drooped upon his shoulder, and he was just about to collect the dividend of a kiss, when the hall door swung open with a crash, and no other than Ogla-Moga plunged into the room, with a bundle intended for Miss Slopham. It was Ogla-Moga's unfortunate peculiarity that all floors were alike to him, and likewise all interiors. He stood in the dark hallway glaring with amazement upon the bewildered couple. Miss Josephine screamed, and Mr. Margent swore with actual animation. Ogla-Moga grew still more excited. He had learned enough of civilized life to know that strangers and intruders were objects of suspicion.

"G'out! g'out!" he roared, with his voice at prairie pitch. "G'out! or I put you out!"

Miss Josephine screamed again; her estimable mother rushed in by the door leading to the bedrooms, followed by three children, all beside themselves with curiosity and wonder, and Mr. Ayr himself appeared in the doorway leading to the dining-room, in a state of respectable consternation; and last of all appeared the heads of the two Misses Pound in the hallway outside, uttering simultaneously, with many deprecatory little bobs, the same words, to the effect that they thought perhaps some one was hurt, all of which only increased the wrath of Ogla-Moga, more than ever convinced that something was wrong.

"You no belong here!" he cried, swinging his arms wildly about. "This wigwam belongs gray squaw!"

"WHEN THE HALL DOOR SWUNG OPEN WITH A CRASH."

Miss Josephine always persisted in believing that Ogla-Moga had first gone to the Pound door, and that the Misses Pound, who knew only too well that Mr. Margent was calling upon her, had sent him to the other. But if it were true, she had a real woman's revenge. She had no sooner descried them in the doorway than with wonderful presence of mind she fainted straight into Mr. Margent's arms, much to that gentleman's astonishment. It was a master-stroke. The Misses Pound disappeared as suddenly as if they had been pictures from a magic lantern, and had been slid off the screen. Mrs. Ayr at once looked more cheerful, and Mr. Ayr began an insane effort to remove Ogla-Moga from the premises, in which it would have gone ill with him had it not been for

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a sudden vision of curl-papers and gray hair behind the Indian. His name was called in a voice he was accustomed to hear, he turned away, the door was banged to upon his heels, and the tableau closed.

The very next day Mrs. Gottom of the third floor back was to give a dinner party to the distinguished Italian musician Signor Barbazzo. Mrs. Gottom was known among the irreverent young men of her acquaintance as "the menagerie woman." Her favorite exclamation was, "I must have a fresh lion," and visitors to her apartment were always sure of beholding the latest leonine specimens landed on these shores. Signor Barbazzo's freshness made him a *rarus leo*. He was famous, and all the world was waiting for him, but he had not yet appeared in public. As a cruel fate would have it, Mrs. Gottom fell sick the very day set for the dinner, and was compelled to resign her place as hostess to her pretty and simple-hearted niece, Miss Tristan, who had never seen Signor Barbazzo. As fate would also have it, that gentleman himself fell sick, and being in the habit of doing as he pleased among the barbarians of the West, sent no excuses. As fate would still have it, Ogla-Moga, taking the wrong door as usual, strolled into Mrs. Gottom's drawing-room, which happened to be empty, about an hour before dinner, settled himself in a luxurious arm-chair in the middle of the room, and—fell asleep. Half an hour later, pretty Miss Tristan came rustling into the room with her coolest and sweetest dress on. She gave a start of surprise when she saw a man there, stepped forward, thinking that it was the distinguished guest himself, stopped again, seeing that he was fast asleep, and then taking a swift woman's glance at him, sped softly out of the room.

"Aunty, what do you think?" said she, breathlessly, running into that lady's room. "Signor Barbazzo is in the parlor, sound asleep in the big chair!"

"What are you saying, child? Signor Barbazzo in the parlor asleep! Nonsense!"

"But it must be he. Who else can it be? Hasn't he got long black hair?"

"Yes. And no beard or mustache? and a swarthy complexion?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well," said the aunt, wearily, "I suppose he has come in tired. Doing what he pleases, as they all do. But he mustn't be disturbed, on any account. I wish I was there to manage him. The other day at Mrs. Vicar's he went away in the middle of the dinner because the macaroni wasn't right. He'll do something dreadful, I suppose. Now be sure. *Don't* begin by making him cross. So if he should sleep an hour, keep the people quiet at all hazards, and let him sleep two hours if he wants to."

Poor Miss Tristan went back to the post of duty oppressed with a great responsibility. The servant was stationed at the door to prevent any ringing of the bell, and as the guests came in one by one, they were warned in whispers not to rouse the sleeping lion. Very soon Mrs. Gottom's drawing-room presented a striking example of the homage due to genius. The guests stood about in little groups, conversing in the most timid whispers, and even making signs take the place of language, glancing every moment at the supposed great man in the chair, who had his legs stretched out before him, his head thrown back, and was, if it must be confessed, snoring audibly, not to say visibly. There was Professor Phyle, the celebrated phrenologist—a tall man, with a gaunt face and long gray hair. He had been a lion once, but was now out of date. There were also present Mrs. Blenkin, a comparatively new soprano, having seen only two seasons; Lieutenant Wray, a lion just caught, or rather polar bear, having only then returned from a trip to the arctic regions, in which his ship had covered itself with glory; a young lady who had written a novel, and another who had written a poem, both unpublished, but both understood to be of a mysterious excellence; and others not necessary to mention. Even for these great people the chance to see a genius off his guard was not to be resisted. He seemed to be so soundly asleep that they might safely approach him. They tiptoed toward him, and hovered about him, holding their breath meanwhile. The ladies gazed at him longest, and seemed best satisfied with their inspection, with the exception of Professor Phyle, who was in raptures.

"I have never," said he, in a blood-curdling whisper, and waving his hand toward the unconscious Ogla-Moga, while the guests gathered about to hear what his verdict would be, "seen a more distinctly musical face. It is remarkable. It ought to convert any skeptic to phrenology. The development of what we phrenolo-

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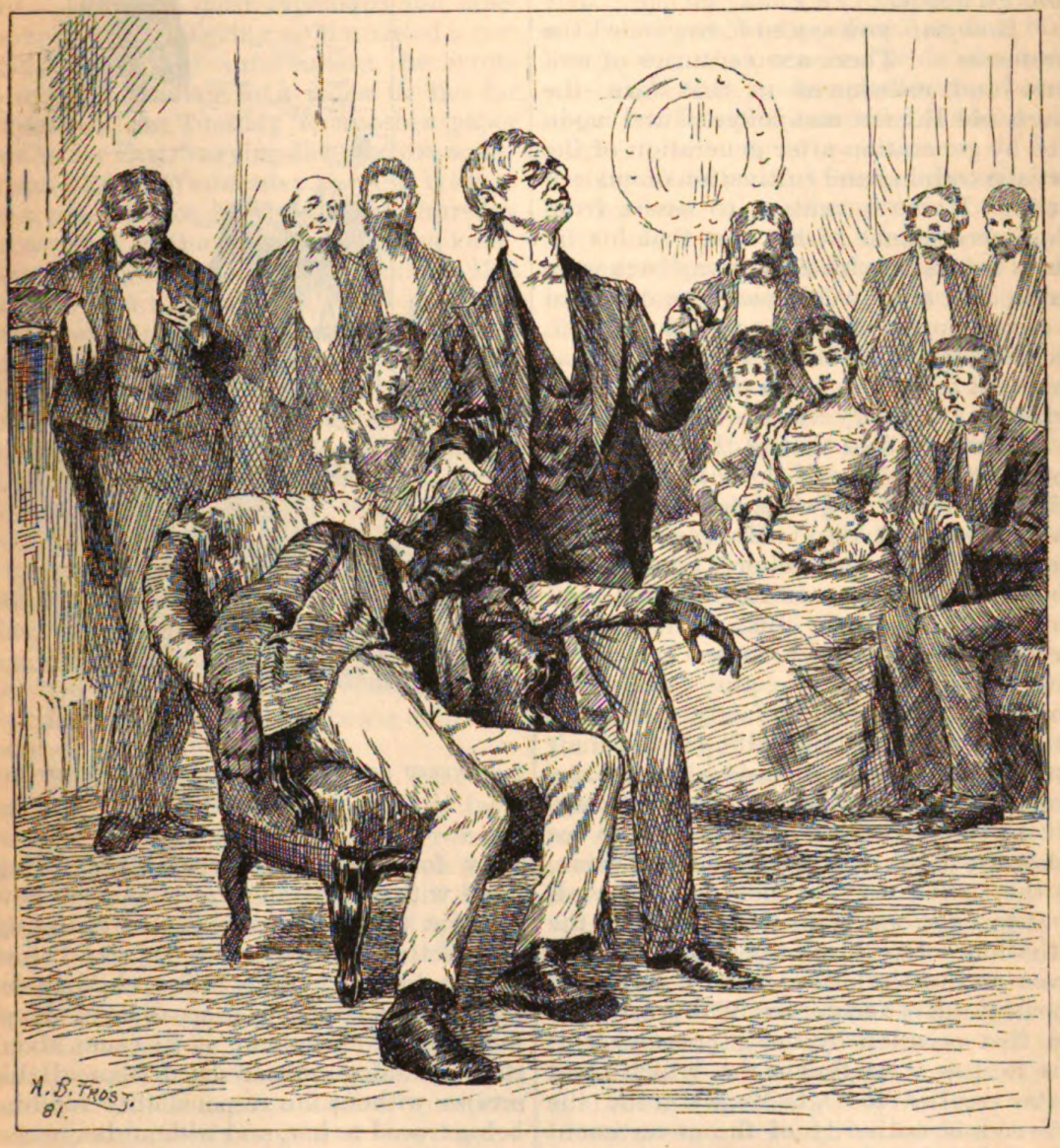
gists call, for the sake of convenience, the organs of tune and time—just over and near the side of the eye—the fullness of the eyes, the exquisite mobility of the mouth, are fairly abno-or-r-mal," and here

other, and drew long breaths of astonishment.

"I am glad," continued the professor, in his most approving manner, "that this little social incident"—but now the smile



"IF I COULD EXAMINE THE ORGANS WHICH ARE CONCEALED BY THOSE LUXURIANT LOCKS."

the learned professor's whisper made one's flesh creep. "And I have no doubt, if I could examine the organs which are concealed by those luxuriant locks"—and now the professor smiled his society smile, and his fingers rayed out toward the sleeping Indian's head in a nervous, eager way—"that I should find ideality, adhesiveness, time, hope, veneration, and so on, strongly developed, as in the case of the great composers." The ladies nodded at each

was more labored, and his eyebrows went up with less ease than usual, for, to tell the truth, the professor, like the rest of the company, was getting a little hungry—"should have given us an opportunity to make a scientific proof of his great genius."

Meanwhile the lieutenant, who was a practical person, if he was a lion, bent toward the still snoring Ogla-Moga with his eyeglass.

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"It's a singular thing," said he, coming back, "but the face doesn't seem at all Italian to me. It's more like an Indian's face than that of any civilized man I ever saw."

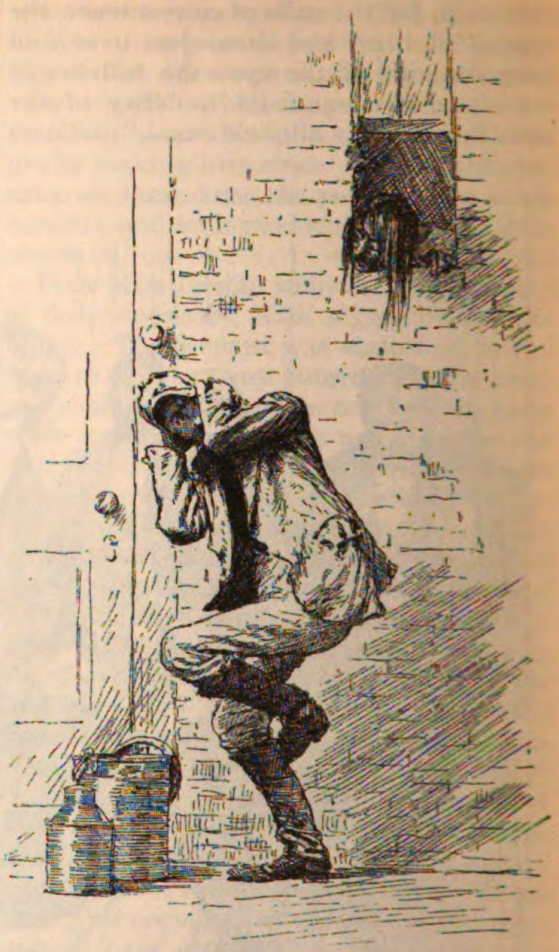
There was an indignant whisper of dissent all about.

"How can you say so?" responded the professor. "There are centuries of culture and refinement in that face—the stern old Roman cast softened and modified by generation after generation of the artistic training and cultivation of modern Italy. I would venture to assert from this mere glance at his face that his fathers before him for a long way back were musicians, and I would pick him out from a crowd on Broadway as a genius in music. Why," said the professor, with as much of a flourish as he could get into a whisper, "his very nostrils convict him."

It must be said that at that particular moment Ogla-Moga's nostrils were convicting him of a genius for music of a most discordant kind. He was snoring a profound snore whose chords could not be found in Beethoven or Rossini, nor even in Liszt or Wagner. Just as the professor finished his eulogy, there came a terrific rumble and rattle, and the Indian snored so loud that he fairly woke himself up. He raised himself up in the chair and looked about in speechless amazement. No one spoke. All were waiting, with the deference due to genius, to see what the great man would do, and were, at the same time, if it must be confessed, a little overcome with the novelty of the situation. His black eye ran quickly from one to the other, when it fell upon the uniform of Lieutenant Wray, assumed on that occasion by the express wish of his hostess. At that sight, which must have recalled to Ogla-Moga's mind the power and authority of the government of the United States, a look of terror blanched his face, and darting up, he fled through the open door into the hall, and disappeared, leaving behind him the impression that the eccentricity of distinguished Italian musicians is past finding out.

III.

Of many other of the deeds of Ogla-Moga—of how he imprisoned three estimable old ladies in the elevator, and before they were released had frightened them into hysterics; of how he at first took the milkman for be[illegible] brother Indian, and regularly for a time answered his morning howl with a terrifying war-whoop; of how he kept the house in turmoil by ringing an electric bell wherever he could find one, in doing which he took a childish delight—there is no need to speak here. Happily for Miss Slopham, it so came about that Ogla-Moga was rescued from all his scrapes without the responsibility for him being traced to her, and without her secret being discovered, although many complaints poured into the office of the carelessness by which strange and dreadful men were allowed to get into the house—a subject, however, on which the landlord could never get any satisfactory information from Mr. Doherty. Happily for Miss Slopham again, the week of trial was almost ended. She had issued invitations to a reception for a Thursday evening, at which she caused it to be understood a paper would be read upon an important reform question. Many of her friends in the apartment-house were included in the



"ANSWERED HIS MORNING HOWL WITH A TERRIFYING WAR-WHOOP."

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bidding to this feast of reason. The evening had arrived, and she was seated in her reception-room, talking to the first-comer—a very tall and grave gentleman with solemn long hair. This was Mr. Blagg, the well-known newspaper correspondent. He was a most ingenious and laborious writer. Having accumulated a certain amount of information, he wrote it out on Monday to a paper in the far West, and on Tuesday to another paper in the far East, varying the mixture somewhat, and on Wednesday varying it again to a paper in the North, and on Thursday to a paper in the South, giving the kaleidoscope of gossip still another shake. If it be true that a stamp of the foot displaces every atom of the globe, and that a word, once spoken, never ceases to reverberate through the universe, the intellectual atmosphere must have been disorganized with the clash and confusion of Mr. Blagg's contributions to contemporary history. But Mr. Blagg was also a general literary workman. He took contracts to write articles, pamphlets, and books, as a lawyer takes cases—not on their merits, but for the fee. If it must be admitted, he had written Miss Slopham's paper on the wrongs of the Indian, for a pecuniary compensation, for that lady was far from being a literary person.

"Oh, it is so strong, Mr. Blagg," she was saying, "so noble, and the array of facts is so overwhelming! Where did you get them? Oh, what a power your pen is!"

"Such as it is, Miss Slopham, it is always at your service;" and Mr. Blagg closed his eyes in a faint ecstasy. Unlike literary persons as a class, he was not reluctant to be openly appreciated. "As for the facts," he continued, "they were easily secured. I had occasion to write another article on the Indian question, taking an exactly opposite view, and I found that many of the facts, in the hands of a skillful artist, could be used in both articles. I have often found that plan beneficial. It economizes labor, gives exercise to all the intellectual faculties, and, where one can secure orders for a brace of documents to contradict each other, is, I may say"—and here Mr. Blagg coughed a little cough—"pleasant to the pocket."

"But I want your help still further, dear Mr. Blagg. We must make this poor Indian's cause our own. We must agitate the matter. I hope that when this paper has been read to-night" (and Miss Slopham looked down at the roll in her lap), "you will be willing to write something about it to your papers. I want the influence of your pen to rouse the country."

"I'll do what my pen enables me to do, Miss Slopham; and I will say that I think it is not without its effect," replied Mr. Blagg, with the conscious pride of a man who knew that public opinion would never get itself properly moulded without his help.

"It will be painful for us, of course, to be involved in anything like notoriety, but" (and now a shade of lofty resignation passed over the lady's face), "we must bear it for the sake of the cause." Miss Slopham already called it "the cause."

But the company had begun to assemble. Mr. Michst was there, having deprived the Ethical Circle of the benefit of his ministrations for an entire week in order to be present. Mr. and Mrs. Ayr were there, with Miss Josephine and her lover, who was heard to remark that this would be "great larks to tell the boys." The Misses Pound were also there, conveying in their looks their profound pity for a young man so sadly insnared. Mrs. Gottom was there, with her pretty niece, who looked, as really pretty girls always do, prettier than ever. Professor Phyle was there, and Mrs. Blenkin. But Lieutenant Wray had not been able to accept Miss Slopham's invitation. There were, besides, a considerable number of persons of limited celebrity, most of them fierce hobby-riders, who, instead of leaving those unruly animals at home in their luxurious stalls, or outside of their friends' houses, as the instinct of politeness might have suggested, rode them boldly into the parlors of the best society, and ran them at full gallop into the midst of any conversation, so that often no sound could be heard but the noise of their hoofs. Of the number and kind of these hobbies there is no need here to speak, but when there were so many gathered into a single place, the neighing and snorting, the champing of conversational bits, and the pounding of huge and heavy feet were curious to behold and to hear.

And Ogla-Moga? Now the native costumes were coming into play, and Miss Slopham's long martyrdom was to have its reward. She had conveyed to the Indian her desire that he should discard the garments of civilization, and array himself in

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those of his pristine barbarity. Remembering also that an Indian toilet is not complete without a good deal of decorative art, she lent him a collection of artists' materials kept for purposes of æsthetic display, and explained to him how to use them. The result was that when he emerged, he was a sight to strike terror into any heart. His robes became him fiercely, and the blazonry of his colors even frightened her a little. She began to wonder whether, after all, Indian reform might not be a dangerous pursuit. But all this was accomplished, in her haste, three hours before the time of the reception. What was to be done with him in the mean time? He must needs sit and wait, like the ladies in the olden time who on the occasion of some great fête were obliged, through the multiplicity of the hair-dresser's engagements, to pass under his hands early in the morning, perhaps, and then to sit like statues all day lest the lofty and beautiful structure on their heads should tumble into ruins. But how restrain him—this untutored Kickapoo? In her desperation a wild and wonderful scheme occurred to her. He had become savagely fond of raspberry jam. She would offer him a bribe of an unlimited quantity of this delicacy to go into some room and stay there, and once there, she would quietly lock the door. She canvassed in her mind all the rooms in her little box of a home. There was one, convenient, appropriate, and secure—the store-room. No sooner said than done. To see this fierce-looking Kickapoo clad in robes of savagery, and gleaming in all the paint of the war-path, seated on Miss Slopham's refrigerator, and looking about on either side with barbaric curiosity at her array of shelves of jars and bottles, while he ate raspberry jam out of a rare and elegant saucer with an exquisite silver spoon, might have seemed a ludicrous spectacle to anybody less austere than Miss Slopham. But she only gave a sigh of relief, and softly turned the key, and went away to prepare for her guests. Ogla-Moga did not miss her. He finished the saucer of jam, and finished the jar, and then began explorations. He found various relishes, condiments, and preserves, and what not, all of which he tasted, some of which he enjoyed, and some of which he seemed to objurgate in choice Kickapoo. At last—for his terrific figure was now erect on the refrigerator—he saw something that sent a gleam of joy across his fiery face. It was a dark bottle that bore an inscription which he could not read, "S. O. P. Brandy." But there is one sense which needs no education. He pulled out the cork, and put the mouth of the bottle to his nostrils; then he smiled grimly, and straightway sat down on the refrigerator.

The time had arrived for Miss Slopham to read her paper. Mr. Michst claimed the attention of the company by tapping on a table with a paper-knife. "Laties and shentlemen," said he, "we haf come here dis efening as drue philossophers—not for our own selfish bleasure enti-er-*lee*, but"—Mr. Margent looked uneasy, and fidgeted in his chair—"in order to hellp in de solution of one of de great questions of de day—de Indian question. I haf met some off dese obbressed and downdrodden beoble. I know how amiable, how excellent, they are—like little shildren dey haf lissened to me ven I haf talked to dem of de *aura* of Schrellenbach and de ofersoul—all vunder, and, I know, all pelief. But I vill not take down de time. My young and pyootiful friend, Miss Slobham" (the good, loyal man was sadly nearsighted), "vill read to you, and I belief she vill have some derrible dings to say."

Terrible things indeed! Miss Slopham's manuscript ran with gore—the gore of the red-man always. Massacres, surprises, and butcheries, in which the white man had slaked, only to renew it, his notorious thirst for Indian blood, followed each other across the pages of the paper, leaving each a darkening trail behind. The government of these United States, which, in the inconsistent, uncontinuous, and often bungling way of all governments, has probably tried to do its duty by the Indian—often succeeding only in making its benevolence a source of pauperism, and often betrayed by unfaithful officials and corrupt citizens into shameful acts of bad faith—was portrayed as a huge ogre, a giant Blunderbore, drinking Indian blood from two-quart bowls, and never breakfasting but on Indian baby. Meantime there filed through Miss Slopham's flowing sentences, like a procession of children with banners, the mild and faithful Modoc, the unsophisticated Sioux, the exemplary Pi-Ute, the large-eyed and pensive Pottawattamie, the polished Nez-Percé, the amiable Pawnee, the meek and unobtrusive Ogallala, and the playful Apache.

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If there ever had been a massacre by Indians, or an act of savage cruelty by other than white men, it was not found necessary for the purposes of this paper to mention it. Perhaps emphasis is indispensable in advocating reforms, and Indian reforms are surely needed. At all events, there was no lack of accentuation in Miss Slopham's paper. The little audience murmured to each other of its literary skill, and noticed that Mr. Blagg, who was a high authority, wore an approving smile.

"And now," she read, as she approached the end of the essay, "we have felt that there could be no better way to enlist the sympathies of practical men and women than to show them one of these unfortunate people as he is at home, in his native dress, in the picturesque pigments which he delights, in his innocent and child-like fancy, to adorn himself with, and to let you see how far he is from being the wretch he is represented to be, how clearly the natural mildness of his disposition, when unvexed by the tyranny of governments, shines through the manly beauty of his countenance. It has so happened that one of these poor creatures has been placed for a time under my charge" (and here a look of dawning suspicion began to appear simultaneously upon the faces of Miss Ayr and Miss Tristan), "and I shall be able to summon him in a few moments into your presence, and beg you to render, in behalf of this simple and suffering race, the kind yet impartial testimony of your own eyes. I ask this because"—

But what was this strange noise in the distance that made Miss Slopham pause in her reading, and sent a pallor across her cheek?—a sound as of the dragging of a heavy body through the private hallway leading from her kitchen—a sound as of a struggle, and of scuffling and heavy breathing, and loud mutterings. It flashed upon her in an instant that she had forgotten the little window in the store-room. Had Ogla-Moga escaped? What had happened?

But she made an effort and resumed: "I ask this because—"

"Mither of Moses! what are ye a-doin'? Let go me hair, or I'll scrame for the perlice;" and forthwith there went up just outside of the drawing-room door a scream in the unmistakable voice of Bridget which must have reached the traditionally absent policeman, no matter how far he was away.

The company had now started to their feet in astonishment and fright.

"Queltzcoatchstepukulistini!"—or that was what the response sounded like.

Another scream from Bridget.

"Akuishnapaccademipechacquinishcrekepa!"

In another instant an extraordinary group reeled into the doorway—Ogla-Moga, with his robes torn and spattered, his paint smeared out of its original lines and colors, and his face furrowed with scratches inflicted by the hands of Bridget—Ogla-Moga drunk, utterly drunk, and brandishing in the air a glittering carving-knife; and Bridget—alas! drunk too—with her hair in the firm grasp of the Indian, who was pulling her along.

There was a universal shriek of horror. Three of the ladies bolted through the only door which the Indian did not occupy, and which opened into a small bedroom. They frantically pulled it shut, just as three other ladies seized the knob on the outside and tried to pull it open. As luck would have it, Miss Ayr and her mother and Mrs. Blenkin were on the inside, and the two Misses Pound were on the outside—a fact which did not seem to diminish the natural anxiety of the ladies on either side of the door for their personal safety. At all events, the tug of war went on. Mr. Blagg showed extreme terror, and being plainly reduced by the same to a state of utter intellectual confusion and imbecility, made an insane attempt to scale the heights of a large whatnot in the corner of the room, which, of course, promptly came over with him, hurling him to the floor with great violence, and falling directly upon him, while it covered his body and the larger part of the floor with the fragments of unprecedented tea-pots and alleged salad bowls. Mrs. Gottom and her niece barricaded themselves in the corner with a sofa, and armed themselves with huge photograph albums to be hurled at the enemy; while Professor Phyle, who was a prominent member of the Peace Society, quietly stepped into the window recess, and drew the curtains in defense of his person and his principles.

In the midst of the turmoil and dismay, Miss Tristan was heard to exclaim, "Oh, aunty, it is Signor Barbazzo!" and her aunt was heard to reply, with singular

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feeling, "Hold your tongue, child, and never speak to me again as long as you live!" There was a marked rustle of the curtains in front of Professor Phyle at this episode. Meantime Mr. Michst, with a blind idea of doing something, without knowing in the least what it ought to be, had confronted the Indian, who still stood there muttering and shaking his knife. Just then he gave a terrible tug at Bridget's hair, that imparted a projectile motion to her as he swung her away from him. Her lowered head struck Mr. Michst with full force in the neighborhood of the diaphragm, and the two went down on the floor with a crash. Mr. Margent, the first to recover his presence of mind, stepped over the extended toes of Miss Slopham, who had simply dropped into a chair in a dead faint, firmly seized the Indian's right hand, in which the knife was held, and putting his other hand on the Indian's shoulder, gently and easily tripped him up, and when he had got him down sat on his prostrate form. It had hardly been done when a dark little man slipped into the room, cast a swift glance around, and without stopping to look his astonishment, in a flash locked a pair of handcuffs on Ogla-Moga's wrists. In the hall outside was a vision of two policemen.

Mr. Margent, without betraying the least surprise, slowly got up, pulled a tooth-pick out of his pocket, and began to use it, while he looked down at the Indian. "What's he done?" he asked, coolly.

"Oh, all sorts of things: killed a missionary; poured a can of kerosene on his squaw, and tried to set her on fire, because he wanted to take another one; and so on. The worst Kickapoo of the lot. I've had hard work to find him; but," with a grin, "I never expected to find him in a place like this."

Ogla-Moga had fallen asleep then and there! The harsh music of his snore filled the room. To several persons present it had a familiar sound. Professor Phyle, who had stuck his head out of the curtains, drew it in again suddenly, like the timid turtle.

"Poor Ogla-Moga!" said Miss Slopham, who had recovered, and had been listening. "What else could be expected under a cruel and despotic government?"

"Ogla-Moga? Yes, ma'am, that's his name among the tribe. I'm the agent's deputy. We called him Ugly-Mug, and that was the way the Indians pronounced it. It *is* ugly, you see, ma'am."

It *was* ugly. It was the last blow. Miss Slopham said not another word, and, strange to say, Mr. Blagg never mentioned these interesting incidents in his correspondence.

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To an Old Woman

Old Widdow Provse to do her neighbors euill
Ha'd giue some sav her soul vnto ỹ deuill
Well when sh'av kild that pigge goose cocke or hen
What wo'd she giue to get that fovle againe

Rob: Hearicke.

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A LIBRARY EFFECT, BY COLMAN.

A TRIAL BALANCE OF DECORATION.

CONTRARY to the prediction of many sober-minded citizens, the "decorative art craze," as they were pleased to call it, has not died out, though it has passed through many phases in a few years, and may now be seriously considered as a revival, and as an organized attempt to extend and develop the achievements of art till beautiful things, and the beauty that is the result of harmony in our surroundings, become the rule and not the exception.

The process of distillation that has been going on ever since the Universal Expositions and the importations of Oriental goods began to make the artist's pot boil seems likely to result in such assimilation and adaptation of foreign ideas as to warrant the expectation of some distinctly national achievement. There are few stronger indications of the popular progress of any science or calling than the estimation in which its professors are generally held, and an American must be very young who can not remember the almost universal indifference to hideous interiors as coeval with the prevalent belief that an artist is a poor devil whose precarious existence is the natural outcome of irregular habits encouraged by fanatical and fantastic ideas.

It is only a few years since the name of an American artist has become commercially valuable. Your paper-hanger or carpet-dealer no longer urges that this is the most fashionable pattern, but expects your bewildered mind to find relief from responsibility in the name of Tiffany or of Colman.

The commercial element that is so often complained of by modern artists has proved a powerful assistant in the development of art industries. The investors of capital find small returns in dilettant experi-

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ments, and the competition of traders has created a demand for the best talent and the most thorough experts. It is becoming generally understood that, to achieve satisfactory results, trained specialists must co-operate, and in methods at least we are approaching more nearly the conditions of the best periods of art.

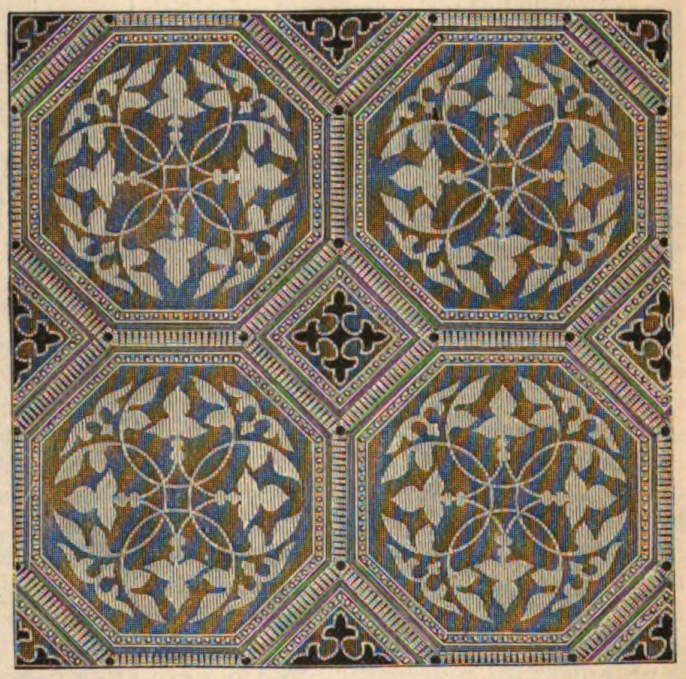
Much effort is necessarily as yet misdirected; the relative importance of the various branches of art is not yet properly determined; but as we become less fervently enthusiastic, and learn to consider fine art less as a new and delightful pastime, and more as a natural constituent part of material and intellectual life, we shall do things more soberly and advisedly. We shall, it is to be hoped, outgrow the present haste to enjoy that demands the conception and execution of an ambitious scheme in a twelvemonth, at the sacrifice of excellence, and therefore to the exclusion of progressive development. It is in this respect that the commercial spirit is often at fault; it recognizes the necessity of catering to the prevalent taste, but does not foresee that only real excellence can long command popular approval.

What can properly be called the "decorative art craze" is dying out. The absurdity of making our parlors museums of heterogeneous knickknacks, including the æsthetic bulrush standing in a besmeared drain-pipe, is becoming more and more apparent. We are beginning to appreciate that our Japanese collection never appears to such advantage as when collected, that our buhl table is no assistance to our Smyrna rug, and that, in short, style is—style.

The impossibility of reviving conditions that form and develop distinct style—that is, the impossibility of shutting out all foreign influence—makes assimilation and adaptation inevitable; but these terms are synonyms for originality, which in America is not hampered by local tradition, and for this reason should be more strongly asserted here than in older countries.

What has already been accomplished is of course only an indication of what may be achieved when the public becomes more discriminating as the artists become better trained. The conditions of our daily life must in time establish limitations that will be tacitly admitted, determining a kind of natural selection of the fittest of the incrustations of all ages.

Now that our commercial millionaires have begun to vie with each other as liberal patrons of art, we find the most ambitious undertakings in New York city; and though five years hence the most elaborate efforts of to-day will seem comparatively mere experiments in luxurious splendor, it is hardly five years since a description of them would have sounded, to American ears at least, like fabulous extravagance. Not that the humbler tastes of the æsthetic poor are receiving less attention; on the contrary, our most famous decorators take especial pride in such small triumphs over economical restrictions as the accompanying illustration of a small library effect, by Mr. Samuel Colman, in which a delicate sense of proportion and of color is made to supply the place of expensive materials and workmanship. The effect is in no sense a compromise; the surfaces would not be improved by enrichments that economy precluded, and the simplicity it enforced is beauty in Mr. Colman's hands, especially as the shelves were designed to receive the bric-à-brac that so greatly enhances the effect.



BIT OF CEILING IN UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE, BY LA FARGE.

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It is not by any means in the most importantly large and public undertakings that we find the best examples of our decorators' work, but few better things have been done in flat decoration than the small ceilings in the dining-room of the new Union League Club house, by Mr. John La Farge. Our wood-cut robs the design of its color, which, being its greatest charm, must, if possible, be imagined with the aid of such words as we can find. The ground is a pale and varying tone of brass-colored gold, thinly applied, realizing the tone that is the peculiar mark of time. Upon this ground the pattern appears in pale but *vif* greens and reds, both being apparently more dragged on than painted, and the fine interlacing lines are pencilled in a changeable maroon or dragon's-blood. Here and there a centre within a green or red leaf is emphasized with the least flake of a higher tone of gold. Altogether we do not remember any conventional treatment that by simple means conveys an impression of so much richness, delicacy, and mellowness.

Mr. Frank Lathrop has also accomplished a most effective invention in mural decoration as part of a scheme that adorns our most recently completed private houses, but it would be futile to attempt in black and white to convey any idea of the beautiful gradations of buffs and olives judiciously heightened with various tones of gold upon which the effect entirely depends. We mention it, however, as something which, though on a small scale, is an important contribution to American decoration.

There is no lack of expensive examples of mural and all other internal decoration, but as yet there are few that can be cited as consistent and valuable contributions to the art, and which must always retain an important place in our estimation. We have already referred to the decorations of the Union League Club house in speaking of Mr. John La Farge's dining-room ceilings, and there are other details of his treatment of the same apartment which are more or less interesting, but as a whole we do not feel that the scheme of enrichment, as he has executed it, commands attention either as original design or happy adaptation. In this room the curtains and the portières are examples by Messrs. Louis C. Tiffany and Co., and though they are marvels of technical skill, are strangely at variance with both the architectural treatment and the decorations, being slavishly Japanese in design and execution. The halls throughout the building have been decorated by Messrs. Louis C. Tiffany and Co., even to the carpets on the stairs and on the third and fourth floors, and while we can appreciate the difficulties of the situation, arising largely from architectural inconsistencies and imperfections, we can not find much encouragement for the cause of decorative art in these walls and in these windows, especially when considered as a whole scheme. There are here and there, as in Mr. La Farge's work, effective panels, agreeable tones of color, even brilliant effects realized by simple means, but these do not save the whole from the imputation of experimentalism.

The Veterans' Room in the Seventh Regiment Armory, lately completed by the same firm or association of artists, invites criticism as a particularly bold departure from such theories as have hitherto found favor, and though we can here find many beautiful details, and must admire the scheme of color, especially the subtlety with which it is realized, these virtues do not atone for the affectation of rudeness, the multiplicity of unimportant detail, that destroys repose, and gives the whole a theatrical expression. In short, we can not help feeling that with such ample proportions a revival of some fine old mediæval guard-room would have been more to the purpose, unless a distinctly modern treatment could have been adopted, and this does not seem to us an unpromising task from the decorative stand-point. Such an undertaking could not have failed to be instructive, at least, in Mr. Tiffany's hands, and this his Veterans' Room certainly is not.

Mr. Tiffany and Mr. La Farge have devoted their efforts to the development of stained glass manufacture, and it is hardly too much to say that these gentlemen have sent out from their respective studios windows that are in many instances equal to anything ever accomplished in this branch of art. Both Mr. La Farge and Mr. Tiffany are eminent colorists, and it is no matter for surprise that they should forsake their palettes for the translucent qualities attainable in their opal and iridescent glass. We can not, however, believe that they will long continue to include stained glass and polychromatic mural decoration in the same scheme, be-

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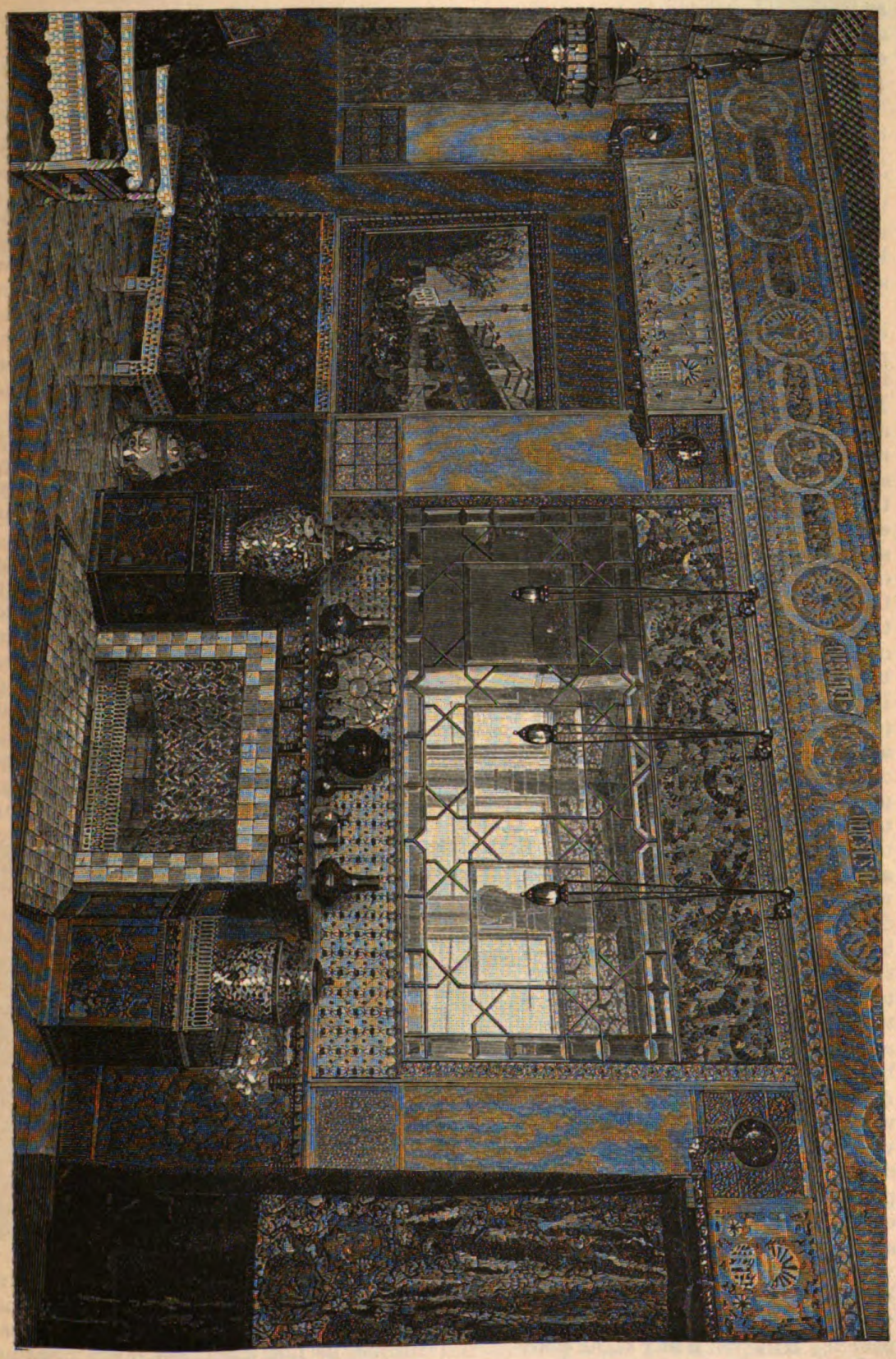

PARLOR DECORATION, BY LOUIS C. TIFFANY AND CO.

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cause it will be generally admitted that the glass is more effective when opposed, as in the old cathedrals, to walls, ceilings, and floors of monotone, in which all rich effect is attained by carving and moulding. A strong instance of the objection to combining stained glass and mural decoration is furnished by the position of Mr. La Farge's pictures in the chancel of St. Thomas's Church, where it is impossible to see the pictures with clearness, owing to the windows above, for which Mr. La Farge is not responsible, except in so far as he did not stipulate for their removal.

In domestic interiors one of the most important lately completed is the drawing-room we illustrate, as far as it is possible to do so without color. In this room Messrs. Louis C. Tiffany and Co. have made an elaborate attempt to assimilate the moresque idea to modern requirements, and no expense has been spared to attain the most perfect result in every respect, even the grand piano being made to assume a moresque garb. A superb picture of the grand mosque and market-place at Cairo, by Passini, occupies the recess on the left of the fire-place, and the doorway on the right is hung with the richest embroidery. The fire-place is lined with old Persian tile in blue, blue-greens, and dark purplish-red on a white ground, making a valuable sensation in the surrounding opal tile, of which the hearth is also composed. These opal tiles are clouded, sometimes wholly opaque, sometimes nearly transparent, and generally diaphanous, and they are backed with gold, a glint of which is perceived here and there. The dado and the floor would not be described by the word "parquet," being much more than this term implies—an intricate system of inlaid-work of all manner of native and foreign woods, highly polished, and forming gradations and contrasts of browns, buffs, yellows, reds, and black. All the wood-work above is executed in white holly, the panels in which are filled with various incrustations of stucco in delicate moresque patterns re-enforced with pale tints, gold, and silver. Such portions of the walls as are not otherwise occupied are covered with stamped cut and uncut velvet on a satin ground, in tones of pale buff, red, and blue, receiving the light in various ways, so that no two portions appear the same from any stand-point.

The frieze between the bands of silver and red mosaic and moulded lines of turquoise blue is brought out in bold disks at varying intervals on a buff ground, filled in with an infinite detail of silver, gold, pale purple, and white. The cornice is formed by a procession of carved silver corbels appearing against a brilliant chrome background, and on these rests the ceiling of galvano-frosted iron overlaid with geometric tracery in relief, forming hundreds of small panels of various forms, in which enrichments of gold and silver appear against the frosted background.

The panels of the bevelled mirrors above the mantel serve to reflect the white enamelled shafts in the large bay-window opposite, and the mother-of-pearl effects of the double stained glass windows draped in rich folds of olive and gold embroideries.

The furniture is all of white holly, carved, turned, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, making rich effects with the olive plush coverings embroidered in cream and gold-colored floss.

The room is lighted by five lanterns, not including the three small ones over the mantel, which, though dimly lighted, are only intended to complete the decoration in brass and turquoise. The five useful lanterns are of different patterns of filigree brass-work, suspended by curious chains, and the whole effect is certainly moresque, certainly beautiful, and unquestionably expensive. Whether an assemblage of black coats and trousers seems consistent with this Oriental magnificence is a question which hardly concerns us.

The only fault we think it fair to find is one for which the decorator is only indirectly responsible: the room is too small for such a treatment, and refuses in other ways to lend itself absolutely to the scheme. However, the result is a fair example of consistency throughout, as far as it is possible to be consistent in transplanting an exotic to a Northern clime, and it is to this faithful preservation of style, as well as the delicate distribution of color, that the apartment owes most of its charm.

Among the many contracts for elaborate furnishing undertaken by the importing and manufacturing firm of Herter Brothers is a drawing-room in a Fifth Avenue mansion, for which Mr. Walter Shirlaw painted the frieze we illustrate; and though Mr. Shirlaw is not our greatest colorist, he has displayed much pleasing fancy in this design, and has preserved a nice balance with the rest of the scheme,

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A FRIEZE, BY WALTER SHIRLAW.

which is as handsome and costly as rich materials and more or less faithful following of cinque-cento models can make it.

It seems to us that it is a due appreciation of the causes of cinque-centoism that is to give form and consistency to our desires, and direction to our efforts. There are numerous instances in each of the several styles, but we have mentioned only those that seem to possess some marked peculiarity indicating the direction of the present activity, and there can be little doubt as to the growing influence of Oriental styles in all conventional design. Neither Greek nor mediæval decoration seems to take as firm a hold on our susceptibilities as the various forms of Japanese, Persian, and moresque, especially the Persian, for in this we find a constant reminder of the Greek, with all the freedom of the Japanese. It would be tedious to enumerate the changes that have been wrought in the manufacture of all materials; the revival of old colors and patterns, the invention of new, until our dry-goods shops present as brilliant spectacles as Oriental bazars, though there is no lack of the palest and softest tones in wonderfully delicate gradations and curiously effective textures.

Among other distinctly American art industries we may mention the tiles that are now manufactured at Chelsea, Massachusetts, by the Messrs. Low. These gentlemen have succeeded in giving an entirely new value to tiles, especially in regard to color and what we may call texture. By their processes tiles are not only modelled in relief, but are most beautifully graded in color, a blush of a certain tone seeming to spread and deepen over the surface, and while a certain grade of color is adhered to in a number of tiles, no two are alike in the distribution of values, and

A CHELSEA TILE, BY THE MESSRS. LOW.

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the surface is apparently a thin glaze overlying a mellow molten depth. To this description of tiles has lately been added another still more effective, in which various colors are used in the same piece, and in which are seen curious crystalline formations of great brilliancy under the transparent surface. The beauties and novelties of these tiles are as impossible to convey in black-and-white illustration as are those of the opalescent glass now so deservedly admired, and which has added a new charm and larger range to the effect of our stained glass.

There is something encouraging in the instinctive adoption of Oriental conventionality while we adhere in realism to the Greek and Italian ideal, at least so far as the portrayal of humanity is concerned. The reciprocal influence of all the arts of design must result in a general tone of performance peculiar to our conditions, if not illustrative of them, as they become more settled. The decorative idea creeps into nine pictures out of ten, whether intentionally or not, and independently of the subject, or object of the picture, or the whim of the artist. In the accompanying drawing by Thomas W. Dewing, he evidently could not resist the introduction of the flowing lines which bind the heads together, and are repeated in the row of hands below, so that what without these accessories would be simply a picture of more or less interest from a realistic and poetic point of view, becomes a decorative panel suggesting a scheme of recurrence. We select this example as a particularly strong instance of the tendency we speak of, to obliterate the line between fine art and decorative art, and in so doing to preserve our preferences or sympathies for distinctly different things. It remains to be shown whether we shall go floundering on with spasmodic devotion now to the Persian style, again to the East Indian or the European mediæval, or whether we shall assimilate what serves our purpose in all that floats to our shore, until a sense of style pervades which shall be as much ours as the Renaissance was the feeling of cinque-cento artists.

DECORATIVE PANEL, BY THOMAS W. DEWING.

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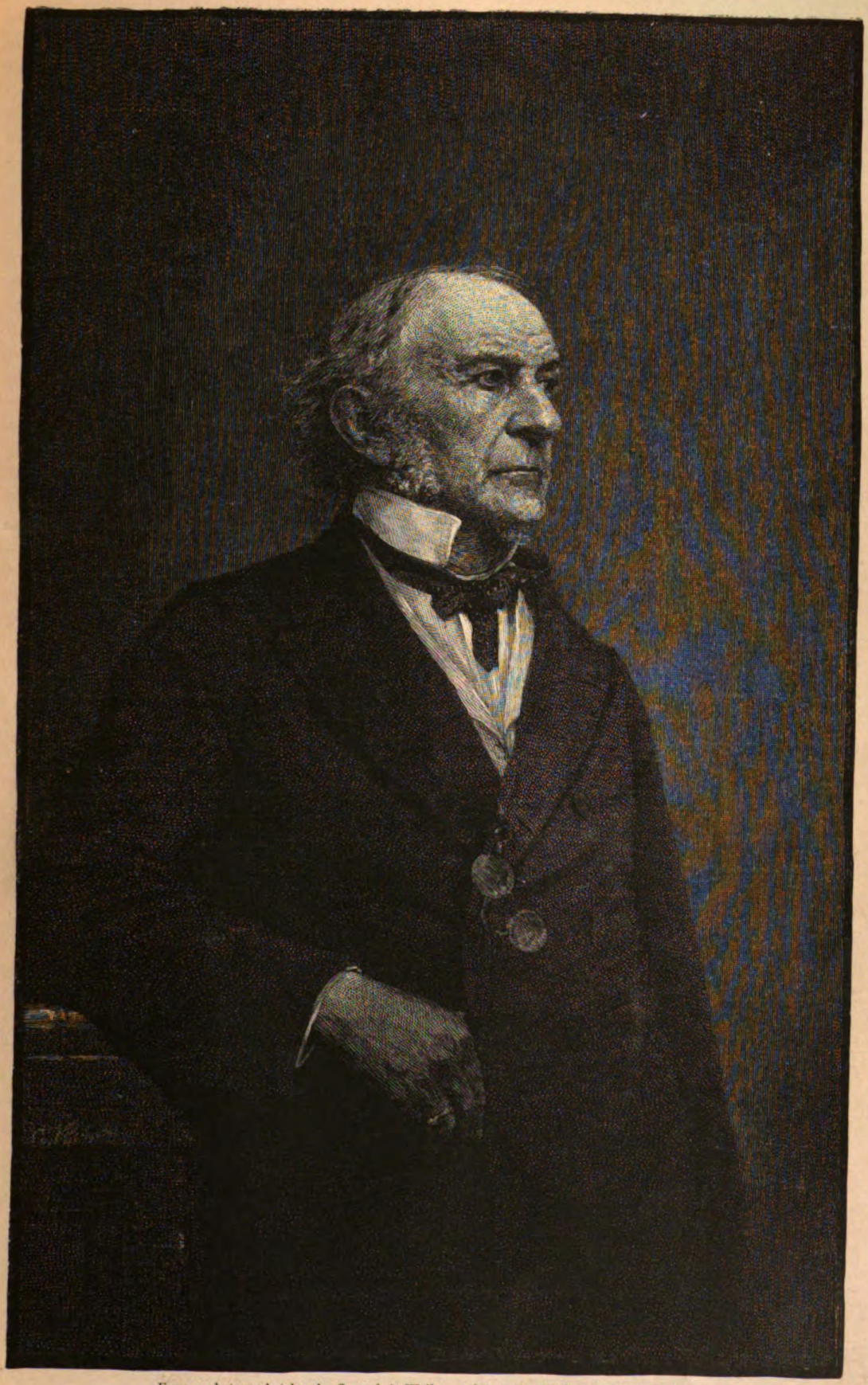

From a photograph taken by Samuel A. Walker, at his studio, 230 Regent Street, London.

THE RT. HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

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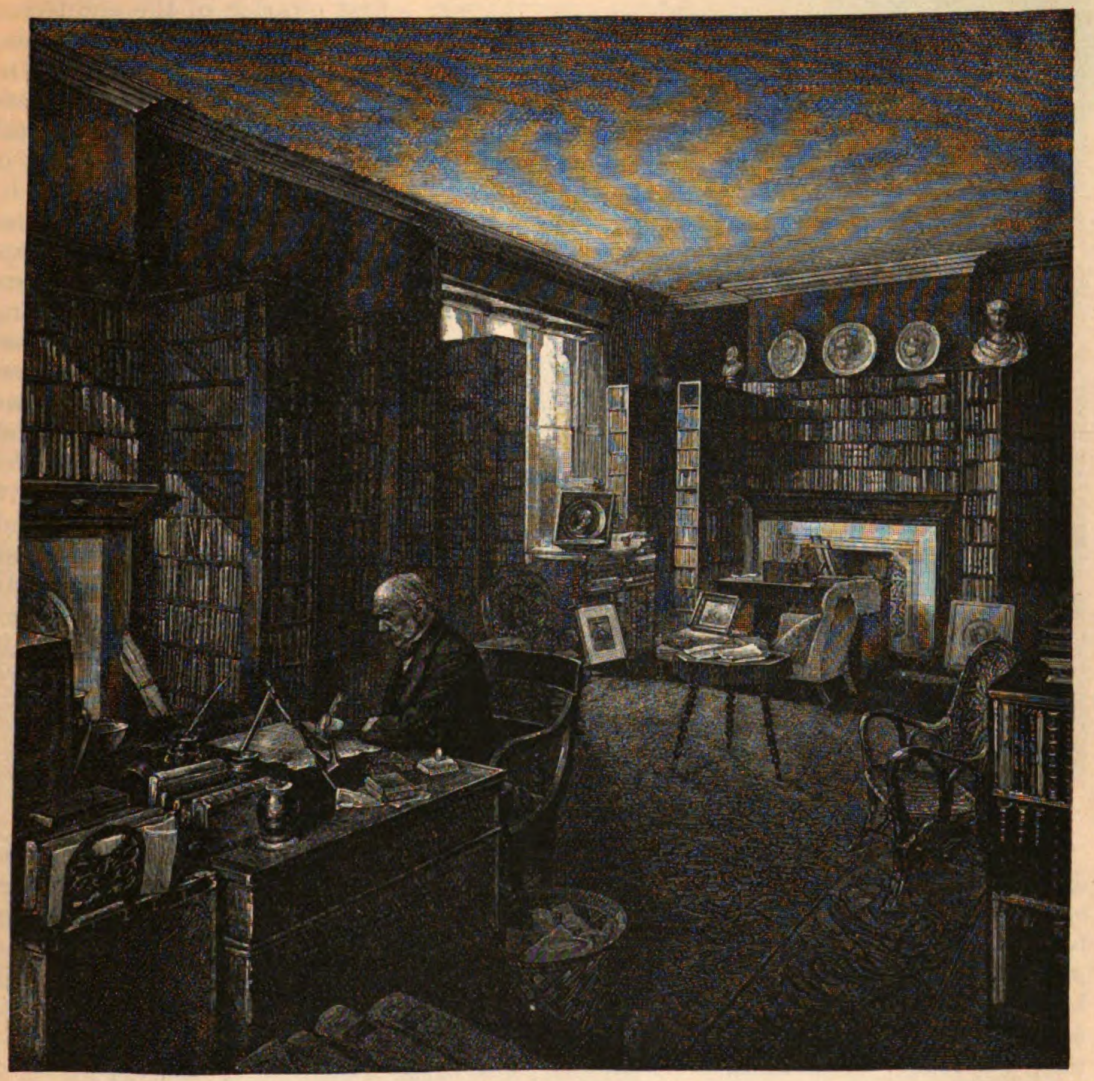

GLADSTONE IN HIS LIBRARY.

MR. GLADSTONE AT HAWARDEN.

THERE are two Hawarden Castles, one the old, the other the new, one the real, and the other—if the word do not seem too ruthlessly accurate—the sham. The first stands upon a hill dominating a far-reaching tract of country. It was rebuilt in the time of Edward the First or Edward the Second, and formed one link in the chain by which the Edwards held the Welsh to their loyalty. Its name appears in Doomsday-Book, where it is spelled Haordine, which antiquarians presume is the Saxonized form of the earlier British name Y Garthddin, which, being translated, means "The hill fort on the projecting ridge." The Welsh still call it Penarlag, a word the etymology of which points to the period when the lowlands of Saltney were under water, and the castle looked over a lake.

This is the comparatively later history of the castle, whose earlier records go back to the time when it was held by the ancient Britons, and stood firm against Saxon, Dane, or whatever they might be who sought to deprive the people of their heritage in the soil. When William the Conqueror came over he found the fort on the hill held by Edwin of Mercia. In later times Prince Llewellyn was lord of Hawarden, whence he was dispossessed by his brother David. It was, of course, only after Wales was conquered that Hawarden became an English stronghold against the Welsh. Somewhere between 1267 and 1280 the castle had been

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OLD HAWARDEN CASTLE.

destroyed and rebuilt. King Edward generously presented it to the house of Salisbury. Then it came into the possession of the Earls of Derby, who played the host to Henry the Seventh when he visited the castle in the last years of the fifteenth century. During the Parliamentary wars the castle played many parts. At the outset it was held for the Parliament, and was taken by siege in 1643. Two years later the royalists were dispossessed, and at Christmas-time, in 1645, Parliament ordered that the castle should be dismantled, which was done with grim effect. When the latest proprietor of the period, James, Earl of Derby, was executed, the estates came into the market, and were purchased by Sergeant Glynne, from whom in long descent they were inherited by the wife of William Ewart Gladstone. Sergeant Glynne's son, the first baronet, Sir William, coming into possession, was seized with the odd notion of further destroying the old castle, and by the end of the seventeenth century very little remained beyond what stands up to this day in face of the fierce winds of the Marches.

At this time the Glynnes were living in Oxfordshire, near Bicester. In the first quarter of the eighteenth century they built themselves a small house at Hawarden, and in 1752 Sir John Glynne created a stout, honest, square, red brick mansion. In 1809, the lord of the manor, doubtless fired by the daily prospect of the picturesque ruin that faced the mansion, determined that his own residence should be something more in keeping with the scene. It was not the rose, but it lived near it; it could not be the castle, but it should be castellated. This pernicious idea was carried out with great energy, and quite as much success as it deserved. The plain brick house was plastered and stuccoed, sham turrets were run up, and the new Hawarden Castle unblushingly turned its front to the massive ruin which had looked down on six centuries.

It would not have been surprising if the old castle had, after the manner of Jewish chivalry, torn its hair of thickly entwined ivy, rent its garments of moss and lichen, and fallen down prostrate, determined forever to shut out the sight of the modern monstrosity. That, however, is the kind of thing that would happen only in a metrical tale of the border. What was left of the old castle at the beginning of the century stands to-day, a monument of the massive work of the early masons. The remnant which the political purpose of the Parliamentarians and the incomprehensible zeal of Sir William Glynne permitted to exist is in marvellous preservation, as might well be, seeing that in places the masonry is fifteen feet thick. The present proprietor is not inclined selfishly to enjoy the grandeur of the ruin or the quiet beauty of the scene that may be surveyed from its towers. The old castle, like the park itself, is open to the public without restriction. Only two requests are modestly preferred in the interests of good order. One is that visitors entering the park will kindly keep to the gravel-walks; the other, which more particularly pertains to the ruined castle, entreats Jones, Smith, and Brown to restrain their natural impulse to write their honored names on whatever memorable remnant of stone-work they may chance to come

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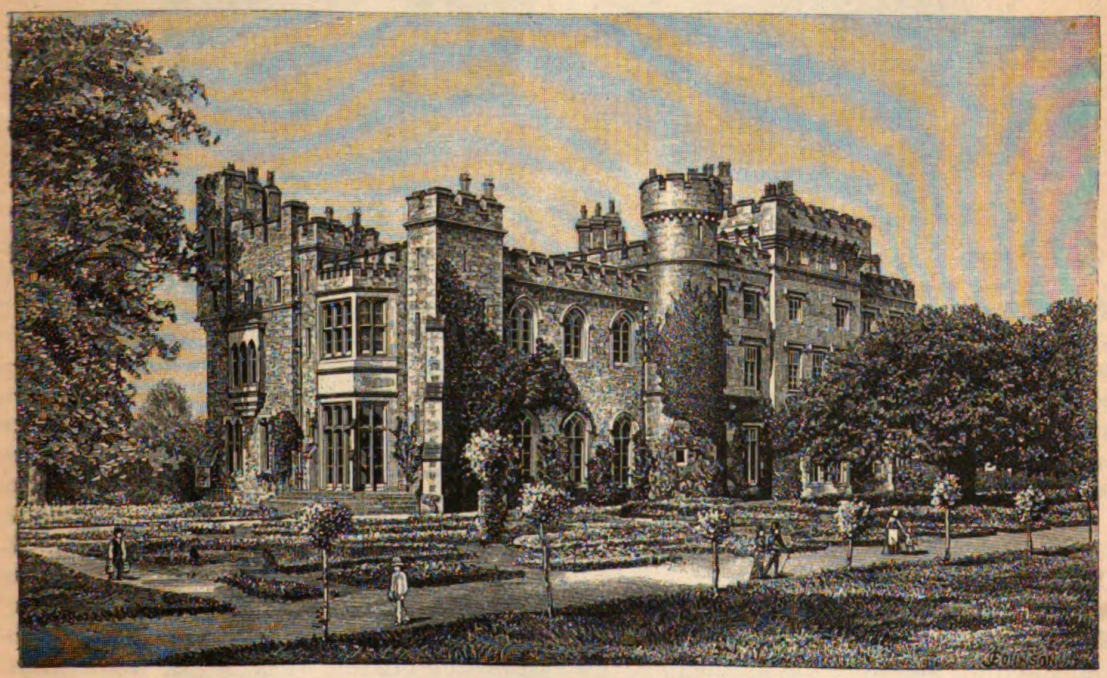
within pencil-length of. Either the injunction has come too late, or it is partially disregarded, for on some of the walls which echoed with the shout of the English soldiery hailing Edward, Prince of Wales, and which during the great civil war alternately stood for King and Parliament, the names of Smith and Brown and Jones are inscribed with undesirable iteration.

The visitor privileged to enter the modern house, which has a more illustrious tenant than had the older building, albeit the Tudor king was once a guest, can not advance a single step without being reminded of Mr. Gladstone's most famous and perhaps most popular recreation. Just behind the door, on the day I visited Hawarden Castle, stood an axe—not one of the costly and ornamental gifts which from time to time the people have pressed upon the acceptance of the great statesman, but a plain and exceedingly handy instrument, bearing evidence of being much used. It was not there for show, or even from the feeling which prompts hunting men to decorate their walls with stags' heads or foxes' brushes. Doubtless Mr. Gladstone, entering after a hard half-day's work, had dropped it there, as being the nearest place at hand. Probably it had been there since the Saturday preceding, which was, for reasons at the time greatly agitating the country, the last opportunity he had had of indulging in his favorite exercise. A great gale, memorable in the annals of shipwreck, had swept over the country. It had played sad havoc with trees everywhere, and some of the lords of the ancient forest which skirts Hawarden Park had fallen. The next day the Premier, going out axe in hand, had spent some hours in clearing the timber, and shortly after coming back had found himself attacked with a serious cold. He had been confined to his room for some days, and though now convalescent, was still a prisoner in his library. The attack had been serious, as one could see, looking upon the pale face, and touching the still feverish hand. But no doctor had been called in. Everything is homely at Hawarden Castle—always of course excepting the plaster battlements and turrets, with which the present proprietors have had no more to do than had Edward the First. It is an old-fashioned English notion that wife or mother can nurse a man through a cold, and Mrs. Gladstone, who has had some experience in this department of woman's work, had assiduously set herself to the task, and was now rewarded by final triumph. Her patient, she confided to the visitor, left nothing to be desired in the



THE NEW HAWARDEN CASTLE.

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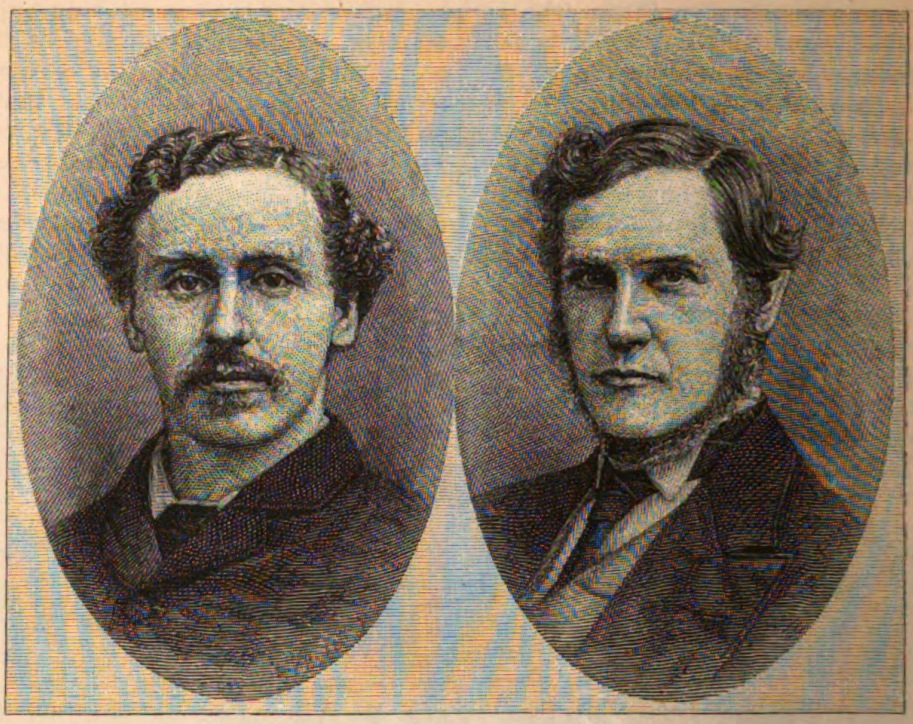

HERBERT AND W. H. GLADSTONE.

way of patience and docility when once avowedly on the sick-list. The difficulty was to keep him off the sick-list when in health. He had no capacity for measuring the limit of his powers, which a long series of great achievements had led him to believe were invincible and inexhaustible.

This is an old story, which finds many illustrations in the House of Commons. One night last session Mr. Parnell was with something more than usual success obstructing the passage of the Land Bill, and the indignation of the majority of the House had crystallized into determination to sit, if necessary, all night. Mr. Gladstone was in his place on the Treasury Bench, in a condition of exhaustion that was evident to every one but himself. It was close upon midnight, and he had, an hour earlier, flamed forth in a magnificent outburst of righteous wrath, which played round the heads of the obstructionists with the greater intenseness since it had been so long restrained. Mr. Jesse Collings, long a faithful ally of the Irish members in their policy, now rose, and formally dissociating himself from their tactics, concluded, amid loud cheers, by declaring that "all they wanted was that Mr. Gladstone should go home to bed, and let the House settle down for the night, or till whatever hour might be necessary in order to dispose of the question immediately before it." In deference to this unanimous and hearty desire, the Premier presently withdrew. But that was a concession he is not ordinarily inclined to make to the frailty of the human frame. He will sit for hours, frequently far into the morning, when he might as well, and even much better, be in bed. But whether at home or abroad, at Hawarden or in the House of Commons, as long as he can bear the weight of his harness he will stand up and carry on the work begun more than fifty years ago.

The woodman's craft is the only exercise, except walking, which Mr. Gladstone indulges in. It is many years since he was astride a horse, and he never much cared for the exercise. He very rarely drives, and neither shoots, hunts, nor fishes. But he is a great hand with the axe, establishing fresh claims upon the filial respect of Mr. W. H. Gladstone, himself no mean craftsman. In the recess, weather permitting, and sometimes whether or not, scarcely a day passes that he does not stroll out with his seventy-three years on his head, and his axe on his shoulder, not returning till, if his labor were paid at the current wage, he would have earned his dinner. Failing opportunity for tree-felling, he takes a turn

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for an hour or so on the terrace in front of the house, where the flower garden is, and whence may be seen a far-reaching stretch of meadow-land bounded by trees. During the session, his hour for retiring to rest is usually contemporaneous with that of the adjournment of the House of Commons. It is oftener two than any other hour on the dial that he gets to bed, with the consciousness that he must be up betimes to carry on the business of an empire on which the sun never sets. At home, in the piping days of the recess, he does not follow the wholesome habit of some tired legislators, who, being in country quarters, have been known to go to bed at ten o'clock, by way of striking an average with the patriotic dissipation of the session. He is rarely in bed before half past eleven, and sometimes hears the chimes at midnight before turning in. But at whatever hour he retires to rest, he is down at a quarter to eight, and before breakfast walks off to the little church in the village, where the service is conducted by his son, the rector. There is a private footway connecting the castle with the gateway leading into the road, and here, very soon after eight o'clock every morning, fair weather or foul, snow or wintry sunshine, the English Premier may be seen walking with light and active footsteps toward the village church.

MRS. GLADSTONE.

This building, which has a good deal to do with the home life of Hawarden, has a history which goes back almost as far as that of the ancient castle. Certainly there

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was a church here in the year 950, at which time a parlous incident happened. The rood, or cross, fell upon the head of the Lady Trawst, wife of the châtelaine, and did her grievous damage. Hereupon some Jews, seeing their opportunity, seized the cross and threw it into the river Dee. But it was washed up on to the sand-bank, to which it gave a name famous in the Spring meetings of the racing world. Probably few of the book-makers who congregate in front of the grand stand at Chester races ever pause to reflect that Rooddee (now often spelled with unwarrantable interposition of the letter h) means "The islet of the cross," and that the name is derived from this untoward accident to the Lady Trawst.

There is preserved in the annals of the church a list of the rectors of Hawarden as far back as 1180. When the estates came into the hands of the Glynnes, the living was bestowed upon a member of the family—a course of procedure pretty regularly followed since. At the present time the rector is Mr. Stephen Gladstone, son of the Premier and of the lady to whom the Glynne estates have descended. Twenty-four years ago a fire broke out in the church, and when all was over, very little was left of the original structure. It was restored with great expedition, and was reopened within the same year. It is the centre of hard, earnest work done for an exceptionally large parish. But the church population is occasionally recruited from all the ends of the earth. When in residence at Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone, apparently not finding sufficient work to do through the week, volunteers to read the lessons. He is always a regular attendant, and the prospect of seeing so famous a man in his pew, with the added chance of hearing the Prime Minister of England read the morning lessons, is sufficient from Sunday to Sunday to draw a crowd of strangers to fill up any possible vacancies left by the regular parishioners. The curiosity of the great majority will, however, be balked whilst the service is proceeding, except of course during the time when the Premier stands at the reading-desk. The pew of the lord of the manor is at the remote end of the chancel. It is perhaps the only one of the kind in England uncushioned. The sittings all being free, the rector has a notion that the introduction of cushions would lead to invidious comparisons. Accordingly their use is not officially recognized, and is as much as possible discouraged in the body of the church. One or two parishioners have weakly yielded to the luxury. But Mr. Gladstone and his family sit on the bare bench.

Mr. Gladstone having only one country house, probably spends as much time at Hawarden as any other minister finds it possible to devote to residence out of London. Hawarden is his house in the sense in which Harley Street can not be, and Downing Street certainly is not. He has lived here for many years, even before the property descended upon his wife. At the time when Mrs. Gladstone's brother was in possession, he (in 1864) added to the castle a new wing, which he specially dedicated to his illustrious brother-in-law, and which is fondly known as "the Gladstone wing." Here is situated the handsome and comfortable library, on which has been bestowed, by way of warning to whomsoever it may concern, the title of "the Temple of Peace." If Mr. Gladstone were given to the adorning of his house with inscriptions, he would have had written over the door of the library, "Abandon conversation, ye who enter here." Without the inscription, the injunction is understood. If people hanker after conversation, there are plenty of rooms adjoining where they may enjoy themselves. In the library, it is understood, you read or write, but do not talk.

The library has three windows and two fire-places, and is built about with bookcases. Here and in other rooms there are stored over 10,000 volumes, of which theological works form an appreciable proportion. These are collected in one particular corner of the room. Separate departments are assigned to the works of Homer, Shakspeare, and Dante. Unlike most lovers of books, Mr. Gladstone is not selfish in his affection. Since there is no public library near at hand, the library at Hawarden Castle is open to borrowers, no further security being taken than the entry in a book of the name of the borrower, with the date of the transaction. There are three writing-tables in the library, each having its distinct work assigned to it. At one Mr. Gladstone seats himself when engaged in political work; the second is reserved for literary labor and Homeric studies; the third is Mrs. Gladstone's. "It is," Mr. Gladstone remarks, with a mournful smile, and a wistful glance at the desk where *Juventus Mundi* was written, "a long time since I sat there." In a

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corner of the room stands an axe, a present from Nottingham, its long and narrow blade contrasting strikingly with the American pattern, which Mr. Gladstone prefers, and is accustomed to use. In the library the Premier spends nearly the whole of such portion of the day as is occupied within-doors. Here, with the busts of Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, Canning, Cobden, and Homer looking down upon him from the book-cases, and with his old friend Tennyson glancing out from the large bronze medallion which lies on a table near, Mr. Gladstone has thought out an Irish Church Bill, two Irish Land Bills, and many Budgets.

The work each succeeding morning brings to the Premier is enormous in quantity and universal in interest. Human energies, however colossal, would fail to grapple with it unless assisted by method. Mr. Gladstone is as methodical as he is energetic, and no day departs without having its work fully accomplished. His correspondence, both private and official, is enormous, and is dealt with on a very simple plan. The secretary opens his letters, reads them, and indorses on the back of each the name of the writer and the purport of his epistle, this last undertaking being accomplished within a space that would surprise the writer, who has probably covered three or four folios. Mr. Gladstone sees everything, and indicates the nature of the reply, where reply appears to be necessary. If the letter be specially important, or peculiarly interesting, he reads it himself. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he is satisfied with glancing at the *précis*. Before he resumed office his irrepressible energy found some outlet in conducting his correspondence with his own hand. Any bore or ninny-hammer who cared to invest a penny in a postage stamp could draw from the great man a post-card written in the well-known handwriting, and with the even more familiar signature. Now, Mr. Gladstone avails himself much more fully of the services of his secretaries, and though he writes many letters in the day, they stand in infinitesimal proportion to those that are sent out in his name. One device he has hit upon is calculated to soothe the feeling of his innumerable correspondents. He had a note in his own handwriting lithographed, in which he begs to thank his correspondent for his favor, and remains his faithfully, W. E. Gladstone. This is so well done that the unsuspecting correspondent, not familiar with the appearance of lithography, may cherish the note under the impression that it has been written especially to him by the great minister.

But though Mr. Gladstone is compelled, in order to keep pace with his correspondence, to enlist the services of more than one secretary, he is always ready to fill up interstices in the day's labor by writing a letter. It is one of the commonest spectacles in the House of Commons to see the Prime Minister sitting on the Treasury Bench with a blotting-pad on his knee, writing a letter. The attitude is painful, and makes the, to some people, always distasteful work of calligraphy doubly laborious. Moreover, the task is frequently undertaken late at night, at the close of a hard day's work, and at a time when ordinary men would be only too grateful for opportunity to lean back on the well-cushioned bench, fold their arms, close their eyes, and court slumber. Since Mr. Gladstone persistently writes letters when debates are dragging along, and some interminable bore is occupying the public time, it is a fair presumption that the undertaking is the issue of a struggle with his own conscience. He feels he can not waste his time, and since there is nothing else to be done, he will write a letter.

One night last session, when the Irish members were in high spirits, and were leading the high court of Parliament through a continuous series of perambulations round the division lobby, Mr. Gladstone got through an immense amount of correspondence. He wrote on his knee whilst seated on the Treasury Bench. When the bell rang for the division he went on writing rapidly. As soon as the Speaker dispatched "Ayes to the right" and "Noes to the left," the Premier adroitly sprung up, and displaying the agility of a young buck, made his way out into the division lobby before the crush came. In recesses of the lobby there are providentially set forth writing-tables, and here, whilst the throng of members pressed forward, the Premier sat, taking up the thread of his discourse, and writing as if the immediate object of his life was to earn the tenpence an hour doled out to the minions of the Foreign Office. As soon as the last member approached the wicket, Mr. Gladstone rose, passed through, resumed his seat on the Treasury Bench, and went on

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writing as before, going through the process with undiminished energy as often as it pleased the obstructionists to trot out the Saxon Parliament through the lobbies. In these circumstances, when the House is unequally divided, a minority of ten or a dozen going into one lobby and a majority of two or three hundred into the other, a division occupies at least a quarter of an hour. But Mr. Gladstone had saved every moment except those occupied in rapidly walking over the uncrowded course.

It is fairly presumable that the correspondence the Prime Minister thus takes in hand whilst seated on the Treasury Bench is of special importance. It is therefore the more remarkable that he should be able so far to concentrate his mind as calmly to conduct it not only amid the turmoil of debate, but apparently with his mind being at the same time wholly engrossed by what is going forward in the House. To see him rapidly writing in his neat and well-formed calligraphy, one might be forgiven for supposing that the voice of the man who may chance to be on his feet is in his ears an inarticulate sound, carrying no more meaning than the roll of distant thunder. But if the man chance to make any statement that differs from fact, or, above all, if he happen to misrepresent any statement made by the Premier, at what time soever remote, the writing is stopped, the hitherto tranquil face is upturned with eager, questioning look, and Mr. Gladstone either shakes his head in emphatic dissent, or flings across the table some uncompromising correction, after which he goes on writing as composedly and determinedly as Madame Defarge, under other circumstances, went on knitting. His mind appears to be composed something on the principle of the telephonic exchange. However deeply he may seem to be engaged in communication with one quarter of the metropolis, he can at a signal instantly turn on a switch and be in communication as perfect and as engrossing with quite another district.

On the question of his industry with the pen, I may mention an illustration that came within my personal knowledge. Three years ago, Mr. Gladstone, still warm with the work which was completed by the overthrow of the Conservative government at the polls in 1880, had made a speech at Oxford in which he plainly announced his intention of devoting all his energies to upsetting Lord Beaconsfield. To this the then Premier scornfully retorted at a public meeting which he addressed a little later. So contemptuous was his bearing toward his life-long adversary that he did not even take the trouble fully to possess himself of the precise phrases used by Mr. Gladstone, placing words in his mouth which he certainly had not used at Oxford, and assigning to him proceedings during the controversy on the Eastern question for which it would appear there was no authority—at least Lord Beaconsfield, though he undertook to have "diligent search" made, never produced the challenged proof. Mr. Gladstone took the unusual course of addressing a letter to Lord Beaconsfield, pitilessly pinning him to his statement, and demanding his authority. This letter, with Lord Beaconsfield's reply, he read in the House of Commons amid a scene of lively excitement. Having occasion to write on the incident, and being desirous to have an authentic version of this remarkable correspondence, I sent a note to Mr. Gladstone, addressed to his place on the front opposition bench, asking him to favor me with a copy of the manuscript of his letter, supposing he chanced to have one by him. Within half an hour I received a copy in his own handwriting. As the document is historic, and the opportunity favorable for presenting to those who have not seen it a fac-simile of Mr. Gladstone's handwriting, the first page of the letter is reproduced on the opposite page.

The Premier's dealing with the newspapers of the day is even more rapid than his treatment of his correspondence. He has all the London papers forwarded to him at Hawarden, but half an hour a day is the average of time required by him to master their contents. He has for many years been accustomed to read the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a journal from which he doubtless derives more satisfaction under its present editorship than was possible whilst Mr. Greenwood steered the ship, and, with an ability and a pertinacity of which Mr. Gladstone has himself made graceful recognition, managed it so as to do all that was possible to hamper the progress of the Liberal statesman. As summarizing not only the events but the opinions of the day, Mr. Gladstone finds the evening journal a convenient means for mastering the drift of newspaper opinion. But he has himself in marvellous degree the faculty

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Copy

73 Harley Street
July 30. 1878.

Dear Lord Beaconsfield

I find you are reported in the 'Times' of today to have made last night a reference to a speech delivered by me at Oxford, in which you state that I "described you as a dangerous and even devilish character."

I shall be obliged by your informing me on what words of mine you found this statement.

You likewise are reported to have said that during the controversy on the Eastern Question I "had indulged in criticisms replete with the most offensive epithets as to your conduct and in description of your character."

Will you have the goodness to supply me with a list, or a selection of these

FAC-SIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF MR. GLADSTONE'S LETTER TO LORD BEACONSFIELD.

of seizing upon the real point at which a newspaper article may be aiming. If he had not chanced to be an illustrious Prime Minister, he would have made an exceedingly successful sub-editor. His half-hour impartially devoted to all the London newspapers probably leaves him as fully master of their contents as half a day occupied by an ordinary reader diligently plodding up and down the columns.

A glance over the tables in the drawing-room at Hawarden Castle leads one to the conviction that Mr. Gladstone is the most photographed man in the world. The tables are literally covered with photographs, presenting the well-known face and figure in all habitual circumstances and attitudes. Mr. Gladstone submits to the photographer much upon the same principle that he endures many other of the experiences that sadden life. He recognizes a certain amount of possession that the public have in him, and if they insist on taking it out in photography,

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that is their affair. It would be impossible to count the number of times he has marched unflinchingly up to the lens's mouth. He is not only photographed often, but happily, having, indeed, by this time acquired so much skill that he always "comes out well." In proof of his trained endurance it may be mentioned that when he visited the studio of Mr. Walker, the artist whose admirable photograph is reproduced in the portrait which illustrates this article, the Premier gave him fifteen minutes, during which space of time he stood unflinchingly before the camera, whilst fifteen several negatives were taken. More serious efforts in higher art are not less successful. Mr. Millais's oil-painting, exhibited in the Academy a year or two ago, and subsequently sent on a tour through the country, is one of the most beautiful paintings and most successful works of the great artist.

But perhaps it will be thought that no photograph, and scarcely this great work of Millais, comes up to the interest possessed by a little ivory painting which lies in the drawing-room at Hawarden. This represents a chubby little boy, some two years of age, sitting at the knee of a little girl in nymph-like costume, and fondly supposed to be learning his letters. He has, in truth, one chubby little finger pointed toward the book, which rests on his sister's knees; but his face is raised, and two great brown eyes look inquiringly into those of the beholder. This is the child the father of the man who sits in the other room, though beyond the measurement of the floor there stretches between them the long span of seventy years. The little girl is Mr. Gladstone's "sister who died." The portrait was taken in Liverpool whilst Mr. John Gladstone lived in Rodney Street. It was even before the time when Canning stood for the Lancashire town, and being carried through the streets by his enthusiastic supporters, halted before Mr. Gladstone's house, and from the balcony addressed the throng, whilst from an upper window, held in the nurse's arms, the chubby little boy with the big brown eyes looked out with pleased wonder at the throng, the first political gathering he had been prominently present at. It is rarely that Youth and Age are brought together in so striking a manner as they are here—the dumb yet speaking child in the ivory miniature, and the eloquent old man sitting reading in the next room, drawing somewhat close to the fire, feeling that the days are growing chill. To see Mr. Gladstone holding the brass-framed miniature in his hand, and looking down at the chubby face with a smile, half amused, half critical, and wholly sad, there comes back the memory of Coleridge's most musical plaint:

"When I was young!—ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along!
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind and tide!
Naught cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together."

The revival of a particular style in house furnishing and decoration, so prevalent in London and throughout the country, has not disturbed Hawarden Castle. There is not a dado in the house; and one may look round the walls in vain for any reminiscence of

"the peacock, spreading like a sail
The green and purple splendors of his fringed æsthetic tail."

The most notable combination of colors that strikes the eye of the visitor is the green table-cloth in the breakfast-room in combination with the chairs, whose cushions are of a good lively red, and that, I understand, is not an "arrangement" that would make the place appear an earthly paradise to Mr. William Morris. There was a time when the fitful energy of Mr. Gladstone's mind made inroads in the old-china market. There was then presented the spectacle of the greatest practical statesman of the age tenderly handling a cracked tea-pot, and watching over a cup and saucer as if they were critical clauses in a Land Bill. But in 1874 he abjured this vanity, and sold his collection, retaining the ivories and antique jewels now on exhibition at South Kensington Museum. There are still in one of the rooms at Hawarden two antique and handsome cabinets full of china, but they belonged to Mrs. Gladstone's late brother.

Nor are there, as in some of the ancestral homes of England, many notable pictures. There are a good many portraits about, but Mrs. Gladstone modestly says that the only really valuable picture is a portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby by Vandyck. In the dining-room Sergeant Glynne, the founder

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GLADSTONE AND HIS SISTER (1811).

of the family, has the place of honor over the fire-place. Opposite to him is a charming family group. On the left is Sir Stephen Glynne, Mrs. Gladstone's father; on the right, the beautiful face of Lady Glynne. Mrs. Gladstone and her sister, Lady Lyttleton, occupy the space between their father and mother. There are also portraits of Sir John and Lady Glynne. In the garden, just outside the hall, Sir John Glynne provided himself with perhaps a more lasting—certainly a more remarkable—memorial than is to be found on canvas. He planted over a dozen limes close together so as to form a narrow ring. These have now grown to mighty heights, and in summer form a shady inclosure, known as Sir John's Dressing-Room.

There are a good many busts about the various rooms. One of Mr. Gladstone, by Marochetti, stands in the hall at the foot of the staircase, and shows how little like the original a great sculptor can by chance work out the marble. In the drawing-room is a bust of Mrs. Gladstone, done in Rome in 1839, by Macdonald. A bust of Pitt stands close at hand, by right of distant relationship with Mrs. Gladstone's family. In the corner by the fire-place is an alto-relievo of Herbert Gladstone in babyhood, fondled on his sister's knee. In the drawing-room, as elsewhere, books literally abound. An omnivorous reader, a constant purchaser, and the recipient of many gifts from authors, Mr. Gladstone has been accumulating books all his life. Having long since overflowed the library, they have got into the breakfast-room, and dominate the drawing-room. In order to keep pace with the ever-increasing flood, Mr. Gladstone has invented, or adapted, an arrangement of book-cases of which he is pardonably proud. Instead of having them set along the walls after the ordinary fashion, he has both the library and the breakfast-room buttressed, as it were, with book-cases. At right angles with the walls there stand out into the room book-shelves just broad enough to hold two books set edge to edge, with the title outward. Recesses are left wide enough for one to enter and select a book, and there is no limit to the slim rows of upright book-cases except the length of the wall.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, when at home, lives at Hawarden Castle. Mr. W. H. Gladstone, the eldest son, lives with his brother Stephen at the rectory, which is connected with the castle by means of a telephone.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

"The cold neutrality of an impartial judge."—BURKE.

THE jurymen were out.

They had been out a long time. But, patiently or impatiently, the crowd waited. Anne's testimony had shaken the theory that the wife had tormented and taunted her husband, that their life together had been unhappy; but it had not touched the circumstantial evidence regarding the movements of the prisoner at Timloesville. That remained unchanged. It had been proved that the supposed rival was a friend of the wife's, and that the wife loved her; it had been proved that Mrs. Heathcote was happy with her husband, and that he had been devoted to her up to the last hour of her life on earth. But there still remained the stairway, and the marks of that left hand.

"HE OBEYED WITHOUT COMMENT."—[SEE PAGE 757.]

During the period of waiting, the newspapers were brought in and read. The skilled pens had not failed to picture the vivid impression and surprise produced by the unexpected appearance and testimony of the new witness.

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"But if the conversation, now given in full, was remarkable," they wrote, "the circumstances were remarkable as well. It must be remembered that probably those words would never have been spoken if the subject of them, Captain Heathcote, had not been, according to the belief of both speakers, dead, gone forever from earth. Death softens all hearts, brings hidden feelings to the surface, reconciles enemies. Words are spoken over a coffin which could never be spoken elsewhere. In this case, death brought together these two women, who, it must not be forgotten, also, seemed to have loved each other in the past with a warm affection which even their later jealousy could not subdue.

"The most profound sensation of the day was produced when the new witness, before the throng of listeners, was obliged to acknowledge the remarkable avowal overheard and reported by Bagshot. But this moment of cruel ordeal was converted into a triumph by the instant admiration which all rightly minded persons present gave to the noble bravery which thus sacrificed its dearest and holiest feelings to save a life. For although the jurymen have as yet come to no agreement, the general outside opinion is that this new testimony has turned the scale, and that Captain Heathcote will be acquitted."

But the newspaper's hope was not verified.

The long warm summer day drew toward its close; darkness fell. Lights were brought in, and tired people fanned themselves, but would not go, because it was rumored that the decision was near at hand. The heavy summer beetles flew in through the open windows, knocked themselves against the walls, fell to the floor, and then slowly and with much buzzing repeated the manœuvre. In a city the throng would have gone out and returned, but country people have more acquiescent patience.

At last there was a stir, followed by a hum. The jurymen were returning—had returned. Rachel Bannert lifted her fan, that people might not see how pale she had grown. Miss Teller involuntarily rose. Anne was not present; she was alone in Miss Teller's parlor across the square, sitting in the darkness by the open window, her eyes fixed on the lights of the court-room opposite, visible through the trees.

The accused looked straight into the faces of the jurymen: this part seemed less trying to him than what had gone before.

And then it was told. They had neither convicted nor acquitted him. They had disagreed.

One spectator had refused to endure the air of the court-room; he had gone outside, and walked up and down in the little tree-shaded square. Passing the house occupied by Miss Teller, his own figure hidden in the shadows, he had noticed the outline in the window in the half-darkness, and knew who it was.

This spectator had no more intention of losing the final moment than the most persistent countryman there. But being in the habit of using his money, now that he had it, rather than himself, he had posted two sentinels, sharp-eyed boys whom he had himself selected, one in an upper window of the court-room, on the sill, the other outside, on a sloping roof. The boy in the window was to keep watch; the boy on the roof was to drop to the ground at the first signal, and run. By means of this human telegraph he expected to reach the window himself, through a little house whose door stood open, and whose mistress had already been paid for the right of way, in time to see and hear the whole.

The instant the verdict was announced, or rather the want of verdict, this man left the window, hastened down through the little house, and was across the square almost before any one in the court-room had risen. The people would be slow in coming out: the stairway was narrow, and the crowd dense. The square was therefore silent and empty when he went up the steps of Miss Teller's house, and stepped across the little balcony to the open window.

"Anne?" he said.

A figure stirred within; then rose.

"They have disagreed. The case will now go over to the November term, when there will be a new trial."

She swayed forward slightly. Still standing outside, the narrow sill between them, he stretched out one arm and put it around her, supporting her gently.

"It was your testimony that secured this," he said. "I consider the disagreement tantamount to a final acquittal."

She covered her face with her hands, and drew a long breath of relief. Yet she was trembling violently.

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"I am going away early to-morrow morning," said Dexter, after a pause. "Is there anything I can do for you? Will you not tell me your plans?"

"Yes, always. Everything concerning me you shall always know, if you care to know. But, so far, I have no plans."

"You do not wish to return eastward with me?"

"Not at present."

"I leave you with Miss Teller," he said, repressing a sigh. "That is more than safety."

"I shall not stay long."

"You will write to me?"

"Yes."

People were now coming into the square on the other side. He drew her forward, and looked at her lingeringly in the light from the street lamp.

"It is my last look, Anne," he said, sadly.

"It need not be."

"Yes, it must be. You have chosen." He released her, took her hands, and pressed them earnestly. "Good-by," he said. "You are quite sure there is nothing more I can do?"

"There is one thing."

"What?"

"Believe that he is innocent."

"Child," he said, "do not press the wound. But I *will* try to believe it, for your sake."

Then he turned, and was gone. At dawn he was on his way back to his post at the capital of his State.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"I have no other than a woman's reason:
I think him so because I think him so."
—SHAKSPEARE.

SUMMER was at its height. Multomah had sunk into its former quietude; the court-room was closed, the crowd gone. The Bannerts, Varces, and their friends were on an island they had discovered off the coast of Maine, and mistaken people were going to Caryl's under the delusion that it was an especially exclusive and fashionable resort. The excitement concerning the trial had died down; for nothing more could happen until November, and in the mean time there was the summer to enjoy. And beyond this small circle the hearts of the people at large were filled by the greater story of the Seven Days around Richmond.

Miss Teller remained at Multomah, and Anne was with her, for Miss Lois was on her way to join them. Poor little André was dead, released from his pain at last, and Miss Lois was free—free, but almost broken-hearted. The little boy had grown into her inmost and deepest affection, the repressed affection of the mother. Almost broken-hearted, it was a relief and a comfort to know that Anne needed her, and clad in her new but rigidly economical mourning garb, she started southward with a full heart and much energy. Her love for Anne had made her throughout the whole the most vehement partisan the accused man had gained. She was pleader, detective, judge, and jury in one. She spent the hours of the journey partly in tears for the child whose voice she would never hear more, whose little crutch was laid aside forever, and partly in maturing a hundred different plans for the accomplishment of their new object.

For Anne, Miss Lois, and Miss Teller were now linked together by a purpose—a purpose whose results were vague, uncertain, and chimerical, yet a purpose which was to be carried out, namely, to go to Timloesville or its neighborhood in person, and, unsuspected themselves, under assumed names if necessary, search for the real murderer there. Miss Teller, who had found occupation and comfort in small plans and manœuvres for Heathcote's personal comfort in the prison, rose to excitement when this new idea was first presented to her. "We must have advice," she began. "The lawyers—" Then she paused, seeing in the young face upon whose expressions she had already come to rely a non-agreement.

"No, we must tell no one," said Anne. "The lawyers have already used all their skill; and detectives work from clews—a beginning. We have no clews; we shall work from no beginning save the immovable and absolute certainty that he is innocent. Dear Miss Teller, they say that women sometimes jump at the truth by intuition; it is to this instinct, and to this alone, that we must trust now."

"But how can I go with you at present?" answered Miss Margaretta, her mind reverting to some furniture which she had looked at the day before—furniture which was to make his narrow room more comfortable.

"I do not think you can go; it would be noticed if *you* went away, especially as

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it is known that you have taken this house for the summer. But I could go; and there is Miss Lois. She is free now, and the church-house will be very lonely," said Anne, the tears springing as she thought of the child, the last of the little black-eyed boys, now taken from her forever.

"I know no one for whom I have a greater respect than that remarkable woman," said Miss Teller, reverentially. "It will be a great gratification, as well as a mental strengthener, to see her."

"It will be best, however, that she should not come here, I think," said Anne. "Our plan must not be suspected. I will bid you good-by here, and return to New York; every one will see me start. Then I can meet Miss Lois, and we two can go together to Timloesville by another route. At Timloesville nobody will know Miss Lois, and I shall keep myself in a measure concealed. There were only a few persons from Timloesville present at the trial, and I think I could evade them. As to Miss Lois, there would be no danger."

"I should have liked to meet Miss Hinsdale," said Miss Margaretta, in a tone of regret. "But you know best."

"Oh, no, no," said Anne, letting her arms fall by her sides in despondency. "I sometimes think that I know nothing, and less than nothing, worse than nothing. Moments come when I would give years of my life for one hour of support, one hour of restful dependence upon some one stronger and wiser than I am, who would tell me what I ought and ought not to do."

But this outburst distressed Miss Margaretta: if the pilot lost heart, what would become of the passengers? Anne saw her nervousness, and controlled herself again.

"When will you start?" said the elder woman, relieved, and bringing forward a date. Miss Teller found great comfort in fixed dates.

"I can not tell. We must first hear from Miss Lois."

"I will write to her myself immediately," said Miss Margaretta, putting on her glasses. And she did write. The pages that she wrote to Miss Lois, and the pages with which Miss Lois replied, were many, full, underscored, vehement, and sanguine. Before the correspondence ended they had (on paper) convicted and hanged the murderer, and carefully buried him.

One morning during this interval Miss Teller was seized with a new idea. "Anne, would it not be better that you should see Ward?" she asked, eagerly. "I had not thought of it before; but perhaps he can tell you something that will be of use."

"I can not see him."

"You should not think of yourself," said Miss Margaretta, raising her long finger to emphasize her reproof. "In such a case *ourselves* are nothing. The sheriff and the persons in charge under him are possessed of excellent dispositions; no one need know of your visit, and of course I should accompany you."

Anne looked at her in silence. She was still a majestic personage, in spite of grief and anxiety; her hair, Roman nose, and cap were imposing as ever. But Anne was wondering whether she had lost all remembrance of her own youth, whether her youth had not held any feelings which would make her comprehend the depth of what she was asking now.

But Miss Teller was not thinking of herself or of Anne. She had but one thought—Heathcote, Heathcote, Helen's husband, and how to save him.

"I do not see how you *can* hesitate," she said, the tears suffusing her mild eyes, "when it is for poor Helen's sake."

"Yes," said Anne; "but Helen is dead. How can we know—how can we be sure—what she would wish?" She seemed to be speaking to herself. She rose, went to the window, and stood there looking out.

"She would wish to have him saved," replied Miss Teller. "He may be able to tell you something, and as you have refused to have the aid of lawyers, you should see him yourself. For you could not depend upon my report of his words. It has been represented to me more than once in my life that I have a tendency toward forgetting what has been variously mentioned as the knob, point, and gist of a thing. It is a mystery to me and a pain to me that you, Helen's friend, should demur now, after the far heavier ordeal which you have passed through, and passed through, as I thought, with great bravery."

Miss Teller spoke with more severity than she had ever used before. Personal considerations seemed as nothing to her compared with the acquittal of Helen's husband. She could not know that to Anne the court-room with its sea of faces was less, far less, of an ordeal than that quiet narrow room with its solitary occu-

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pant. But Anne, after a hard conflict with herself, yielded. The visit was appointed for the next day.

The county jail; the stone hall; a locked door. Anne and Miss Teller entering. The prisoner rose to receive them; he knew that they were coming, and was prepared. Gravely he said, "It is kind to come;" and then for a moment they looked at each other. It was almost as though they had met in another world, with the still barrier of death between them and all that had happened on earth. Anne felt her fear fade away, and a quiet, sad calmness taking its place.

For, looking at him now, it could be seen that he was much changed; part of this, however, was due to the wound and to the unaccustomed confinement in the oppressive heats of a lowland summer. His face, although still bronzed, was thin; his clothes hung loosely from his broad shoulders. There was something so widely different in his expression and aspect from that of the idle, brown-eyed lounger she had known at Caryl's that, if Anne had thought of it, she must have wept; but she did not think of it, at least then. Heathcote's eyes were still brown, but the old expressions which had accomplished so much in their day were gone. Gregory Dexter would never have occasion to find fault with them again. The old lingering glance had vanished; the indolent indifference had given place to a stern self-repression. Heathcote had never cared to be popular; but when the blow fell, it had been an overwhelming surprise to him that any one, even the most unenlightened country farmer, could suppose him guilty. It was the lesson which supercilious, careless men, such as he had been, learn sometimes, namely, that the outside public judges them precisely as it judges the rest of the world, with no more favor or expectation of anything better or higher than it gives to all others, his inferiors as well as his equals.

They were seated. He knew of their plan, their "woman's plan": Miss Teller had told him. He had objected to it strongly and determinedly, but without avail. Miss Teller came home every day won over to his view of it, and then as regularly changed her mind, and went back to their first idea.

He was now expected to speak, to search his memory and see if he could not find something new. Miss Teller, with a touching eagerness to be of use and business-like, produced pen and paper, and put on her glasses, in order to be in readiness to take notes.

But he could not speak. When he saw Anne sitting opposite, her beauty intensified by her mourning garb, but a deep shadow of sadness on her face—when he remembered all the past and his own part in it, all the present and her connection with his dark lot—he rose suddenly, turned his back to them, and went across to his little grated window.

Miss Teller spoke to him anxiously; he did not answer. There was something rising in his throat which he would not betray. For Heathcote, like Dexter, believed that his chances were adverse, and even if he escaped conviction, he would never be cleared entirely from the dark cloud which would hang over him and all his life like a pall.

"Dear Ward," said Miss Teller, going to him and putting her hand on his shoulder, "I do not wonder that you are overcome." She drew forth a fresh handkerchief as she spoke, and began to weep in company.

He made a strong effort, recovered his self-control, and returned to the table; but Miss Teller, who, having once begun, was unable to stop so quickly, remained where she was. Anne, to break the painful moment, began to quickly ask her previously arranged questions. "Is there anything you can recall concerning the man who came by and spoke to you while you were bathing?" she said, looking at him gravely.

"No. I could not see him; it was very dark."

"What did he say?"

"He asked if the water was cold."

"How did he say it?"

"Simply, 'Is the water cold?'"

"Was there any foreign accent, any drawl, hesitation, or peculiarity, no matter how slight, in his voice or utterance?"

"I do not recall any. Stay—I believe he did say 'gold' for 'cold,' or at least something like it. But country people speak in all sorts of ways."

Miss Teller hurriedly returned to her chair, and after wiping her eyes, wrote down "cold" and "gold" in large letters on her sheet of paper, and surveyed the words critically.

"Is there nothing else you can recall?" pursued Anne.

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"No. Why do you dwell upon him?" he answered, moodily.

"Because *he* is the murderer."

"Oh, Anne, is he?—is he?" cried Miss Margaretta, with as much excitement as if Anne had proved her words and convicted him.

"Why do you think so?" asked Heathcote.

"I do not know. I feel it; that is all."

"And what *Anne* feels is no child's play," said Miss Teller.

The remark, half meaningless as it was, seemed to touch the man who heard it. He raised his hand, and, with his elbow on the table, sat shading his eyes.

"Will you please now describe to me exactly what occurred, in detail, from the hour you arrived in that village until Helen's—until you were brought here?" said Anne.

He quietly repeated his account of the evening's events as he had first given it, with hardly the variation of an adjective.

"Are you sure that you took the two towels? Might it not be possible that you took only one? For then the second one, found at the end of the meadow trail, might have been taken by the other person, the murderer."

"No; I took two. I remember it because I put first one in my pocket, and then the other, and I spoke laughingly to Helen about my left-handed awkwardness." It was the first time he had mentioned his wife's name; his voice was very grave and gentle as he pronounced it.

Anne's lips quivered. For an instant it seemed as if she would lose control of herself, and Heathcote saw it.

"Do not grieve," he said.

The expression of his face saved her. Why should he have anything more to bear?

She went on quickly with her inquiry. "Was there much money in the purse?"

"I think not. She gave me almost all she had brought with her as soon as we met."

"Is it a large river?"

"Rather deep; in breadth only a mill-stream."

Then there was a silence. It seemed as though they all felt how little there was to work with, to hope for.

"Will you let Miss Teller draw on a sheet of paper the outline of your hand?" said Anne.

He obeyed without comment.

"Now please place your hand in this position," she continued, "and let her draw the finger-tips." As she spoke, she extended her own left hand, with the finger-tips touching the table, as if she was going to grasp and draw toward her something which lay underneath.

But Heathcote drew back. A flush rose in his cheeks. "I will have nothing to do with it," he said, haughtily.

"Oh, Ward, when Anne asks you!" said Miss Teller.

"*I* do not wish her to go to Timloesville," he said, with hot emphasis; "I have been utterly opposed to it from the beginning. Those who believe I could do such a deed may continue to believe it; it is nothing to me."

He spoke to Miss Teller, but he looked at Anne. She, trembling and flushing, rose and came to him.

"I can not explain in words the hope that is in me," she said; "but such a hope I certainly have. Even if I fail, it will be a comfort to have tried. Then *let* me try."

"Does any one know of it?"

"No one—I mean no one besides Mr. Dexter."

"Dexter has done more for me than could have been expected, at least on the score of old acquaintance," said Heathcote. "I never knew him well."

"Ah, yes, he is indeed your devoted friend," said Miss Teller, warmly. "I saw it from the first."

But a change in Anne's face had struck Heathcote. "He thinks me guilty," he said.

"Never! never!" cried Miss Teller.

"He does; and Miss Douglas knows that he does."

"Tell him no, Anne—tell him no."

But Anne could not. "He said he would try—" she began; then, remembering that this was almost worse than the other, she paused.

"It makes no difference," said Heathcote, proudly, after an instant of silence. But his face showed that he felt the sting.

"Oh, Anne, how can you have him for your friend? And I, who trusted him so!" said Miss Teller, again dissolved in tears.

"As Mr. Heathcote has said," answered Anne, steadily, "it makes no difference. Mr. Dexter brought me here, in spite of his belief, and that should be more to his credit than as though he had brought me with the same faith that we have. And now, Miss Teller, as I have learned all

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that there was remaining, I would like to go."

She rose. Heathcote made a motion as if to detain her; then his hand fell, and he rose also.

"I suppose we can stay until Jason knocks?" said Miss Margaretta, hesitatingly.

"I would rather go now, please," said Anne. For she was afraid lest she should break down: she found that she had begun to dwell upon the change in him—the thin cheeks, stern mouth, and sad eyes. By a strange freak of memory, the old scenes at Caryl's were thronging into her mind: the little arbor, the cane in his idle hand making the tunnel which had disturbed the minds of the ants, the early morning in the garden, and what he had said; she was fearful lest the scenes in the West Virginia farm-house should also take possession of her, and, with a mist blurring her eyes, she turned hurriedly toward the door.

Miss Teller rose, disappointed but obedient; she bade Heathcote good-by, and said that she would come again on the morrow.

Then he stepped forward. "I shall not see you again," he said to Anne, holding out his hand. He had not offered to take her hand before.

She gave him hers, and he held it for a moment. No word was said; it was a mute farewell.

Then she passed out, followed by Miss Teller, and the door was closed.

"Why, you had ten minutes longer," said Jason, the deputy, keeping watch outside in the stone hall.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Affairs are accomplished through patience. The fisherman, unassisted by destiny, could not catch a fish in the Tigris; and the fish, without fate, could not have died on dry land."—SAADI.

ANNE met Miss Lois in New York; they remained there a day in order to rest and arrange their plans. Miss Lois had never been in New York before; but it would take more than New York to confuse Miss Lois. There was much to tell, much to explain. Seated in a straight-backed chair, the only one the room contained, the elder woman systematically and comprehendingly listened.

"How different it all is from the old days when we thought that you and Rast would live with us on the island always, and that that would be the whole!" she said, sighing. "But we must do what is set before us." She sighed again, and anew surveyed Anne. "You are much changed, child," she said. Then something of the old spirit returned to her. "I wish those fort ladies could see you *now!*" she said, taking off her spectacles and wiping them with a combative air.

Having listened carefully to all Anne's story, she began to arrange their own plans to correspond with it, and to fit the necessities of the occasion. She prepared a long history, which would have satisfied even herself as third person, forgetting that the mental processes of Timloesville people were not like her New England own. They were to be aunt and niece, of the same name, which, after long cogitation, she decided should be Young, "because it has a plain, respectable sound, and is at the other end of the alphabet. All our names are at the beginning, you know—except, indeed, that of Miss Teller; but I have long thought that while evidently a highly amiable person, Miss Teller must be lacking in what I call backbone."

Anne, too much engrossed with her own thoughts, and too weary after telling all her story, to recall that as regarded backbone, in its literal significance, Miss Margaretta possessed a length and strength which would have impressed even Miss Lois herself, made no reply, and the New England woman went on with her weaving. She was to be a widow (could it be possible that, for once in her life, she wished to know how it would seem?). And Anne was to be her husband's niece. "That will account for the lack of resemblance," she said, fitting all the little parts of her plan together like the pieces of a puzzle. She had even constructed an elaborate legend of said dead husband, and enumerated its details with much relish. His name, it appeared, had been Asher, and he had been something of a trial to her, although at the last he had "experienced religion," and died thoroughly saved. His brother John, Anne's father, had studied for the ministry, and died of "a galloping consumption"—a consolation to all his friends. Miss Lois described accurately both of these death-beds, and quoted the inscriptions on the tombstones. Her own name was to be Hitty, from Mehitable, and Anne's was to be Ruth. "*You*," she said, "are to be worn out with

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keeping the accounts of an Asylum for the Aged, in Washington—which is the farthest thing I can think of from teaching children in New York—and I have brought you into the country for rest and change."

Anne was dismayed. "I shall certainly make some mistake in all this," she said.

"Not if you will pay attention. You can always say your head aches when you do not want to talk. I am not sure but that you had better be threatened with something serious—a dancing of the spinal marrow would do, I think," said Miss Lois, surveying her companion reflectively. "It will have to be something peculiar, because you look so well."

"Oh, do let me be myself, dear Miss Lois," pleaded Anne.

"Hitty," said Miss Lois, correctively, "Aunt Hitty. If you are going to make mistakes, Ruth, you had better write it down and learn it by heart. It is a deep job we're entering upon, and we must be deep ourselves."

They arrived at their destination, not by train, but in the little country stage from the south. The only witnesses from Timloesville present at the trial had been persons connected with the hotel. In order that Anne might not by any chance come under their observation, they took lodgings at a farm-house at some distance from the village, on the opposite side of the valley. Anne was not to enter the town at all; but Miss Lois was to examine "every inch."

The first day passed safely, and the second and third. Anne was now sufficiently accustomed to her new name not to start when she was addressed, and sufficiently instructed in her headaches not to repudiate them when inquiries were made; Miss Lois announced, therefore, that the search could begin. She classified the divisions under heads.

First. The criminal must be left-handed.

Second. He must say "gold" for "cold."

Third. As Timloesville was a secluded village to which few strangers were attracted, and as it was stated at the trial that no strangers were noticed in its vicinity either before or after the murder, it was probable that the deed was done, not as the prosecution declared, by the one stranger who *was* there, namely, Heathcote, but by no stranger—rather by a resident in the village itself or its neighborhood.

Fourth. As the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Heathcote was unexpected, the deed must have been done upon impulse: there was no time for a plan.

Fifth. The motive was robbery: the murder might have been a second thought, occasioned by Helen's stirring.

Miss Lois did not waste her time. Within a few days she was well known in Timloesville—"the widow Young, staying at Farmer Blackie's, with her niece, who is out of health, poor thing, and her aunt so anxious about her." It was so strange that Mrs. Young had not heard of their murder, their own celebrated murder. The baker's wife felt that this ignorance was a reflection upon the attractions of the town. She therefore proposed to the affable widow that she should go herself to the Timloe Hotel, and "see" with her "own eyes." "It 'll just curdle you to hear the story on the very precise spot," she declared.

Mrs. Young was willing to be curdled, if Mrs. Strain would accompany her; and on the next afternoon, therefore, they went to the hotel, and were shown over "the very floor" which had been pressed by the footsteps of the murderer, his beautiful wife, and her highly respectable maid, the estimable and observing (one might almost say *providentially* observing) Lucretia Bagshot. The landlord himself, Mr. Caspar Graub, did not disdain to accompany them. Mr. Graub had attended the trial as a witness, and had hardly ceased since to admire himself for his own perspicuous cleverness in owning the hotel where such a very distinguished crime had been committed. There might be localities where a like deed would have injured the patronage of an inn; but the neighborhood of Timloesville was not one of them. The people slowly took in and appreciated their event, as an anaconda is said slowly to take in and appreciate his dinner; they digested it at their leisure. Farmers coming in on Saturdays, instead of bringing luncheon in a tin pail, as usual, went to the expense of dining at the hotel, with their wives and daughters, in order to see the room, the blind, and the outside stairway. Mr. Graub was therefore well satisfied to repeat the tale, even to a non-diner. For Mrs. Young was a stranger from Washington. Who knew but that Washington itself might be stirred to a dining interest in the scene of the tragedy, especially as the second trial was still to come?

The print of the left hand on the blind was solemnly displayed; the impression was faint—hardly more than an outline.

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"And here is the cloth that covered the bureau," continued the landlord, taking it from a paper and spreading it on the old-fashioned chest of drawers. "It is not the identical cloth, for that was required at the trial, together with a fac-simile of the blind; but *this* one is exactly like it, blue-bordered and fringed identically the same, and we traced the spots on it precisely similar to the other before we let it go. We knew, being public-spirited, that folks would naturally wish to see it."

"It is indeed deeply interesting," sighed Mrs. Young. "I wonder, now, what the size of that hand might be. Not yours, Mr. Graub; yours is a very small hand. Let me compare. Suppose I place my fingers so (I will not touch it). Yes, a large hand, without doubt, and a left hand. Do you know of any left-handed persons about here?"

"Why, the man himself was left-handed," answered the landlord and the baker's wife together—"Captain Heathcote himself."

"He had been wounded, and had his right arm in a sling," added Mr. Graub.

"Ah, yes," said the widow; "I remember now. Were those impressions measured?"

"Yes; I have the exact figures," replied the landlord, producing a note-book, and reading the item aloud in a slow, important voice.

"Did you measure them yourself?" asked the widow. "Because if *you* did it, I know the figures are correct."

"No, I did not measure them myself," answered the landlord, not unimpressed by this confidence. "I can, however, re-measure them in a moment if it would be any gratification to you."

"It would be—immense," said the widow. Whereupon he went down stairs for a measure.

"I am subject to dizziness myself, but I *must* hear some one go down and come up that outside stairway," said Mrs. Young to the baker's wife while he was absent. "*Would* you do it for me? I want to *imagine* the *whole*."

Mrs. Strain, although stout, consented; and when her highly decorated bonnet was out of sight, the visitor swiftly drew out the paper outline of Heathcote's hand which Anne had given her, and compared it with the impressions. It was not like them. The other hand seemed broader than Heathcote's, and the finger-tips were wider than his, as though they were cushioned with flesh underneath. Mrs. Strain's substantial step was now heard coming heavily up, but the pattern was already safely returned to Mrs. Young's deep pocket.

"I have been picturing the whole," she said, impressively, as Mrs. Strain's head appeared. "I do assure you that when I heard your step, goose-flesh rose and ran like lightning down my spine." And then Mrs. Strain, although out of breath, considered that her services were well repaid.

Mr. Graub now returned, and measured the prints with nicest accuracy. Owing to the widow's compliment to his hands, he had stopped to wash them, in order to give a finer effect to the operation. Mrs. Young requested that the figures should be written down for her on a slip of paper, "as a memento"; and then, with one more exhaustive look at the blind, the stairway, and the garden, she went away, accompanied by her friend, leaving Mr. Graub more than ever convinced that he was a very remarkable man.

Mrs. Strain was easily induced to finish the afternoon's dissipations by going through the grass meadow by the side of the track made by the murderer on his way to the river. They walked "by the side," because the track itself was railed off. So many persons had visited the meadow that Mr. Graub had been obliged to protect his relic in order to preserve its identity, and even existence. The little trail was now conspicuous by the fringing of grass which still stood erect on each side of it, the remainder of the meadow having been trodden flat.

"It ends at the river," said Mrs. Young, musingly.

"Yes, where he came to wash his hands. And what his innard thoughts must have been at sech a moment I leaves you, Mrs. Young, solemnly to consider," said the baker's wife.

Mrs. Young then returned homeward, after having thanked her new friend for a "very agreeable day."

"The impressions are too indistinct to be of any real use, Ruth," she said, as she removed her bonnet. "I believe it was so stated also at the trial, was it not? But if I have eyes, those impressions do *not* fit."

"Of course they do not, since it is the hand of another person," replied Anne, who was sitting by the window, weary with inaction and despondency. "But

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did you notice, or rather could you see, what the variations were?"

"Yes: a larger hand, and the fingers probably shorter. The only point, however, that I could jump at decidedly was the cushion of flesh at the ends of the fingers. But even that some people would call a guess."

At sunset they went through the fields together to the point on the river-bank where the meadow trail ended. "The river knows all," said Anne, looking wistfully at the smooth water.

"*They* think so too, for they've dragged it a number of times," responded Miss Lois, "and all the boys in the neighborhood have been diving here ever since. They fancy that the purse, watch, and rings are in the mud at the bottom."

"Miss Lois," said the girl, suddenly, "perhaps he went away in a boat!"

"My name is Hetty—Aunt Hetty; and I do wish, Ruth, you would not so constantly forget it. In a boat? Well, perhaps he did. But I do not see how *that* helps it. To-morrow is market-day; I must go to the village and look out for left-handed men. I shall have to have my eyes about me in this business."

"He went away in a boat," repeated Anne, musingly, as they went homeward through the dusky fields. But the man was no nearer or plainer because she had taken his shadowy form from the main road and placed it in a boat on the river.

A HEREDITARY WITNESS.

I.—A DISAPPEARANCE.

HENRY ELDEN disappeared on the 27th day of March, 1847. Fortesque Elden, his uncle, who lived at Boroughton, in Blankshire, was an elderly bachelor who had passed the early part of his life in India, where he had amassed a large fortune at the expense of his liver, and had returned to England, many years prior to the happening of the events herein to be chronicled, to spend the remainder of his days in the scenes of his childhood. The old gentleman's only brother, Henry, had likewise gone to India, whither his regiment had been ordered, and had there contracted a romantic marriage, the only fruit of the union being Henry, whose disappearance has just been recorded.

Both of young Henry's parents fell victims to the epidemic which devastated the country round about Calcutta a few years after his birth, so old Fortesque took the boy, and brought him to England with him. On arriving in England Mr. Elden proceeded to establish himself upon his ancestral acres, which had been left hitherto in charge of his steward. His only sister, Mrs. Rawton, had married a man beneath her station, who was killed subsequently in a drunken brawl, leaving an only child, Aaron, who with his mother greeted the old gentleman on his return to Elden Hall. The death of Mrs. Rawton a few years later left Mr. Elden and his two nephews the sole survivors of the race. The old gentleman kept bachelor's hall, and brought up both of the boys as his own sons, passing the afternoon of his life in undisturbed happiness until the date at which this narrative begins.

The boys themselves, though the best of friends, were as different in appearance and character as two people could well be. Henry, the senior of his cousin by two years, was a fine-looking fellow, with dark complexion and strong physique, with a dashing, off-hand manner, and passed his time chiefly in sowing his wild oats with no stinted hand, thanks to the liberality of his kind-hearted old uncle, who, when called upon to foot the bills, did as all kind-hearted elderly relatives do—raved about extravagance, stamped on the floor, grew red in the face, threatened to cut Henry off with a shilling, and ended by paying the account and becoming reconciled to the young scapegrace, as he called him.

Aaron Rawton, on the other hand, was a blonde, with a strangely pallid face, and features almost effeminately regular. Of thoughtful demeanor and studious habits, he gained many friends by his uniform courtesy and consideration for others. He submitted with patience to Harry's good-natured though often rough pranks, and on the whole the boys were as good friends as two such uncongenial natures could be.

It was commonly rumored that old Mr. Elden had by his will made Harry heir to the bulk of his property, with, however, a liberal provision for Aaron. Included in the estate was Elden Hall, the ancestral mansion—a substantial old structure situated in the midst of a large, well-wooded demesne about five miles from the village of Boroughton. The habits of the two boys were as unlike as their appearance,

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and while Aaron spent most of his time by himself in solitary rides or botanizing excursions, or perhaps with rod and reel following up some brook, Harry knew every bar-maid in Boroughton, and was continually engaged in some mad prank in the village. Thus things were upon the day above mentioned. Nothing was thought of it when Harry did not return home on the night in question, as he was frequently absent for a day or so on some of his escapades; but when nothing was seen or heard of him for three days, the old gentleman, his uncle, grew anxious, and took his hat and stick to go in search of his favorite nephew. Inquiry instituted in the village developed the fact that he was last seen to enter a small tavern or tap-house in the outskirts of the village, on the road to Elden Hall, on the evening of his disappearance. The inn bore a fair reputation, and was kept by a man who went by the name of Bauer, and was supposed to be an Austrian or Hungarian, or of some such nationality; but, for that matter, his nationality, as well as the genuineness of his name, was mere matter of conjecture, as nothing was known of him or his antecedents excepting that he came to the village some ten years before, bought the tavern of old Mr. Elden, and had been living a sort of hand-to-mouth life on the profits of the sale of cheap liquors to the working people, and had, as was supposed, made enough to pay the interest on the mortgage on his place, and provide a scant living for himself. He had, some months prior to the time of Henry's disappearance, married the daughter of one Stubbs, a shoemaker in the neighborhood, whom, rumor said, he treated badly at times, but on the whole nothing in particular was known against him or his place. The facts that he was a short thickset man, with black bristling hair and beard, of rather ill appearance, and that nothing was known of his former life, were in reality the only circumstances which could direct suspicion toward him. When examined before the magistrate, Bauer calmly denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of the missing man, and the only other person in the inn at the time of the occurrence was his wife, who was then too ill to be examined, and indeed died soon after, leaving a son a few days old. Bauer told a very straight story; admitted that young Elden had stopped at his inn on the evening in question, called for a mug of ale, and started immediately for home to escape the rain, which was just beginning to fall. Thorough search was made on the premises, but no trace of Henry Elden was found, and Bauer was discharged, and, in the opinion of the neighborhood, justly, Stubbs, the shoemaker, who was a small politician in his way, being noticeably loud in his denunciation of those who did not scruple to ride over Magna Charta, and have an honest man arrested on suspicion, just because a wild young blade of the aristocracy called at his inn for a glass of beer, and then ran away.

Old Mr. Elden was greatly overcome; was sure that there had been foul play; had the country scoured for miles around; offered a large reward for the detection and apprehension of the supposed assassin, and sent runners to the magistrates of the adjoining towns, notifying them of the affair; and in fact did everything which a fond old man could do for the object of the love of his old age; but in vain. At first many people thought that it was only another of Harry's escapades, and that he would soon put in an appearance, and laugh at the groundless apprehensions of his friends; but as time wore on and no Harry appeared, men shrugged their shoulders, and the gossips, temporarily at a loss to explain the mystery, consoled themselves with the adage that "murder will out," and soon everything in the village resumed its wonted course.

At the time of these occurrences I had just been called to the bar, and was patiently waiting for my first brief at Boroughton, and all the circumstances of the case were the more vividly impressed upon my mind, perhaps, in view of the possibility of an opportunity arising for me to make my maiden effort in the legal forum. All of my spare time—and there was plenty of it—was occupied in framing theories which would solve the mystery, and in following up fresh clews, which at first seemed to me to lead directly to the solution, but which invariably led to no tangible results. It occurred to me among other things that Henry had been jilted by Miss Lucy Oakland, daughter of Sir Hugh Oakland, to whose elder daughter I was then engaged to be married, and had run away to India, or to join the army, as his father had done before him; but that notion was quickly disproved when it transpired that Miss Lucy had al-

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ready become secretly engaged to him. Poor girl, she was dreadfully cut up about it. She would not believe but that he would re-appear, and would not hear a word about his being foully dealt with. Indeed, for months she continued to feel the same certainty that he would return to her, or at least write; so that when, even two years later, Aaron Rawton, who upon the death of his uncle Fortesque had fallen heir to his immense property, laid it all at her feet, together with his heart, or what answered the purposes of a heart in his anatomy, she repelled him and his fortune with scorn, upbraided him for attempting to supplant his cousin in her affections, and for seizing such an occasion for renewing his detestable suit, which she had three years before told him was odious to her.

II.—A COINCIDENCE.

In 1865, business called me to the "States," whither I went to examine some coal and oil lands for clients who had invested largely in that slippery property, and were seeking further investments. I brought letters of introduction to prominent citizens, and among the number to Thomas J. Burns, Esq., a lawyer in Pennburg, the nearest considerable town to the township in which my clients' lands were situated. A few weeks of rough living in a rough country among rougher men, riding over desperately bad roads, and putting up at detestable inns, which, by-the-bye, were all dignified by the name of "hotels," sufficed to bring the business with which I had been commissioned to a successful issue, and found me again at Pennburg, and in the hospitable home of Mr. Burns, who urged me so cordially to take a few days of rest under his roof-tree that I willingly yielded, as I really needed a short time to recuperate before undertaking the return voyage; and, besides, I had conceived a strong liking for my host and his family. One morning after breakfast, as Mr. Burns was gathering up his papers for the day's work, he turned to me and said: "By-the-way, would you like to see how justice is dispensed in this country? You will see none of the big wigs and gowns, nor the scarlet uniform of the high sheriff with his pikemen, such as you have at your assizes. We are quite democratic in these as in other things; but I have a matter in hand to-day which may interest you if you take for criminal practice, as I must confess I do not, and have only taken this case in charge for the sake of an old client, who has been arrested and held on an outrageous charge, as groundless, I believe, as it is wicked." More from a desire for his company than for any interest in that class of proceedings, I accepted his invitation, and accompanied him to the office of the magistrate, or justice of the peace, before whom the examination was to be held.

The case created a good deal of local interest, judging from the number of people of all classes who crowded the small court-room, and were awaiting with some impatience the arrival of his honor the justice and the prisoner. During the short interval of waiting, Mr. Burns explained to me that his client was a man who kept a small hotel in the lower portion of the town, and was well known and respected in the community, where he had resided for many years, and that he had been arrested on a charge of murder preferred against him at the instigation of certain busybodies, and based upon the statements of a young man whom he had in his employ; that public opinion was divided as to the question of his guilt, and while most people thought the charge was trumped up by some political opponents to pay off old scores, there were not a few who gave credence to the evidently candid and honest statement of the complainant. At this moment the increasing murmur of the audience announced the arrival of the justice, and as soon as order prevailed, the prisoner was brought in by the town constable.

There was nothing in his appearance to distinguish him from other men of his class. He was of medium height, thickset, with dark hair, and beard closely trimmed, of rather sluggish look, a not unpleasant eye, and apparently of foreign birth. The complainant, and the only witness for the prosecution, was a slightly built, sickly-looking youth of about eighteen years of age, as he testified, with large pale blue eyes, in which simplicity, timidity, and a certain weird unnatural restlessness seemed to contend for the supremacy, who appeared to be laboring under some nervous affection. He had been employed as a sort of boy of all work about the tavern for some years past, and had proved himself to be honest, faithful, and obliging, and indeed he had always borne that reputation in the neighborhood, where he had lived with his aunt

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for ten years or more. His testimony, when called to the witness stand, was substantially as follows: That his name was Charles Hodgson; he was eighteen years of age, and lived with the accused, Jacob Hildebrand, by whom he had been employed for some three years past at the hotel. That some months previous—he could not remember the exact time—a young man came to the hotel at about dusk in quest of lodgings. He had a small leathern portmanteau, which, as he dropped it on the floor of the office (and bar-room combined), struck heavily, as if it contained something other than clothing. This valise was immediately taken in charge by Hildebrand. The young stranger, who appeared to be a gentleman, possibly about to invest in oil lands, after having eaten supper, sat in the bar-room smoking a cigar by the dim light of the wood fire, and at length strolled out at the back door to look at the weather, which was threatening. At this moment complainant, who was standing out-of-doors by the front window of the bar-room, heard a suppressed cry and a scuffling of feet, and turning quickly, looked through the window toward the rear door, and saw Hildebrand, just as the stranger was attempting to enter the house, strike him a terrific blow on the head with a billet of wood, killing him instantly. That Hildebrand and a tall pale young man, whose face, seen in the dim light, he could not describe, but who he thought might be a nephew of Hildebrand, took the body out in a direction due west from the house, and buried it in a piece of ploughed land, near a stump; and on returning to the house, Hildebrand, who saw that complainant had witnessed the deed, seized him, and threatened to kill him too if he ever disclosed what he had seen, and that, fearing for his life, he had kept silent.

After a sharp cross-examination by Mr. Burns, which failed to shake the boy's testimony in any particular, Hildebrand was sworn in his own behalf, and flatly denied the whole story from beginning to end, in which denial he was corroborated by his wife, who was positive that no such guest had taken supper at the hotel at or near the time rather vaguely fixed by complainant. Hildebrand in fact had a nephew, but he was in California, where he had been for the past ten years. My friend then produced two witnesses, who testified that they had made a most searching examination of the hotel premises, and no trace of the stranger or his luggage could be found. Moreover, nobody else appeared to have seen the stranger, nor had any inquiries been received from any quarter in regard to such a man, and, so far as could be learned, no one answering his description had disappeared. To dispel any remaining doubt in the mind of the magistrate, the boy's aunt was called, and testified that he had been at times "queer," as she called it, from infancy, and on several occasions, when under the influence of one of these "queer" turns or fits, he had told her a similar story, but that when he was well he never alluded to anything of the kind, and disliked to have any reference made to what he had said or done when in his "queer" state, all of which he would seem to have forgotten entirely. To shorten a long story, the man Hildebrand was discharged from arrest, and the decision of the magistrate in his favor was generally regarded as a just one, although there were many who doubtless continue to think that every coat of paint Hildebrand puts on his house to this day has been paid for out of the money which the alleged young stranger intended to invest in oil wells.

I congratulated my friend upon his victory. "But," said I, "do you think the boy was honest, or was he hired to make the complaint, or how do you account for his strange fabrication of such a plausibly told story so consistently maintained?"

"That is what puzzles me," said he; "I have no doubt of his sincerity and general truthfulness. He has been brought up by his aunt, a pious, church-going woman, who brought him with her from England when a mere infant. I know nothing of her or his antecedents excepting that his name was Bauer, which she had changed to her family name when she adopted him. I see no way in which to account for his groundless and gratuitous tissue of falsehoods, unless it be upon the theory that it is the result of some singular hallucination which follows him."

We were sitting in Mr. Burns's library. I arose and walked to the window, and gazed vacantly down the street until recalled to myself by my host good-humoredly remarking: "You must find the outlook a pleasant one. You have been for the past five minutes looking out at the window, utterly oblivious of my sugges-

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tions of dinner. What do you see that so interests you?"

"Only a coincidence," I replied; and we went in to dinner.

III.—Q. E. D.

The following week I returned to England, but before leaving Pennburg took occasion to look up Mrs. Hodgson, and learned that she was an Englishwoman, and, as I had surmised, came from Boroughton, whence she had emigrated to the States some fifteen years previous, and had married and settled in Pennburg. Her sister, the boy's mother, was the wife of Bauer. The pair had not lived happily together; and just before the boy was born she had a sudden and violent attack—a fit or something of the sort—but just what it was the poor woman never would disclose, and died in giving him birth. The boy was a puny infant, and seemed to have a very slight hold upon this world; and when he did struggle into confirmed existence, was of a nervous, excitable nature, and timorous to a degree. The poor little fellow's lot was hard enough at best, one would think, but was rendered still more deplorable from the fact that his father could not endure the sight of him, and finally abandoned him altogether to the care of Mrs. Hodgson, then plain Maria Stubbs, and did not even reclaim him when, in his third year, Maria left England to cast her lot with relatives in Pennsylvania, and the boy had thenceforth been reared in the belief that both his parents were dead. Since that time Mrs. Hodgson had received no word from Bauer, and was glad to hear from me news of him, and of the few mutations which had occurred in Boroughton since her departure. After hearing this recital, I sought, and with much difficulty obtained, the aunt's consent that the boy should accompany me to England—of course in my employ—as inducements to which were added his own desire to see the place of his birth, and my promise to give him permanent employment, and look after his welfare, if he should wish to remain in England, or to send him back to Pennburg if he should desire it, my responsibility being vouched for by Mr. Burns; and indeed Mrs. Hodgson herself recalled my name, and the circumstance of my marriage with Miss Oakland just prior to her emigration to America. Of course my motive in bringing the lad to England was by no means a disinterested one, nor had it primarily in view his temporal advancement.

As soon after my return to Boroughton as the arrangement of my clients' affairs and my own would permit, I set about to develop, and if possible to demonstrate, a theory in regard to the disappearance of Henry Elden which had seized on me while in Pennburg, and had gained in strength the more I revolved it in my mind. The first step was to secure the co-operation of some person of intelligence who would be sufficiently interested to devote time to the matter, and discreet enough to keep his own counsel. Among all my acquaintance no one seemed better trustworthy than my old friend Aaron Rawton. He had been indefatigable in his efforts to discover the cause of his cousin's disappearance, and to him I turned for assistance in following up the clew which it seemed to me chance had thrown in my way. To Elden Hall, therefore, I went, and found him, as usual, in his study—a spacious room with high vaulted ceiling, Gothic windows, and huge old-fashioned fire-place, superbly finished in carved oak, wherein he had accumulated a large and valuable library, which claimed most of his time and thoughts. After brief greetings, I told him the object of my visit. He seemed slightly annoyed at first, as if I had needlessly awakened sad memories, and expressed himself as incredulous. "You know, my dear fellow," said he, "so many times we have thought we were on the right scent, and it led to nothing. But let us hear it, by all means."

Thus invited, I proceeded to relate to him all the circumstances developed upon the Hildebrand examination, and also what I had learned from Mrs. Hodgson, and that the lad was then at my house.

"But," he asked, interrupting me, "what, pray, has Hildebrand at Pennburg to do with the disappearance of Harry at Boroughton? You surely do not think that he had a hand in the affair?"

"By no means; but he may resemble the man who had. In short, my suspicion points toward Bauer."

Rawton's face blanched a little at the mention of that name, which had at first been so much spoken of in connection with the matter, as he said, "The simple fact of a fancied resemblance between Bauer and Hildebrand points to nothing."

"But," said I, "let me proceed, and I

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will follow the trail just as it evolved itself from my own mind. First, why should this lad, who had been brought up by his pious aunt, and who, as my further acquaintance with him shows, is as truthful, honest, and good-hearted as any person I ever met, frame a deliberate lie for the purpose of doing a deadly injury to a man who had been to him a kind master and a benefactor? No motive whatever has been found. Besides, the boy told the story only when under the influence of a violent nervous attack—call it a 'queer turn,' or fit, or what you like—which, when it had passed away, left him nothing but a vague feeling that he might have said or done something while in that abnormal condition which he would not say, do, nor care to hear about when he recovered possession of his faculties. He had never met with any accident which could account for these attacks, and was at other times of perhaps average mental capacity. Was this singular nervous organization transmitted to him from his parents? We both know that this was not probable, as his parents were stolid, plodding people of strong physical constitutions. Only two hypotheses, then, remain: either we must suppose that a child born of strong healthy parents had by a *lapsus naturæ* received such an imperfect nervous organization, or he carries with him the shadow of some terrific shock inflicted upon his mother at the time of his birth."

Rawton's hand clutched the arm of his chair, and I saw that he had caught my meaning.

"Some such attack or shock the boy's mother did have, and of a nature which she never disclosed, and, moreover, it did occur just before the birth of the child, which was a few days after Henry Elden disappeared. To be plain, then—and I say it in the profoundest confidence—I have the notion that the terrible shock which the boy's mother received was the sight of some foul deed of which Harry was the victim, and I never shall be satisfied until I have examined the garden in the rear of that inn to see if some trace of the body may not yet be found. As I passed there to-day on the way hither, I observed that there is an old moss-covered stone post which marks the boundary between his land and yours, and it lies due westerly from the door of the tap-room."

Just a trace of a sneer came over Rawton's face as he asked me if I did not think it a little Quixotic to dig up a neighbor's garden in such a search, all because of the wandering prattle of a half-witted boy. "Besides, his fevered fancy points to two assassins, and you suspect only Bauer."

"Bauer may have had an accomplice, and most likely had one, as he would hardly have dared to attack Harry single-handed; but whether he had an accomplice or not, I am resolved to put my mind at rest as regards Bauer himself, if possible."

As it happened, Bauer had gone to the neighboring town that day, and I proposed to Rawton that we should take a man and go to the spot indicated—which, as above remarked, was at the boundary between the inn garden and a part of Rawton's demesne—and examine the ground thoroughly. He excused himself on the ground of an engagement which called him away for the afternoon, but promised to aid me in what he called my foolishness on some other day.

I was determined, however, not to delay, as Bauer rarely left the premises, and such an opportunity might not offer again for weeks. I returned to my own house, called my man of all work, and told him to take his spade and pick and follow me. On the pretext that I had reason to think that there was a coal formation in that part of Rawton's estate, and if so proposed to buy up the land, I made him dig downward at different points to the depth of several feet; but no coal appeared. Already the afternoon was well-nigh spent, and I was in momentary fear lest Bauer's return should interrupt us, and perhaps bring us into trouble as trespassers, when John's spade struck something hard, and the next stroke, to his horror, and I own somewhat to my surprise, threw out a human bone. To be brief, a few more strokes of the spade sufficed to bring to light nearly the entire skeleton, and lying among the bones a few coins and a gold ring containing a sapphire set in a peculiar manner, which I recognized as one worn by Henry Elden.

Hastily putting this in my pocket, I told John to throw in the earth and fill up the place, and tell no one where he had been, or what he had done or seen. Of course if Bauer were guilty, as I had now small doubt but that he was, and should discover the freshly turned earth, he might take alarm and leave the coun-

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try; so what was to be done must be done without delay. I hastened to the office of the magistrate, told him of my suspicions and what they had led me to do, and the result, made a formal complaint, and in less than an hour, accompanied by an officer armed with a warrant, I started for the inn. It suddenly occurred to me, however, to have the boy Hodgson accompany us, and making a détour to my own house, told him to come with me. By this time the sun had set, and we reached the inn in the early twilight, and entered the tap-room. There was no one there, and I was about to call out, thinking that Bauer might be up stairs, when the boy started suddenly, and with one sharp cry of pain muttered, "My dream!" and sank back terrified in a chair, with staring eyes fixed on the rear door. Following the direction of his gaze, I saw standing by the doorway the man Bauer himself, and the pallid face of Aaron Rawton.

The rest of the story is soon told. The warrant was served on Bauer, and he was brought before the magistrate. When told the reason of his arrest, he at first stoutly and indignantly protested his innocence; but when told that the secrets of his garden had been unveiled, and shown the ring, his manner changed. He became silent and thoughtful, and finally a disturbed look settled upon his features. The next morning the magistrate sent for me and informed me that Bauer was about to make a confession, and desired to become Queen's evidence.

Of course no promise of immunity from punishment was given him, but he was told that if his statement should prove to be such as to secure the punishment of confederates, if he had any, his chance for mitigation of punishment would be increased. Thus assured, Bauer stated that on the night when Henry Elden was last seen he had stopped at his inn early in the evening for shelter, as the weather was threatening. He called for a mug of ale, and as he stood looking out at the rear door, he, Bauer, struck him on the head with all his might with a heavy piece of cord-wood, and killed him at once, while an accomplice kept watch at the front door. They then dragged the body out into the garden, and as soon as the night was still, buried it where we had discovered it. The field had been freshly ploughed, and a heavy rain, which soon began to fall, obliterated their foot-prints and all traces of the crime. On returning to the house he found his wife prostrate and insensible on the ground by the front window of the tap-room. She had been to her father's house, and returning sooner than he expected, had witnessed the deed through the window, and fallen in a dead faint, and, prostrated by the shock, died three days after her child was born. That his reason for committing the crime was that old Mr. Elden, of whom he had bought the inn, held a large mortgage on it, and he found it impossible to keep down the interest, and was rapidly falling lower and lower in the depths of debt and poverty. While he was in a despondent state of mind he was approached one day by Aaron Rawton, who had discovered the situation of his affairs, and who himself desired to have Harry put out of the way, both in order that he might be the sole heir to his uncle's property, which he knew had been willed to Harry, and also because Harry had supplanted him in the affections of Lucy Oakland, and that Rawton had promised him, in the event of his succeeding to the estate, to give him clear title to the inn, and in any event ready money enough to pay off all arrearages of interest; and Rawton it was who, on the night of the commission of the deed, had watched at the front door, and helped him dispose of the body, and had, on the day of the arrest, ridden out to meet him, and told him of my suspicions, and he had intended during that night to remove whatever traces might remain of the body if I had not anticipated him.

Thunderstruck as I was by this disclosure, I could not help recalling to mind a certain peculiar and unusual nervousness in Rawton's manner during our late conversation, and whether this charge was true or false, the magistrate deemed it his duty to issue a warrant at once for Rawton's apprehension.

The officer, on arriving at Elden Hall, was told that Mr. Rawton was in the library, and upon being ushered thither, and finding the door locked, burst it in without ceremony, and discovered Aaron Rawton lying upon the lounge, dead. An empty phial and the peculiar odor which pervaded the room indicated the means by which he had wrought the desperate deed.

In a secret drawer of his writing-desk were subsequently found two documents, one dated some eighteen years before, which proved to be the will of his late un-

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cle leaving the bulk of his property to Harry, which will had never been found, although it was known to have been executed; and the other was the mortgage from Bauer to Fortesque Elden, which was marked cancelled and paid at a date ten days after Mr. Elden's death; while lying conspicuously upon the table was another document, dated the very day previous, which was his own will, wherein, after reciting the fact that he was weary of life, and that he was the last of his race, etc., he gave the entire Elden property to Lucy Oakland for her use and benefit until Henry Elden should return, and in case he did not return, then to her and her heirs forever.

Further investigation established the guilt of Bauer beyond doubt, even apart from his confession, and it seemed probable, as he stated, that on the afternoon of his last conversation with Rawton he had given the latter reason to fear that he would, if the case seemed likely to go against him, turn Queen's evidence, which led him to the determination of putting himself beyond the reach of the law. The sapphire ring was identified by Miss Oakland as the one given Harry by her at the time of their secret engagement. It is an old woman's adage that a sapphire never pales until the love of the giver wanes. Whether or not this be true, certain it is that the stone in the long-buried ring remained undimmed, and that Lucy Oakland remains unwedded to this day.

THE PLACE.

"I go to prepare a place for you."

O Holy Place, we know not where thou art!
  Though one by one our well-beloved dead
  From our close claspings to thy bliss have fled,
They send no word back to the breaking heart;
And if, perchance, their angels fly athwart
  The silent reaches of the abyss wide-spread,
  The swift white wings we see not, but instead
Only the dark void keeping us apart.
Where did He set thee, O thou Holy Place?
  Made He a new world in the heavens high hung,
    So far from this poor earth that even yet
Its first glad rays have traversed not the space
  That lies between us, nor their glory flung
    On the old home its sons can ne'er forget?

But what if on some fair, auspicious night,
  Like that on which the shepherds watched of old,
  Down from far skies, in burning splendor rolled,
Shall stream the radiance of a star more bright
Than ever yet hath shone on mortal sight—
  Swift shafts of light, like javelins of gold,
  Wave after wave of glory manifold,
From zone to zenith flooding all the height?
And what if, moved by some strange inner sense,
  Some instinct, than pure reason wiser far,
    Some swift clairvoyance that annulleth space,
All men shall cry, with sudden joy intense,
  "Behold, behold this new resplendent star—
    Our heaven at last revealed!—the Place! the Place!"

Then shall the heavenly host with one accord
  Veil their bright faces in obeisance meet,
  While swift they haste the Glorious One to greet.
Then shall Orion own at last his lord,
And from his belt unloose the blazing sword,
  While pale proud Ashtaroth, with footsteps fleet,
  Her jewelled crown drops humbly at his feet,
And Lyra strikes her harp's most rapturous chord.
O Earth, bid all your lonely isles rejoice!
  Break into singing, all ye silent hills;
    And ye, tumultuous seas, make quick reply!
Let the remotest desert find a voice!
  The whole creation to its centre thrills,
    For the new light of Heaven is in the sky!

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X.

MISS ARMORY certainly contrived to make things very simple for Jonas the next day. When he arrived at Cornwall Gardens, the butler solemnly showed him up into the same little room which he had visited before; but instead of Helena idling over rich embroideries, Prudence was seated near the fire, motionless, but with eagerly dilated vision.

It is certain that Jonas had arrived there with no thought of Miss Armory, beyond the general consciousness of her beneficent genius, yet almost involuntarily there rose to his mind a picture of her effective figure on that previous occasion. Perhaps he had not appreciated the impression she created upon him; perhaps it was that Prue, moving to the window among the æsthetic luxuries of the boudoir, seemed to bear about her a flavor of Ponkamak that nothing could subdue. In either case, the young man felt, as he came in, a sensation of disturbed preconceptions. He wished for a moment that he had seen Prudence in Guildford Street. There, at least, nothing confused his ideals.

Prudence stood still like a frightened child, and when she gave Jonas her hand, it was with a look as if she expected a rebuke.

"Prue!" he said—he was longing to take her in his arms, to hold her in his strong embrace—the first—but such as would show her what a life's shelter might be—"Prudence," he exclaimed, "oh, my darling!"

The girl was trembling visibly. She still stood silently regarding him with a timid, beautiful gaze.

"What is it, dear?" said Jonas. "Don't you know I ought to have come two months ago? The time I agreed to wait was up; but I thought it best first to let you see this—this life here."

"Yes, yes," said Prudence, still fixedly regarding him. "I know—yes, that is just it, Jonas dear," she added, tenderly.

"Just what?" said Jonas, to whom the radiance of belief yet gave a joyous tone and impassioned expression. "Just what, dear?"

He held his hands toward her; he made a little movement as though he would take her at once into his strong arms.

"Don't you see?" said Prudence, holding herself aloof from him. "Just as you say, I've seen—seen the world. I don't think"—she looked at him with a sort of wild pleading; Jonas remembered the same look when she was a child asking for a midsummer holiday with him, or for a new doll—"I don't think I'd like to be a minister's wife." She gave a short, troubled little laugh, but did not move her eyes.

There was dead silence.

The two people, young in years, but who since early remembrance had balanced each other's needs in a certain fashion in the scale of life, stood still, drifting out into the wide ocean of farewell, while they looked earnestly, entirely, for the first time and the last, into each other's eyes. As for Fielding, he saw, though unconsciously, far beyond. He looked into the limpid brown depths of the eyes beseechingly lifted to his, and as it were, knowing that his heaven lay there, beheld an earthly hell in waiting.

Prudence wished that he would speak—would answer her. Accustomed to his fulfilling, if not anticipating, her slightest wish—accustomed to thinking that Jonas always knew what she was feeling and thinking—she thought his present behavior unaccountable, if not unkind.

"Jonas," she half whispered; she put out one little hand slowly, and let the tears that gathered under her eyelids fall upon her cheeks.

"My God in heaven!" he said, huskily. He turned away, utterly forgetting that the woman he loved stood there in the flesh, near enough to be touched or scorned by him. The words she had uttered mocked him with the horrid force of a delusion, yet he knew that they were all too powerful and sincere. He crossed the room, and sitting down before one of the small tables, clinched his fingers mercilessly into some lace beneath them, and buried his face in his hands. For that moment he was supremely, utterly conscious of Self. I think it was the only moment of Jonas Fielding's life in which the needs of his fellow-men made no impress on any fibre of his being. He was absolutely himself, even to the exclusion of Prudence, standing white and tearful in the window. A moment more of silence passed, and then there fluttered vaguely into the young girl's heart a sense that he was in actual pain; the power of his feeling was beyond her, but it was too great not to reach her in some fashion, however feeble.

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"Jonas," she said again; and, still with tears upon her face, she went up, laying one little hand caressingly upon his shoulder. "Do you know what I mean?" she said, in an awe-struck voice. "I think—I know I am unfitted for it; another woman—even I, a little while ago—" She stopped, hardly knowing what to say, for it seemed to her as though explanation must be futile. He raised his face, haggard and worn—old, it seemed to her in these moments. "Isn't it better to tell you," she continued, nodding her little head sagely. "Jonas, you would never have wanted to make me wretched—oh, *miserable*—"

"Oh!" cried the young man, springing up. "For Heaven's sake, Prudence, have some mercy! Oh, my child, I free you from our poor shallow bond. I free you, but let me go with some mercy."

He stood looking at her with an air that would have told any other woman something of the maddening feeling in his heart. Prudence looked, half frightened, half ashamed.

"You think my head is turned," she said, reproachfully.

"No," said Jonas, "I do not. I see you as you are yourself. All the talking in the world would show me no more than I read in your eyes."

She began to breathe more freely. It was at all events some comfort to feel that Jonas was not angry.

"And could I help it, Jo?" she said, forcing her little hand upon his arm. "Oh, I *tried* so hard, and I love you so truly, *truly*—oh, Jonas, you *know* I do!—but I see I'm not made for the life we used to talk about. You will be better without me. You will be glad of my having told you this."

It was perhaps an evidence of Fielding's complete understanding of the situation that he continued speechless. How contribute words to so dead a thing as what lay between them and the past? Yet passionately sweet and bitter memories were trying to free themselves from this bondage he was forcing them into, crying out with voices he silenced almost with disdain. Gradually Prudence withdrew from that attitude of soft persuasiveness. She went over to the fire-place, beginning audibly to cry. Jonas remained standing where she left him. Then the variation of moods was nothing to him. He cared as little for his own physical sensations of actual pain as he cared for Prudence's weeping. The stronger elements of a sudden grief were surging within him, and he felt that he was standing on the very threshold of a ruinous despair.

"Prudence," he said at last, in a hard voice, and wrenched himself around facing the girl—"Prudence, tell me one thing on your honor: has there *ever* been an hour or a day in which you have truly loved me?"

Prudence looked at him through a mist of tears.

"Jonas," she said—"Jonas, don't be cross."

"Cross!" he echoed the word as if it rent his heart asunder. "Cross, child; I could be nothing ever like that to you. Tell me what I ask; it may influence all my life."

Prudence paused. She searched furtively the recesses of her gentle little heart, the background of gliding years against which this scene rose, her first genuine moment of perplexity or analysis. But for one brief, happy summer, a few months ago, but for this fever of the world's praise today, she might have answered differently. As it was:

"Jonas," she said, contritely, "I don't think I truly ever did. But it was only lately, when I saw this kind of life—" She glanced around Miss Armory's luxurious room, searching involuntarily for something which would demonstrate her meaning. "I like to be comfortable, as they are here. That gentleman's rooms—Mr. Simmonson's, I mean—I enjoy all that, and I *know* I shall miss it." She paused again, realizing that all this luxury of form and color had affected her but partially, but it served to define her distrust of a grayer life.

Jonas made an appeal suddenly, not to her affections, but to her possible higher nature:

"And is there nothing else—nothing earnest, and true, and real, and loving, in *my* life?" He spoke with passionate bitterness.

"Oh, *Jonas!*" said Prudence, despairingly.

"Prue," he exclaimed—and now he had the power to go up and look with gentle eyes upon the girl—"I am going away; perhaps I shall not see you for a long time again; but remember one thing: if you need me, I am within call. I shall never, never forget one littlest thing. Dear, it lies solemnly within me, though you have never seen it, and I can remem-

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ber, with the grave above me, every look of your face, every word and hour we have had together, every lightest touch of your little hand." The man's voice trembled; he was too near the beauty of her richly tinted face, too near the tremulous sweetness of her uplifted eyes, not to feel his heart beating with dangerous swiftness. He stretched his hands out, grasping hers with eager intensity.

"Dear," he said, "I don't know what you mean to do; but I know they want you to marry that man. Pray, pray do not do it." Prue hung her head. "I know he will ask you," Fielding went on, still clinching the girl's wrists; "but if it be so, think, think before you turn away from all you understand in life."

He held her hands, looking at her with a dimmed vision, yet his mind was travelling backward with painful clearness and intensity. He saw all those vanished, futile years with their measure of passion, happiness, and belief, with their meed of daily acts glorified by the sense that they were tending toward the crowning joy of his life. Even in this tumultuous moment something rose in the man's breast like an exultation in that he had gathered during those very years a spiritual force capable of some resistance against what seemed to him the very damnation of his earthly hopes.

"Prue, Prue, my darling," he said, hoarsely, "you will not forget it all; some day, dear, I think you will know what this love laid at your feet really was. Don't let it grieve you even then, dear. We—your brother Paul and I—always meant to shield you from care or sorrow; even in this trouble I must fulfill his part. Prue, my child, do not grieve." Come what would, he felt that he must leave her without that tear-stained face. "I must say good-by, dear, now. God bless and keep you!"

For an instant—as a bird might remember some summer's resting-place—Prudence felt like putting out a hand for him to take her back; it suddenly flashed upon her what a great part of her life he had been, and he was going forever, leaving her. But this sensation vanished. Its traces were a slight pallor, a tremulous sweetness in the eyes with which she mutely answered his good-by.

Jonas had no definite intention of any kind when he left Prudence in the brilliant room and made his way down stairs. There he tried to collect his thoughts, and in doing so he remembered Helena, recalling her much as one in waking tries to conjure up the faces in a dream. With the recollection of her kindness, her gentle womanliness of yesterday, came a sense that he owed her some explanation of the morning. He had a card in his pocket, and standing in the hall, he scribbled the following words:

"Please do not speak to Prudence about this morning. We have both made a mistake, that is all. I pray that she may be happy. I will leave London soon, but you shall hear of me before I go to America. I preach for my friend at N—— Sunday fortnight, and after that I shall be a few hours in London. Thank you *always*."

He wrote the words in a stupefied condition, and asking for an envelope, he inclosed the card to Miss Armory. When he went out into the street, it seemed as if the fresh air of the morning stifled him.

XI.

He walked on and on for more than two hours, heedless of everything but the impulse of movement, which seemed to make his misery less horrible to bear. Then, in extreme weariness, he found his hotel, and going up into his room, sat down at his table, staring vacantly at the drab-colored wall before him. In the hours of that horrible day he could not define or analyze anything; that his world was changed absolutely, he knew with an almost mocking clearness; but what was left in it—even what any realities of the past had been—he could not tell. He let the hours pass sitting at the table, not attempting conclusions; not seeking answers to the questions that sometimes made their way across the chaos of his thoughts. So, he fancied, the whole of life might drift by him; purposes, ideals, inspirations, seemed gone. He had no more power to desire or hope for anything than he had to change the courses of the heavens or the earth. As the faint wintry dusk gathered, he became conscious, in a dreamy way, that he was cold, and leaving his chair, he walked about the room, still thinking, thinking, but with no clearer perceptions of what it would all tend to. Passion, with all its highest, most ennobling meanings, had so far held him, joyous or serene, above the pettinesses, the commonplace vexations, of his life. There

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had been hours of fierce spiritual contest, but never periods of despair, and moving slowly about the cheerless room, he asked himself whether this was not the moment of supreme test in which he would succumb. Then came moments of sharp, quiet agony, when he thought that henceforth and forever the joy of even remembering Prudence must be denied him; never again could he, sitting at his work, think of the day when if he raised his eyes it might be to encounter hers; never again must he think of her small needs, her tired moments which he might soothe, her joys or her sorrows. To count all these as in some fashion his had been for years the ardor of his life, and he remembered these parts of his existence with a sense that his dead lay stretched before him; not flower-strewn, except by the blossoms of passionate, agonized memory; not peaceful, save with the calm of despair; not reverently prepared for a tomb at which he might sit, remembering perfect hours which had been his. He could not say:

"To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day;
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of Fate, are mine."

He had seen the joyousness of life die, and all that remained was to sit, as it were, watching it during the gathering hours of the night, until heaven opened and told him where he should lay it in a final resting-place. A death, resurrectionless and entire! It seemed to the man as he sat there, the winter gloom falling thickly about him, as though the room was peopled with phantoms of some lurid, delusive past, as if grim shapes hovered around that silent figure which meant his Life, as if the scenes and hours of the past had taken on themselves form and motion, mocking him with voices that rent the air. But a fevered imagination was new to Fielding, and when such hideous phantasies seized him, he would rise and walk about in the darkness, trying to force himself into at least a duller frame of mind. What, he asked himself—what was it he had believed of her? Never once had he doubted her simple loyalty to their unwritten bond, and in the midst of his heart-cries Jonas did not rebuke the girl for not knowing what she did. That he had idealized her, that she had never really loved him at any moment, lent only a more mocking shadow to his life. That he had spent the sweetness of his passion, the fervor of his hopes, the loftiness of his soul, upon an idea, sharpened the sense of injustice with which he felt himself oppressed. He had told her that all the talking in the world would show him no more than he read in one look of her eyes, and in proof of this he had never, from the first word, questioned her resolve; not once had it occurred to him that persuasion would do anything. Five minutes later, had she come to his arms, he would have rejected her. The thing that had seemed his had died in the first words she uttered.

Time was nothing to him; not even calculable by heart-throbs in the hours of that weary day and night. He did not leave his room; he never thought of food. When the darkness became absolute, he lighted his candles, and in doing so his eyes fell upon a desk, in which he had for years cherished any letters worth preserving. Paul Marlitt's were among them, and with swift recollection of that fragrant life, so blessed in its ending, and which had meant so much on earth, Jonas turned, and opening the desk, took out the faded packet which he often felt his unseen Mentor.

The letters had been written at odd times. During any separation, Paul had exchanged some word with his chosen friend, and turning the boldly written pages was like touching the harmonies of tenderly familiar sounds. The clear sweetness of the past arose; Jonas felt as if he could catch again the meanings of the notes sounded in his younger days; he read on, here and there; at first he sought for mentions of Prudence, but when the name appeared, he found it was not possible to read such sentences. He looked out bits that might have been Paul's voice, speaking Paul's very self; and then arose a swift vision of Marlitt's clear-eyed gaze, his thin eager face; the lights and shadows that reflected them told his every pulsation to his friend.

"To-day I walked down by the old canal, keenly enjoying the level sweep of green which stretches on the other side, and it occurred to me how much happiness is to be found in simplicity. When nature wishes to impress us, she never does it with elaborations. A bit of meadow, a reedy bend in the river, a sky faintly illumined from the west—these would have formed my subjects to-day had I been a painter.

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And I remembered your advice, and tried to form analogies between this perfection of outward things in nature and the inner workings of the perfectly balanced mind. But while I realized the justice of your theories, I found that nature had laid hold of me so entirely that she demanded even the yielding up of substrata of thought. I felt curiously serene, and I wish I could send you some of my calmly grateful conclusions." .... "Are you still engrossed by Carlyle, and if so, tell me whether it has reached the final note of the crescendo, which is *Sartor Resartus* and *John Sterling*. I think I like nothing better in À Kempis than the forcible illustration in *Sartor Resartus* of man's insignificance as one of the multitude, and yet his tremendous inner responsibilities—that what is of importance is only our subjective impress upon other minds. Sometimes I want to walk to Chelsea in London, if only to touch Carlyle's hand. After all, Fielding, what *can* we do better than impress other lives, lead others to thought or action or desire which can ennoble the world? Can you not imagine being gloriously happy in setting up conscientious intellect as a sympathetic, eager companion, who shall point out and lead you to paths others are treading or must tread, and say, do this or do that, because you will be a help, or a precedent, or a suggestion, to those who walk beside you or come after? Isn't this better than even martyrdom? or where is there a loud-sounding heroism like it?" .... "I have been arguing your question of comparison between St. Peter and St. Paul with K——. He likes St. Peter's large-minded humility, but for myself, I prefer St. Paul's complete acknowledgment of error. It lays hold of me and fascinates me, and has in it that suggestion of 'up, up, on, on,' which we lotus-eating minds need. Sedate people given to few variations of mood or purpose perhaps are helped by the more forcible weakness and swift remorse of St. Peter, but as you know, to me, work among the multitude is everything, and I feel with St. Paul acting for all the world, as well when he cried out slaughter, believing he was right, as in speedily saying, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me do?' K—— declares that St. Paul's influence is more intellectual than spiritual; but to me this only renders the traces and the words that he has left more beautiful, for to-day is the day of intellect, and we often need the impulse first in the brain and heart, giving up soul an easy conquest later."

"What you say about feeling tired of yourself, I thoroughly appreciate; only what particular difference does it make in a nature which cordially leans toward the wholesome? Take the mood like any bad dream or bad feeling. We need all the repose from self-dissatisfaction of this sort possible, and I think one can create a clear-cut, cleanly philosophy for just such depressing occasions. I find it is well to try and begin something new at such times, which shall be of use to others. Write somebody a letter; allow some bore to be comfortable at your expense; or, if you can do it, go into the country. Nothing ever brings me so quickly to a sense of humanity and kindness as the sight of green fields and leafy trees, of some old-fashioned, radiant garden, which blooms untouched by the rules and precisions of the landscape garden. Do you ever get a sense of life being so full with appreciations and desires that these blank hours can be treated as welcome guests? the periods of sweeping out from the brain all the fantastic things that float in unawares, and clog the channels of simple, clear-eyed thought?"

"I have often wondered what our Creator must think of the way in which some of his creatures use their abilities. To-day I visited M——'s studio, and I felt, with old papa Wilson, like saying, 'Sir, that sunset is a lie, sir! an abominable falsehood, sir!' but I didn't say it, simply because it occurred to me that my mission was not that of art criticism, and *my* realities might not be *his;* possibly to him those glaring streaks of color represented the same thing that I saw, in faint splendors, in mystical wonderful harmonies, illumining a western horizon, faintly flooding a palpitating, dusky, tinted world; so I remained silent while he talked, and I thought of you. How strange it is for a man so cleverly analytical as you are *not* to understand that you can not always find or make people what you would have them? Don't you know that you imagine people *must* be what you think them? I don't think you idealize, but you take for granted. Some of these days some feeling or belief or impulse of yours will receive a terrific shock; and then—what then, Fielding?—well, the Deluge!"

"K—— came in very early to-day with an important air and a stout stick; I knew immediately it meant a walk in the coun-

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try, and parsing theology. Now you know how widely he and I differ, yet there is this always to be felt with K——, he is very, very *real*, and he has about him neither false sentiment, exaggeration, nor pathos of the weakening sort, which contrives to make one feel a sense of compassion overcoming clever argument. This is, I always say to myself, a genuine man, and in the presence of reality like his, one properly estimates one's self."

Jonas read on and on, page after page; what he had thought of at the outset was to put himself back into the old frame of mind and thought belonging to the days in which Marlitt's words were written; and undercurrent was the desire to reproduce some strong sensation, and to force himself to believe that something he had once found, a lofty influence could still remain.

Dead in his grave, with years between him and visible sympathy, Paul Marlitt accomplished a purpose. Holding the faded papers in his hands, Jonas woke up to something like belief in a life to live—to something which, if still shrouded in gloom, showed the tremulous vibrations of a coming light. The night had passed, and Fielding, standing up, walked over to the window of his room and looked out upon the red-streaked wintry sky, the silent, grayly colored city. Few sounds were audible; the chill of the daybreak was still unbroken; but as he looked, there swept into the man's soul a feeling that underlying all that silence was the throbbing of all the world; that stretched before him were the dumb evidences of a passionate, pulsating humanity, not to be forgotten, not to be readily cast aside, not to be held worthless as helps toward perfection, because he needs must sit beside his dead for the hours of a day and night, and then lay it reverently forever in God's keeping.

XII.

Mention has been made of Miss Armory's widowed cousin with whom part of every year in our young lady's life was spent. But it was decidedly unusual for this Mrs. Van Leide to arrive and claim Helena for the 1st of February. This year, however, the elder lady had changed her usual plans, and one morning, when Helena had been walking, she returned to find a summons to Boyle's Hotel. Mrs. Van Leide always went to Boyle's. She said it was a family habit, but it was in reality more of a family failing, for at Boyle's ten times as much money was paid for everything as was necessary, and a general sense was diffused among the guests that they were elegant and exclusive at the expense of personal comfort. Mrs. Van Leide, however, was a woman who clung to traditions, and I think she believed in Boyle's as the one permanently English feature in her life.

Helena and her cousin were not only bound by the ties of kinship and frequent companionship, but by those of a purely accidental friendship. They had so much in common that they frequently regretted the fact that nature and circumstances had forced them into a certain alliance; for choosing each other's companionship would have had for them a flavor of keen discernment and peculiar fitness, which they felt they lost in having a reason in their family connection. When they were separated they exchanged very analytical letters, and when Helena learned of Mrs. Van Leide's unexpected arrival in London she felt rebuked. Of late she had written so meagrely that the past two months were, so far as genuine life was concerned, a blank.

Miss Armory went to Boyle's without delay, and her cousin received her warmly. She was a woman scarcely forty, having that look of careful freshness which we are accustomed to think rare among elderly American women, yet which is, I think, a prevailing characteristic in many States. She was blonde, and if not pretty, had a fascinating smile and extremely fine blue eyes; her manner was perfectly charming, but there was a brisk air about it totally incompatible with her horror of anything unconventional or out of the accepted fashion of the hour. She declared she got the best of everything which the world could give her, without paying the price of explaining her conduct or ideas. She dressed superbly, and always was eager to counsel Americans abroad as to the best dressmakers and most satisfactory shops; yet her inclinations were chiefly literary. She thoroughly appreciated good work, took in the very subtlest element in American or British humor, and owned to a trifle of "temperament"—just enough to make her feel averse to the society of people who she said had "limitations." Helena Armory was avowedly her chosen friend and favorite cousin, so that the

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girl's orphaned condition was by no means the cause of Mrs. Van Leide's systematic chaperonage.

"Well," Mrs. Van Leide exclaimed, as Miss Armory appeared, "you didn't expect me so soon! To tell you the truth, Helena, I got tired of Berlin, and you hadn't written, and I thought I'd come over. Then I wanted to go to that festival at N——."

Helena gave a start at the words.

"Oh," she said, "I forgot there was to be a festival at N——."

"Of course," answered Mrs. Van Leide, "only it is a little late in the season. Now are you ready to go with me there? My dearest girl, you look horribly pale."

Helena protested that she was perfectly well, but she certainly looked badly.

"Well," said Mrs. Van Leide, "you see it's well I came over. I knew you wanted looking after."

Helena was standing in the window of the sitting-room which was always devoted to Mrs. Van Leide's use at Boyle's, and at these words she felt a guilty throb.

"Why, Margaret?" she said, turning toward the elder lady with a smile.

"Well, my reasons are various, but chiefly instinctive. To begin with, you've almost totally neglected writing to me, and I knew if you had not something inexplicable in your mind you would not have been silent."

Helena for a moment occupied herself in studying the pavement of Dover Street. Then she said, slowly:

"Well, I've had a horribly bad conscience. You know I am not usually burdened by my sins, though I acknowledge them freely; but lately something has been crying out within me, and I know I ought to stand here this very minute in sackcloth and ashes."

Mrs. Van Leide regarded her cousin with a fine appreciative smile. "Go on," she said, admiringly. "What was your sin?"

"I can hardly tell you, because it would involve so many things and people you don't know about."

"I never was obtuse yet, I hope, my dearest."

"No. Well, then, I am afraid I have been the means of ruining the life—of one of the noblest-hearted men I ever knew."

Mrs. Van Leide looked at her for a moment before she said: "You *always* compassionated your lovers. Why do you regard this particular case as novel?"

"Oh," cried Helena, averting her face swiftly, "this man was not my lover." And then, with delicacy, she told the outlines of Prue's story, the events of the last six or eight weeks. To Mrs. Van Leide the impressive feature was that she knew Prudence Marlitt's family.

"And I know more of her than you do; for I was at Lennox last year—when I went home, you know, for Dolly Barclay's wedding—and there I heard of another of Prudence Marlitt's love affairs."

Helena stared; her cheeks were pale enough now, and she was not afraid to come nearer Mrs. Van Leide.

"Oh yes," pursued that lady; "she had a sort of love affair with young Maybery. A capital match he'd be for any girl; and if I'm not mistaken, he's in London this very moment. Is Prudence actually engaged to this Mr. Simmonson?"

"Oh no; but Mrs. Crane is urging it upon her. I have only seen her occasionally lately. Just now she and her aunt are at Holbrook, with Lady Fanny."

Mrs. Van Leide remained a moment thoughtfully considering the position.

"I'm not a particularly patriotic person," she said at last, "but I always think transplanting is doubtful business with most Americans. I believe I'll give George Maybery my address."

Helena had a feeling that prevented her entering into further responsibilities where the destinies of others were concerned, but she was willing to let Mrs. Van Leide occupy herself as ardently as she chose with George Maybery's affairs. It was no surprise to her, on entering her cousin's sitting-room the following afternoon, to find a tall, good-looking young man standing on the rug, and whom Mrs. Van Leide immediately presented as Mr. Maybery.

Helena had always enjoyed the study of types among the many Americans she met abroad, and this young man was peculiarly interesting. He was the very pleasantest type of a prosperous New-Yorker. He bore about with him a flavor of good society and cheerfulness, of a capability for thoroughly enjoying the sunny, busy side of life. He was good-looking, with light hair and a clear gray eye, and his smile and voice and laugh were peculiarly pleasant. He dressed admirably, although his clothes looked new, and Helena did not require to be told that he was a

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member of a very rich, traditionally great firm. Helena amused herself by fancying that he lived expensively—say on Madison Avenue about Thirty-second Street—that he belonged to the Union Club, and knew better than most Americans what claret a man ought to drink at his dinner. He was thoroughly contented with life, and joyous in his way of receiving its blessings, and before she had talked with him ten minutes Miss Armory perceived that he was violently in love with Prue. He had met her during that one summer in which Prue had been away from Ponkamak, and Helena gathered that some silly interference on the part of Mr. Maybery's sister had broken up what might have been an engagement. His sister came from Ponkamak, and he had known Jonas Fielding at Yale.

"Excellent fellow!" said Mr. Maybery, with his honest, good-humored smile. "I never could cram as he did, but I always enjoyed watching him. He and Paul Marlitt were the David and Jonathan of T——. You never knew him?"

To Helena the man's name had been in a sort of fashion consecrated by the story Jonas had told her. She changed the subject.

"Well, Mr. Maybery," she said, pleasantly, "are you going down to Holbrook to see Prue?"

The young man hesitated a little.

"Well, now," he said, inquiringly, "I suppose I *could* do that over here—just run down there and make a call on a young lady I knew in the house?"

"Oh, certainly; but you may have the way smoother than that. I know Lady Fanny well, and I'll gladly give you a letter to her."

Mr. Maybery expressed himself as much pleased by this; but in some way it was peculiarly distressing to Helena to discuss Prudence Marlitt with any one. She felt jarred by even the slight air of proprietorship in the young man's manner. He was confident, she could see, of success in anything he undertook, and he departed in a most good-humored frame of mind, leaving upon Helena an impression of wholesome, happy prosperity.

"He is just the man to enjoy having his wife admired by every one else," she said to Mrs. Van Leide when they were alone.

"And if Prudence develops into a fine lady of fashion, he'll approve of her all the more."

Margaret Van Leide had been closely studying her cousin since her arrival in London, and her critical faculty seemed to receive a new impetus.

"Helena," she said, meaningly, "are you getting cynical?"

"Getting!" said Helena, with a light laugh. "I think I always was—and tried to be—a little."

"Then you are more so than ever, and I wish you would get married."

"And make the tendency a characteristic?"

"Come, Lena, don't be idiotic."

"I don't mean to be," laughed Helena, "and therefore let us make our conversation more profitable. I came to-day to tell you I am quite ready to start for N—— to-morrow."

Mrs. Van Leide made no answer. She endured ten minutes of silence, looking now and then at her cousin with rebuke or pity in her eyes.

"What did I tell you, Margaret?" said the girl, finally. "That I had a bad conscience. Well, so I have, but I don't think, apart from that, I'm conscious of anything except—that I love you better every day."

As Miss Armory spoke she rose and moved over to the window. When she turned again there were traces of tears upon her face.

XIII.

Helena Armory always declared that with each impression of the English country some new sense of being and exhilaration came to her. Journeying in February to it with Mrs. Van Leide was, it seemed to her, the one soothing influence life could just then have offered her. She was not in a mood to demand excitement. The peaceful winter landscape, the solemnities of an English cathedral town, the harmonies of the approaching festival, were all that she demanded of outward things; and that Jonas Fielding was to preach at N—— on Sunday night was remembered at times with a half-sad conjecture as to how she would find time and the ruin of his hopes had affected him.

The first days at N—— passed by quickly enough. The town is large, but full of sleepy nooks in which red brick and ivy and restless rookeries complete the charm felt here and there and everywhere by the visitor who cares for suggestive architecture and the influence of bricks and mortar. Helena had several hours of

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each day to herself, when Mrs. Van Leide attended rehearsals, to which she went with her usual zeal. Helena, declaring that she preferred to take the affair in perfection, devoted these hours to idle wanderings about the town, discovering every bit of the old cathedral, and learning above all things to love the cozy river-bank, which finds appreciators only, I think, among artists, who like its gradations of feathery willows and long stretches of level meadows, its occasional old warehouses, and queer anchors for the barges that dreamily come and go. The winter gave no pallor to this scene, but then the English winter rarely does that in any place; here, however, the approach of February had brought about a touch of spring. There was certainly no warmth, but growing things looked ready for the hand of loving green to lead them into blossom. There was almost a fragrance in the cold still air, and the sky was radiantly blue, with here and there the feathery lights of clouds that it seemed never could mean rain.

Helena did not know then how much she thought of in those solitary walks in which she gave herself up to enjoyment of the country; but later the whole place came back to her, bit by bit, associated with thoughts that meant the deepest pulsations of her being. The changing colors on the bank; the vivid reflections of objects in the water, growing denser as the daylight waned; the faint green; the windy meadows; the figures of boatmen and towns-people passing to and fro; the crowning solemnity of the cathedral spires whose gray tones she caught always on her homeward walks. All these recurred to her as forces connected with that period of mental conflict, as to be the eternal associations of moments and hours which might affect or move forward her whole life. She had made the acquaintance of the man who rowed a small ferry-boat across the river at a certain point, and in two or three days they were on intimate terms of almost friendship. He lived in a quaint little house with a sixteenth-century window bulging over the river, and his wife, as Helena soon found out, was bedridden. The man was a tall, brown-faced countryman, with an imaginative temperament qualified by the driest, dullest of actual surroundings; but to Helena his very simplicity was refreshing, as was the calm stillness of the country. She told Mrs. Van Leide she was trying to see *real* people, and to find out whether she were one of them herself, or a terrible imposition.

"If one only could have talked to Adam, for instance," she remarked.

"But Adam would have been so unsatisfactory," answered Mrs. Van Leide. "A man actually inexperienced."

"But so deliciously fresh," said Helena. "Sometimes I think I am all warped and distorted from having lived among so many fascinating suggestions. I am so anxious to discover the real *me*. Just as I find I am saying or doing something nice or interesting, or foolish or weak-minded, I realize it is because I have seen or heard or felt the suggestion from somebody else."

"And if you discover the real you, and find yourself full of a primitive simplicity, what shall you do?"

"I will be charmed," said the girl. "But I'm afraid that will never come to pass. The more I see of my old boatman, the more I realize how far I have drifted away from the clear Puritan stock I came from."

"The most hampered of all people!" ejaculated Mrs. Van Leide, who was herself proudly, intensely Knickerbocker.

Helena made up her mind not to be so analytical that she would allow herself no quiet enjoyment with the old boatman and his wife. She gave herself up to simple, frank talks with them, and asked nothing for effect. Their influence she declared to be wholesome, even if it did not enlighten her; and the sanded floor of the cottage, the cleanly furniture, the old windows blooming with flowers, the bed with its patient sufferer, all became active influences in her memory when this period was long past. The humble people invested her with no false charm. They had none of that power of idealizing which belongs to the cultured classes. To them she was a "bonny, gentle young lady," and she *was* all of that. They took things just as they found them, and gave nothing a pernicious influence by exaggerating its power or effect. From her quiet walks and her humble friendships, Helena drifted with a certain sense of surprise into the rushing, splendid harmonies of the festival. There had been three days of music that lifted her into the regions of exaltation, when the Sunday came which she knew would bring Jonas Fielding to N——.

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The day dawned dismally. Toward sunset, as Helena looked out upon the windy, rain-washed streets, she wished that he had come when the peace and calm of the old town might have soothed him. She wondered if he would not be newly chilled by confronting a strange town, strange people, when Nature so completely refused her smiles; but had she known the truth at that moment, she would have seen that Fielding's mood was one in which the elements meant nothing to him. He had suspended all sense of what affected him outwardly, and as he made his way through the darkening, wet streets of the town, he was thinking only that he was to be a voice to the people. Lives, human beings with souls and unborn deeds to be moved or roused into life by what he might say, were perhaps waiting. Jonas left cynicism, dainty philanderings of the mind, fantastic ideas of duty or well-being, utterly in the background. He had come from London to N—— by a train that left him only an hour before the time for service, and this period he spent in hastily thinking over his sermon. It was unwritten, yet it had been all thought out. Had he known that Miss Armory was to be among his listeners, it would have startled him into some confusion. But why should the words of his text even be remembered by her ears?—

"*Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.*"

XIV.

He had not been ten minutes in the pulpit, the moderate confusion of an unfamiliar, irregularly lighted edifice, a large unknown congregation, was just passing away, when he became conscious of eyes, of lips, of the grace of a certain figure he had seen before, and peering a little into a space illumined fitfully, he made out that the tranquil, motionless figure and face belonged to Miss Armory. The man was in that frame of mind which is not due to mental excitement, yet has the power of making a surprise almost impossible. He looked at her without any feeling of wonderment; he saw without thinking of it the luxurious elegance of her dress and bearing in the midst of the duller people about her; and though he never sought her eyes, he began and ended his sermon conscious that she sat there exacting from him his most prophetic. But he had the strong sense of power, the elation, which a listening multitude give. So far had the man wrenched himself in the last fortnight from the need of individuals that Helena seemed to him only a stronger, more concentrated expression of human needs; the faces of the crowd never closed hers in, yet it seemed to him only as though by some subtle power she was the final emphasis of their wants. Gradually the girl's shining eyes and sweet, high-bred face grew to him luminously significant. She seemed with her earnest look to be saying, "I am part of a need—a need belonging to all this palpitating multitude of poor humanity."

Jonas, as I have said, preached from only a few hurried notes, so that he kept no record of that sermon. Later, he could not have put any of its sentences together, but it seemed always to express some new era in his life. There was an absolute freedom from the sensational, yet the tension of the past fortnight had resulted in a peculiar elevation of thought, and he poured forth his words with a direct appeal to the rarely stirred and more exalted regions of the human soul. His voice startled Helena by its sweetness. There was a cadence in it that would have given harsher words a charm, but tremendous as was his text, he had little that was denunciatory in his discourse. That "Woe to Chorazin" he applied to every human soul, forming one of a multitude, and he called upon his hearers to bear without despondency, to be exalted without mock enthusiasm, to be active without exaggerations. These were simple suggestions, yet he endowed them with the richness of his own recent mental and spiritual experiences; out of the chaos of his misery and bewilderment he had come with certain new simple forces which he gave freely, nay, joyously, to others. He said he meant to preach simplicity, and the disjointed sensations of the past few weeks seemed to have resulted in calm, clearly flowing lines. As he preached, he dimly remembered scenes through which he had passed—scenes which a merely casual observer might have been only amused by, but which to Jonas Fielding of Ponkamak in one way typified that "Chorazin" of old of which the prophetic Woe had been uttered. He did not mean to impress any of his hear-

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"GOD BLESS YOU!"

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ers with horror or dismay; he preached, as I say, intensely conscious of one hearer; of the soft, eager face, full of indefinable charm, and which was perhaps the nearest approach to a purely æsthetic influence he had ever felt; yet his words were uttered for all those about her, and at his heart was a passionate demand for absolute sincerity and single-mindedness. The effect of everything he had seen and felt of late was to make him long to clear from his mind and heart and soul all that was not grandly simple. He had a sensation that the best and truest things were the most easily understood, yet that they lay shrouded, hidden, distorted by the fancies and follies of the to-day in human weakness. Had he in his mind any hours which he had passed through when he gently but eagerly told his listeners of that simple means to perfection? As I have said, vague memories of the last few weeks floated into his mind, oppressing him for moments, but he was unconscious that he meant more than an elaboration of the text which should impress others as it had always impressed him. He believed, in fact, that he was using no arguments which had specially applied to himself, strongly conscious that he must shake off forever the influence of prejudice. Personally the man's strong face and figure were deeply impressive. Helena had seen at once that he was haggard and worn, that he had strangely depressed lines about his mouth and eyes; but this she had expected; she had almost dreaded to see him; but what burst upon her as entirely unlooked-for was the magnetism, the power, in his manner. His voice rang through the building, and yet it had a cadence that was like a whisper. He was utterly self-forgetful. To Helena he seemed to be the concentration of many forces which she had been, as it were, half conscious of within herself.

The rain was beating violently against the tall windows of the chapel as Jonas finished his sermon. Service being ended, Helena moved quietly away, followed by her maid. She had written a few lines on a card, and sent them into the vestry-room for Jonas, and she now half regretted that she had not asked him to come to their hotel that evening, for she felt the impulse to see and talk to him stronger as the time went on. The tranquillity which had possessed her of late seemed to be vanished. She was throbbing with excitement; she defined nothing; made no distinctions between the joyous and the remorseful, the exalted and the depressed. She was simply full of strange emotions, and was bewildered by both them and herself. The carriage from the hotel was waiting, and she was standing in the porch of the chapel securing her wraps a little more conveniently, and as well peering into the wet darkness to be sure the door of the vehicle was comfortably held open, when she heard her name spoken, and looked up to meet Fielding's gaze near her own. It was so sudden an answer to thought that she smiled almost tearfully. The young man looked down at her with a kindly, gentle gaze.

"I am so much obliged to you for letting me know that you were here," he said, in a voice which yet held the vibrations of half an hour ago; "and I will surely come to-morrow at ten o'clock, as you said. I thank you." He had taken her hand a moment in his, and as he let it fall he said, in a tone Helena always remembered, "God bless you!"

She made no effort to speak, but she looked at him earnestly.

Every line of his tall figure and strong face in the rain and wind she remembered long after that night had passed away. Indeed, trifles connected with the scene recurred later to her mind with passionate distinctness: the shining, wet pavements; the crowd of curious, eager people coming out of the chapel, some of whom turned for a glance at the elegant young lady to whom the American minister was speaking; the vista beyond the chapel door, irregularly lighted, part growing sombre from desertion; Jonas's final glance in her carriage window; and then some queer thought of her own hands lying on her lap clasped with unconsciously painful intensity.

XV.

For days afterward Mrs. Van Leide deplored the fact that one of "her" headaches prevented her from seeing Jonas Fielding when he called at the "George." Helena's account of him had been very meagre, yet her cousin had felt an ardent desire to see him for herself. It must have been that in spite of chilling words Helena's testimony had been to the man's credit; for once Mrs. Van Leide had exclaimed, "He must be fascinating."

"Fascinating!" Helena had echoed.

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"Is he? He is, I think, only intensely real."

Jonas Fielding knew very vaguely that Miss Armory was stopping with a cousin, and he made his way to the old-fashioned inn thinking entirely of the younger lady. The court-yard of the "George" is very picturesque: there is a paved centre, a wall richly hung with ivy, an old well, and a sun-dial, from which both shadows and gleams of light seem to emanate. Servants were running here and there on eager duty, but Miss Armory's name produced instant attention. The American ladies were established in the best rooms in the house. They had a maid and a man-servant, and were liberal in their ideas about shillings and half-crowns. Jonas had never been more respectfully treated than when he was led through the corridors of the "George" to a doorway through which Helena's voice sounded in a faint, "Come in." The room overlooked the High Street of the town by means of three old-fashioned windows with lattice-framed panes of glass and heavy oaken seats. In one of them Miss Armory was seated, and as she turned her face toward Jonas, she said, simply, "I was watching for you; you must have come another way."

"I paid a visit or two with the minister's wife," he answered, "and I came in by the lower entrance."

Just as in that first visit to her boudoir in London, Jonas took up his place against the chimney-piece. Perhaps it was the familiar action, possibly the sight of his worn face, that made Helena's heart beat for a moment so that it was hard to speak. She moved about the room a little; it was cumbrously but well furnished with the oak and carvings of two hundred years ago, the ornaments in needle-work and painting to which time only has given a certain authority for existence. She looked as if she wanted to gather either inspiration or courage, and it seemed as if she found it in Fielding's simple, unaverted gaze. She stopped in the window nearest him, and said, passionately: "Do you hate me? Tell me—oh, if in justice to truth you can—tell me if I have injured your life!"

Fielding looked with an eager light at her. "No, no, no," he said, quickly. "Oh, has this been troubling you? Oh no, indeed! I understand it all; I have thought it all out. I know now that I ought better to have understood many things. There is no one to blame. I am simply paying for arrogance, for blindness, and perhaps it has helped me to a better life."

Helena sat still, regarding him with a fixed, gentle vision.

"Do not imagine," he continued, "that I have not spent hours and days in bitter rebellion"—the remembrance brought back a look of torture to his face—"only now I know that in resigning or conforming myself to these circumstances I shall do all that is left to me to do. I shall be fulfilling some need within me, answering perhaps to some need in others."

Helena's lips opened to say, "And you are happy?" but she hesitated, and substituted, "You feel it is God's will?"

Jonas looked into space, with a quiet, thoughtful smile.

"No," he said, "I can scarcely say that, because it seems to me that in certain ways our deeds are our own. He tells us that we must be vigilant and earnest and single-minded. If by my own blindness I have misinterpreted things, have built up a temple of clay in my heart—well, I must not take that mock-consolation to myself, and go about feeling my inner martyrdom the result only of *His* will. I must say I conform myself to the facts of my life because He has *permitted* them. I do not believe He designs these miseries which come from our own stupidity, idleness, or wickedness."

Helena listened intently. When he had finished, she turned her gaze from the sunny street, smiling faintly.

"You are—cruelly strong," she said.

Fielding started slightly forward. "Oh, do not say or think that!" he exclaimed. "I have only gathered together every force, trying not to be pitifully weak. If I still see life and work ahead of me, do you not think I shall sometimes be chased by the phantoms of the past?—those insecure, restless demons that are so ready to seize upon our depressed or obscured moments, especially if we are forced to live lives for other people. I must never cease the patient toiling after strength. If I were forced to live among exaggerations, it would be my ruin. My hope lies in an existence of simple meanings, pure beliefs."

He spoke with quick insistence, as if commanding acceptance of his words.

"And I," said Helena, slowly—"I am, I suppose, living among exaggerations?

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What should I do? Do you think I ought to leave it all?"

"No: you and I have different needs; but you ought to understand things better; you ought to learn to know gold from dross. You accept too much; you"—he stopped short and came over to the window—"you let the pagan part of life triumph, as it were, over your better self too often. There is good in that æstheticism, as you call it, but you ought not to seek relief from the weight or burdens of nobler impulses in its exaggerations. How much of it is *real*, ascertain that—*real*, in either feeling, or action, or good influence. Ascertain that, and then drape it in the richest, softest colors you can find."

He returned to the fire-place, and met her gaze again with simple kindliness. Helena felt impelled to say much more to him. She had the confusing sense that he stood there for one of the permitted moments in our lives when human beings can reach each other's very souls for good. She wanted to extract, as it were, some domineering principle of his philosophy. Might he not at least leave her with some surer impetus toward light? She felt tortured by the sense that she was losing her opportunity.

"And you do not think a life like mine, for instance, need be worthless—I mean according to such standards as yours?" She spoke with a note like a sob in her voice.

"Oh," answered Fielding, almost sadly, "your life ought to be perfect—exquisite." He smiled upon her. "It has done me good, and I shall like to think of it—always. If I have seemed to think of other things for you, it has been because I know so well the richness of possibility in you, the impulses for good you were casting aside."

Helena moved about for a moment before she spoke again; then she said, gravely: "I am haunted now by just that very thing: I *feel* that I have turned aside."

He said nothing.

"It is such a dreadful thing," she went on, "to be pursued by a sense that you have forsaken your earliest ambitions—that your old ideals are mocking you. Sometimes I try to believe they were nothing—the fantastic follies of an unformed mind; but I know better." She stopped, and added, simply, "I think it is you who have made me know better."

"But," he persisted, in a very quiet voice, "do not confuse remorse or regret with too much self-analysis; the rules of a Higher Life for any one of us are grandly simple. You see you have been trying to live on theories, emotions, harmonies; all these can be beautiful and helpful enough if we grant a substratum of calm, well-measured, simple beliefs. Then the tendency toward paganism in this intense idea of civilization can not overcome us."

"And is this philosophy?" she said, gravely.

"If you ask me," he answered, "I will say that it is mine—and I think you might be happier in making it yours. We *must* make the best of ourselves; we are part of a grand scheme of creation, of life. Therefore seek a way, and follow it with all the simplicity and truth you can harbor—"

Helena's eyes were fixed upon him sadly.

"Do you think one is apt to overestimate the flowers, the fragrances, of an intellectual life?" she asked, half timidly.

"How can that be?" he exclaimed. "But the evil of this æsthetic movement is that it tortures every sentiment either with analysis or sensuousness. The honest fibre of the thing is lost. To my way of thinking one of the weak outcomes of this tendency to-day is a mind like your friend Simmonson's."

She remained silent for a moment, while Fielding continued to stand looking down upon her figure and half-averted face. He noticed as she stood against the light that the curve of her cheek had grown very thin; its usual brilliancy was quite gone.

"You have not been well," he said, earnestly. "What is it? Have you been letting all these things prey upon you?"

"I think perhaps I have," Helena answered. "But I am not at all really ill. Do you remember what you once wrote to me"—and her smile reached her eyes wistfully—"that we must have our periods of mental and moral shock once in so often?"

The past seemed to be across such a gulf of misery that even this slight allusion to one of its expressive moments hurt him.

She went on: "Well, I am having one of mine now, I think, and I believe it will do me good. I shall remember all that you have said—all you have been."

He looked at her with quick comprehension and gratitude. After a few moments' silence, he said, very quietly, "Have you seen—her—since?"

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"Twice," answered Helena. "But I remembered what you asked of me—only I tried to be judicious and earnest in my advice."

"Thank you." Fielding spoke with an almost painful distinctness. "I had a note from her this morning." He touched the breast pocket of his coat, hesitated for a barely perceptible moment, and then handed it to Helena.

She read it slowly, standing away from him. It was a childish, gentle, pretty little letter, and told of her engagement to George Maybery. Helena folded it up without comment, and Jonas replaced it.

"She will be very happy," he said at last. "She met him a year ago at Lennox. I believe they had something like an understanding then—at least, I have heard so. Mrs. Crane has explained it to me. I want to make something perfectly clear to your mind, Miss Armory. The more I think of it, the more I see that it has all happened providentially, that she was so admired and sought after here. Marlitt was perfectly right. I think," Fielding added, with a sad smile—"I think he must have *seen* how it would be; at all events, he had keen perceptions—and he loved us both."

Helena made no answer to this. She had resumed her seat in the window, and looking at him sadly, she asked, "And you—what are you going to do?"

"What my hand finds to do, I hope," he said, with an effort at cheerfulness. "And may I ask you the same question?"

"I am going just now to the Pyrenees with my cousin," she answered. "But that is only half an answer to your question. My life has not its decisive duties like yours. I think I shall wait a little while and see."

He looked at her very earnestly. "I should like sometimes to hear from you," he said, a little formally, "and perhaps some day you will be in America. You said, if you remember, that we made a great many beginnings and no endings. Yet I think that it is not quite true of to-day; perhaps we shall do each other future good. At all events, I say, God bless you! when I thank you for all that you have done."

He held his hand out for good-by. Helena felt a mist of tears in her eyes, but she was perfectly herself when she answered: "Good-by—no, *auf wiedersehen!*" She smiled steadily and spoke with a grave, sweet composure. "Do not make me feel too remorseful by thanking me. Let me thank you, my friend. Yes, you shall hear of me whenever you write."

She gave him her hand, and he held it for a moment very reverently.

It seemed to Helena that when the mist faded from her eyes he was gone.

XVI.

Prudence Marlitt had a quiet little wedding just before Helena and Mrs. Van Leide started for the Pyrenees. The two ladies came back from N—— in order to be of use to the young girl and her aunt in those exciting and important preparations which for so many women create the fascination of such an event. It was odd to see how completely Prudence forsook her brief period of æsthetic light. "George," it appeared, had during these few weeks of his engagement expressed a great many views. He had definite ideas upon female apparel, and Prue rigidly followed them, so that as Mrs. Maybery, it might be inferred, Prudence would observe critically the very newest fashion. It jarred upon Helena that the young girl made fun of the dainty gowns she had worn at Mrs. Boyce's *conversazione* that night, which now seemed a lifetime ago to Miss Armory; but then in those weeks a great many things jarred upon her. She declared to Mrs. Van Leide that she believed that in five years no one would live in the same house with her, but in truth Margaret Van Leide had never found her half so lovely or so self-forgetful.

As a companion the older woman had always considered Helena perfect, but she confessed to herself that a new charm of some indefinable sort was added. It was soft and womanly, and seemed to have its expression in the tender look of her eyes, the readiness to do little services for Prudence or for any one about her, the very way in which she moved and spoke and laughed. It was at that time that Mrs. Van Leide discovered Helena's possible self, and began to lament that years before she had laughed at her large philanthropical schemes. Something had revealed to her what real action might have been to this woman, and Mrs. Van Leide found herself at moments shrinking from Helena's mutely questioning gaze. For how much inaction was she accountable, since she knew she had contributed at all times

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to the lotus-eating element which she had found so delightful in Helena's richly colored life and nature?

There could not be said to have been any perceptible jar between the two. I think they felt drawn even more closely and Mrs. Van Leide knew, in spite of her misgivings, that she was dearer to her friend and cousin than she had ever been before, although the younger woman would never again consider her decisions or opinions as infallible. We measure a

"IT WAS ODD TO SEE HOW COMPLETELY PRUDENCE FORSOOK HER BRIEF PERIOD OF ÆSTHETIC LIGHT."

to each other by this sense that in the past some things might have been more wisely or less arrogantly ordered, and each was too conscious of the other's delicacy of feeling to formulate what must, if spoken, contain a rebuke. So the time went on, possessing a healing influence where people are in soul generously sympathetic; great many things accurately when we discover our own weaknesses for the first time.

The days rushed by to every one concerned in preparing for the wedding, and led at last to the date when Mr. Maybery conducted his bride out of St. George's and back to Cornwall Gardens, where Mrs.

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Boyce had insisted the wedding breakfast should be. Everything went off as smoothly and comfortably as possible. Mrs. Crane was a trifle less eager than usual, being overawed, it has always been supposed, by a certain magnificence in Margaret Van Leide's manner, and the fact that Mr. Maybery was a man who took all his wishes and demands so cheerfully for granted. That Barley Simmonson had gone to Algiers was a source of content to the bride. Indeed, everything seemed to please her. Not a shadow once rested on her exquisite face, and it may be inferred that none ever will.

It was three months later that in the Pyrenees, at Saint-Jean-de-Luz, one day Miss Armory suddenly encountered Barley Simmonson and his friend Field Mowbray, Jun. The two young men were sketching in the old church, but turned delighted faces upon Miss Armory and her cousin. The solemn architecture and dusky colors about them had evidently palled upon our friend Barley, who had been making very poor attempts at architectural drawing, and became easily social in his manner before they had left the church door. It rather surprised Helena that after exchanging a few commonplaces, Mr. Simmonson spoke of Prudence, for three months might well obliterate the memories of a lifetime with this young man. He walked with Helena into the square, following Mrs. Van Leide and young Mowbray, growing more like himself as they stood in the sunshine and bloom of that sad old city. He seemed interested in hearing certain details of little Prue's engagement and wedding. Helena gave them coldly, in chronicler's fashion, thinking, indeed, of other things as she stood looking at the sea—certainly a finer, handsomer creature, Barley was thinking, than he remembered her in London; but later the conversation was more vivid and more interesting.

Mrs. Van Leide and Helena were for the time occupying the villa of a friend at Biarritz, and in the course of the same evening the young men re-appeared. The night was brilliantly fine, and they all strolled into the garden overlooking the stretch of tempestuous moon-lit water. Mr. Simmonson again reverted to Prudence. Sitting upon one of the marble terraces, he told all the party the story of his disappointed love. He detailed it as though he related the pathetic history of some heart-broken friend. The rich fragrances of the garden, possibly the grace of Miss Armory's figure as it was outlined in the warm soft air, seemed to inspire him, and sitting above a bank of roses, his graceful beauty was, if possible, more Greek than ever. Helena remarked that he only needed a mandolin to make it perfect. It all sounded very pretty and like a poem. Mrs. Van Leide was quite fascinated.

"And was this girl really such a marvel?" she inquired.

"I will tell you what she was," said Helena, turning round quickly. "We intended her to be a great success, and she was one, after a fashion, only she never once saw the real meaning of anything in English society. Gradually, I believe, the æsthetes found this out. If we taught her a rôle, she was happy to play it, but it was always a rôle. Just as Mr. Benison said, she was only 'a little darling.'"

Barley Simmonson listened with his eyes upon the sea. He had been moved by his own recital. He thoroughly enjoyed its effect upon himself. There was silence except for the movement of the waves upon the beach, until he said, dreamily, "She was so rare!—so rare!"

Helena had carried a letter from Jonas Fielding all the evening unopened in her pocket. When they had bidden the young men good-night, and were lingering in the drawing-room, whose windows opened to the fragrances of spring flowers, Mrs. Van Leide said, suddenly, "What did your friend Mr. Fielding write?"

"I don't know yet," said Helena, smiling. "Barley Simmonson put me out of tune."

Helena almost involuntarily touched the letter with her fingers, while Mrs. Van Leide said: "That young man is uncommonly handsome. Isn't he Lord Bairham's heir?" Then seeing that Miss Armory continued silently preoccupied, she added: "Do you know, Helena, I am afraid you mean to drift away from the golden chances of youth. Now listen to me. You are young and handsome, and well enough off, and I'd rather have you with me day and night than any being on earth; yet I feel as if I perhaps had done more to talk you out of—well, any career—and you ought to have married. You ought to marry now. You—are you listening, dearest?"

Mrs. Van Leide was sitting by the piano at the lower end of the pretty room with

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its shining floor and luxury of flowers and color. While she had been talking, Helena had remained motionless in the open window, her fingers idly touching the roses that hung in languid clusters at her side, but now she turned and crossed the room, slowly kneeling down at her cousin's side, and in her face, lifted earnestly to the older woman's, was something stronger than anything she could have said.

"Margaret dear," the girl said, very gently, "you will not think me hard, or that I am repressing confidences with you of all people on earth; but you must not grieve in that way over me any more—never ask me to marry any one again. Perhaps some day, when we are old women in caps and spectacles, and I've a reputation for something very useful"—they smiled wistfully at each other—"I'll tell you my reasons why, but not now, not just now: only never think of it again."

"My child, is it to be like this?"

Helena, holding her friend's hands closely, nodded and smiled with tears lying under her dark lashes.

"I think—yes, I *think* it must be." But of this, though she says nothing, Mrs. Van Leide is not entirely sure.

THE END.

Editor's Easy Chair.

TO hear *Patience* in the afternoon and *The Colonel* in the evening, and to observe the pleased crowd that listen to both, is to remark that there is a happy reaction from the stage fun of a short time ago. The era of Offenbach was one of a poor kind of French novel set to pretty and "taking" music, and touches of a doubtful humor in the lighter vaudevilles have been long ventured. But when our old friend Mr. Lester Wallack, in the modern well-buttoned frock-coat, appears upon the boards in the most modern society as a moral restorer and rectifier, there is an agreeable feeling that the poor French novel and its immorals are for the time withdrawn, and that we breathe an air to which the most scrupulous parent would not be unwilling to introduce the young person.

There is a passage in Mr. William Winter's bright sketch of *Jefferson the Fourth*, whom we commoners know as Rip Van Winkle, which gives that delightful comedian a new claim to public confidence and regard. It was Mr. Jefferson's habit, early in his career, to expunge from "the old comedies" the indelicate lines which, however suitable to the English taste when they were written, are wholly repugnant to American taste to-day. For doing this good service there was a vain attempt upon the part of some of his fellow-players to stigmatize Mr. Jefferson as "the Sunday-school comedian." But he was quite able to hold his own. "You take an unfair and unmanly advantage of people," he said, "when you force them to listen to your coarseness. They are for the time imprisoned, and have no choice but to hear and see your ill-breeding. You have no better right to be offensive on the stage than in the drawing-room."

No modern change is more gratifying than that in the character of the theatre and in the general esteem of actors, and although the coarse tone does sometimes recur, there is no doubt of the immense improvement. The brilliant, gay, and ornate impression of a playhouse like the Academy of Music, where every part of the house is equally accessible and equally reputable, does not contrast more vividly with a house like the old Park Theatre, with its pit of bare floor and narrow backless benches, shut off from the boxes, and its proscribed upper tier, than the charming humor of *Pinafore* and *Patience* contrasts with much that has been thought inseparable from "stage plays." The old Shakespearean actors of illustrious lineage might indeed say proudly, as the Easy Chair heard Mrs. Fanny Kemble say, "I belong to her Majesty's players," but the story of the stage in this country, as it is revealed in *The Jeffersons* of Mr. Winter, shows, not, indeed, how coarse, but how separate, a class—almost a caste—the players have been.

Is the interest with which their story is read—a story so often very melancholy, of hard work and small wages, of poverty and destitution and a sorrowful old age, too often—is this interest due to our sense of the immense pleasure they give and have always given? Is there something in it of pity and regret for an art so often exquisite and masterly, yet necessarily wholly perishable, and without other monument than an admiring and fading remembrance? It was an epitaph of great significance that his death eclipsed the gayety of nations. So Dr. Johnson said of Garrick. And surely with innocent mirth to make a people smile is a service which justly commends the player to universal gratitude.

The players who succeed the old *Pinafore* company at the Standard Theatre in New York have been doing this for nearly six months as we write. It is a musical extravaganza, but with such sly and various satire upon the grand opera, upon the grand manner in acting, upon the grand tragedy in novels, upon an amusing and familiar affectation of the hour, and all

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done so gayly and crisply, so without weariness, with such sparkling variety, and such tripping melodious music, that there is a constant and delighted throng, and an endless harmless enjoyment. *The Colonel*, which is a London drama satirizing "æstheticism" as poisoning the peace of families, is not treated with so light a touch, and in situation is largely taken from Burton's *Serious Family*. But it is very lively and entertaining. Mr. Lester Wallack is preternaturally young in the piece, his "make-up" being very remarkable. Every evidence of a man older than he was some years since is eliminated so far as all the art at command of the most accomplished experts in representation can achieve it. His airy, light manner, a thoroughly stage manner—which is to say a manner such as it should be—is as good as ever. We presume that, like Judge Speir's, Mr. Wallack's family record is lost, and that he will for many a year have the great advantage of the rest of us of being no older than he chooses to be.

The play is a pleasant and truly British exposure of a fashionable charlatanry and swindle. The familiar knave of the British drama re-appears in the guise of the *æsthete*, and makes mischief in an English home, a mixed mischief, which is remedied by the brisk and hearty Colonel of American dragoons. "Why, cert'nly," is his "gag," and it is amusing to observe how few Americans recognize the Americanism of the expression until their attention is called to it. It is pleasant to see how, under the nimble magic of the scene, vice is confounded, and virtue comes by her own. "Out of hand," as it were, the Colonel exposes the swindling old professor of æstheticism, emancipates his victims, and reunites a divided family. We all look on and applaud, and delight in the discomfiture of the old sinner; and when the curtain comes down, all the Easy Chairs go cheerfully home, with the happy consciousness that they have done a good service to good morals and domestic happiness.

YET an Easy Chair in any theatre must be a little troubled as it reflects upon the usual structure and exposure of every theatre, and upon the straitened means of escape, should a fire break out and a panic seize the audience. Occasionally, as in the terrible catastrophe at Vienna in the beginning of the year, a fire does break out, and the consequences are appalling. For two days the public press sternly demands that justice shall be done upon the guilty, and that theatres shall be made more secure. Contemporaneous reports appear in the papers of the singular security of the most dangerous theatres. One, for instance, has a stairway leading from the highest gallery directly to the street, which in case of sudden alarm would not be choked, of course, with a panic-stricken crowd, and which, equally of course, would surely afford rapid egress for four or five hundred persons. Another has a ladder leading to a scuttle in the roof, and if the ladder is not out of the way at the critical moment, nor the scuttle locked, the audience will be enabled one by one to climb the ladder and emerge upon the spacious roof, and thence ascend and descend somewhere to perfect safety as they can. It is evident from such reports that the way to avoid losing one's life by fire is to go to the theatre.

In the midst of this satisfactory assurance a sudden fire licks up a swarming hive of busy offices at the busiest time of day in the busiest part of the city. The inmates who start at once, bare-headed and swiftly, reach the street. Others climb out of windows and crawl along sign-boards to neighboring buildings; others leap in despair into canvases held by firemen below; others in unimaginable agony perish in the burning building. A roar of horror and indignation, and a cry for justice upon the guilty, again burst from the press. Meanwhile buildings are going up on every side—buildings ten, eleven, twelve stories high—pierced from top to bottom with a huge elevator flue; and all the time we are making laws to provide for the public security. Yet every tenant goes dolefully and doubtfully up and down his elevator, and wonders in the remote seclusion of his lofty perch of an office whether the fire has yet begun below.

The erection of the lofty buildings which are now devoted to offices, and the fact that the huge central space occupied by the staircase and the elevator furnishes a means of swiftly enveloping every floor in smoke and flame, should result in laws that will make all such buildings practically fire-proof, by which we mean such construction both of material and method as will make the rapid progress of a fire impossible. In the heat of a vast furnace such as the burning districts of Chicago and Boston a dozen years ago, iron will warp, and stone chip, and buildings fall; but from any building of proper materials, properly put together for the purpose of resisting fire, it would be easy for all within it to escape before a fire could seriously imperil them. The theory that the preservation and protection of human life in buildings and upon railways and steamers may be left safely to private interests is disproved by experience. The theory asserts that the pecuniary interest of the proprietor requires him to secure safety. This is akin to the old argument that representations of ill treatment of slaves must be unfounded, not because slave-holders were peculiarly humane, but because property owners would not injure or abuse their own property. This convenient argument was answered to any one who chose to watch the treatment of draught-horses by those who depended upon their condition and labor. The truth is that in the case of slave-holders and carters passion is quite as powerful as selfishness, and in that of companies and landlords, avarice is as sophistical as inclination.

It is found necessary to limit by law the num-

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ber of passengers that steamers shall carry, and to provide by law for inspection of their machinery, and to prescribe by law directions for running railway trains, and in general to guard by law the public safety against the rapacity and stupidity of proprietors and companies that deal with the public. In the same way and because of the established fact that private interest is no guarantee of the public security, there are stringent building laws requiring supervision and regulating details in the interest of the community.

This case should be carried further. Iron, brick, and cement now afford material for building which can be so blended that every room may be practically separated from every other, and the whole offer so little fuel for the ravages of fire that the safety of every person in a building may be virtually assured. Enormous edifices to be devoted to offices, and to be occupied by scores or hundreds of human beings, should not be tolerated except under conditions that guarantee personal security. The law should require this, and should require also the supervision of a strictly responsible officer, who should attest the security at his peril. Let this be done; then let every proprietor state in a certificate at the entrance of his building precisely how it is built, what provisions there are for the safety of occupants, and formally give his personal word that every demand of the law has been obeyed, and he may levy higher rents, which will be more cheerfully paid than the lower charges of a neighbor who runs for luck, and invites his tenants to do the same.

THE reader of this number of the *Monthly* will have observed the very interesting and valuable paper upon the history of the art of wood-engraving, in which the author confirms the opinion that we have sometimes expressed, that in its rich modern development wood-engraving is distinctively an American art. The Yankee nation is especially a reading nation. It teaches everybody to read, and it demands cheap literature to supply everybody with reading. Its support of newspapers is significant of a restless desire for current information, and of intellectual activity. In his admirable article in the *International Review* upon the newspaper press of the United States, Mr. S. N. D. North, of the Utica *Herald*, whose careful studies upon the subject for the census reports have made him a chief authority, says that thirty years ago Mr. Greeley, speaking of this country, said to a committee of the British Parliament, "As a rule every county in a free State will have a newspaper, and if it has a population of twenty thousand, it will have two." If Mr. Greeley was a little sanguine in 1851, the late census justifies his words. In 1880, not a State east of Missouri and north of Mason and Dixon's line but supported a newspaper in every county within its borders, and of the 980 daily newspapers issued in the United States, two were published in the town of Tombstone, Arizona, with a population of 973.

Mr. North may well say that the American press is "plucky, persistent, indigenous, everywhere, and it is the soul of enterprise and energy." Certain London papers, indeed, reach a much larger circulation than papers in this country. The London *Telegraph*, Mr. North tells us, sells every day more than double the largest average number of copies sold by any American journal. But these London journals mainly monopolize the newspaper field. In 1881, there were but 166 daily papers published in Great Britain. The widely diffused intellectual curiosity and activity which the newspaper statistics in this country disclose naturally demand whatever vivifies and emphasizes information and intelligence. Pictorial illustration, therefore, has been extraordinarily developed. The actual instruction conveyed by the illustrations of this Magazine since its beginning is incalculable. But the illustrations are identified with the Magazine; they are an essential part of it, and the remarkable ascendency which it still maintains, as it has always maintained, is due to its instinctive sympathy with the movement of the popular mind in its demand for the most perfect work of the illustrative wood-engraver.

This movement is mutual and reciprocal. The art of wood-engraving has been marvellously quickened by the enormous demand; and, in turn, by educating and refining that demand, the art has constantly stimulated its own development. This extraordinary progress has revealed new possibilities. Effects are now produced which had been hitherto supposed to be impossible, and we can not help thinking, in view even of our own pages, and of some of the best work that we have produced, that the author of the article upon the history of the art has laid down his canons rather too rigidly. Is it quite true that wood-engraving can give nothing but form in black and white, and that a certain delicate gradation and effect of chiar-oscuro is beyond it? Color, properly speaking, of course it can not give. But to the quick sense there is, in the more exquisite work, an inexpressible softness of refinement, suggestive, at least, of the evasive play of shadow upon color. Our author holds that a certain fineness of effect is lost in the wood which is practicable in metal, because the wood edge is too friable and readily blunted or worn. But the printing is done from the metal cast, not from the wood, so that the delicacy is unimpaired. We doubt if steel could more perfectly represent certain of the finest and lightest effects than some of the woodcuts in our art treasury of the Magazine.

No doubt in this art, as in all others, there is that kind of charlatanry which springs from the effort to make a certain dash and carelessness impose upon the observer for free and forcible accuracy. There is much that is printed pretentiously as excellent wood illustration

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which, as it means nothing in the drawing, can not mean anything in the engraving. The wood-engraver can not be expected to supply either the invention or the skill of the draughtsman, except in those instances where he is himself both draughtsman and engraver. However dexterous and consummate a musician the accompanist may be, it is not to be asked that if the singer fail, he should supply the voice also.

No dash or affectation of freedom can take the place of precision. Certain spurious effects may be produced which may impress the ignorant eye, but they are sure to vulgarize and degrade the art. Michael Angelo may climb to the ceiling of a Roman villa, and with a few bold strokes in charcoal, he may draw in a moment a head which every anatomist and every artist will commend; Couture may be so sure of his line that he may cut the paper with his thumb nail to indicate its certain course; but only Michael Angelo and Couture, only the great masters, after long experience and painful study and assured knowledge, can "throw off" a sketch, which is, however, not a "spirt" nor a "dash," but the carefully matured fruit of laborious and conscientious training. Many a bright tyro writes a sketch which strikes the public taste, and he is hailed as a new genius. But his sketch is the speech of Single-speech Hamilton. De Quincey, past thirty, writes a brilliant paper for a magazine, and for thirty years he pours out a series of rich and brilliant papers, with constantly accumulating fame, and at last, although only a magazine writer, leaves a name in English literature. The secret lay not in the fortunate "dash," but in the full mind, the various knowledge, the literary instinct and training.

But while the very demand for fine wood-engraving leads to a supply of pinchbeck, and really, so far as art is concerned, fraudulent, work, yet the beautiful art itself is so swiftly advancing, its delicacy and subtlety are developing so evenly with its power, this Magazine itself is so interested to push the good work strenuously forward, that we do not willingly see its possibilities too sternly defined. When we look at our own pages, and reflect that *Harper's Monthly* led the way in the popular diffusion of wood illustrations, that it has kept pace with the astounding progress of the art, and that it is itself the monument of that advance and of the present triumphs of this branch of art, we hear with incredulity that the pillars of Hercules mark the end of exploration, and we hoist our sails for a voyage to Atlantis and the far, fortunate isles.

In Addison's "Vision of Mirza" the passengers upon the thronged bridge continually drop through and disappear, but still the long procession advances apparently undiminished and unconcerned. The world does not seem to miss anybody. Great men and good men and busy men vanish; men in whose hands seemed to lie the threads that control human affairs disappear; but instantly the threads are in other hands, and without a jar or any delay those affairs proceed. Nobody is essential to the general welfare, then, and to say over the dead that nobody can fill the vacant place is to say only that a good man is gone. Yet the great throng of conspicuous citizens that gathered in Dr. Bellows's church on a recent winter morning, and looked upon that familiar face and form, seen for the first time at rest, and at rest forever, must have wondered who there was to take up his various incessant activities, and to do what he had done. "Who is there to take his place in this church?" said a friend to Dr. Bellows's friend, Edward Everett Hale, as the throng moved away. "More than there were when he took it," was Mr. Hale's answer.

It was strictly true, although no one more than Mr. Hale could feel the apparent hopelessness of replacing so efficient and masterly a citizen. But such men make those who are to replace them. Their power consists in showing the excellence and necessity of the work that they do, and in stimulating others to do it. Mr. Chadwick called him, upon the whole, our chief citizen. However this be, there was no more variously active and efficient citizen, no man with more singular gifts of statement and persuasion, of unwearying sympathy and courageous persistence. His efficiency as a clergyman was immensely enhanced by the fact that he was not a recluse or a pedant, an exemplar of forms and deportment, accepting a place, as the wit said, somewhere between men and women. He was distinctively a man; a man of this world leading the way to another; a man full of sympathies with every kind and degree of humanity; a man of refined and artistic tastes, especially fond of pictures and of music; a man of society, bright and sparkling and genial, but also a man of overpowering conscience and overflowing heart, nursing the forlorn and deserted sick, listening kindly to the "crank," advising and cheering the despondent, marching in the van of contemned philanthropies, enjoying popularity and the sunshine, no doubt, but remembering that he served a Master who was despised and rejected of men, not because Judæa was so much worse than New York, but because new truths which criticise and condemn popular prejudices and fashionable faiths are always unwelcome.

In all practical enterprises to which he attached himself strongly, Bellows was the driving-wheel. He had the energizing power which pushes and pulls. There were often protest and indignation. "He thinks that he is going to get a thousand dollars out of me," said a gentleman to the Easy Chair at a little dinner where Dr. Bellows was pleading for a certain cause. There was a tone of defiance in the remark, but Dr. Bellows got the thousand dollars. The truth was that he led, and others were ashamed not to follow. He did not spare

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himself, and he did not spare others, because he felt as strongly as any man who ever lived that there were common duties of which nobody should hesitate to admonish others so long as he discharged his own full share completely. Bellows did his own duty, and, as it often seemed, that of a great many others. A life richer in constant good works, a life of more ceaseless activity, more without leisure, and more devoted with practical sagacity to attainable ends, is not to be easily mentioned.

Yet there was nothing of the ascetic or of the professional devotee in his feeling or his bearing. His aspect and impression were those of a social, cheerful, cultivated, genial gentleman—one might almost say of the abbé, if to the gayety and accomplishment there be added an earnestness, a religious fervor, a moral energy, a courageous manliness, which we do not associate with the abbé. His ready pen, his extraordinary eloquence in occasional speaking and in sudden debate rather than in stated preaching, were gifts of inestimable value to a man who deliberately addressed himself, not to scholarship, nor to literary or professional eminence, nor to any kind of personal fame whatever, but to an immediate, direct, and wholesome influence upon the community in which he lived. It is so that he will be remembered; not by books, but by works of a very different kind. His name will become a tradition of the great city. It will signify the highest endeavor of good citizenship; unwearying fidelity to the sick and the poor and the suffering in mind and estate; constant stimulus to the great and refining enterprises of literature and art; a bold and inspiring assertion of public and private duty; a life swayed by the noblest impulses, brave and spotless; a religious faith clear, unwavering, supreme; a profound and triumphant conviction that the Divine Father is most truly served by incessant and unselfish service to His children.

It must be a curious America to which certain of our European visitors suppose themselves to be coming. How singularly mistaken even those may be who have had some knowledge of us we recently pointed out in some comments upon Madame Patti's amusing endeavor to repeat in the United States to-day the career of Jenny Lind thirty years ago. Madame Patti's arrival was quickly followed by that of Mr. Oscar Wilde, a young gentleman who had won some literary distinction at Oxford, and who was obscurely known as a kind of leader in certain extravagancies of costume and conduct which have been satirized in *Punch*, and which are known as æstheticism. So far as these phenomena were illustrative of the spirit which we mentioned last month as a renaissance of art in England, of which Turner was the conspicuous chief in painting and Ruskin in criticism, and which, like the earlier renaissance, was visible in every sphere of literary and artistic activity, they were interesting, however amusing. But they were not meaningless.

From Benjamin West to Burne-Jones is certainly an advance. The lank, scrawny, angular, pre-Raphaelite, pre-Fra-Angelico figures of some of the extreme pictures of the P. R. B. may have seemed an affectation and an unpromising imitation. But there are pictures of Burne-Jones whose figures are no more lank than Giorgione's figures—indeed, of as pure and joyous a beauty as Correggio's angels. A renaissance which produces works so exquisite and of a charm so intelligible and universal as that of Burne-Jones's procession of beautiful women descending a winding staircase and playing instruments of music restores to us the world of the *Decameron*, of a cloudless Arcadia, "of unimaginable realms of faery." It is a picture as perfect as Keats's odes to the nightingale and the urn. A renaissance which bears such flowers and fruits is not laughable.

None the less the fun of *Patience*, as we have already said, is delightful. It is a fair satire of extravaganza. And the fun levelled at Mr. Oscar Wilde, when not coarse and ungentlemanly, as in the instance of the Rochester students, as reported in the papers, is not undeserved. A man who wishes to show the worth of the modern renaissance is bound, first of all, not to make it or himself laughable. Mere eccentricities of dress or conduct are sure to prejudice any good cause. The cheapest distinction is that which the tailor or barber can furnish. The "mission" of Mr. Wilde to this country has been quite lost under the accidents and incidents of his career. What kind of a country did he suppose himself to be about to visit? If he had gone through England in knee-breeches and other oddities of apparel, he could hardly have hoped to win a more favorable audience for his views of the uses of beauty and the desirableness of the cultivation of the sentiment of beauty in every form and detail of life than if he had forborne all extravagance. And had he lectured quietly in America, he would not have been relentlessly chaffed from one end of the country to the other.

But nobody would then have ever heard of him, and no one would have gone to hear him, says a cynic of the club. Yet the greatest of Englishmen who have come to us have not found it necessary to cultivate an external oddity, and Americans who have been chiefly noted in Europe for peculiarities of costume or any form of extravagance have not most honored the name of their native land, nor most strongly commended it to respect and admiration. "My young friends," said a wise teacher to his pupils, "if God give you talents, remember not to bury them in a napkin. But if He give you only a napkin, don't think so to flourish it that it will seem to be full of talents."

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Editor's Literary Record.

THE matrimonial alliances by which Napoleon hoped to found, consolidate, and perpetuate a dynasty; the maze of intrigues through which they were reached; the domestic quarrels, infidelities, separations, divorces, wars, and acts of oppression that accompanied them; their political bearings, the miseries they entailed, and the little real solidity they possessed—are the theme of an interesting compilation by Mr. D. A. Bingham, entitled *The Marriages of the Bonapartes.*[1] Mr. Bingham makes no pretensions to originality, although his deductions and conclusions are often independent and suggestive, but closely confines himself to the task of gleaning from all accessible sources, published and documentary, whatever is on record concerning the marriages of the members of the Bonaparte family, including those of the Emperor himself, his parents, his brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces. Nor does the record stop with these, but is continued by accounts of the marriages of the Bonapartes, legitimate and illegitimate, that occurred after the active interference of Napoleon was ended by his downfall and death, but which were still inspired by his ideas and policy. The plan pursued by Mr. Bingham of treating these marriages under separate heads, each devoted to a particular member of the family, involves much redundancy and many repetitions, but, on the whole, gives the reader a much more vivid idea of the policy that dictated them, the historical events that preluded or followed them, and the personal incidents by which they were attended, than would have been possible under a different method. This plan also affords an opportunity for a series of distinct biographical portraits, in which the life and character of each of the Bonapartes are traced with great minuteness, their identity is preserved, and they are placed in due relation to the events in which they were the puppet-actors. Mr. Bingham's arrangement of the large mass of material at his disposal is very effective, and at times artistic. Although there was much that was unsavory in the transactions he describes, he has touched upon these so discreetly that the most fastidious reader will find nothing in the recital to shock his sensibilities.

DEALING with a far less eventful period and greatly inferior actors, the latest volume of *The Memoirs of Prince Metternich*[2] has fewer attractions for the general reader than either of its predecessors. At the period covered by it, from 1830 to 1835, Napoleon had vanished from the scene, the kings he had made had sunk into mere memories, the thrones he had established had been toppled over and parcelled out anew, the great congresses and conferences that had settled the affairs of Europe upon the new basis had become historical, the disturbing shadow of the Eastern Question had been lifted for the moment, and the most momentous event that signalized the era was the French Revolution of July, 1830, which dethroned Charles X., after trampling on his pretensions to absolutism, and had placed the crown on the head of the Citizen-King, Louis Philippe. Vastly inferior by comparison as was this revolution to those Metternich had previously witnessed, it filled him with alarm and foreboding; and it and its immediate or prospective consequences form the burden of this volume of his memoirs. Perpetually haunted by the spectre of a republic in France, he considered the monarchy under Louis Philippe, limited and hampered as it was by the popular will, as only the phantom of a government, and merely a bridge to a republic. Looking upon Louis as only a man of straw, he was strong in the conviction that he could not maintain power for any length of time, and that behind his throne lurked the most pronounced anarchy. And he was disturbed by an ever-present and not ill-founded apprehension that the revolutionary propagandism which had unmade one king and made another would spread over Europe, and cause a new conflagration as menacing as the one he had so recently been instrumental in extinguishing. He therefore applied himself to bring about a renewal of the basis of union between the great powers, and a revival of the old Quadruple Alliance, by which combined measures should be adopted for cementing solidarity among governments, and for checking the growth and practical operation of the spreading opinion that the personal rule of monarchs must cease, and that they must govern under the law according to law. A constitutional government, England not excepted, whether presided over by a king or any other synonym, he regarded as a monarchy in name only, having the form of royalty and the substantial reality of a republic, and he would stamp out any limitations upon the absolute will of the sovereign. To this end he applied all his arts and exerted all his powers of mind during the period covered by this volume of his memoirs, and its contents are almost wholly made up of his communications to the various foreign embassies in the form of multitudinous official instructions, reserved dispatches, secret dispatches, and confidential personal letters, impregnated with this one idea. Here and there glimpses are afforded of

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[1] *The Marriages of the Bonapartes.* By Hon. D. A. BINGHAM, Author of "The Siege of Paris." "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 98. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *The Memoirs of Prince Metternich*, 1830-1835. Edited by Prince RICHARD METTERNICH. Classified and arranged by M. A. DE KLINKOWSTROM. Translated by GERALD W. SMITH. Vol. III., Book VII. 12mo, pp. 343. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 72. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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events of great importance of which the history has hitherto been imperfectly known, and there are likewise occasional interesting touches illustrative of personal character and of striking diplomatic episodes; but as a rule the papers that are reproduced have a political significance only, of value to statesmen and publicists, but very dry reading to all others; and it is noticeable that the great minister's style grows more and more stilted, as well as more garrulous and egoistic, as his influence over the affairs of Europe declines and his years increase. A considerable portion of the volume is made up of extracts from the diary of Metternich's third wife, the Princess Melanie, a quick and observant woman, tenderly devoted to her husband, and ambitious for herself and for his success as a minister and diplomatist. These extracts exhibit in an engaging light the domestic life of the veteran statesman, his business methods, and his life in the cabinet and in the family circle; and they also comprise a number of brief notices, critical and biographical, of the official and other distinguished persons with whom he was brought in contact.

No one who has the faculty to appreciate good literary workmanship should be deterred from taking up Mr. Scudder's *Memoir of Noah Webster*[3] by the impression that the life of the old lexicographer was tame, commonplace, utterly devoid of heroic element, and that therefore any biography of him must needs be insipid reading. For although Dr. Webster began life as a school-master, and the pedantic tastes, habits, methods, and temper of the old-time pedagogue clung to him to the end, exerting a permanent influence upon his personal character and his literary style and pursuits, the grain of his nature was largely of that valiant stuff of which all genuine heroes are made. He was pre-eminently a man with the courage to announce and the pluck and ability to stand by his opinions sturdily; and of these he was fertile as few men have been on a multitude of questions—questions bearing on government, on practical politics, on political economy, on sociology, on epidemic diseases, on copyright, on education, on Bible revision, on the reform of English orthoepy and orthography, and on a host of other topics, which he discussed as author, editor, and correspondent, in books, pamphlets, periodicals, and newspapers, with the intense earnestness of conviction and shrewd practical wisdom. Many of these discussions are, indeed, tinged with crotchets and eccentricities which gave him the reputation among his contemporaries of being a whimsical visionary—a reputation, it is needless to say, that time has reversed. Nor was Webster's courage of his opinions his only heroic quality. He knew no such word as fail. No odds daunted and no reverses discouraged or paralyzed him. He was strong in his faith that the world would some day recognize the worth of the labors to which he surrendered his life. He rose with difficulties, his ardor and his resolution were invincible, his diligence and application were inexhaustible, his thirst for information was insatiable, and the jeers and ridicule and opposition of men of letters strengthened him in his solitary purpose in proportion to their eminence and their intolerance. The life of Dr. Webster is a perpetual example of the power of steadfast purpose, of the conquering might of patient industry, and of the large results that may be accomplished by the aid of these practical virtues by a man of only respectable intellectual endowments. Mr. Scudder has caught the very tone and color of this earnest, laborious, and withal picturesque man's nature, and of the social life and environments in which he was bred. Delightful as an idyl are the earlier chapters of the biography, where Mr. Scudder describes the influences of the farm, the school, the college, the church, the social round, the out-of-door sights and occupations, and the in-door books and papers upon the young student; where he traces the conditions of the society in which the young teacher-scholar was moulded, its actors and amusements, its gayeties and routine; where he analyzes the influence that was exerted upon the growing youth by the methods and means of education of the day, by the scanty resources of books, by the learned professions, and by the civil and political institutions of New England; and finally, where he paints with caressing touches the houses, furniture, garments, and manners of the people of old-time rural Connecticut, and the inspiring natural sights and scenes amid which they lived and moved. Mr. Scudder's biography of Webster is alike honorable to himself and its subject. Finely discriminating in all that relates to personal and intellectual character, scholarly and just in its literary criticisms, analyses, and estimates, it is besides so kindly and manly in its tone, its narrative is so spirited and inthralling, its descriptions are so quaintly graphic, so varied and cheerful in their coloring, and its pictures so teem with the bustle, the movement, and the activities of the real life of a by-gone but most interesting age, that the attention of the reader is never tempted to wander, and he lays down the book with a sigh of regret for its brevity.

GREAT activity has been displayed in the production of serial books of biography, either projected upon the general plan of Mr. Morley's "English Men of Letters Series," or condensing the more elaborate and extended lives of men eminent in science, philosophy, art, politics, and literature into brief popular memoirs. But hitherto an interesting field has been left untilled. We have an "English Men of Letters Series," an "English Philosophers Series,"

[3] *Noah Webster*. By HORACE E. SCUDDER. "American Men of Letters Series." 16mo, pp. 302. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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a "Foreign Classics Series," an "American Men of Letters Series," etc.: why not also have an "English Booksellers Series," or an "American Publishers Series," devoted to the makers, printers, and publishers of books, as well as to their writers and authors? Certainly ample materials might be found for a series of highly interesting chapters in our literary and social history, in the lives that were lived by our pioneer publishers and booksellers, describing their business methods, ventures, and enterprises, the vicissitudes they encountered, their literary and social companionships, and their relations to and experiences with books and authors; and a far larger if perhaps less picturesque field would also be afforded by the careers of the heads of the large establishments that have risen from these small beginnings. Some faint idea of the interest that such a series would have may be derived from the perusal of a memorial volume[4] of the late James T. Fields, consisting of biographical notes of his life gathered from his letters and diary and from the recollections of his wife and friends, of sketches of his personal, business, and social habits and pursuits, and of glimpses of his experiences as a publisher, chiefly in connection with his dealings and companionships with authors. It is understood that the memorial was prepared by Mrs. Fields, and naturally it deals most largely with those personal, private, and domestic aspects of the life of the genial publisher which came more directly under her observation, and in which she feels a special and tender interest. But it is by no means silent as to the business and literary sides of Mr. Fields's occupation as a publisher. Frequent glimpses, pleasant but short, are given of the authors who were just stepping on the stage when the publishing house of Ticknor and Fields was first established, many of whom have since made a profound impression on our literature, whose budding genius he had the taste and sagacity to discern, and of whose earliest productions he was the appreciative and sympathetic publisher. Together with these are reminiscences of Whittier, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Prescott, Ticknor, Hillard, Lowell, and other New England literary celebrities at different periods of their lives, and recollections of the English authors with whom he became more or less intimate while in England, among them being copious references to Wordsworth, Carlyle, De Quincey, Leigh Hunt, Miss Mitford, Landor, Professor Wilson, and Charles Dickens. To his intercourse with Dickens large space is given, made up of extracts from his letters and diary and from the diary of Mrs. Field, the most of which have already seen the light.

If Mr. Warner puts us in possession of no new facts in his biographical sketch of *Washington Irving*,[5] he has arranged old facts in a new and agreeable light, and produced a pleasing and effective popular portrait. It is true, the biography is on a reduced scale, but yet it omits none of the essential facts in the life and career of our greatest humorist and prose writer, and it is plentifully furnished with those minute personal details, suggested by incidents or idiosyncrasy, which pique the curiosity and enlist the active interest of the reader. Although Mr. Warner constantly interposes criticisms of Irving's writings, and estimates of his place in literature, with the more strictly biographical and narrative portion of his sketch, he judiciously reserves two distinct chapters for an uninterrupted consideration of his characteristic works, and incidentally of the bent, scope, and limitations of his genius, his rank in literature, and the influence of his writings. In summing up the character of the man and of his books, Mr. Warner says he knows no other author whose writings so perfectly as Irving's reproduce his character, or whose character may be more certainly measured by his writings. And he remarks, further, substantially to this effect: Irving's character is perfectly transparent—his predominant traits were humor and sentiment; his temperament was gay, with a dash of melancholy; his inner life and mental operations were the reverse of complex, and his literary method is simple. He *felt* his subject, and expressed it by almost imperceptible touches here and there, by a diffused tone and color, with very little show of analysis. His method was the sympathetic. In the region of feeling, whether his purpose was creative or merely that of portraiture, his genius was sufficient to his purpose. His face was set toward the past, not toward the future, and by affiliation he belonged rather to the age of Addison than to that of Macaulay. His writings induce to reflection, to quiet musing, to tenderness for tradition; they amuse, they entertain, they call a check to the feverishness of modern life, but they are rarely stimulating or suggestive; they elevate and refine the tastes of the great public, set before it high ideas, instruct it agreeably, and all this in a style that belongs to the best literature. His style is distinctively his own, and is as copious, felicitous in the choice of words, flowing, spontaneous, flexible, engaging, clear, and as little wearisome when read continuously in quantity as any in the English tongue, but it has not the compactness, nor the robust vigor, nor the depth of thought, of many other masters of it. The total impression left upon the mind by the man and his works is not that of the greatest intellectual force. His books are wholesome, full of sweetness and charm, of humor without any sting, of amusement without any strain;

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[4] *James T. Fields.* Biographical Notes and Personal Sketches. With Unpublished Fragments and Tributes from Men and Women of Letters. 8vo, pp. 275. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[5] *Washington Irving.* By Charles Dudley Warner. "American Men of Letters Series." 16mo, pp. 304. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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and their more solid qualities are marred by neither pedantry nor pretension. His calm work will stand when much of the more startling and perhaps more brilliant intellectual achievement of this age has passed away.

In a brief *Introduction to the History of Educational Theories*,[6] Mr. Oscar Browning, of King's College, Cambridge, gives a lucid and popular account of the main lines of thought which have prevailed on educational subjects from an early period in Greek history to modern times, so far as they have present interest, with the purpose of ascertaining what historical ground there is for retaining existing methods and practices in education, or for substituting others, and also by recalling what great teachers have attempted, and what great thinkers have conceived to be possible in this department, with the further object of stimulating the educators of to-day to complete the work of their predecessors under easier conditions. The survey opens with a preliminary outline and analysis of the two principal educational systems of the pagan world: Greek education, both from the ideal and the practical side, as represented respectively by the theories of Plato and of Aristotle; and the more purely practical Roman education, as illustrated by the theoretical writers of its earlier stages, Cato the Censor and Cicero, and later by Quintilian. This is followed by a rapid review of the effects wrought upon education by the introduction of Christianity, under the impulse severally of the Greek and Latin fathers of the early centuries, of the monks and school-men in the Middle Ages, of Luther, Melanchthon, and other reformers at the period of the Reformation, and, still later, of John Sturm, of Strasburg, who first systematized the curriculum of humanistic education, and gave it the permanent form which it still retains, with but slight changes. Mr. Browning then briefly sketches the distinctive features of the three principal schools or systems of education—the humanists, the realists, and the naturalists—which continue to divide opinion to the present day, illustrating the peculiarities of each by minute epitomes of the principles and methods of the representative men of each school. To these succeed outline sketches of the educational systems of the Jesuits and the Jansenists, of Rousseau and Pestalozzi, and of that great outgrowth of modern thought, the scientific or metaphysical school of Kant, Fichte, and Herbart. The treatise closes with a historical sketch of the English public school, as represented by Winchester, Eton, and Westminster. It should not be inferred from what has been said that Mr. Browning's sensible treatise is confined exclusively to historical outlines and analytical summaries. Valuable and interesting as it is in this respect, it has an independent value for its suggestive reflections upon the merits and demerits of the several systems, and for its judicious observations on the parts of each that, having been put to the test, have been found promising or unpromising of substantial worth, when considered with reference to the educational needs of the present day.

[6] *An Introduction to the History of Educational Theories.* By Oscar Browning, M.A. 16mo, pp. 199. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The subject of Greek education, of which, as we have seen, a general view is given in the first part of the volume just noticed, is treated specifically and in more elaborate detail in a scholarly treatise on *Old Greek Education*,[7] by Professor Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin. The object of the treatise is to interest men who are not classical scholars or professional educators in the theory of education as treated by that people which is known to have done more than any other in fitting its members for the higher ends and enjoyments of life. It is the deliberate judgment of its author that as we go back to the simpler states of life in the history of highly civilized nations, we may derive lessons in the great problem of education that are more trustworthy than any that can be derived from the theories that mark our over-ripe civilization, and in especial that although the Greeks were far behind us in the aids to human progress, the Greek public was far better educated than we, as it respects the whole round of moral, social, artistic, physical, intellectual, and political training. In separate chapters allotted to each, Professor Mahaffy outlines the Greek method of education in infancy, in earlier childhood, at school (in this division including the physical and the musical side), and finally in young manhood. Supplementary chapters describe the higher education dispensed by the sophists and rhetors, by Socrates, Isocrates, and Plato, and the treatise concludes with a statement of the principles of education advocated by the Greek theorists, and with an outline of the growth of systematic higher education, or what may be termed university life at Athens.

[7] *Old Greek Education.* By J. P. Mahaffy, M.A. 18mo, pp. 144. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Though the fastidious and critical novel-reader may be loath to acknowledge it, we have no doubt that he furtively enjoys an occasional melodramatic story, if it is well told and its coloring is dexterously applied, while those whose taste is less exacting make no secret of their relish for this style of composition. Both classes will find entertainment in Mr. Buchanan's *God and the Man*,[8] which is a romance that, besides being well spiced with melodramatic scenes and situations, has a combined and finely contrasted flavor of the rich fields and plentiful homes of Yorkshire and of the sea and its terrors of ice and storm. The tale

[8] *God and the Man.* A Romance. By Robert Buchanan. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 58. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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is suggested by the incidents of a feud that had existed for generations between two Yorkshire families, with the result of the aggrandizement of the one at the expense of the impoverishment of the other. The hereditary traits of the successful family are hard and unlovely. They are grasping, rapacious, and cruel, and at the same time capable and managing men of business. On the other hand, their rivals are the possessors of many noble physical and moral qualities, are free-hearted, open-handed, given to hospitality, and generous to prodigality, but have an inveterate dislike of business ways and methods, proportionate to their incapacity to practice them, and a contempt for business men, generated by their helplessness when in their power. The interest of the story is concentrated upon the two last male representatives of these belligerents, in whom the good and evil hereditary characteristics of their families are manifested in an exaggerated form, and between whom an enmity exists beside which that of their ancestors was tame, exasperated by rivalry in love and the dishonor of a sister. The wronged, outraged, and impoverished man becomes an implacable savage; he devotes himself to revenge, swears to rest neither by night nor day till he has the life of his enemy, fervently invokes God to deliver his foe into his hand, unceasingly prays for and seeks the opportunity to reach him, pursues him by sea and by land with the ferocity and tenacity of a sleuth-hound and the earnestness of a religious fanatic; and when at last, after wild vicissitudes and strange deliverances have been experienced by each, both are shipwrecked on a desolate and ice-bound island of the North Atlantic, his hunted prey is thrown in his power, helpless, hopeless, starving, and a wreck in mind and body, the hand of the avenger is stayed by the nobler instincts of his nature, and relenting under the recollections of early Christian teachings and the recognition of the providence of God in what had befallen them, his humanity rises superior to his wrongs, and he shelters, clothes, feeds, nurses, and solaces the dying hours of the man who had so cruelly wronged him, and for whose life-blood he had so eagerly thirsted.

A SPECIAL and lively interest, altogether independent of its literary and artistic merits, has been excited in Paris by Daudet's new romance, *Numa Roumestan*.[9] The mercurial and quick-witted modern Lutetians have descried under the mask of the hero of the tale the lineaments of Gambetta, and they enjoy with a keen relish the clever audacity with which, under the thinnest of disguises, the novelist portrays the personal traits of the great French leader, and the cruel analysis and dissection to which his mental, moral, and political character is subjected. While it pleases the Parisians to interpret the portrait as a literal one, it is obvious that the hero of Daudet's conception is a composite figure, made up of elements that belong unmistakably to Gambetta, blended with others, equally real and life-like, derived from extrinsic sources. Daudet's creation—for such it deserves to be called—is a scathing picture of the social and political life of France under the Third Republic. Of this life, the hero, while possessing marked individuality, is the outcome and the representative, so that Frenchmen who laugh derisively over the imaginary portrait of Gambetta, in reality laugh over the shame of France. From the artistic stand-point the novel is one of great power and brilliance, but despite many sweet and exquisitely tender passages, it is frequently too coarse and unclean in its suggestions and pictures to be desirable reading for the young and pure-minded, especially of the gentler sex.

MR. HENRY J. NICOLL has made a really valuable contribution to useful information by a volume that he has prepared, entitled *Great Movements, and Those who Achieved Them*,[10] in which he relates briefly, intelligently, and in a popular way, how and by whom some of the most important of those great reforms and improvements were brought about which have had their origin within the last century, and which have produced a revolution in public morals, have altered the face of society, brought distant lands into close communication, and immeasurably added to the welfare and comfort of mankind. Abstaining from subjects that have a purely political significance, those which are treated by Mr. Nicoll are, first, the great movements—moral, social, industrial, philanthropic, and literary—that have resulted in prison reform, penny-postage, the abolition of the slave-trade and slavery, the amelioration of the severity of the criminal code, the spread of popular education and cheap literature, and the repeal of the corn laws; and second, the great scientific and industrial discoveries that led to the introduction of gas, the application of steam to locomotion by land and water, and the perfection of the electric telegraph. Of each of these—their origin and development, the obstacles they encountered, the hostility they met with from vested interests, from popular prejudice, and from official stupidity and malevolence—popular historical sketches are given under separate heads; and in connection therewith a succession of biographical portraits is introduced, some of them, as, for instance, those of Howard, Wilberforce, Romilly, and Brougham, finished and elaborate, and others, including Constable, Chambers, Knight, Rowland Hill, Cobden, Bright, Gibson, Watt, Stephenson, Fulton, Bell, and Morse, sketched in telling outline.

[9] *Numa Roumestan*. By ALPHONSE DAUDET. Translated from the French by VIRGINIA CHAMPLIN. 16mo, pp. 312. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[10] *Great Movements, and Those who Achieved Them*. By HENRY J. NICOLL. With Thirteen Portraits. 12mo, pp. 487. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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The volume should be placed in every popular public library, especially those to which youth and the intelligent middle and industrial classes have free access.

In something over a hundred succinct and thoughtful essays, to which he gives the comprehensive title, *Common-Sense about Women*,[11] Mr. Higginson discusses the "woman question" in a great variety of aspects, including, among others, the subjects of the physiology and temperament of woman with special reference to their alleged limitation of her sphere of action and duty; her place in the home and in society; her rights to forms and opportunities of education and employment which are conceded to man, but from which she has been debarred or excluded by custom; and her political rights, embracing her right to vote, to legislate, and to govern. Mr. Higginson's reasoning is sharp and incisive, and he punctures with vigorous epithets and impressive arguments and illustrations the shibboleths and sentimentalities that have been effective hitherto to limit the sphere of woman's action and duty, and to nullify her rights and privileges. If his reasoning is not conclusive in all cases, it is always suggestive; and the candid reader will be constrained to admit that many of his positions, which a few generations ago would have encountered universal dissent and even ridicule, are formed on indisputable logical grounds, and are in a fair way of practical illustration. The essays have a firm foundation in common-sense, even where their speculations are so far in advance of the present state of opinion as to seem visionary or impracticable to ultra conservatives.

[11] *Common-Sense About Women.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 16mo, pp. 403. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

There are half a dozen other novels of fair merit on our table, of which we are now only able to say, for the benefit of those of our readers who rely upon us to assist them in their selection of this kind of reading, that they are safe and wholesome as well as bright and entertaining. Our list comprises the following: *Aspasia*,[12] a historical romance of art and love in ancient Greece, in the age of Pericles, by Robert Hamerling; *One May Day*,[13] by Mrs. Grant; *Moods*,[14] a new version of an old favorite, by Miss Alcott; *Madame Lucas*,[15] a new volume in the "Round Robin Series"; *Esau Runswick*,[16] by Mrs. Macquoid; *Eunice Lathrop, Spinster*,[17] by the author of *Uncle Jack's Executors*; and *A Heart's Problem*,[18] by Charles Gibbon.

[12] *Aspasia.* A Romance of Art and Love in Ancient Hellas. By Robert Hamerling. From the German, by Mary J. Safford. In Two Volumes. 16mo, pp. 350 and 335. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

[13] *One May Day.* A Novel. By Mrs. Grant. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 61. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *Moods.* A Novel. By Louisa M. Alcott. 16mo, pp. 359. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[15] *Madame Lucas.* A Novel. 16mo, pp. 347. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[16] *Esau Runswick.* By Katharine S. Macquoid. 12mo, pp. 362. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[17] *Eunice Lathrop, Spinster.* By Annette Lucille Noble. 12mo, pp. 322. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[18] *A Heart's Problem.* A Novel. By Charles Gibbon. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 29. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of February.—During the present session of Congress over 4450 bills and 150 joint resolutions have been offered in the House.

The Senate passed the Edmunds Anti-Polygamy Bill February 16, and a bill for the relief of Mrs. Lincoln January 24. The latter provides an immediate grant of $15,000, and an increase of the present pension to $5000.

The following bills passed the House: Fortifications Appropriation, January 24; retiring Justice Hunt on pension, January 25; granting a yearly pension of $5000 to Mrs. Garfield, February 16; Apportionment Bill, fixing the number of Representatives at 325, February 17; Immediate Deficiency Bill, $1,822,983, February 18; Japanese Indemnity Bill, to pay $1,516,364 to Japan, and $254,000 to the officers and crew of the United States steamship *Wyoming*; Mr. Cox's bill to promote the efficiency of the Life-saving Service, February 20.

The Census Deficiency Bill was signed January 28.

The public debt was reduced $13,000,000 during January, 1882.

Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, was found guilty of murder January 25, and sentenced February 4 to be hanged June 30.

Governor Cameron, of Virginia, vetoed the anti-duelling bill passed by the General Assembly.

The British Parliament was opened February 7. The Queen's Speech was read by the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Bradlaugh again presented himself to be sworn in, but was prevented, on motion of Sir Stafford Northcote.

In the British House of Commons, February 20, Mr. Gladstone moved a suspension of the orders of the day for the introduction of the rules of procedure. The opposition warmly opposed the motion, but it was finally carried, without division.

The French Chamber of Deputies, January 26, rejected the government bill for the revision of the Constitution, including the provision for *scrutin de liste*. M. Gambetta and his colleagues in the ministry thereupon resigned.

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On the 30th, a new cabinet was formed, as follows: President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. De Freycinet; Public Instruction, M. Jules Ferry; Interior and Worship, M. Goblet; Justice, M. Humbert; Finance, M. Léon Say; Public Works, M. Varroy; War, General Billot; Marine, Admiral Jaurequiberry; Commerce, M. Tirard; Posts and Telegraphs, M. Cochery.

The Egyptian Premier, Cherif Pasha, resigned February 2, and Mahmoud Baroudi was appointed in his place.

DISASTERS.

January 30.—Reservoir at Calais burst, drowning twelve persons.

January 31.—Potter Building, formerly occupied by *The World*, in New York, burned. Six lives lost.

February 3.—Explosion in the Midlothian (Virginia) Coal Mine. Thirty-two men killed.

February 6.—News of loss of British steamer *Cosmo* in the Black Sea. Twenty-seven lives lost.

February 10.—Steam-ship *Bahama*, from Porto Rico for New York, foundered. Captain Astwood and nineteen others lost.

February 16.—Colliery explosion, Triondon Grange, Durham. Sixty or seventy men killed.

February 17.—Explosion of fire-works factory at Chester, Pennsylvania. Fourteen lives lost.—Business part of Haverhill, Massachusetts, destroyed by fire. Loss over $2,000,000.

February 18.—News of loss of English steamer *Tiber*, from St. Thomas for Havana. No lives lost.

OBITUARY.

January 22.—In Brooklyn, New York, Major-General Silas Casey, U.S.A., aged seventy-five years.

January 23.—In New York, Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, aged fifty-eight years.

January 25.—At Newport, New Hampshire, Hon. Edmund Burke, aged seventy-three years.

January 26.—In Washington, D. C., General R. B. Mitchell, ex-Governor of New Mexico, aged fifty-four years.

January 29.—In Brooklyn, New York, Alexander L. Holley, aged fifty years.

January 30.—In New York, Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows, in his sixty-eighth year.

February 7.—At Roslyn, New York, General Elijah Ward, in his sixty-sixth year.

February 8.—At Cannes, Berthold Auerbach, novelist, aged seventy years.

February 15.—In Charleston, South Carolina, Bishop W. M. Wightman, of the M. E. Church South, aged seventy-four years.

February 16.—At New Haven, Connecticut, Joseph E. Sheffield, founder of the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale College, in his eighty-ninth year.

Editor's Drawer.

THE following anecdote about the famous jurist Story is in private circulation, but is good enough for the public eye. It was prepared for Story's biography by his son, but Charles Sumner, who edited the work, struck it out. The narrative runs like this: In his younger days Story lived in the aristocratic old town of Salem, in Massachusetts. His great ability was not then tempered by as much wisdom as he afterward displayed, and he was looked upon with disfavor by some of the old families. One day Mrs. A. called upon Mrs. B., and in the course of their conversation—there being a seamstress present—Mrs. A. asked Mrs. B. if her daughter was going to the party that evening. "No," was the short reply; "I don't propose to let my daughter go to any place which is frequented by that insignificant young puppy Story." Years afterward, when Story was a judge on the Supreme Bench, he visited Salem, and was warmly welcomed by those who had known him formerly. Among his best friends apparently was Mrs. B., and he accepted her pressing invitation to dinner. Now in the years which had elapsed, the seamstress had become possessed of a home of her own, to which was attached a garden, with a pear-tree, which was just then loaded with fine fruit. After the invitation to dinner had been accepted, the seamstress received a call from Mrs. B.'s servant, asking her to send up a basket of her excellent pears for dinner, as "Mr. Justice Story, of the Supreme Court of the United States, was to be present." The good-natured seamstress sent the pears at once, and with them this message, "Tell your mistress that I am glad that the insignificant young puppy Story has grown to be so fine a dog."

WE doubt if anything could be better in the way of gentlemanly sadness than the following, copied from an account of a recent funeral in Chicago: "The burial casket was made to conform as far as possible with the comforts the occupant was wont to surround himself with in the home he has left."

WE commend to our friends in the leather trade in "the Swamp" the following, sent to us by an Iowa correspondent, after reading in the January number of the Drawer a report of a judge's charge to the jury in a horse case:

A party had been through Delaware County selling a patent process for tanning skins, and had taken in a large number of farmers, as well as their money or notes. Suit was brought on one of these notes. The defendant set up want of consideration, and that the "process" was of no value. The judge charged

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as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, if you find the 'process' is valuable for tanning skins, your verdict should be for the plaintiff. If, on the other hand, it is only valuable for skinning tanners, you should find for the defendant."

Now that the bicycle has become so popular a means of propulsion and recreation, we are glad to present to the wheelists the following poetical funniment written by the late Rev. Dr. Frederick W. Shelton, and sent by him to the Drawer. At the time it was written the velocipede fever had just broken out; but that fanciful craze never had any of the practical uses of the bicycle:

WHEEL-OCIPEDE.

DEDICATED TO HANS BREITMANN.

Adsum Domine Breitmann.

I've been a-readin' somethin' 'beout Hans Breitmann and his steed,
Which he doosn't call Boocephalus, but his Philosopede.
A genooine Dutch Pegasus, to judge him by his j'ints,
And by his feet, and by his tail, and his partic'lar p'ints,
And by his might, and by his mane, and by the time he makes,
For he goes a good deal faster and further than hot cakes.
I thought our Yankee folks wuz smart, and there wuzn't any such,
But I'm peskily afeerd that neow it's hard to beat the Dutch.
I guess that Mister Bigelow, who soared up wery high,
Will hev' to change his pace, and git some nearer to the sky.
See Breitmann, crowned with cabbage leaves, a-plungin' at full speed!
Hurray for his Philosophy, and his Philosopede!
There wuz an individooal onst who loved to leap and dance,
His leg wuz cut off by an axe, by axident or chance.
But soon he got a paytent limb of cork or suthin' light,
And when he lashed it on, it beat the other out of sight.
It wouldn't stop, nor gin him pause, at such a rate it flew;
The man he died for want of breath, while it was good as new.
It never got the rhumatiz; it runs forever more,
With nobody behind it, and nobody before.
'Twuz far ahead of natur'; but what's the use't of heels?
Or who would go on sich a leg when he can go on wheels?
Hans Breitmann's got the best idee, the wery thing we need.
Hurray for his Philosophy, and his Philosopede!

Oh, isn't it the puttiest thing, the bootifulest toy,
Sence every boy is neow a man, and every man a boy,
And works his passage on the rud, with nothin' for to pay,
Witheout a *bit* of iron, and witheout a bit of hay?
It is a keind o' treadin'-mill, revolvin' jist as free
And jist as slick as any in the pen-i-ten-ti-a-ry.
You must foot it when you're ridin', to drive it with a will,
And if the greound is risin', drag your hobby-hoss up hill.
But on a perfect level,
On the gravel, you may travel
To old Nick—or next slope,
Ef you don't flop off, but balance, jist like Blondin on a rope.
It is the wonder of an age which nothin' can impede.
Hurray for its Philosophy, and its wheel-ocipede!

Wheel-ocipedal ridin', for men at any rate,
Is most as good as slidin', or swingin' on a gate.
To boys it comes as handy, when any game is up,
As eatin' 'lasses candy, or trundlin' with a hoop.
It is a power of motion clean ahead of Beelzebub,
Beatin' any Yankee notion proceedin' from the *Hub*.

There is no *tire* to the wheel, it keeps a-movin' on;
It can't stand up when stan'in' still—kerflop it tumbles down;
It is the best keind of a team, and never gits a cough;
It wants no puttin' on the steam, nor any switchin' off.
Oh, what a time we're livin' in for centrifoogal speed!
Hurray for its Philosophy, and its wheel-ocipede!

MANY years ago, when the Academy of Music in this city was under the management of Mr. William H. Paine, that gentleman said one day to the late Rev. Dr. Bellows:

"Doctor, why won't you come to the opera to-night? The opera itself, *Don Juan*, while supposed by many to be slightly immoral in tone, is in reality quite the reverse. I shall be happy to have you join my family in my private box."

The good Doctor accepted the invitation, and listened with marked interest to an admirable performance of that fine musical work. At the conclusion of the entertainment he remarked, in his pleasantest tones and most genial manner, "I thank you, Mr. Paine, for the delight you have given me of enjoying *a sermon in five acts*."

THAT TERRIBLE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A "BRILLIANT" newspaper humorist wrote a mean, sarcastic mother-in-law paragraph, and then went home and found his wife seriously ill. "Send for mother," feebly moaned the sick woman. And mother came. That terrible female yclept a mother-in-law invaded the sacred precincts of the home of the paragraphist. For several days the sick wife hovered on the brink of the unknowable, and that doting mo—I mean that monster, the paragraphist's *bête noire*, persecuted her son-in-law most shamefully. She assumed the management of his house, and cruelly permitted him to lie abed mornings while she built the fires and cooked his matutinal meal. She made his life wormwood and gall by setting before him an appetizing dinner; and in the evening at the supper table she added insult to injury by tendering him dainty and palatable dishes, all prepared by her own fiendish hands. And during the intervals she harrowed up his soul by ministering to his sick wife. She even plunged him into gloom and despair, and filled his brain with thoughts of suicide, by sewing buttons on his shirts.

What refined cruelty!

The terrible, uncomplaining mother-in-law, with loving hands and sweet and comforting words, albeit often with tearful eyes and desponding heart, nursed her first-born back to

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life, and saved her outraged son-in-law eight dollars a week nurse hire.

What heartlessness!

Yes, after many sleepless nights and anxious, weary hours, that cruel, tired-out mother saw the light of health once more beam in her daughter's eyes, and the roses come back to her cheeks; and during all these nights the newspaper humorist was obliged to remain under the roof that sheltered an ogre—his mother-in-law.

It was terrible!

But his hour of triumph came at last. The mother kissed her weeping daughter good-by, and returned to her home, and the paragraphist was a free man again. And the very next day, in the exuberance of his joy, he wrote and printed the following paragragh:

"Young Smithsop is the happiest man in town this morning: his mother-in-law died last night."

J. H. W.

USED UP.

HAND me my light gloves, James;
I'm off for the waltzing world,
The kingdom of Strauss and that—
Where is my old crush hat?
Is my hair properly curled?
Call in the daytime, James.

Think of me, won't you, James,
When I am rosily twirling
The "Rose of a garden of girls,"
The Pearl among circling pearls,
In a mesh of melodious whirling?
Envy me, won't you, James?

For a heart lost along with her fan,
For a nice sense of honor flown,
For the care of an invalid soul,
And tastes far beyond my control,
I have for my precious own
The fame of a "waltzing man."

If I don't come, come for me, James—
Ah, the waltz is my mastering passion!
The trip-tripping airs are as sweet
As love to my turning feet,
While I clasp the fair doll of fashion,
My *fiancée*. But come for me, James.

The heart which I lost—it is strange—
I've been told it will yet be my death;
And I think it quite likely I might
Waltz once too often to night.
In spite of the music and Beth,
Death's a difficult move to arrange.

Pray smoke by the fire, old boy,
And find yourself whiskey and books.
If I should not turn up, then, at two
Or three, you will know I need you.
If I'm dead, you must pardon my looks
As I lie in the ball-room, old boy.

R. H. L.

HOW OMENS ARE VERIFIED.

MANY persons would regard it as an affront to be called superstitious, and yet they place implicit confidence in certain signs and omens. Such people could not be prevailed upon to undertake a journey on the sixth day of the week, they would peremptorily decline to make the thirteenth guest at a dinner party, and will declare that some one is lying about them when their left ear burns. But they ridicule the idea of ghosts.

Omens are of two kinds—those that are fulfilled, and those that are not. The illustrations herewith appended have been gathered from authentic sources at the expense of considerable time and labor. Readers will draw their own inferences:

As young Broughne left the house one pleasant evening, "he saw the new moon over his right shoulder." "Aha!" he cheerfully observed, jingling some silver coin in his pockets; "that's a good sign. I'll not be out of money for a fortnight at least." Two hours later he was playing pool for drinks, and all the money he had in his pockets when he returned home at midnight was a broken-bladed knife and three beer tickets.

"The crowing of a hen indicates approaching disaster." One morning early in July Farmer Sympkyns heard one of his hens crow lustily, and immediately reminded his wife that it betokened misfortune. She laughed at his foolish fears, but in the afternoon Sympkyns's sister arrived from the city to spend the summer. She was accompanied by four children, a servant, a sore-eyed poodle, and two big trunks. "They nearly ate us out o' house and home," feelingly observed Sympkyns, after the departure of his relatives. Mrs. S. is now a convert to the crowing-hen omen.

"Whoever reads epitaphs loses his memory." Ten years ago a friend loaned Ferguson fifteen dollars, which he faithfully promised to repay on the following Saturday night. The supposition is that Ferguson read epitaphs the very day after securing the loan, for his memory, as far as the fifteen dollars are concerned, is a total wreck.

"To break a looking-glass is a very ominous occurrence." A young married man named Burhtone, living in New York, accidentally broke a mirror, and in the afternoon his wife, while repairing the lining of his overcoat, found a highly perfumed note in the inside pocket. Singularly enough she read it, and "ominous" very faintly describes the nature of the "occurrence" when her husband returned home. The entertainment, without a single encore, was worth double the price of admission.

"Swallows building in a chimney bring good luck to a house." A colony of swallows preempted Squire Cobb's chimney, and two weeks afterward his house was struck by lightning, and entirely destroyed.

"The young lady who is too fond of a looking-glass will marry unhappily." Miss De Jenkins could not pass a mirror without stopping to gaze at her comely face. She married

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an editor of a daily morning paper, Sundays included, and of course her life is not brimming with felicity, as her husband, during the past four years, has not been at home long enough to get acquainted with his children. Girls, shun the fatal looking-glass!

Killing a cat is believed by many to bring dire misfortune. Mr. Fitztare, being a non-believer in this omen, slaughtered a noisy specimen of the *Felis domestica* four years ago. The following night he popped the question, and was accepted. He is now buying shoes for three children, and his wife is a member of a woman's rights society. His memory oft sadly reverts to the day he assassinated that cat, and he would rather than five thousand dollars he had not shed the animal's gore.

Illustrations might be multiplied, but sufficient have been given to convince the most skeptical that some omens are verified in a most mysterious manner—or otherwise.

J. H. W.

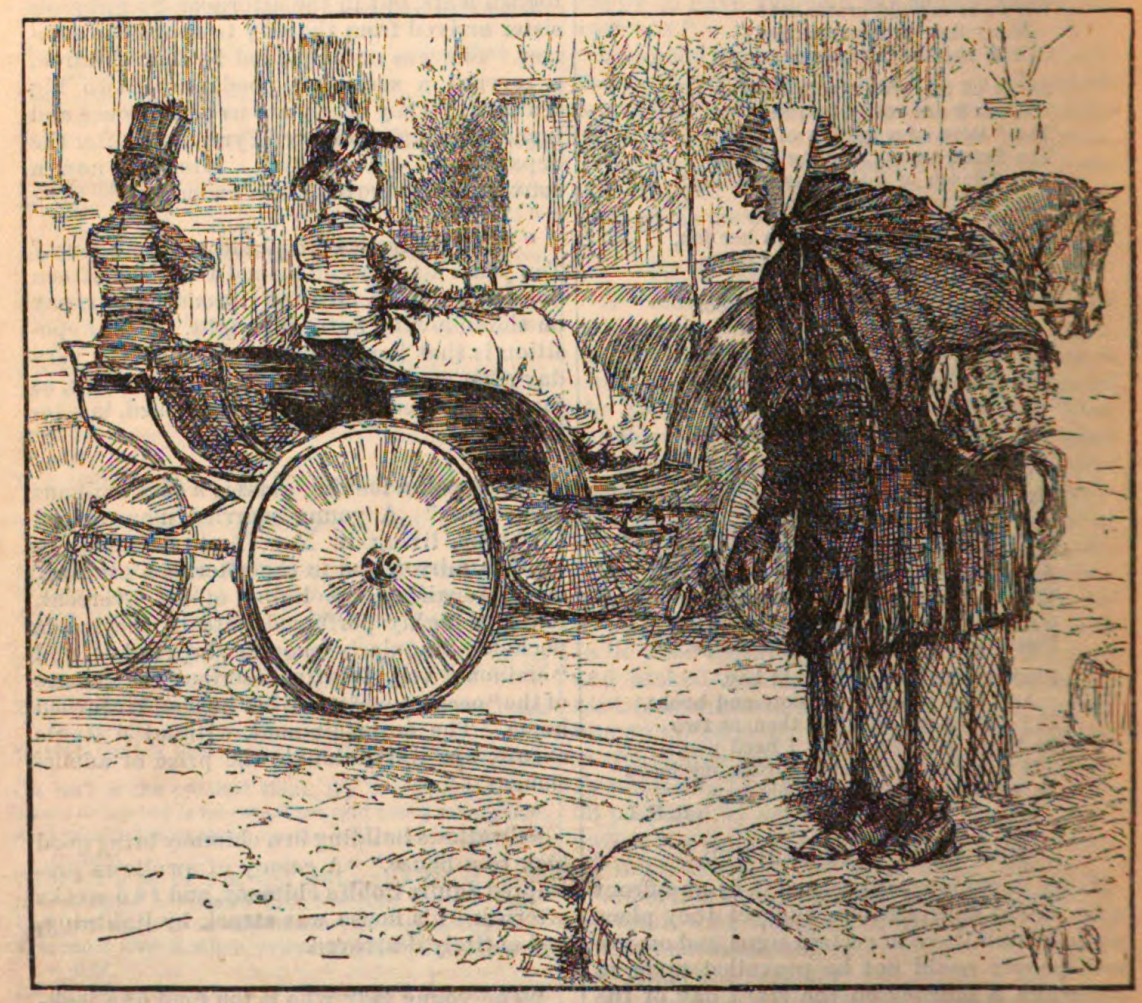
A MODERN WITCH.

"And he went up in January,
And never came down till June."

I THINK me oft in the twilight
Of a lady and her hat.
The former was little and vicious,
The latter was large and flat.
The lady went to the church, the play;
And wherever she went the shout
Went up from the many who could not see,
"Confound it! put her out!"

She was not to be extinguished.
"I have paid," she said, "and I'll stay.
I'll wear that hat"—and she clenched her hand—
"Till the crack of the Judgment-day.
I'll fasten it tight around my throat,
And pin it fast to my hair.
Let there come the dreadfulest hurricane,
The world shall still find it there."

There came a breeze from heaven
Of a rather malevolent kind.
It caught that hat, and took it up,
And the lady went behind.
Now this was several years ago,
And all of them full of pain;
For with nothing to ride she still sails on,
And will never come down again. I. M. G.



MILLENNIAL.

RUSTIC PARTY (*who has never seen a phaeton with a colored tiger*). "Well, my King! I know'd t'wuz a comin', but I nuvver 'spect' to lib to see it!" [*Fact.*]

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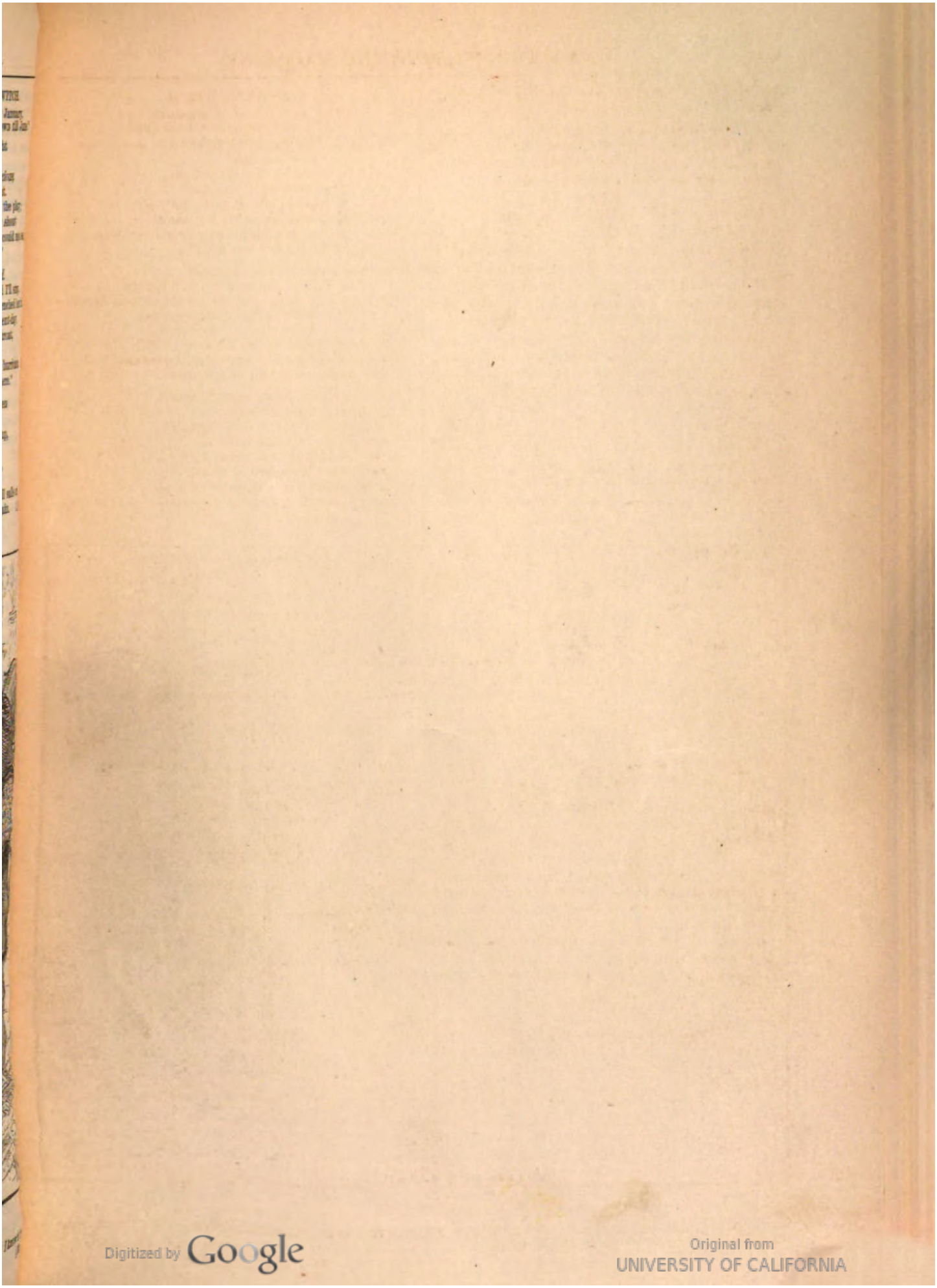

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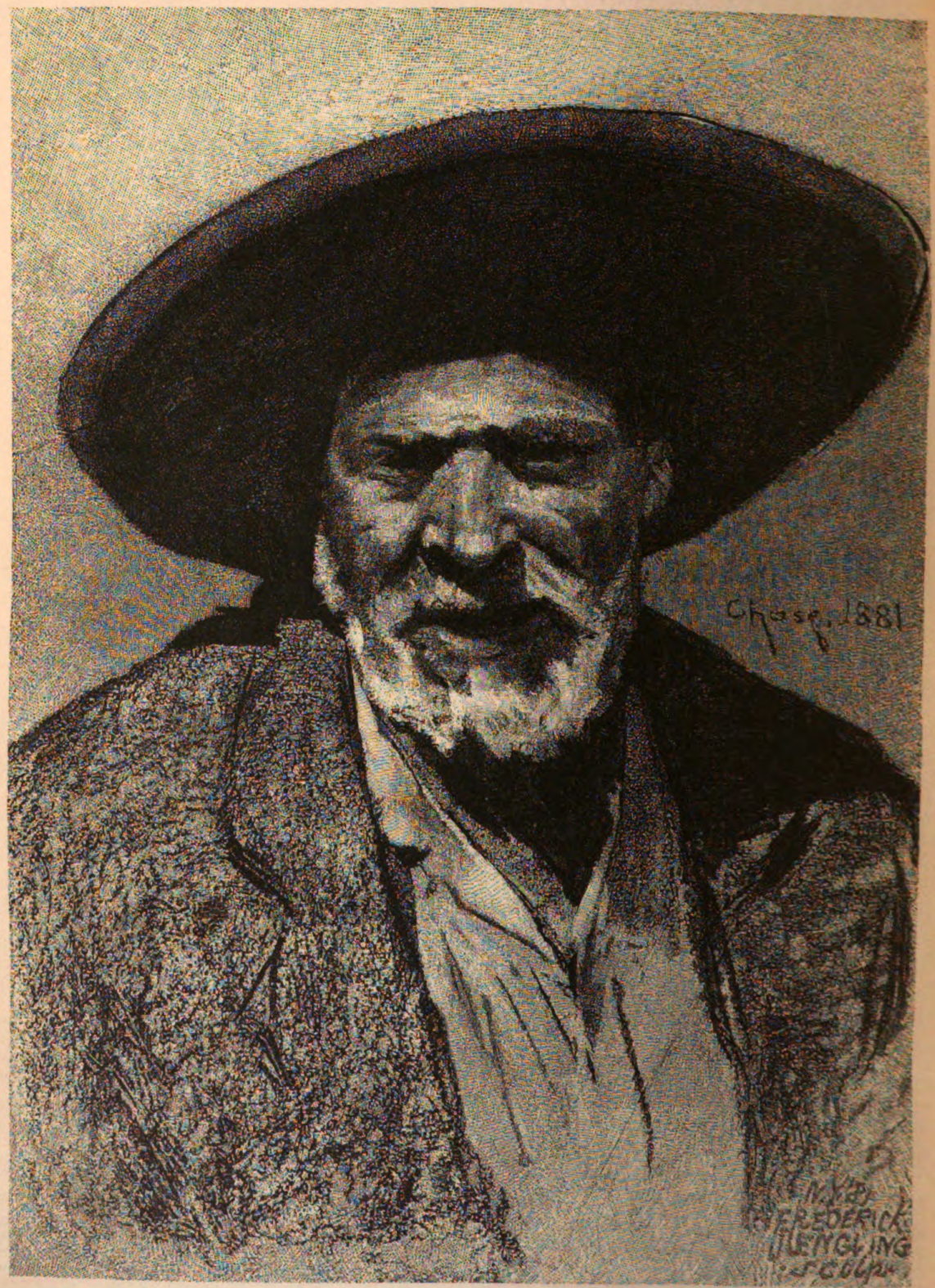

From a Drawing by William M. Chase.

SPANISH PEASANT.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

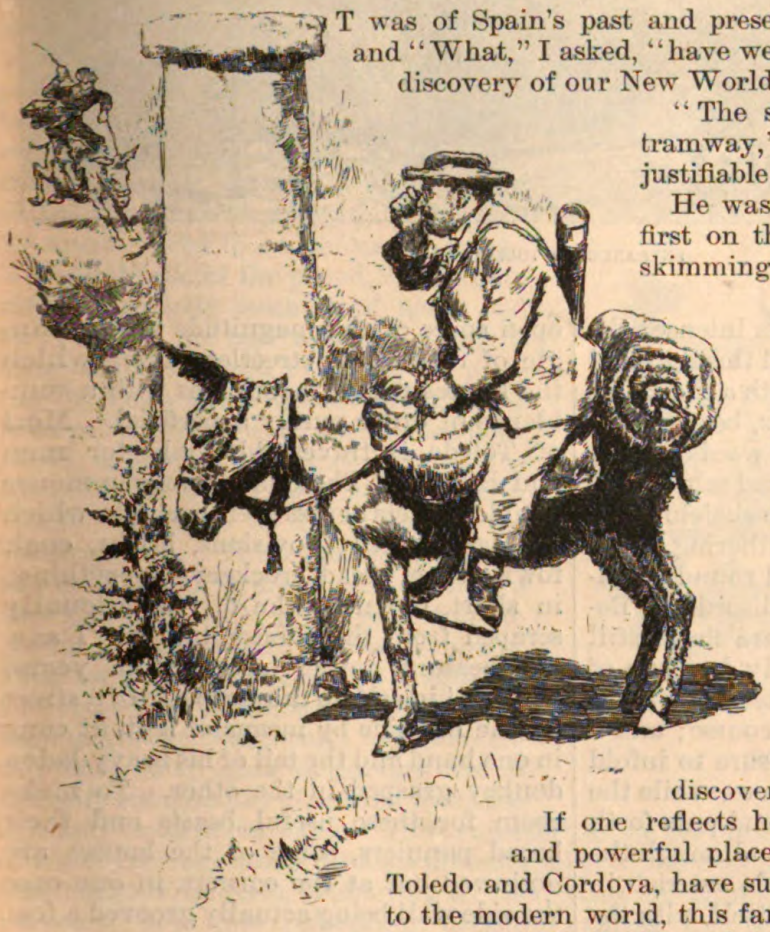
No. CCCLXXXIV.—MAY, 1882.—Vol. LXIV.

SPANISH VISTAS.

Second Paper.

THE LOST CITY.

I.



"IT was of Spain's past and present that we were speaking, and "What," I asked, "have we given her in return for her discovery of our New World?"

"The sleeping-car and the street tramway," answered Velazquez, with justifiable pride.

He was right, for we had seen the first on the railroad, and the second skimming the streets of Madrid.

Still, the reward did not appear great, measured by the much that Spain's ventures in the Western hemisphere had cost her, and by the comparative desolation of her present. The devoted labors of Irving and Prescott, which Spaniards warmly appreciate, are more in the nature of an adequate return.

"It strikes me also," I ventured to add, "that we are rendering a service in kind. She discovered us, and now we are discovering her."

If one reflects how some of the once great and powerful places of the Peninsula, such as Toledo and Cordova, have sunk out of sight and perished to the modern world, this fancy applies with some truth to every sympathetic explorer of them. It had been all very well to imagine ourselves conversant with the country when we were in Madrid, and even an occasional slip in the language did not disturb that supposition. When I accidentally asked the chamber-maid to swallow a cup of chocolate instead of "bringing" it, owing to an unnecessary resemblance of two distinct words, and when my comrade, in attending to details of the laundry, was led by an imperfect dictionary to describe one article of wear as a *pintura de noche*, or "night scene," our confidence suffered only a momentary shock. But, after all, it was not until we reached Toledo that we really passed into a kind of forgotten existence, and knew what it was to be far beyond reach of any familiar word.

With the first plunge southward from the capital the reign of ruin begins—ruin

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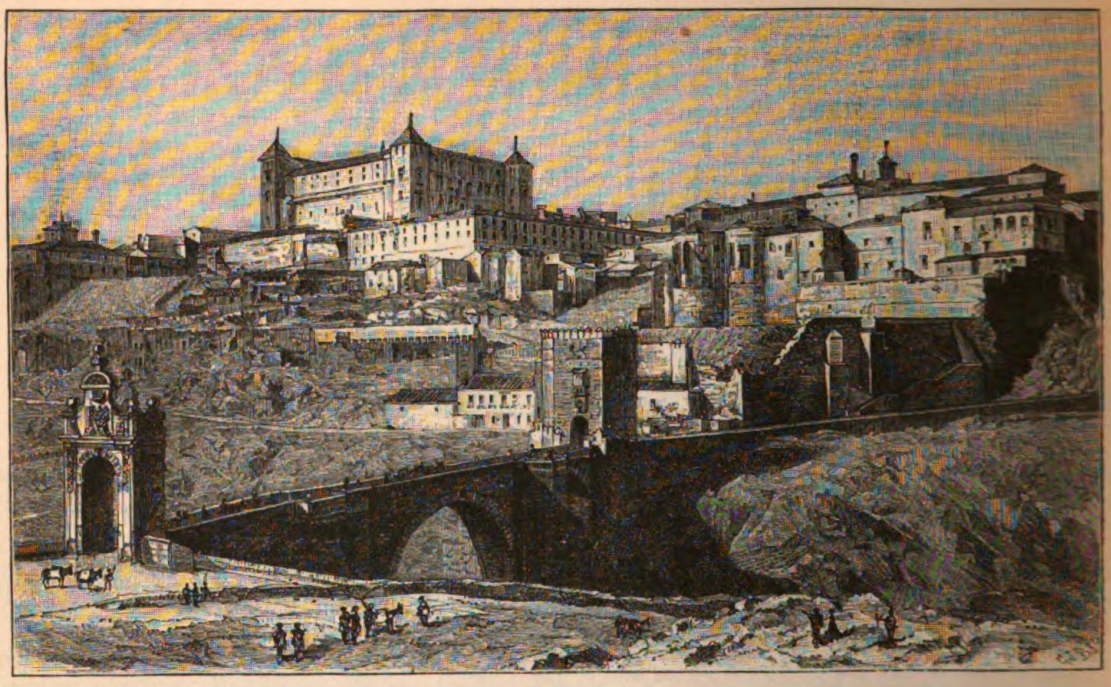

ENTRANCE TO TOLEDO.

and flies. The heat becomes intense; the air itself seems to be cooked through and through; the flies rejoice with a malicious joy, and the dry sandy hills, bearing nothing but tufts of blackened weeds, resemble large mounds of pepper and salt. Here and there in the valley is the skeleton of a stone or brick farm-house withering away, and perhaps near by a small round defensive hut, recalling times of disorder. Between the hills, however, are fields still prolific in rye, though wholly destitute of trees. Verdure re-asserts itself wherever there is the smallest water-course; and a curve of the river Tagus is sure to infold fruit orchards and melon vines, while the parched soil briefly revives and puts forth delightful shade trees. But although the river-fed lands around Toledo are rich in vegetation, the ancient city itself, with the Tagus slung around its base like a loop, rises on a sterile rock, and amid hills of bronze. So much are the brown and sun-imbued houses and the old fortified walls in keeping with the massy natural foundation that all seem reared together, the huge form of the Alcazar, or castle—where the Spanish national military academy is housed—towering like a second cliff in one corner of the round, irregularly clustered city. Our omnibus scaled the height by a road perfectly adapted for conducting to some dragon-stronghold of misty fable, and landed us in the Zocodover, the sole open space of any magnitude in that tangle of thread-like streetlets, along which the houses range themselves with a semblance of order purely superficial. Most of Toledo is traversable only for men and donkeys. These latter carry immense double baskets across their backs, in which are transported provisions, bricks, coal, fowls, water, bread, crockery—everything, in short, down to the dirt occasionally scraped from the thoroughfares. I saw one peasant, rather advanced in years, helping himself up the steep rise of a street on the hill-side by means of a stout cane in one hand and the tail of his heavy-laden donkey grasped in the other. To make room for these useful beasts and their broad panniers, some of the houses are hollowed out at the corners, in one case the side wall being actually grooved a foot deep for a number of yards along an anxious turning. Otherwise the panniers would touch both sides of the way, and cause a blockade as obstinate as the animal itself.

Coming from the outer world into so strange a labyrinth, where there is no echo of rolling wheels, no rumble of traffic or manufacture, you find yourself in a city which may be said to be without a voice. Through a hush like this, history and tradition speak all the more powerfully. Toledo has been a favorite with the novelists. The Zocodover was the haunt of

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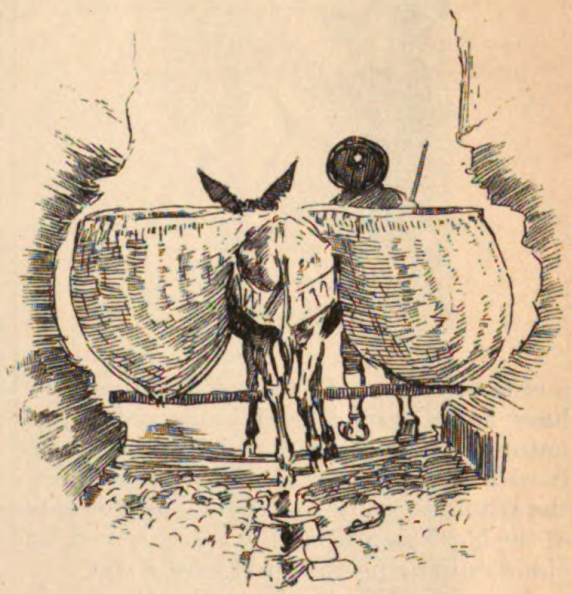
that typical rogue Lazarillo de Tormes; and Cervantes, oddly as it happens, connects the scene of *La ilustre Fregonde* with a shattered castle across the river, which by a coincidence has had its original name of San Servando corrupted into San Cervantes.

Never shall I forget our walk around the city walls that first afternoon in Toledo. A broad thoroughfare skirts the disused defenses on the south and west, running at first along the sheer descent to the river, and a beetling height against which houses, shops, and churches are crammed confusedly. I noticed one smithy with a wide dark mouth revealing the naked rock on which walls and roof abutted, and other houses into the faces of which had been wrought large granite projections of the hill. After this the way led through a gate of peculiar strength and shapeliness, carrying up arches of granite and red brick to a considerable height —a stout relic of the proud Moorish dominion so long maintained here; and then when we had rambled about a church of Santiago lower down, passing through some streets irregular as foot-paths, where over a neglected door stood a unique announcement of the owner's name—"I am Don Sanchez. 1792"—we came to the Visagra, the country gate. This menacing, double-towered portal is mediæval; so that a few steps had carried us from Mohammedan Alimaymon to the Emperor Charles V. Just outside of it again is the Alameda, the modern garden promenade, where the beauty and idleness of Toledo congregate on Sunday eves to the soft compulsion of strains from the military academical band. Thin runnels of water murmur along through the hedges and embowered trees, explaining by their presence how this refreshing pleasure-ground was conjured into being; for on the slope, a few feet below the green hedges, you still see the sun-parched soil just as it once spread over the whole area. The contrast suggests Eden blossoming on a crater-side.

At the open-air soirées of the Alameda may be seen excellent examples of Spanish beauty. The national type of woman appears here in good preservation, and not too much hampered by foreign airs. Doubtless one finds it too in Burgos and Madrid, and in fact everywhere; and the grace of the women in other places is rather fonder of setting itself off by a fan used for parasol purposes in the street than in Toledo. But on the *paseo* and *alameda* all Spanish ladies carry fans, and it is something marvellous to see how they manage them. Not for a moment is the subtle instrument at rest: it flutters, wavers idly, is opened and shut in the space of a second, falls to the side, and again rises to take its part in the conversation almost like a third person — all without effort, with merely a turn of the supple fingers or wrist, and contributing an added charm to the bearer. The type of face which beams with more or less similarity above every fan in Spain is difficult to describe, and at first difficult even to apprehend. One has heard so much about its beauty that



THE NARROW WAY.

in the beginning it seems to fall short; but gradually its spell seizes on the mind, becoming stronger and stronger. The tint varies from tawny rose or olive to white: ladies of higher caste, from their night life and rare exposure to the sun, acquire a deathly pallor, which is unfortunately too often imitated with powder. Chestnut or lighter hair is seen a good deal in the south and east, but deep black is the prevalent hue. And the eyes!—it is impossible to more than suggest the luminous, dreamy medium in which they swim, so large, dark, and vivid. But above all, there is combined with a certain child-like frankness a freedom and force, a quick mobility in the lines of the face, equalled only in American women. To these ele-

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SINGING GIRL.

ments you must add a strong arching eyebrow and a pervading richness and fire of nature in the features, which it would be hard to parallel at all, especially when the whole is framed in the seductive folds of the black mantilla, like a drifting night cloud enhancing the sparkle of a star.

As we continued along the Camin de Marchan we looked down on one side over the fertile plain. The pale tones of the ripe harvest and dense green of trees contrasted with the rich brown and gray of the city, and dashes of red clay here and there. In a long field rose detached fragments of masonry, showing at different points the vast ground plan of the Roman Circus Maximus, with a burst of bright ochre sand in the midst of the stubble, while on the left hand we had an old Arab gate pierced with slits for arrows, and on the crest above that a nunnery, St. Sunday the Royal, followed by a line of palaces and convents half ruined in the Napoleonic campaign of 1812. Out in the plain was the roof of the sword factory, where "Toledo blades" are still forged and tempered for the Spanish army; although in the finer details of damascening and design nothing is produced beyond a small stock of show weapons and tiny ornamental trinkets for sale to tourists. Nor was this all; for a little further on, at the edge of the river, close to the Bridge of St. Martin and the Gate of Twelve Stones, the broken remains of an old Gothic palace sprawled the steep, lying open to heaven, and vacant as the dull eye-socket in some unsepulchred skull. Our stroll of a mile had carried us back to the second century before Christ, the path being strewn with relics of the Roman conquest, the Visigothic inroad, the Moorish ascendency, and the returning tide of Christian power. But the Jews, seeking refuge after the fall of Jerusalem, preceded all these, making a still deeper substratum in the marvellous chronicles of Toledo; and some of their later synagogues, exquisitely wrought in the Moorish manner, still stand in the Jewish quarter for the wonderment of pilgrim connoisseurs.

It was from a terrace of this old Gothic palace near the bridge that, according to legend, Don Roderick, the last of the Goths in Spain, saw Florinda, daughter of one Count Julian, bathing in the yellow Tagus under a four-arched tower, which still invades the flood, and goes by the name of the Bath of Florinda. From his passion for her, and their mutual error, the popular tale, with vigorous disregard of chronology, deduces the fall of Spain before the Berber armies; and as most old stories here receive an ecclesiastical tinge, this one relates how Florinda's sinful ghost continued to haunt the spot where we now stood until laid by a good friar with cross and benediction. The sharp fall of the bank looked at first glance to consist of ordinary earth and stones, but on closer scrutiny turned out to contain quantities of brick bits from the old forts and towers which one generation after another had built on the heights, and which had slowly mouldered into nullity. Even so the firm lines of history have fallen away and crumbled into romance, which sifts through the crannies of the whole withered old city. As a lady of my acquaintance graphically said, it seems as if ashes had been thrown over this ancient capital, covering it with a film of oblivion. The rocks, towers, churches, ruins, are just so much corporeal mythology—object lessons in fable. A little girl, becomingly neckerchiefed, wandered by us while we leaned dreaming above the

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river, and she was singing one of the wild little songs of the country, full of melancholy melody:

"Fair Malaga, adios!
Ah, land where I was born,
Thou hadst mother-love for all,
But for me step-mother's scorn!"

All unconscious of the monuments around her, she stopped when she saw that we had turned and were listening. Then we resumed our way, passing, I may literally say, as if in a trance up into the town again, where we presently found ourselves in front of St. John of the Kings, a venerable church, formerly connected with a Franciscan monastery which the French burned. On the outer wall high up hangs a stern fringe of chains, placed there as votive tokens by released Christian captives in 1492; and there they have remained since America was discovered.

CLOISTER OF ST. JOHN OF THE KINGS.

To this church is attached a most beautiful cloister, calm with the solitude of nearly four hundred years. Around three sides the rich clustered columns, each with its figures of holy men supported un-

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A BIT OF CHARACTER.

der pointed canopies, mark the delicate Gothic arches, through which the sunlight slants upon the pavement, falling between the leaves of aspiring vines that twine upward from the garden in the middle. There the rose-laurel blooms, and a rude fountain perpetually gurgles, hidden in thick greenery; and on the fourth side the wall is dismantled as the French bombardment left it. Seventy years have passed, and though the sculptured blocks for restoration have been got together, the vines grow over them, and no work has been done. We mounted the bell tower part way, with the custodian, and gained a gallery looking into the chapel, strangely adorned with regal shields and huge eagles in stone. On our way, under one part of the tower roof, we found a hen calmly strutting with her brood. "It was meant for celibacy," said the custodian,

SPANISH SOLDIERS PLAYING DOMINOES.

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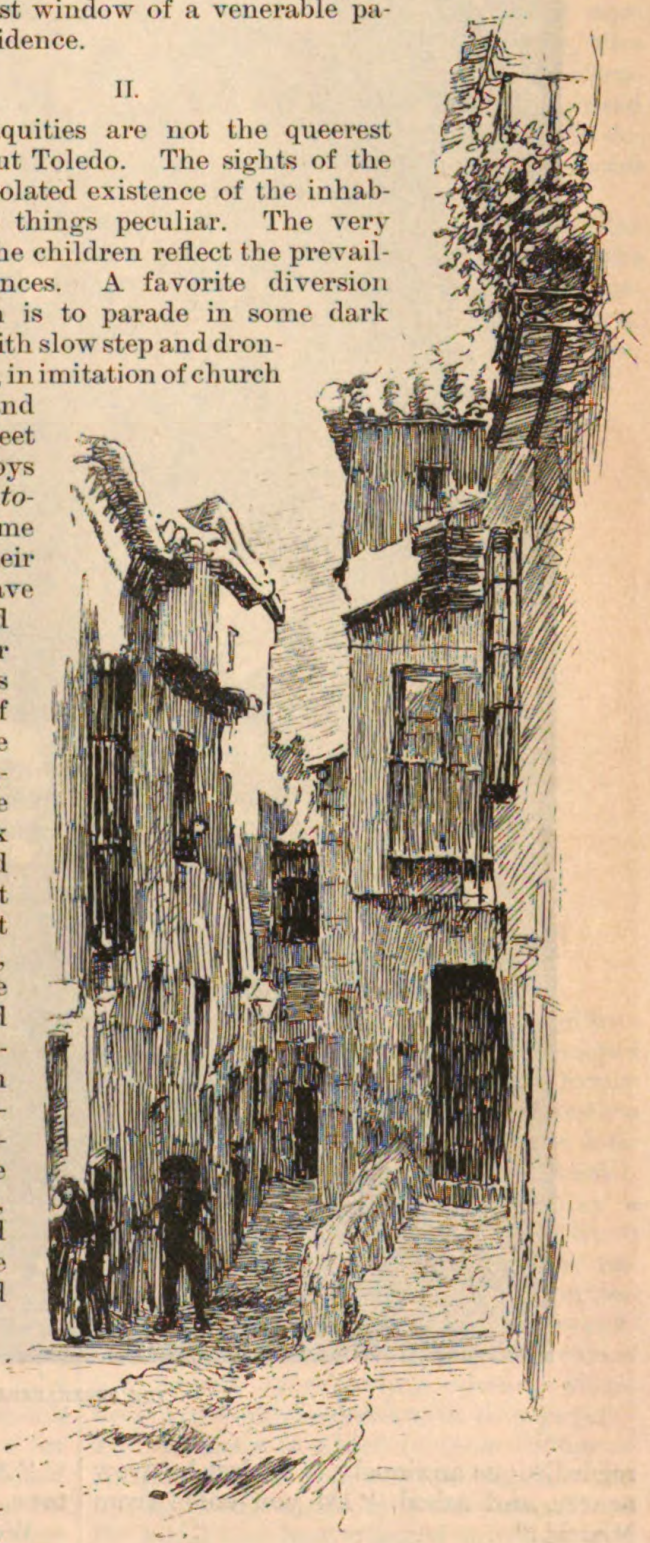
WOMAN WITH BUNDLE.

"but times change, and you see that family life has established itself here after all."

I don't know whether there is anything particularly sacred about the hens of this district, but after seeing this one in the church tower I began to think there might be, especially as on the way home we discovered another imprisoned fowl disconsolately looking down at us from the topmost window of a venerable patrician residence.

II.

Its antiquities are not the queerest thing about Toledo. The sights of the day, the isolated existence of the inhabitants, are things peculiar. The very sports of the children reflect the prevailing influences. A favorite diversion with them is to parade in some dark hallway with slow step and droning chants, in imitation of church festivals; and in the street we found boys playing at *toros*. Some took off their coats to wave as mantles before the bull, who hid around the corner until the proper time for his entry. The bull in this game, I noticed, had a nice sense of fair play, and would stop to argue points with his antagonists—something I should have been glad to see in the real arena. Once the old rock town accommodated two hundred thousand residents. Its contingent has now shrunk to twenty, yet it swarms with citizens, cadets, loafers, and beggars. Its tortuous wynds are full of wine-shops, vegetables, and children, all mixed up together. Superb old palaces, nevertheless, open off from them, frequently with spacious courts inside, shaded by trellised vines, and with pillars at the entrance topped by heavy stone balls, or doors studded with nails and moulded in rectangular patterns like inlay-work. One day we wandered through a sculptured gateway and entered a paved opening with a carved wood gallery running around the walls above. Orange-trees in tubs stood about, and a brewery was established in these palatial quarters. We ordered a bottle, but it was a long time in coming, and I noticed that the brewer stood



A NARROW STREET.

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THE SERENADERS.

regarding us anxiously. At last he drew nearer, and asked, "Do you come from Madrid?"

"Yes."

"Ah, then," said he, in a disheartened tone, "you won't like our beer."

We encouraged him, however, and at last he disappeared, sending us the beverage

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diplomatically by another hand. He was too faint-spirited to witness the trial himself. Though called "The Delicious," the thin, sweet, gaseous liquid was certainly detestable; but in deference to the brewer's delicate conscientiousness we drank as much as possible, and then left with his wife some money and a weakly complimentary remark about the beer, which evidently came just in time to convince her that we were, after all, discriminating judges.

The people generally were very simple and good-natured, and in particular a young commercial traveller from Barcelona whom we met exerted himself to entertain us. The chief street was lined with awnings reaching to the curb-stone in front of the shops, and every public doorway was screened by a striped curtain. Pushing aside one of these, our new acquaintance introduced us to what seemed a dingy bar, but by a series of turnings opened out into a spacious concealed café —that of the Two Brothers—where we frequently repaired with him, to sip chiccory and cognac or play dominoes. On these occasions he kept the tally in pencil on the marble table, marking the side of himself and a friend with their initials, and heading ours "The Strangers." All travellers in Spain are described by natives as "Strangers" or "French," and the reputation for a pure Parisian accent which we acquired under these circumstances, though brief, was glorious. To the Two Brothers resorted many soldiers, shopkeepers, and well-to-do housewives during fixed hours of the afternoon and evening, but at other times it was as forsaken as Don Roderick's palace. Another place of amusement was the Grand Summer Theatre, lodged within the ragged walls of a large building which had been half torn down. Here we sat under the stars, luxuriating in the most expensive seats (at eight cents per head), surrounded by a full audience of exceedingly good aspect, including some Toledan ladies of great beauty, and listened to a *zarzuela*, or popular comic opera, in which the prompter took an almost too energetic part. The ticket collector came in among the chairs to take up everybody's coupons, with very much the air of being one of the family; for while performing his stern duty he smoked a short brier pipe, giving to the act an indescribable dignity which threw the whole business of the tickets into a proper subordination. In returning to our inn about midnight, we were attracted by the free cool sound of a guitar duet issuing from a dark street that rambled off somewhere like a worm track in old wood, and, pursuing the sound, we discovered by the aid of a match lighted for a cigarette two men standing in the obscure alley, and serenading a couple of ladies in a balcony, who positively laughed with pride at the attention. The men, it proved, had been hired by some admirer, and so our friend engaged them to perform for us at the hotel the following night.

The skill these thrummers of the guitar display is delicious, especially in the treble part, which is executed on a smaller species of the instrument, called a *mandura*. Our treble-player was blind in one eye,

A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF PLATES.

and with the carelessness of genius allowed his mouth to stay open, but managed always to keep a cigarette miraculously hanging in it; while his comrade, with a disconsolate expression, disdained to look at the strings on which his proud Castilian fingers were condemned to play a mere accompaniment. For two or three hours they rippled out those peculiar native airs which go so well with the muffled vibrations and mournful Oriental monotony of the guitar; but the bagman varied the concert by executing operatic pieces on a hair-comb covered with thin paper—a contrivance in which he took unfeigned delight. Some remonstrance against this uproar being made by other inmates of the hotel, our host silenced the complainants by cordially inviting them in. One

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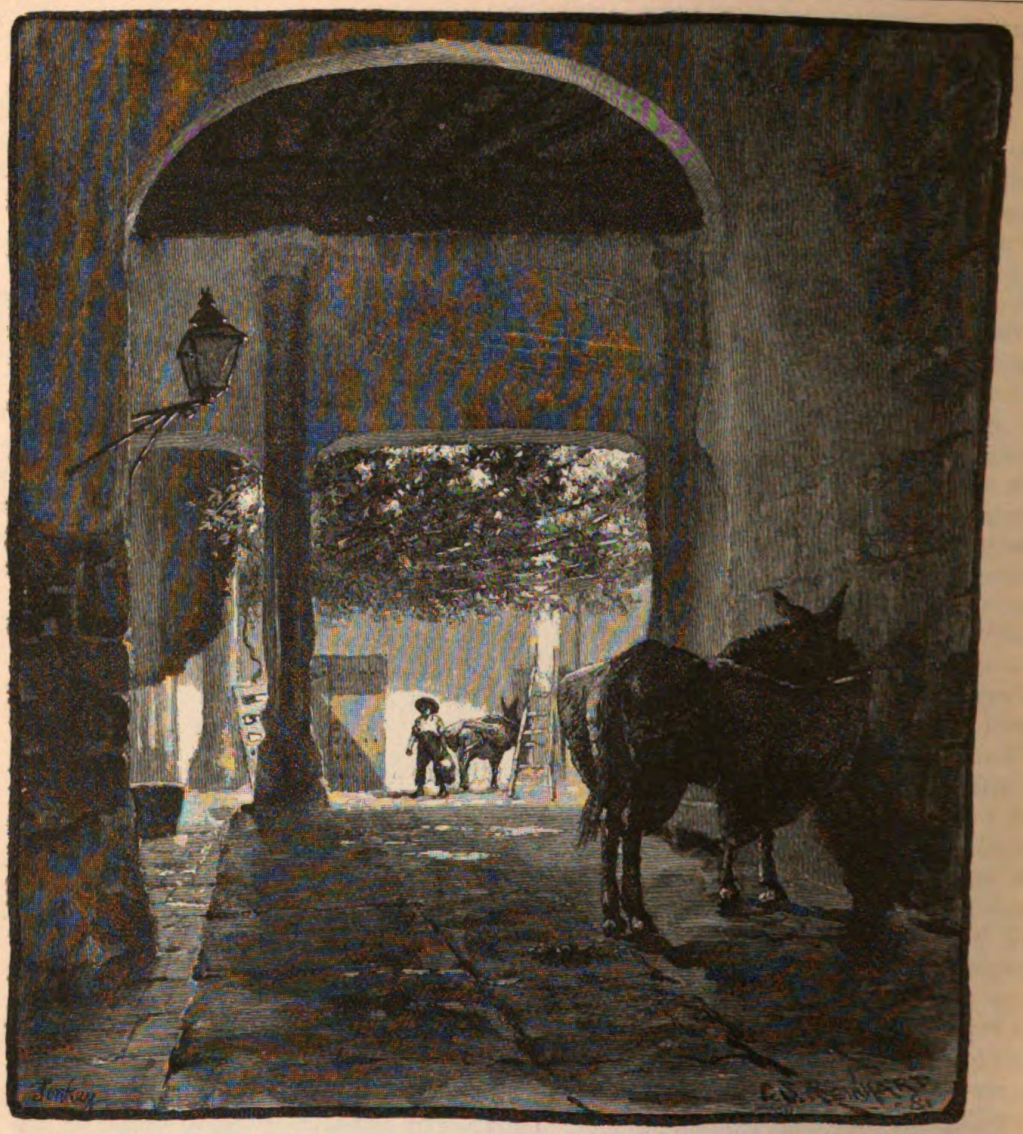

A PATIO IN TOLEDO.

large black-bearded guest, the exact reproduction of a stately ancient Roman, accepted the hospitality, and listened to that ridiculous piping of the comb with profound gravity and unmoved muscles, expressing neither approval nor dissatisfaction. But the white-aproned waiter, who, though unasked, hung spell-bound on the threshold, was, beyond question, deeply impressed. The relations of servants with employers are on a very democratic footing in Spain. We had an admirable butler at Madrid who used to join in the conversation at table whenever it interested him, and was always answered with good grace by the conversationists, who admitted him to their intellectual repast at the same moment that he was proffering them physical nutriment. These Toledan servitors of the Fonda de Lindo were still more informal. They used to take naps regularly twice a day in the hall, and could not get through serving dinner without an occasional cigarette between the courses. To save labor, they would place a pile of plates in front of each person, enough to hold the entire list of viands. That last phrase is a euphuism, however, for the meal each day consisted of the same meat served in three separate relays without vegetables, followed by fowl, an allowance of beans, and dessert. Even this they were not particular to give us on the hour. Famished beyond endurance one evening at eight o'clock, we went down stairs and found that not the first movement toward dinner had been made. The *mozos* (waiters) were smoking

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and gossiping in the street, and rather frowned upon our low-born desire for food, but we finally persuaded them to yield to it. After we had bought some tomatoes and made a salad at dinner, the management was put on its mettle, and improved slightly. Fish in this country is always brought on somewhere in the middle of dinner, like the German pudding, and our landlord astonished us by following the three courses of stewed veal with sardines fried in oil, and ambuscaded in a mass of boiled green peppers. After that we were contented.

The hotel guest, however, is on the whole regarded as a necessary evil, a nuisance tolerated only because some few of the finest race in the world can make money out of him. The landlord lived with his family on the ground-floor, and furnished little domestic tableaux as we passed in and out; but he never paid any attention to us, and even looked rather hurt at the intrusion of so many strangers into his hostelry. Nor did the high-born sewing-women who sat on the public stairs, and left only a narrow space for other people to ascend or descend by, consider it necessary to stir in the least for our convenience. The fonda had more of the old tavern or posada style about it than most hotels patronized by foreigners. The entrance door led immediately into a double court, where two or three yellow equipages stood, and from which the kitchen, storerooms, and stable all branched off in some clandestine way. Above, at the eaves, these courts were covered with canvas awnings wrinkled in regular folds on iron rods—sheltering covers which remained drawn from the first flood of the morning sun until after five in the afternoon. Early and late I used to look down into the inner court, observing the men and women of the household as they dressed fish and silently wrung the necks of chickens, or sat talking a running stream of nothingness by the hour, for love of their own glib but uncouth voices. People of this province intone rather than talk: their sentences are set to distinct drawling tunes such as I never before encountered in ordinary speech, and their thick lisping of all sibilants, combined with the usual contralto of their voices, gives the language a sonorous burr, for which one soon acquires a liking. Sunday is the great hair-combing day in Toledo, if I may judge from the manner in which women carried on that soothing operation in their doorways and *patios*;

THE TOILET—OPEN-AIR SOIRÉE ON THE ALAMEDA.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

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A TOLEDO PRIEST.

and in this inner court below my window one of the servants, sitting on a stone slab, enjoyed the double profit of sewing and of letting a companion manipulate her yard-long locks of jet, while others sat near fanning themselves and chattering. Another time a little girl, dark as an Indian, came there in the morning to wash a kerchief at the stone tank always brimming with dirty water; after which she executed, unsuspicious of my gaze, a singularly weird *pas seul*, a sort of shadow dance, on the pavement, and then vanished.

All the houses are roofed with heavy curved tiles, which fit together so as to let the air circulate under their hollow grooves, and a species of many-seeded grass sprouts out of these baked earth coverings, out of the ledges of old towers and belfries, and from the crevices of the great cathedral itself, like the downy hair on an old woman's cheek.

The view along almost any one of the ancient streets, which are always tilted by the hilly site, is wonderfully quaint in its irregularities. Every window is heavily grated with iron, from the top to the bottom story, even the openings high up in the cathedral spire being similarly guarded, until the whole place looks like a metropolis of prisons. In the stout doors, too, there are small openings or peep-holes, such as we had seen still in actual use at Madrid, the relics of an epoch when even to open to an unknown visitor might be dangerous. White, white, white the sunshine, and the walls of pink or yellow-brown, of pale green and blue, are sown with deep shadows and broken by big archways, often surmounted by rich knightly escutcheons. Balconies with tiled floors turning their colors down toward the sidewalk stud the fronts, and long curtains stream over them like cloaks fluttering in the breeze. At one point a peak-roofed tower rises above the rest of its house with sides open to the air and cool shadow within, where perhaps a woman sits and works behind a row of bright flowering plants. Doves inhabited the fonda roof unmolested by the spiritless cats that, flat as paper, slept in the undulations of the tiles; for the Toledan cats and dogs are the most wretched of their kind. They get even less to eat than their human neighbors, which is saying a great deal. And beyond the territory of the doves my view extended to a slender bell spire at the end of the cathedral, poised in the bright air like a flower-stalk, with one bell seen through an interstice as if it were a blossom. At another point the main spire rose out of what might be called a rich thicket of Gothic work. Its tall thin shaft is encircled near the point with sharp radiating spikes of iron, doubtless intended to recall the crown of thorns, and in this sign of the Passion held forever aloft, three hundred feet above the ground, there is a penetrating pathos, a solemn beauty.

III.

The cathedral of Toledo, long the seat of the Spanish primate, stands in the first rank of cathedrals, and is invested with a ponderous gloom that has something almost savage about it. For six centuries art, ecclesiasticism, and royal power lavished their resources upon it, and its dusky chapels are loaded with precious gems and metals, tawdry though the style of their ornamentation often is. The huge pillars that divide its five naves rise with a peculiar inward curve, which gives them an elastic look of growth. They are the giant roots from which the rest has spread. Under the golden gratings and jasper steps of the high altar Cardinal Mendoza lies buried, with a number of the older Kings of Spain, in a grewsome sunless vault; but at the back of the altar there is contrived with theatrical effect a burst of white light from a window in the arched ceiling, around the pale radiance of which are assembled painted figures, gradually giving place to others in veritable relief, all sprawling, flying, falling down the wall inclosing the altar, as if one were suddenly permitted to see a swarm of saints and angels careering in a beam of real supernatural illumination. A private covered gallery leads above the street from the archbishop's palace into one side of the mighty edifice; and this, with the rambling, varied aspect of the exterior, in portions resembling a fortress, with a stone sentry-box on the roof, recalls the days of prelates who put themselves at the head of armies,

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TOLEDO SERVITORS AT THE FOUNTAIN.

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leading in war as in everything else. A spacious adjoining cloister, full of climbing ivy and figs, Spanish cypress, the smooth-trunked laurel-tree, and many other growths, all bathed in opulent sunshine, marks the site of an old Jewish market, preserved in one of the chapels. A former inscription said to believers, "Use yourselves to kiss it for your much consolation," and their obedient lips have in time greatly worn down the stone. Later on, the church was used as a mosque by

A GROUP OF MENDICANTS.

which Archbishop Tenorio in 1389 incited a mob to burn in order that he might have room for this sacred garden. But the voices of children now ring out from the upper rooms of the cloister building, where the widows and orphans of cathedral servants are given free homes. Through this "cloister of the great church" it was that Cervantes says he hurried with the MS. of Cid Hamete Benengeli, containing Don Quixote's history, after he had bought it for half a real—just two cents and a half.

A temple of the barbaric and the barbarous, the cathedral dates from the thirteenth century; but it was preceded by one which was built to the Virgin in her lifetime, tradition says; and she came down from heaven to visit her shrine. The identical slab on which she alighted is still the infidel conquerors, and when they were driven out it was pulled down to be replaced by the present huge and solemn structure. But by a compromise with the subjugated Moors, a Muzarabic mass (a seeming mixture of Mohammedan ritual with Christian worship) was ordained to be said in a particular chapel; and there it is recited still, every morning in the year. I attended this weird, half-Eastern ceremony, which was conducted with an extraordinary, incessant babble of rapid prayer from the priests in the stalls, precisely like the inarticulate hum one imagines in a mosque. On the floor below and in front of the altar steps was placed a richly draped chest, perhaps meant to represent the tomb of Mohammed in the Caaba, and around it stood lighted candles.

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During the long and involved mass one of the younger priests, in appearance almost an imbecile, had the prayer he was to read pointed out for him by an altar-boy with what looked like a long knife-blade used for the purpose. Soon after an incense-bearing acolyte nudged him energetically to let him know that his turn had now come. This was the only evidence I could discover of any progress in knowledge or goodness resulting from the Muzarabic mass.

At one time Toledo had, besides the cathedral, a hundred and ten churches. Traces of many of them are still seen in small arches rising from the midst of house-tops, with a bell swung in the opening; but the most have fallen into disuse, and the greatest era of the hierarchy has passed. The great priests have also passed, and those who now dwell here offer to the most unprejudiced eye a dreary succession of bloated bodies and brutish faces. Sermons are never read in the gorgeous cathedral pulpits, and the Church, as even an ardent Catholic assured me, seems, at least locally, dead. The priests and the prosperous shop-keepers are almost the only beings in Toledo who look portly: the rest are thin, brown, wiry, and tall, with fine creases in their hard faces that appear to have been drilled there by the sand-blast process.

The women, however, even in the humbler class, preserve a fine, fresh animal health, which makes you wonder how they ever grow old, until you see some tottering creature who is little more than a mass of sinews and wrinkles held together by a skirt and a neckerchief—the *pañuelo* universal with her sex. At noon and evening the serving-women came out to the fountains, distributed here and there under groups of miniature locust-trees, to fetch water for their houses. They carried huge earthen jars, or *cantaros*, which they would lug off easily under one arm, in attitudes of inimitable grace.

If religious sway over temporal things has declined, Toledo still impresses one as little more than a big church founded on the rock, with room made for the money-changers' benches, and an unimaginable jumble of palaces once thronged with powerful courtiers and abundant in wealth, but at this day chiefly inhabited by persons of humble quality. Nightly there glows in the second story of a building on the Zocodover, where *autos-da-fe* used to be held, a large arched shrine of the Virgin hung with mellow lamps, so that not even with departing daylight shall religious duty be put aside by the commonplace crowd shuffling through the plaza beneath. Everywhere in angles and turnings and archways one comes upon images and pictures fixed to the wall under a pointed roof made with two short boards, to draw a passing genuflection or incidental *ave* from any one who may be going by on an errand of business or—as more often occurs—laziness. Feast-days, too, are still ardently observed. With all this, somehow, the fact connects itself that the

A PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR.

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populace are instinctive, free-born, insatiable beggars. The magnificently chased doorways of the cathedral festered with revolting specimens of human disease and degeneration, appealing for alms. Other more prosperous mendicants were regularly on hand for business every day at the "old stand" in some particular thoroughfare. I remember one especially whose whole capital was invested in a superior article of nervous complaint, which enabled him to balance himself between the wall and a crutch, and there oscillate spasmodically by the hour. In this he was entirely beyond competition, and cast into the shade those merely routine professionals who took the common line of bad eyes or uninterestingly motionless deformities. It used to depress them when he came on to the ground. Bright little children, even, in perfect health, would desist from their amusements and assail us, struck with the happy thought that they might possibly wheedle the "strangers" into some untimely generosity. There was one pretty girl of about ten years, who laughed outright at the thought of her own impudence, but stopped none the less for half an hour on her way to market (carrying a basket on her arm) in order to pester poor Velazquez while he was sketching, and begged him for money, first to get bread, and then shoes, and then anything she could think of.

A hand opened to receive money would be a highly suitable device for the municipal coat of arms.

My friend's irrepressible pencil, by-the-way, made him the centre of a crowd wherever he went. Grave business men came out of their shops to see what he was drawing; loungers made long and ingenious détours in order to obtain a good view of his labors; ragamuffins elbowed him, undismayed by energetic remarks in several languages; until finally he was moved to get up and display the contents of his pockets, inviting them even to read some letters he had with him. To this gentle satire they would sometimes yield. We fell a prey, however, to one silent youth of whom we once unguardedly asked a question. After that he considered himself permanently engaged to pilot us about. He would linger for hours near the fonda dinnerless, and, what was even more terrible, sleepless, so that he might fasten upon us the moment we should emerge. If he discovered our destination, he would stride off mutely in advance, to impress on us the fact that we were under obligation to him; and when we found the place we wanted, he waited patiently until we had rewarded him with a half-cent. If we gratified him by asking him the way, he responded by silently stretching forth his arm and one long forefinger with a lordly gesture, still striding on; and he had a very superior Castilian sneering smile, which he put on when he looked around to see if we were following. He gradually became for us a sort of symbolic shadow of the town's vanished greatness; and from his mysterious way of coming into sight and haunting us in the most unexpected places, we gave him the name of "Ghost." Nevertheless, we baffled him at last. In the Street of the Christ of Light there is a small but exceedingly curious mosque, now converted into a church, so ancient in origin that some of the capitals in it are thought to show Visigothic work, so that it must have been a Christian church even before the Moorish invasion. Close by this we chanced upon a charming old *patio*, or court-yard, entered through a wooden gate, and by dexterously gliding in here and shutting the gate we exorcised "Ghost" for some time.

The broad red tiles of this *patio* contrasted well with its whitewashed arcade pillars, on which were embossed the royal arms of Castile; and the jutting roof of the house was supported on elaborate beams of old Spanish cedar cracked with age. It was sadly neglected. Flowers bloomed in the centre, but a pile of lumber littered one side; and the house was occupied by an old woman who was washing in the arcade, her tub being the half of a big terra-cotta jar laid on its side. She spread her linen out on the hot pavement to dry, and a sprightly neighbor coming in with a basket of clothes and a "Health to thee!" was invited to dry *her* wash on a low tile roof adjoining.

"Solitude" served at once as her name and to describe her surroundings. We made friends with her, the more easily because she was much interested in the sketch momently growing under my companion's touch.

"And *you* don't draw?" she inquired of me.

I answered apologetically, "No."

Having seen me glancing over a book, she added, as if to console me, and with emphasis, "But you can read!" To her

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AN OLD PATIO.

mind that was a sister art and an equal one.

She went on to tell how her granddaughter had spent ten years in school, and at the end of that time was able to read. "But now she is forgetting it all. She goes out and plays too much with the *muchachas*" (young girls).

This amiable grandmother also took us in to see her domicile, which proved to be a part of the old city wall, and had a fine view from its iron-barred window. She

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"MEN AND BOYS SLUMBER OUT-OF-DOORS EVEN IN THE HOT SUN."

declared vaguely that "a count" had formerly lived there; but it had more probably been the gate-captain's house, for close by was one of the fortified ports of the inner defenses. A store-room, in fact, which she kept full of pigeons and incredibly miscellaneous old iron, stood directly over the arched entrance, and there we saw the heavy beam and windlass which in by-gone ages had hoisted or let fall the spiked portcullis.

The majority of people in the hill city who can command a daily income of ten cents will do no work. Numbers of the inhabitants are always standing or leaning around drowsily, like animals who have been hired to personate men, and are getting tired of the job. Every act approaching labor must be done with long-drawn leisure. Men and boys slumber out-of-doors even in the hot sun, like dogs; after sitting meditatively against a wall for a while one of them will tumble over on his nose—as if he were a statue undermined by time—and remain in motionless repose wherever he happens to strike. Business with the trading class itself is an incident, and resting is the essence of the mundane career.

Nevertheless, the place has fits of activity. When the mid-day siesta is over, there is a sudden show of doing something. Men begin to trot about with a springy, cat-like motion, acquired from always walking up and down hill, which, taken with their short loose blouses, dark skins, and roomy canvas slippers, gives them an astonishing likeness to Chinamen. The slip and scramble of mule hoofs and donkey hoofs are heard on the steep pavements, and two or three loud-voiced, lusty men, with bare arms, carrying a capacious tin can and a dipper, go roaring through the torrid streets, "Horcha-ta!" Then the cathedral begins wildly pounding its bells, all out of tune, for

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vespers. The energy which has broken loose for a couple of hours is discovered to be a mistake, and another interval of relaxation sets in, lasting through the night, and until the glare of fiery day-break, greeted by the shrill whistling of midst of the most sublime emotion aroused by the associations or grim beauty of Toledo, you are sure to be stopped short by some intolerable odor.

The primate city was endowed with enough of color and quaintness almost to

STREET SCENE WITH GOATS, TOLEDO.

the remorseless pet quail, sets the insect-like stir going again for a short time in the forenoon. Because of such apathy, and of a more than the usual Latin disregard for public decency, the streets and houses are allowed to become pestilential, and drainage is unknown. Enervating luxury of that sort did well enough for the Romans and Moors, but is literally below the level of Castilian ideas. In the compensate for this. We never tired of the graceful women walking the streets vestured in garments of barbaric tint and endlessly varied ornamentation, nor of the men in short breeches split at the bottom, who seemed to have splashed pots of vari-colored paint at hap-hazard over their clothes, and insisted upon balancing on their heads broad-brimmed, pointed hats like a combination of sieve and inverted

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funnel. There was a spark of excitement, again, in the random entry of a "guard of the country," mounted on his emblazoned donkey saddle, with a small arsenal in his waist sash, and a couple of guns slung behind on the beast's flanks, ready for marauders. Even now in remembrance the blots on Toledo fade, and I see its walls and towers throned grandly amid those hills that were mingled of white powder and fire at noontide, but near evening cooled themselves down to olive and russet citron, with burning rosy shadows resting in the depressions.

One of the first spectacles that presented itself to us will remain also one of the latest recollections. Between San Juan de los Reyes and the palace of Roderick we met unexpectedly a crowd of boys and girls, followed by a few men, all carrying lighted candles that glowed spectrally, for the sun was still half an hour high in the west. A stout priest, with white hair and a vinous complexion, had just gone down the street, and this motley group was following the same direction. Somewhat in advance walked a boy with a small black and white coffin held in place on his head by his upraised arms, as if it were a toy; and in the midst of the candle-bearers moved a light bier, like a basket-cradle, carried by girls, and containing the small waxen form of a dead child three or four years old, on whose impassive, colorless face the orange glow of approaching sunset fell, producing an effect natural yet incongruous. A scampering dog accompanied the mourners, if one may call them such, for they gave no token of being more impressed, more touched by emotion, than he. The cradle-bier swayed from side to side as if with a futile rockaby motion, until the bearers noticed how carelessly they were conveying it down the paved slope; and the members of the procession talked to each other with a singular indifference, or looked at anything which caught their random attention. As the little rabble disappeared through the Puerta del Cambron, with their long candles dimly flaming, and the solemn childish face in their midst, followed by the poor unconscious dog, it seemed to me that I beheld in allegory the departure from Toledo of that spirit of youth whose absence leaves it so old and worn.

A STRANGE FUNERAL.

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MARJORIE GRAY.

BLITHE in the sun of a summer's day
Tripped little old-fashioned Marjorie Gray,
Maiden quaint of a long-past day—
Marjorie Gray!
Loud sang the robins on branch and spray,
Madly and gladly and long sang they,
Carolled to Marjorie on her way—
Loud sang they!

Sweet was the roses' breath in the air,
Clear flowed the brook through the gardens fair,
White lay the road in the sun's bright glare—
Warm the glare!

But maid Marjorie, waiting there,
Had not for heat nor dust a care,
Knew not that she and the roses rare
Were so fair;

Saw not the lithe and graceful hound
Running to meet her with joyful bound,
Leaping and springing over the ground—
Friendly hound!
Farther away, with gaze profound,
And girlish forehead slightly frowned,
Her eager eyes their object found—
Gladly found!

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She was a little belle from the town,
Dainty in manner and face and gown;
He was a poet of no renown,
Far from town;
Yet the haughty eyes so brown,
Under the poet's smile, or frown,
Gleamed with joy, or, shy, looked down,
Soft and brown.

Sad that one could not leave them so,
Maiden and poet of long ago,
Meeting with joy by the old hedge-row—
Long ago.
But time's departure, steady and slow,
With years of roses and years of snow,
Has wrapped the park in chill and glow—
Roses and snow!

Marjorie married the son of a peer;
Marjorie's life was short and drear;
Forgotten she, for many a year,
In church-yard drear;
While to the poet's record clear
Came sweet fame and a long career,
Fortune, and love, and all things dear—
Blessed career!

Blithe was that summer passed away;
Happy the little maid, they say;
Tender the poet that sunny day—
Passed away.
Flown are the birds from tree and spray;
Dust is sweet little Marjorie Gray;
Deathless the honored poet's lay—
Welladay!

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF DEATH.

THE conception of its own mortality does not naturally occur to the child. Life is the recognized fact, and my confidence of exemption from the common and inevitable fate of all mankind was early shaken by the death of two playmates.

One morning in June our old teacher's little flock were all present in the brick school-house at the end of the village, except one boy. The teacher, upon opening the school, said, solemnly, that little Frank had the canker-rash, and explaining to us the dangerous nature of the malady, admonished us to keep away from the neighborhood of his residence. His words seemed to make no impression, save perhaps a vague feeling of envy of Frank, who was free from confinement in school. But day by day the teacher each morning reported poor Frank as worse, and still worse, until one morning he told us, with tremulous voice, that he was dead. Early in the morning, he said, while we were all sleeping comfortably in our beds, God had taken him away forever. Our slow sympathies were finally aroused, and we looked and felt as sad as we could. Some of the girls cried, and looked reproachfully at those who did not, and seemed quite to plume themselves upon their moral superiority. Still, we scarcely understood that our mate was gone forever, never to come among us again, that he was dead, or rather what death meant, and in a little time poor Frank seemed forgotten by his schoolmates, even by the girls who cried.

School was dismissed the afternoon of the funeral, that the children might attend, and I saw the pale face of my schoolmate in his coffin, but do not remember that I experienced any alarm, or that it made any weighty impression upon my mind. As Frank lived in a distant part of the village, and we seldom met except at school, I was probably not intimate enough with him to feel his death as I did that of another companion when, later in the season, the same dread disease attacked a bright little girl just across the street from my own home, with whom I and the other children played habitually when out of school. My fears, which had perhaps been somewhat disturbed by the death of Frank, were now thoroughly awakened. The dread that came over me was very great, and when, in three days, from life and perfect health, little Mary died, I was terrified. On the day of the funeral I watched the preparations with painful interest. I saw the cabinet-maker (there was no other undertaker) bring the plain deal coffin, and two men whom I did not know brought the old bier, gray with long exposure to the weather, and placed it on the grass in the front yard. There were, I noted, two slats of new board nailed across the top, which I knew were to accommodate the little coffin, and wondered if the carpenter had first measured to make sure. The two men lingered a moment to speak together, and one raised his foot and placed it upon the bier, while he leaned his elbow upon his knee for greater ease, which I thought sacrilege, such a sanctity pervaded every-

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thing that pertained to death. Soon a few early comers gathered about the gate, and I crossed the road to listen to their remarks, made in an under-tone. They spoke of the prevalence of the terrible disease, and its unusual fatality that season, compared the respective powers of the two leading physicians to cope with it, and enumerated the victims already fallen. Then they discussed the character of the dead child, spoke warmly of her intelligence and virtues, and kindly of her faults, charitably attributing them to the unguided, unrestrained life she had led until she had come to this recent home. A decent solemnity prevailed at the funeral, and I saw that some of the older members of the family, with other sympathetic females, shed tears, and I wondered why, knowing that Mary was no kin of theirs. But there were no real mourners, so to speak, for poor Mary was a sort of waif in the quiet community, who had been taken by our neighbor, perhaps in charity, from a family of children a mile or so outside the village, whose parents had both died, and left these little ones with no near relatives to care for them. Her position, I presume, was somewhat that of a servant in the family, though in that primitive country and those early days such distinctions were very slight. At all events, whatever may have been the child's position in the family she lived with, she was one, and a prominent one, of a group of children of that particular neighborhood who were much together, played, quarrelled, and made up, as children do, and by her death the conviction was forced upon my young mind that I too was mortal, and in my ignorance I made myself miserable with apprehension. I shrank from looking at my playmate in her coffin, yet was impelled by an infatuation I could not withstand; and when I looked down upon that little lifeless figure, so white and motionless, I understood the change, and saw and felt how great it was. Poor little Mary was very plain, and was in life painfully conscious of it. Though she could resent vigorously any allusion to it by her mates, she would shrink away timidly when she discovered that she was the object of especial observation on the part of her seniors. In death how changed! There was no shrinking now from the gaze of any. How unbecoming that pallor was, making the brown freckles more conspicuous by contrast, as also the red hair, about which she was so sensitive in life, and which was now combed back from the narrow forehead! Her thin hands were stiffly folded across the little breast. As I noted each minute circumstance and detail with dreadful exactness that impressed them upon my memory, I felt that it was unfair and cruel to expose her thus to the gaze of the curious, and from my very heart I pitied her, and felt a sense of guilt and entire blame that I had ever quarrelled or been angry with her.

In the excess of my fears, my tumultuous feelings carried me without ceremony back to my home—not into the house, however, but to the garden, where I always retired when laden with sorrows and perplexities too great for the confinement of our cottage walls. There, entirely screened from view by a patch of early corn, I sat upon a potato hill, and told my troubles and anxieties to Fido, my dog. Fido sympathized with all my moods, rejoiced when I was happy, was miserable when I was sad, gave unhesitating assent to all I asserted, and never entertained a doubt of the correctness of my opinions. Could child or man ask more perfect friendship? And so I sat, mused, cried, and divided my troubles with my trusty friend, and made him as wretched as I, while he replied to my remarks, in his dog way, by various well-understood signs, sniffed, licked his jaws, and trod nervously with his white fore-feet, and so expressed his sympathy with my every thought and feeling. I told him how easy it would be for me to get the canker-rash, and die, as poor little Mary had; and what would become of him? Then I thought Fido might die of some disease peculiar to his kind—dogs did not live always—and put my arm around his neck, and cried bitterly, and Fido licked my face in sympathy. In my selfish misery, my fears did not go out beyond the patch of corn. I only thought of myself and dog; I had no apprehension for the other children. I suppose the confidence I had hitherto felt in my exemption from death was transferred to them, if, indeed, I thought of them at all. There had been some hills opened for early potatoes, and many, too small for use, lay scattered about upon the loose earth. The thought struck me, what if little children, prematurely torn from life, should also be discarded as useless, and then fell to crying again, and Fido licked away my tears. At length I grew weary of this alternate weeping and brooding, and Fido's too ready

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"AND SO I SAT, MUSED, CRIED, AND DIVIDED MY TROUBLES WITH MY TRUSTY FRIEND."

assent, and went into the house to find my mother, who had returned from the funeral, and told her all my woes. She said little Mary had been very headstrong, and would not keep within-doors when first taken ill, nor take the medicine the doctor left for her, and told me, if I did not want to be sick, to be obedient to the doctor's directions, as well as to her own commands, which I so gladly promised to do. When I told her of the metaphor of the small potatoes, a faint smile played about her features for a moment; then she asked me if I did not remember what the Saviour had said of little children, and of His love for them. I was greatly comforted; and Fido, who sat by with anxious, inquiring look, seeing my brightened expression, capered about for joy. My childish fears were quieted, to be sure, but I never regained my former confidence. That early impression of mortality, deepened by later experiences, has never quite left my mind, but comes unbidden at all seasons to claim a moment's attention, in the hours of relaxation and pleasure as well as of care and sorrow. In the busy day and in the silence of the night it is to me as the human skull to the pious recluse, a constant reminder of life's uncertainty, and mingles with every thought and feeling. "In the midst of laughter we are sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness."

LOVE'S EMPTY HOUSE.

O THOU long-silent, solitary house,
  Where Love once came and went with joyous cries,
  Or lingered long, sighing as Summer sighs
When Autumn's breath begins her fear to rouse
With fierce caress that shall make bare her boughs,
  Her tender boughs, and all her beauty's prize
  Delivered, faded, to the winds that rise
And rend her crown from her dishonored brows—

O solitary house, thine open door
  Again shall welcome sweet Love's winged tread,
His eyes shall light thee, as they lit of yore,
  In days when Love and Joy were newly wed;
  He shall return, with myrtle round his head,
And fill thy halls with music as before.

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MADAME FRIEDRICH MATERNA.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN AUSTRIA.

"Das deutsche Volk, das allein Tondichter zu zeugen vermochte, ist auch allein fähig, ihren innersten Werthe vollkommen zu erfassen."—RITTER VON HENTL.

IN the days of imperial Rome, the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church, the shrines of whose saints have been raised in every land. In these days of imperial Vienna, imagination suggests that the homes where Beethoven, Mozart, and Schubert lived, suffered, and died have consecrated this *Kaiserstadt* as the centre of the tone cultus. Certain it is that the greatest artists of the world come here to receive the benediction of "approval," and bear away to other lands the Promethean fire offered upon its musical shrines by the genius of its nations—Bohemia, Hungary, and Poland.

From the sunny Nussberg vineyards on the north, where the Beethoven pathway, *Beethovengang*, winds up the woodland hills, to the old Währinger cemetery on the west, where the Master rests forever silent beneath gray granite laurel-wreathed; from the shadowy nook in the central Stadt Park where the white marble form of Schubert rises high among the tree-tops, upon which the birds he loved so well sit singing all the day, to the grave beside Beethoven, where he sleeps under the purple violets; from the mountain-top of the Kahlenberg, where Mozart wrote *Zauberflöte*, to the eastern boundary line of the

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city, where his splendid monument marks his tomb—there extends a net-work of *Musikschule*, *Singacademie*, and *Musikvereine* which assure us that these mighty masters have not lived and worked in vain.

But not through conservatories alone do these tone poets still live and influence the Viennese. Through interpreters these masters form the chief recreation of the higher classes, and cheer the lower orders in the hours of *Abendruhe*. The classical *Streich Quartette*, the popular concerts, and the "Restauration" bands bring music into the daily life of these kind-hearted Austrians.

The popular concerts of Vienna are perhaps the most effectual in training the musical apprehension of the people: time, form, rhythm, are unconsciously borne in upon them. The summer is the best season to attend these entertainments; then they can be listened to in the open air, in the shady walks of the Volksgarten, or under the moonlight among the flower beds of the promenade, or, if you like gaslight and pretty *bourgeoisie* faces better, at the little tables of the Restauration Garden.

There, in the Volksgarten, Edward Strauss leads with matchless grace his admirable orchestra through waltzes as witching as the dreamy flowing of the Danube beneath the summer stars, and the Mendelssohn Lieder, full of legend and Volksong—forms of mythical rhythm, purest rhetoric of tone. As the violins and harps sink into silence, the brass instruments of some archducal regiment take up the story, and well-known opera airs, overtures, anthems, and marches fill the night breeze with their golden notes; then, sinking to silence in silver clarion tones, leave their delicious echoes to the French horns, almost assuring us that we do indeed hear

"The horns of Elfland faintly blowing."

The music and the scene are essentially Viennese; even the more scholarly musicians, tired perhaps of the day's study of classic "forms," weary of the metaphysical brain-work required by modern harmony and orchestration, come to rest in the cool of the garden, and drink their beer to the perfect tempo and graceful ease of Strauss's measures. Such music is to them only as the pleasant taste of the cold lager, but the tonic, the grand fundamental tone, the strength-giving properties of the beer itself, they find in their own brew-house, their Conservatoire distillations of Marx, Wagner, and a host of other harmonists.

The Prater can not be omitted in mentioning the open-air concerts. Every "Restauration" there has its band; some have orchestras of stringed instruments, and these are the pleasantest. Indeed, every amusement there is musically reenforced, from the Wurst Theatre to the *carrousel* hobby-horses, which children ride in a circle, turned to strains of invisible hand-organs.

All Austrian nations can hear their Volkslieder in the Prater. There we find harpists of Galicia blending their sad Polish airs, and the Czigány bands of the Hungarian restaurants, with their wailing violins and tremolo of cymbalom. Very miserable bands they are sometimes, for these gypsies, when well organized, find too much patronage at home to risk subsistence in Vienna; but however miserably they play the Csárdás and "Repülj fecském ablakára," when heard where gas jets twinkle in the deep dark avenues, making the scene as wild and weird as the tones from cymbalom and viol, one forgets to criticise; sound is blended in scene, and sight subdues the sense of hearing.

During the winter months these concerts are given in the Gartensaal, Cursalon, or by Strauss in the Musikvereinssaal. There we find Mendelssohn, Wagner, Verdi, and Schubert Abende.

Private orchestras as sustained by the chief nobles of the empire ceased about the beginning of this century. The best and last was that of Prince Schwarzenberg. In 1809, we find Prince Ferdinand Kinsky and Prince Franz-Josef Lobkowitz paying Beethoven a certain annuity, but the grand old custom of sustaining private Capellmeister with their orchestras, as practiced by the most distinguished cavaliers of Austria, the Liechtensteins, Esterhazys, and Schwarzenbergs, has ceased. Baron Rothschild of our day, however, has supported a private orchestra, and his musical entertainments are on a level with his more than princely fortune.

It would be a tedious task to give an exact account of the innumerable musical societies, and of the schools where pupils are most admirably instructed in the science and technicalities of music. The

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principal societies are the Philharmonic and Singvereine of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreund. The Wiener Männergesangverein, under Kremser, the Arion Mannerchor, Schubert-Bund, and St. Cecilia, are all excellent choral societies. The Wagner-Verein, a propaganda for the metaphysical, mathematical, mystical, æsthetically intense school of that master, is perhaps the most intellectually cultured of private societies. Quartette and quintette clubs belong rather to the few musical directors, of whom we shall speak later, than to the public societies. In the city where Joseph Lanner, the Vienna waltz king, was born, and where his birth-place in the Vorstadt Neubau still stands, innumerable small orchestras have sprung up to follow in the footsteps of the composer of the Schönbrunner Walzer. Amidst the *embarras de richesses* Strauss is of course the best, and the Fahrbachsche Capelle worthy of mention.

The Vienna Conservatory is the only one which exerts supreme influence upon the musical societies of the Kaiserstadt. Its professors are among the most distinguished artists, theorists, authors, and teachers in the world. It is untiring in its efforts to educate its pupils. Talent and genius are aided in every possible way. The students have free access to the best concerts, almost free access to the opera, and all other grand musical entertainments, and the unflagging interest of the professors in those intrusted to their care insures sound progress and perfect success. First among the Conservatory concerts stands the Hellemsberger Quartette, organized by that most talented and highly cultivated artist Joseph Hellemsberger in 1849. To him Vienna owes its wondrous perfection of art, the Streich Quartette, whose careful rendition of the Kammermusik of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann has created that peculiar intellectual apprehension and power to criticise found nowhere but in Vienna. The Florentiner Quartette of Prague, under Jean Becker, has given entrancing musical evenings in Vienna, but its splendid triumphs have been the result of the careful systematic musical education developed by Hellemsberger and his superb quartette. Pianists such as Alfred Grünfeld, whose admirable rendition of the literature of modern music awakens most tremendous applause, Löwenstein, and Grün, often give most charming piano recitals; while foreign artists—Von Bülow and Rubinstein, Scharwenka and Joachim—come yearly to this imperial home of music, and bring with them their choicest treasures of art.

Charming piano recitals and musical evenings are constantly afforded the Viennese at the Bösendorfer-Saal in the Liechtenstein Palace during the Lenten concert season. Liszt from Pesth, St.-Saens, Ritter, and Savori from Paris, Xavier Scharwenka, and Dvořák from Prague, Anton Rucklauf with his soft toneful touch, Rafael Joseffy, whose exquisite technique gives such golden promise of future fame, Sarasate from Spain, and Sauret from America, with the Hungarian virtuoso Auer, fill the hours with magical harmonies.

Leopold Auer was born at Veszprim in 1845. He used to play with more earnestness and fire fifteen years ago, but he now possesses a silvery clear pianissimo which, as a musical friend in Vienna said at a Gesellschaft concert this winter, "sounds as if he was practicing at night, and feared to awaken the neighbors." This peculiar pianissimo is charming, and he has given some of the Beethoven quartettes with Bachrich, Hilbert, and Popper in a masterly manner. It is true, his assistants Bachrich and Hilbert supported him with firm concerting power, and Herr Popper's wondrous 'cello-playing came like a fresh invigorating breeze through the whole, but a sympathetic beauty and development of the motivo glided from Auer's bowing which marked him essentially as the leader.

Among the gracefully cultured *pianistes* who give yearly piano recitals are Madame Benôis and Essipoff (now Madame Lechitinska), and Madame Toni Raab. These *artistes* do not belong to the Rubinstein school, or, as it is said in Vienna of lady pianists of the present day, "the piano-demolishing society." They have power and passion enough, but exquisite delicacy of touch, and intellectual apprehension of the music they render—a peculiar finish which the feminine followers of Rubinstein ignore.

The early spring days are sure to bring Adelina Patti and Nicolini from Paris; then Christine Nilsson, with the glorious tenor Faure, and the delicious *colorateur* singer Frau Schuch-Prohaska, from Berlin, and the tenor Herr Schott from Hanover, with Jäger, the inimitable Siegfried in

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all but voice. He acts and looks his part, and the audience, borne into fable-land by the incomparable orchestra, forget personalities, for singing and voice tone are subordinate in the stupendous orchestral and scenic effects which Wagner's music demands. And where else is Wagner given as in Vienna? Where, indeed, is another Hans Richter to be found? Every succeeding year he rises into fuller glory. He is more and more wonderful in his apprehension of the masters whose works he brings before the public. Jahn, of whom we shall speak later, is now in charge of the Hofoper, but Richter, the director of its orchestra and the Philharmonic Society, is the one to whom Wagner owes most gratitude for the superb manner in which his operas have been put upon the Vienna stage. To Richter alone, aided of course by such an orchestra and such a staff of singers as the Hofoper boasts, must be awarded the magnificent success of the *Nibelungen Ring* cyclus as given two winters ago.

Madame Friedrich Materna is in all historical operas a great *artiste*, but she seems born to be the Wagnerian priestess. In no other operas does she rise to those ideal heights of grandeur which are required in Wagner's *Nibelungen* cyclus. No ordinary nature could personate the half human, half Walküre Brünnhilde so exquisitely. Materna seems endowed with mind, heart, form, and voice for the character. She is a true daughter of Wotan and Erda, and the superhuman efforts required of an artist seem to fall naturally from this strangely magnetic mythological woman. The highest of all art—the art which conceals art—is hers, and in the Weltbegrüssung, when those glorious arpeggios, springing in accord from the golden-toned harps of Zamara and his daughter, mount up in round full tones, trembling with passionate power at the entrance into the new world—which is, indeed, the old—

"Heil dir, Sonne!
Heil dir, Licht!"—

and the white-robed figure in the magnificent grandeur of a goddess rises from the rock where she has slept for years on the lonely mountain, it seems no human woman, it is Brünnhilde the Walküre! But at the words

"Ich bin erwacht!"

the earthly Nature dawns, and in the passionate measures of the Liebesgruss she rushes into the arms of Siegfried. The

"mountain's purple rim"

shimmers through the measures of the

"Siegfried seliger Held!
Du Wecker des Lebens, siegendes Licht!"

where the Sterbegesang, which surges up in the line,

"Dich Zarten nährt' ich, noch eh' du gezeugt,

reminds them they are of this earth. Materna is the only Brünnhilde in the world; until she has been heard, Wagner's creation of a *human* Walküre can not even be apprehended.

Madame Bertha Ehnn, with Fräulein Kraus and Siegstädt, should not be forgotten in connection with Wagner's operas. They are charming in every *rôle*, but their clear sweet voices execute the difficult cadenzas and unrhythmic measures of their parts in *Walküre* or *Siegfried* with flute-like purity. Of Mesdames Kupfer, Woriani, and Bianci one can not say as much: they are passably adapted to *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, *Fliegender Holländer*, and *Rienzi*, but their voices are better suited to the Mozart, Rossini, and Meyerbeer operas. Pauline Lucca, now Baroness Wallhofen, has been too often heard in America to need mention in these pages.

Herr Gustav Walter, the tenor, ought never to be judged from his operatic performances. His acting is good, and his voice deliciously sweet; but he can not be properly appreciated until he has been heard in the Schubert Lieder, at the concert which he gives early in March, in memory of Franz Schubert. It is almost impossible to obtain tickets to this concert, as they are ordered and bought months in advance. It is given in the Bösendorfer-Saal, and the room is small. The concert is more an In Memoriam, a requiem for the great master, given before the aristocracy and artists of Vienna, than a musical entertainment for the multitude.

Walter's sympathetic power to correctly apprehend an author is especially wonderful. Beethoven's "Blümchen Wunderhold," a simple child-like melody and accompaniment, he sings with such earnest, soulful expression that it becomes a new creation, a masterpiece which no other master has hitherto discovered it to be.

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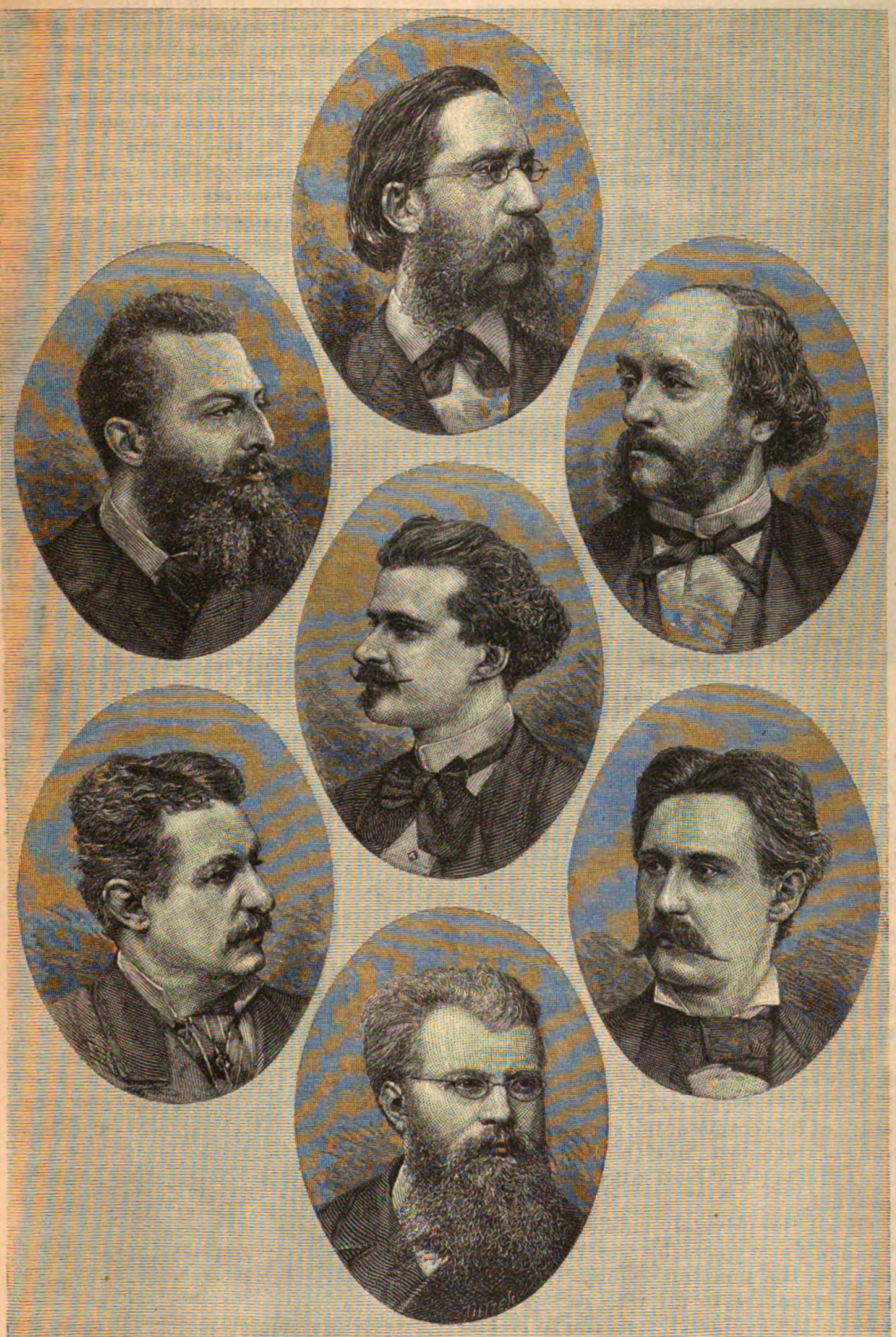

LEOPOLD AUER.
GUSTAV WALTER.

PROFESSOR EPSTEIN.
EDWARD STRAUSS.
HANS RICHTER.

JOSEPH HELLEMSBERGER.
XAVIER SCHARWENKA.

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MADAME BIANCI.

In a Schumann and Brahms evening, mixed with gems from Goldmark and Grödener, last winter, Walter gave two singular Zigeuner melodies from Anton Dvořák, exotics, for which his mezzo voice is particularly adapted.

Rokitansky, the superb basso, and Scaria, the Wotan in *Rheingold*, with voices of splendid power, and Beck the younger, with his father's voice, but fresher and clearer, if occasionally wanting in depth, are artists of the first rank.

Rokitansky's acting, however, is the despair of all prime donne. When Juliet dies, Father Lorenzo—Rokitansky—is generally at one corner of the stage talking to some of the chorus, and the descendant of the Capulets has hard work to get him near her.

Of all the privately public concerts in Vienna, those given by the Wagner-Verein are the most enjoyable. They are open, of course, to all who can procure tickets; but as these tickets are to be had only through the members of the society, it is not easy to secure them. Each member has a sister or brother to bring, and when it comes to a musical treat, people are not generous to mere friends; they serve their own families first. At these concerts selections from Wagner's works are given by the best artist members, or guests from other cities whom they have invited. One of the most talented young Capellmeister is the pianist Theodor Mottl, the director of the orchestra at the Komische Oper on the Schottenring. This is the opera-house where Patti and other Italian singers are heard in Vienna. Mr. Mottl is the accompanist and tutor (or coach, to use an English term) for the prima donna Kupfer-Berger. The office might be a sinecure if he would allow himself to share the *dolce far niente* nature of this fair artiste, but he makes her work hard. Madame Kupfer spent a few weeks near our summer home in the neighborhood of the Sofean Alps two years ago. Poor Mottl had hard work to make her repeat operatic passages she slurred over in studying; but he did it, and when we heard her in the fall at the re-opening of the opera season, the effect of her careful training during the summer told in her voice.

Madame Marie Wilt, who has now left Vienna for Leipsic, is one of the greatest vocal losses the Kaiserstadt has experienced. Her voice is wonderful, almost superhuman in its power. It is like a steam-whistle on some high notes, but the grandeur, breadth, and organ quality of her medium tones are superb. A coarser-look-

PROFESSOR ANTOINE ZAMARA.

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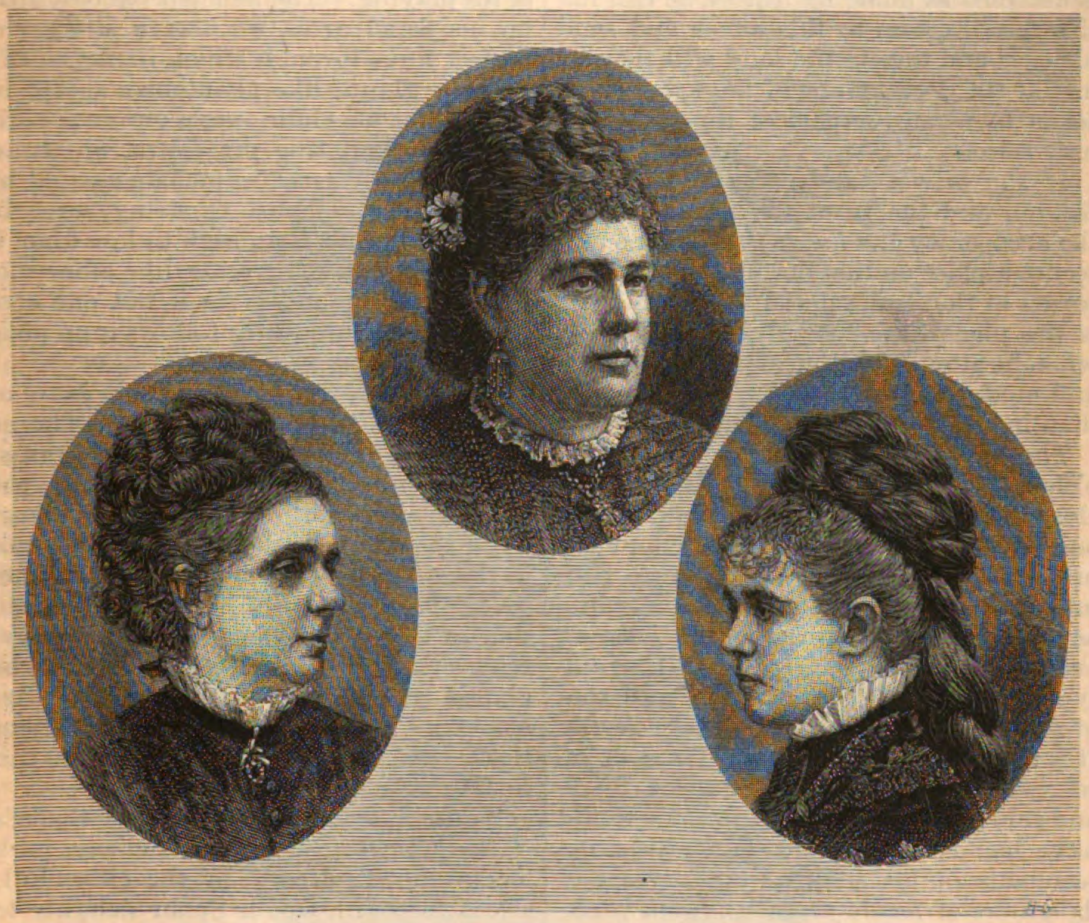
ing creature never tortured the eyes of an audience. She is impossible to disguise. The magnificence of her regal costume in Margaret of Valois, the stately velvets of Lucretia Borgia, the violet robes of Bertha in *Le Prophète*, could not change the fat ungainly form or refine the coarse features of the thrifty frugal housewife whom the kreutzers she had given him the day before. Notwithstanding all this small gossip about her miserly ways, she rises to sublimity in her art. At one of the last Künstler Abende at which she sang before leaving Vienna, her rendition of Schubert's "Die Allmacht" was grandiose —*kolossalisch*, as the Austrians express a



MATHILDE MARCHESI. MARIE WILT. BERTHA EHNN.

Strakosch is said to have found scrubbing her kitchen floor when he called to secure an American engagement with her. However this may be, she is a notable housewife, and prefers disputing over the price of eggs, and the amount of *Wurst* given for ten kreutzers, to singing for anything but money. She has no sympathetic genius to work upon. She took up singing at the age of thirty-one as a trade, and a trade she has made of it ever since. One of the best stories told of Wilt, quite possible and probable, is that on her good-natured days she gives two kreutzers to the *Zahlkellner* at the café, but when ill-tempered she asks him to return one of certain grandeur of effect. This evening Marie Wilt sang as no woman ever sang before. She is probably the most dramatic singer the world has ever known. Cover your eyes, and it seems as if an unknown instrument was leading and overmastering the orchestra. Her voice is unearthly in its wondrous power. One is forced to admire the study that has brought such power into vocal control. It is astonishing mechanism, but a heartless, soulless voice. "Die Allmacht," however, seemed an ascription of praise; heaven and earth, mingling in the tones of the singer's voice, seemed filled with the majesty of God's glory.

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These Künstler Abende, which begin late in November and end in February, are the most delightful public musical, literary, and artistic sociables of the imperial city. Season tickets for ladies accompanied by gentlemen can be purchased for about twenty dollars each; they are not transferable, nor are ladies admitted without gentlemen. If the gentleman is detained at home by illness, he can notify the directors to this effect, and send his card and ticket; the lady will then be met at the door by one of the ushers, and taken to whatever part of the room she may select.

If she is wise, and cares nothing for fashion and the front *Cerclesitz* among the aristocracy and *haute finance*, she will secure a place on the sofa in the left-hand corner of the Saal, opposite the stage. It is the place Rubinstein always chooses when he attends Philharmonic rehearsals, and music does indeed sound better there than in other parts of the hall.

The entertainment begins about ten o'clock, after the opera and theatres are closed, for the Hofoper orchestra must get on its white and gold uniform, and the prime donne and tenori who are to sing must get into concert-stage costume, while actors and actresses must put on charming evening or ball toilet, and lounge languidly into their *artiste loge*, or share the sofa of some noble patroness in the *Cerclesitz*. It is the place to see Viennese dames dressed. One can not be overdressed there, and surely Solomon in all his glory would have had hard work to outdo these descendants of his subjects, the wives and daughters of *haute finance* Jewish bankers and lawyers. Peers of the realm, with medals and orders innumerable fastened to little gold chains on their black dress-coats; officers in brilliant uniforms; all other gentlemen in evening dress; the profusion of flowers and lights; and, above all, the superb Pompeiian crimson and gold of the Musikvereinssaal, its dead-gold walls panelled with maroon and dark blue geometrical traceries in polychrome, its ceiling panelled with pictured Muses on gold ground, and its deep blue squares bordered in gold, from which suns of gas-light blaze down upon the audience, its magnificent gold caryatides upholding the galleries, and the graceful elegance of its chandelier pendants flashing their grouped lights down on

"The gleam of satin and glimmer of pearls,"

scattering the prismatic rays from tiaras and *rivières* of diamonds that adorn the most beautiful women in the world—these are enough, even before the overture from the marvellous orchestra begins, to intoxicate every sense.

Here it is that Sarasate first delighted us with the bewitching sweetness of his violin, the unmatchable, unfailing surety of his playing. The moment the bow falls on his Straduarius we hear a stream of perfect tone, through which immense difficulties glance like phantoms; again, he transforms his violin into a guitar accompaniment, imitating *pizzicotto*, which accompanies the graceful melody carried by the bow. The Ernst G string scratching, and soaring from high to low tone, is applauded, and so Sarasate, like other violinists, submits and gives it, but one sees that the applause which follows is no pleasure to the artist.

Here, too, Xavier Scharwenka gave us his brilliant staccato *études*, and a Thema with variations in imitation of Brahms; but the imitation was too original, too Scharwenkish; no one could have recognized the simple plastic theme of Brahms in the gorgeous dress that hid but did not reveal its remembered form. His rendition of Chopin was not, as many players render that master, sickly and affected; he played with fine sentiment, technically, musically clear; he made the mysterious sickness of Chopin health. But who can imagine Chopin in health?

Another evening, Joachim, in Spohr's "Gesangscene," wafted his audience back to childhood's dreams by the clear, full, sweet tones in which Spohr delights to rock imagination into dream-land.

Then Von Bülow gave a few improvisations from Wagner. He has less melodic invention than Liszt, and perhaps the criticism of one of Vienna's best critics is true. He said, "In diesem Menschen componirt nur der Ehrgeiz!" Von Bülow's playing is the product of reflection; it does not warm us as does Rubinstein's geniality.

These Saturday night Künstler Abende ended, the audience, after a few hours' rest, are found the next day in the churches where the best music is to be heard. The Hofcapelle in the imperial Hofburg has the finest. Its choir is composed of boys under fourteen years of age, and the chief male singers of the Hofoper—Walter the tenor, Rokitansky the bass, Carl Richter, the court organist, at the organ, and

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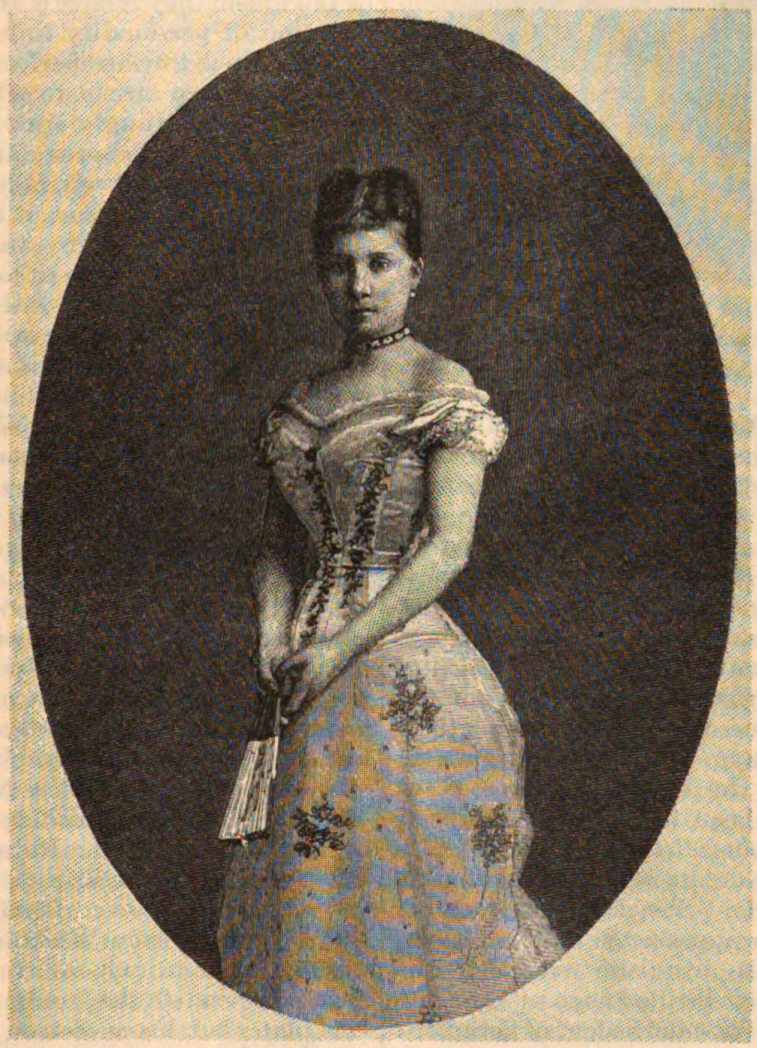
an orchestra made up from the best artists of the Philharmonic Society. The solos of Zamara, the harpist, are never heard more effectively than in the high invisible gallery of that court chapel.

The Augustiner Church is also constantly thronged for its music, but the brass instruments in the orchestra there are too noisy for Conservatory devotees, and although the old Prince di Montenuovo* writes most charming "Graduale," "Agnus Dei," and "Sanctus," he is not preferred to the more classical music given in the court chapel. The Italian singing at the Minoriten, where the charming Countess Wickenberg-Almassy often assists Madame Dustmann in the singing, is also remarkably fine. "Which is the countess, and which the opera-singer?" is often asked by more scientific critics than the Emperor of Brazil, who first started the question when he heard their rendition of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" five years ago. It is indeed hard to determine. Dustmann, with her high pure voice, full and round in scale passages, and brilliantly bravura in roulade, or the beautiful countess, with the sweetest soprano tones springing upward in aerial arpeggios, and sinking into silence through mazes of bird-like trill and warbling cadenza—it is quite too charming to stop and question; one can only listen, and sigh when the music ceases.



COUNTESS IRMA ANDRASSY.

Countess Irma Andrassy, the niece of the ex-Prime Minister, sometimes sings at this church. She has a fine contralto

* The son of Marie Louise and Count Neuberg, who, when he married the widowed ex-Empress and became a Prince, Italianized his name to "Montenuovo."

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COUNTESS WICKENBERG-ALMASSY.

voice, which Marchesi has admirably developed, but the Countess Rossi has one of the most artistically cultivated voices in Vienna. She is never heard in public; but occasionally in the choir at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, or at private musical parties at Prince Hohenlohe's, this most charming of amateurs sometimes sings. She is extremely sensitive and retiring, and shrinks from all publicity; but the name and fame of her beautiful mother, Henrietta Sontag, are too well known in America, and the entrancing melody of her voice has been heard in too many of our concert-rooms, to omit mention here of the artistic talent of her daughter the Countess Marie. She does not resemble her mother in appearance, but her tones are full of the exquisite vibration, the crystal ring, that thrilled us so in *Sonnambula* and the "Wanderlieder" of Schubert.

From the churches on Philharmonic concert days the people again hasten to the Musikvereinssaal, to hear that most perfect of musical societies in existence. It is composed of the best Conservatorists and members of the imperial opera orchestra. Their rehearsals are not opened to the public. The pupils of the conservatories, artists, teachers, and a few amateur musicians can secure tickets; but it is not fashionable to crowd into the Musikvereinssaal at two o'clock Saturday afternoons, and sit there in discomfort.

The Philharmonic are all artists, or artists in embryo, and the perfection of their playing might be described by a paraphrase on Schiller's definition of love:

> *All* hearts by one pulse beating;
> *Many* spirits, but one thought.

Their bowing is wonderful. Not one hair's-breadth do they seem to differ. Hands and arms move in metronomic precision, and the exquisite apprehension of the music they render is shown in their negation of personality to form a perfect whole. Such finished perfection can only come from true artists, to whom music is all, and who willingly sink self to merge individuality into supreme unity. Their rendition of Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart is beyond criticism; it is the perfection of earthly harmony, through which weird suggestions of spiritual tones come in whispers too mysteriously sublime to be described in words. It is under Richter that they have reached this extraordinary culture.

Under Director Jahn, of Wiesbaden, the opera orchestra has become, as Vienna critics express it, "a cathedral bell," which Jahn holds in his hand, and rings at pleasure. He has given the opera of *Puritani* so admirably that it was not tedious; he has begun to weed out poor voices and sow new ones in his prime donne realm; he has flung aside the French arrangements of former directors, and given the original text of Schubert and Mendelssohn. The operetta *Hauskrieg* is truly set before us, and even the *Lorelei*, which Mendelssohn never finished, is left sitting on her rock above the Rhine, while Weber's *Oberon* is given with entirely new scenes. Weber never liked his London libretto, taken from Wieland's poem; he wished to make one for Germany. His death prevented the accomplishment of this plan; but his successor, Franz Wüllner, the director of the court opera at Dresden, aided by De Grandaur, of Vienna, has made the text-book as given under Jahn. Wüllner's sympathy for Von Weber's peculiarities in melody, harmony, and orchestration has led him to use the master's motives for recitative, which in the English libretto is spoken prose.

Dearth of good novelties is the hardest trial of a director in Vienna. For this musical blood-poverty there seems no remedy. From 1820 to 1830, C. M. von Weber, Spohr, Rossini, Boieldieu, Hérold, and

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young Auber worked valiantly for the operatic stage; from 1830 to 1850, Bellini, Donizetti, Adam, Halévy, Meyerbeer, Marschner, Lortzing, and Kreutzer filled the musical world with melody; from 1850 to 1860 only Meyerbeer's *Nordstern* and *Dinorah*, Gounod's *Faust*, and the Verdi operas are to be found. The twenty years that have elapsed since then seem almost a barren waste in every land. Operas have been composed, it is true, as a clever critic says, "many in France, very many in Germany, an awful lot in Italy (thirty-nine in one year)," but few of them have borne more than two or three representations, and these at long intervals.

Director Jahn is wise in reviving the old operas. Spohr's *Jessonda* and Marschner's *Templar* and *Jewess* are full of pleasing phrases, which rest one after the symphonic poems heard from the Philharmonic or the Streich Quartette. The Emperor Josef II. was the founder of the German opera at Vienna; he cared little for the sonatas and symphonies of a Beethoven, but Italian music amused him, and German operettas entertained him.

We have spoken of the faithful teaching in the Vienna Conservatory; let us glance at a few of the professors employed there. Anton Door is not a brilliant pianist, but conscientious and faithful to authority; *les bonnes traditions du piano* are never improvised upon by him. In the rendering of classical music his technique is firm, even, reliable, nothing slurred or hurried over, the tempo, metronomic. He sends out pupils like himself, reliable and methodical. Door is delightful as an accompanist; his improvisations are wonderfully artistic and full of sentiment.

Professor Epstein is the more finished player. His scale-playing is perfect, a rain of pearls gliding down silver wires:

> "The mill-wheel dripping with diamonds
> In the golden sunset shine,"

can alone symbolize the exquisite brilliancy and even rhythmic measures of his clear, delicate touch. His face is a perfect barometer at a concert. He is sure to be found in the central portion of the audience, and although the gold-rimmed spectacles deprive one of the expression of his eyes, the forehead seems to expand or wrinkle as he likes or dislikes the music, and the mustache, long and silky as it is, does not hide the nervous twitching of the mobile mouth. He is a true artist and genial gentleman, even if he is sometimes selfish enough to say, when American march-and-polka-playing pupils come to him for instruction, "I am very sorry, but you had better go to my wife; my hours are full."

Among the Conservatory teachers, and one to whom the Conservatorists are most indebted for their peculiarly clear and firm technique, is Herr Schmidt. His life, until the present time, has not been one of ease and success. He was born in 1835 at Kotten, a small town in Bohemia. His father taught him musical notation and the rudiments of singing, as all the schoolmasters on the Continent do teach their pupils, superficially, pedantically. His father died when he was ten years old, and his mother, as long as her slender means would allow, sent him to a music school in Prague. As there was no vacancy for him in the violin school, he became an oboist. At the age of fifteen he came to Vienna, and was engaged as oboist in the Josephstadt Theatre. He soon after went to Bucharest, where he had obtained an engagement as oboist. It was some time before he could afford to have a piano, but as soon as this could be done he studied without a master until, in 1856, he returned to Vienna as oboist, pianist, and composer. He was engaged in the orchestra of the Burg Theatre, during which time he wrote a "piano school" for his numerous pupils. He studied under Professor Dachs of the Conservatory, and after two years gained the silver medal, and was named as teacher in the Conservatory at Vienna. He gave up composition to devote himself to his pupils, but he continued to write articles on various subjects for the newspapers. In 1874 his book on pedal use and practice appeared, and five years later his arrangement of Clemente's *Gradus ad Parnassum* to supplement his piano method. His *Art of Phrasing* and *Art of Touch* will soon be ready for the publisher, but for a year past he has devoted himself to composition, and some exquisitely beautiful songs and a four-act opera have been the result. He teaches a class of eighty pupils, plays the oboe in the court chapel, and composes unceasingly.

The vocal department of the Conservatory, which for many years was under the able direction of Madame Marchesi, is now under Frau Dustmann, once a prima don-

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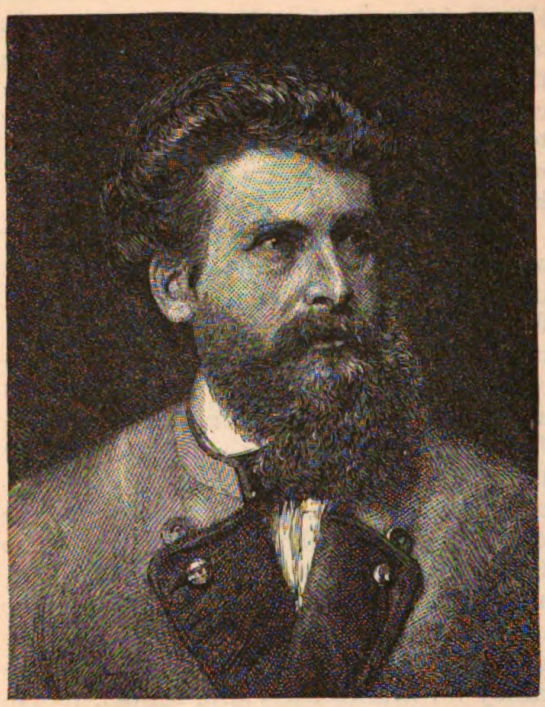

PROFESSOR JOSEF GANSBÄCHER.

na at the imperial opera. Madame Pessiak, a well-known teacher of Vienna, is also connected with the Conservatory, and Professor Josef Gansbächer, the celebrated master who brought out Wilt, Stahl, and Braga in opera, and Fräulein Rosa Büchler in the concert-room, has also a few of the finishing pupils. Kremser has charge of the Männergesangverein, which has lately won fresh laurels by their splendid interpretation of an old German hymn by Volkmann, arranged by Kremser for a double chorus, and filled with enormous difficulties.

But Madame Mathilde Marchesi, Marquise di Castrone della Rajata, stands at the head of vocal instruction in Vienna. Her life reads like a romance. She was born of distinguished family, at Frankfurt-am-Main, in 1826. Her sister, the Baroness Ertmann, a pupil of Beethoven, and to whom he dedicated his grand sonata, Op. 101, was a most distinguished pianiste. After the death of her father, Herr Von Graumann, who, notwithstanding his kindness in providing the best instruction in every department for his children, insisted that "Mädchen gehören an den Nähtisch oder in die Küche," Mathilde went to London to educate herself as a singing teacher under Emanuel Garcia. There she met a handsome young Neapolitan, who on political grounds had been banished from Italy. Under the artistic name of Salvatore Marchesi he had been giving concerts in America, and in 1849 had sung in opera in New York; but this engagement over, he had gone to London to study under Garcia. Of course these young artists fell in love, and after completing their studies and obtaining diplomas from Garcia, they married and set out on a concert tour. In Berlin, Leipsic, Weimar, Frankfurt-am-Main, wherever they appeared, they won splendid triumphs. Mathilde Marchesi's voice was perfect, her appearance strikingly beautiful and sympathetic. They were everywhere kindly received and entertained; Liszt and other great artists befriended them. In 1854 they came to Vienna, and a week after, Director Hellemsberger offered her the vocal professorship in the Conservatory. It was no easy position: singing then was in its infancy in the Conservatory; but Madame Marchesi went bravely to work, and during the five years of her professorship she prepared and brought out in opera Gabrielle Kraus of Paris, Antoinette Fricci of Lisbon, Caroline Dory, Amalie Fabbrini, and Ilma de Murska.

In 1861 she resigned her position and went to Paris, and four years afterward accepted the invitation of Director Ferdinand Hiller to take the head of the vocal department in the Conservatory at Cologne. Three years passed, and she returned to Vienna, and again took her position in the Conservatory. But her fame attracted so many private pupils that she soon became obliged to resign her post, and give all her attention to those who flocked to her husband and herself for vocal instruction. She has educated many prime donne now singing in America, Russia, France, Italy, and Germany, and her classes are still full.

In the crowded ranks of Vienna music teachers it would be impossible to decide which are the best, so much depends on the pupil, and the surroundings in which the pupil lives, whether among the education-seeking class of the bourgeoisie, or the superficial-accomplishment-acquiring society of the titled nobility. Among the teachers who have labored with infinite success in both classes should be mentioned that most devoted of piano teachers Madame Mathilde Gillek, and the harpists Fräulein Beatrix Fels and Thérèse Zamara.

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TO DIANAME.

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud that you can see
All hearts your captives—yours, yet free;
Be you not proud of that rich haire,
Which wantons with the love-sick aire;
When as that rubie which you weare,
Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beautie's gone.

R. H.

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DAVID RITTENHOUSE.

THERE have been very few men, even among those possessed of extraordinary talents, who have been so entirely unskilled in the arts that attract popular attention, and have notwithstanding become so eminent during their own lives, as was David Rittenhouse. The people of provincial Pennsylvania fully believed they had found among themselves in the farmer's lad of the Wissahickon one upon whom the divine light of genius had fallen, and they came to him with offerings of homage, as well as of pounds, shillings, and pence, perhaps all the more willingly because he shrank from the honor with an appearance of shyness if not of timidity. His career more nearly resembled that of Franklin than that of any other of his contemporaries. Both began life in an obscure way and under adverse circumstances; the fame of both as philosophers and men of science extended over the world; both were drawn into the politics of their day, and living in the same city, and being of the same way of thought, bore a conspicuous part in the Revolutionary struggle; and each at the time of his death was president of that learned society which had afforded them many of their opportunities.

TABLET IN GABLE END OF RITTENHOUSE'S MANSION.

Here, however, the parallel ends. Rittenhouse was more of a scientist, and Franklin more of a politician. With the boldness which comes of strength, blended with a sufficiency of shrewdness, Franklin went out into the world knowing there was much in it he wanted, and determined to get what he could. Despite of his admirable talents, his knowledge of men and affairs, his sagacious forecast of the future, and his magnificent work in various fields, he had many of the characteristics of an adventurer. In scanning the events of his life we can not help but wish that as an apprentice he had not run away from his master, that his relations with women had never become the subject of conversation, that he had given more credit to Kinnersley for his electrical experiments, and that he had not united with the Quakers while they were in power, or had remained with them after they lost it. Rittenhouse, on the other hand, was altogether clean, simple, and pure, and in the supreme event of his life, the observation of the transit of Venus, after making the instruments, noting the contacts, and calculating the parallax, he left for his colleague, Dr. Smith, the preparation of the report for publication. While, therefore, it may well be that through lack of aggressiveness or through overnicety he failed to gather all that he might have secured, we approach him with full faith that whatever he did was his own work, and whatever he gained belonged to him.

He came of good ancestry. His paternal forefathers had long been paper-makers at the village of Arnheim, in Holland, and there belonged to the Mennonites—a religious sect which in creed and observances the Quakers much resemble, and which, according to some authorities, they have followed.

The Mennonites call themselves "Defenseless Christians," being strictly opposed to all warfare, and during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries suffered terribly at the stake and by other methods of persecution. It was of Dirck Willems, a Mennonite burned in 1569 for having been rebaptized and holding meetings in his house, that Motley tells a pathetic story, copied from Van Braght. To escape threatened capture he fled across a lake covered with thin ice. One of his pursuers, more eager than wise, followed, and breaking through, was unable to extricate himself. Willems, seeing the danger of his adversary, returned and assisted him to the shore, when the base wretch, with unequalled ingratitude, arrested his rescuer and hurried him away to prison. There were very nearly as many martyrs among the Mennonites in the city of Antwerp alone as there were Protestants burned to death in England during the whole reign of bloody Mary.

Willem Rittinghuysen, the first Mennonite preacher in Pennsylvania, came with his family and others of the sect to Germantown in 1688, and on a branch of the Wissahickon Creek, in Roxborough Township, built in 1690 the earliest paper mill in America. It is with reference to this mill that Gabriel Thomas, a quaint old chronicler of the seventeenth century,

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says, "All sorts of very good paper are made in the German Town," and it supplied the paper used by William Bradford, the first printer in Pennsylvania, as well as the first in New York. Here, on the 8th of April, 1732, David Rittenhouse, a great-grandson of the emigrant, was born. His mother, Elizabeth Williams, was the daughter of Evan Williams, a native of Wales, and probably one of the Quaker converts who came from that country and settled a number of townships in Pennsylvania. When he was three years old, his father, Matthias, removed with his family to a farm in Norriton, now Montgomery County, and naturally enough he determined that David, the oldest son, should follow the same pursuit. As soon, therefore, as he was strong enough to be of assistance, he was put to the ordinary farm-work, and he ploughed and harrowed, sowed and reaped, like all the boys by whom he was surrounded. His tastes, however, ran in another direction, and one of those occurrences which are sometimes called accidents gave him an opportunity to gratify them. An uncle, who was a carpenter, died, leaving a chest of tools, and among them a few books containing the elements of arithmetic and geometry and some mathematical calculations. These things, valueless to every one else, became a treasure to David, then about twelve years old, and they seem to have determined the bent of his life. The handles of his plough, and even the fences around the fields, he covered with mathematical calculations. At the age of eight he made a complete water-mill in miniature. At seventeen he made a wooden clock, and afterward one in metal. Having thus tested his ability in an art in which he had never received any instruction, he secured from his somewhat reluctant father money enough to buy in Philadelphia the necessary tools, and after building a shop by the roadside, set up in business as a clock and mathematical instrument maker. His days were given to labor at his chosen trade, and his nights to study. By too close application he injured his health, contracting an affection of the lungs, attended with great pain, that clung to him all of his life, and seriously interfered with his writing, but he solved the most abstruse mathematical and astronomical problems, discovering for himself the method of fluxions. For a long time he believed himself its originator, being unaware of the controversy between Newton and Leibnitz for that great honor. "What a mind was here!" said Dr. Benjamin Rush, later, in a burst of enthusiastic admiration. "Without literary friends or society, and with but two or three books, he became before he had reached his four-and-twentieth year the rival of two of the greatest mathematicians of Europe."

He mastered the *Principia* of Newton in an English translation, and became so engrossed in the study of optics that he wrote of himself in 1756, during the French and Indian war, that should the enemy invade his neighborhood, he would probably be slain making a telescope, as was Archimedes while tracing geometrical figures on the sand. In 1751, the Rev. Thomas Barton, of Lancaster County, an alumnus of Trinity College, Dublin, who afterward married the sister of Rittenhouse, and became a professor in the University of Pennsylvania, went to Norriton to teach school, and making the acquaintance of the young philosopher and clockmaker, they became warm friends. Barton supplied him with books from which he obtained a knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and two years later brought to him from Europe a number of scientific works. Though his clocks had become celebrated for their accuracy, and he had obtained a local reputation for astronomical information, it seems to have been through Barton that the attention of men of learning was first drawn to him. Among these were Dr. William Smith, provost of the university, John Lukens, surveyor-general (another Pennsylvania Dutchman, whose direct paternal ancestor, Jan Lucken, settled in Germantown in 1683), and Richard Peters, provincial secretary. Through the last-named he was called upon in 1763 to perform his first public service, and one of very serious importance. It was provided in an agreement between the Penns and Lord Baltimore, settling the disputed boundary of their respective provinces, that a circle should be drawn with a radius of twelve miles around the town of Newcastle. With instruments of his own manufacture, Rittenhouse laid out this circle topographically, and alone he made a number of tedious and intricate calculations in such a satisfactory manner that he was tendered extra compensation. The astronomers Mason and Dixon, furnished with the best instruments for the purpose

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that could be made in England, accepted Rittenhouse's circle without change when, in 1768, they completed their famous line, which for so many years divided the Free from the Slave States. The point where the forty-first degree of latitude, the northern limit of New Jersey, reaches the Hudson, was fixed by Rittenhouse at the request of a commission appointed by New York and New Jersey in 1769, and in this peaceful way, by an appeal to the telescope rather than ordnance, were settled between adjacent independent States questions which in other lands have frequently led to sanguinary wars. On the 20th of February, 1766, he married Eleanor, daughter of Bernard Colston, a Quakeress, and the following year the University of Pennsylvania conferred on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, because, as was said by the provost, of his improvement by the felicity of natural genius in mechanics, mathematics, and astronomy.

BIRTH-PLACE OF DAVID RITTENHOUSE, GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

Very early in his career his attention was drawn to the variations in the oscillations of the pendulum, caused by the expansion and contraction of the material of which it is made, and appreciating the importance of an accurate chronometer, he devised a novel and satisfactory plan of compensation by attaching to the pendulum a bent tube of glass partially filled with alcohol and mercury. In 1767 he wrote a paper for the *Pennsylvania Gazette* upon the famous problem of Archimedes, and made some experiments upon the compressibility of water, reaching the conclusion, notwithstanding the tests of the Florentine Academy, that it was compressible. The same year he made a thermometer based upon the principle of the expansion and contraction of metals. An index moved upon a flat surface over a semicircle which was graduated according to the Fahrenheit de-

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grees of heat. During the present century Breguet has obtained much reputation by inventing anew this forgotten instrument.

A greater mechanical design was, however, now in contemplation than any he had before undertaken. He conceived the idea of endeavoring to represent by machinery the planetary system. Similar attempts had previously been made, but all had represented the planetary movements by circles, being mere approximations, and none were able to indicate the astronomical phenomena at any particular time. The production of Rowley, a defective machine, giving the movement of only two heavenly bodies, was bought by George I. for a thousand guineas. Rittenhouse determined to construct an instrument not simply to gratify the curious, but which would be of practical value to the student and professor of astronomy. After three years of faithful labor, in the course of which, refusing to be guided by the astronomical tables already prepared, he made for himself the calculations of all the movements required in this delicate and elaborate piece of mechanism, he completed, in 1770, his celebrated orrery. Around a brass sun revolved ivory or brass planets in elliptical orbits properly inclined toward each other, and with velocities varying as they approached their aphelia or perihelia. Jupiter and his satellites, Saturn with his rings, the moon and her phases, and the exact time, quantity, and duration of her eclipses, the eclipses of the sun and their appearance at any particular place on the earth, were all accurately displayed in miniature. The relative situations of the members of the solar system at any period of time for five thousand years backward or forward could be shown in a moment. It is not difficult to appreciate the enthusiasm with which this proof of a rare genius was received more than a century ago, but it is entertaining to witness the expression of it.

"A most beautiful machine.... It exhibits almost every motion in the astronomical world," wrote John Adams, who was always a little cautious about praising the work of other people. Samuel Miller, D.D., in his Retrospect, said: "But among all the contrivances which have been executed by modern talents, the machine invented by our illustrious countryman Dr. David Rittenhouse, and modestly called by him an orrery, after the production of Graham, is by far the most curious and valuable, whether we consider its beautiful and ingenious structure, or the extent and accuracy with which it displays the celestial phenomena."

"There is not the like in Europe," said Dr. Gordon, the English historian; and Dr. Morse, the geographer, added, anticipating what has actually occurred: "Every combination of machinery may be expected from a country a native son of which, reaching this inestimable object in its highest point, has epitomized the motions of the spheres that roll throughout the universe."

His friend Thomas Jefferson wrote: "A machine far surpassing in ingenuity of contrivance, accuracy, and utility anything of the kind ever before constructed. .... He has not indeed made a world, but has by imitation approached nearer its maker than any man who has lived from the creation to this day."

Barlow, the author of that ponderous poem the "Columbiad," put in rhyme:

"See the sage Rittenhouse with ardent eye
Lift the long tube and pierce the starry sky!
He marks what laws the eccentric wanderers bind,
Copies creation in his forming mind,
And bids beneath his hand in semblance rise
With mimic orbs the labors of the skies."

Two universities vied with each other for its possession, and after Dr. Witherspoon, of Princeton College, had secured it for £300, Dr. Smith, of the University of Pennsylvania, wrote, with a slight touch of spleen: "This province is willing to honor him as her own, and believe me many of his friends regretted that he should think so little of his noble invention as to consent to let it go to a *village*." Smith was mollified, however, by an engagement immediately undertaken to construct a duplicate, and he delivered a series of lectures on the subject to raise the money required. Wondering crowds went to see it, and after the Legislature of Pennsylvania had viewed it in a body, they passed a resolution giving Rittenhouse £300 as a testimony of their high sense of his mathematical genius and mechanical abilities, and entered into an agreement with him to have a still larger one made, for which they were to pay £400. It even found its way into the field of diplomacy, for when Silas Deane was in France endeavoring to arrange a treaty of alliance between that country and our own against Great Britain, he suggested to the secret committee of Congress that the orrery be presented to Marie

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Antoinette as a *douceur*. It was somewhat injured by the British troops while in Princeton during the war.

The year 1769 is memorable in the annals of astronomy. During that year occurred the transit of Venus—a phenomenon which offers the best means for calculating the distances between the heavenly bodies. It had up to that time never been satisfactorily observed. No man then living could ever have the opportunity again, because it would not recur for one hundred and five years. Astronomers all over the world were alive to its importance. Arrangements were made for taking such observations as were possible in the capitals of Europe, and the governments of England and France sent expeditions for the purpose to Otaheite, Hudson Bay, and California. As early as June 21 in the preceding year, Rittenhouse read before the American Philosophical Society a series of calculations showing the time and duration of the coming transit. The Legislature of Pennsylvania gave £200 sterling toward the expense of buying a telescope and micrometer and the other outlays, and on the 7th of January, 1769, the society appointed three committees to make observations in three different localities. One of these committees, consisting of Rittenhouse, Dr. William Smith, John Lukens, and John Sellers, was to repair to the home of Rittenhouse at Norriton, and to him they intrusted all of the preliminary arrangements. In November he began the erection of an observatory, which was completed in April. He continued for months a series of observations to determine the exact latitude and longitude of the place, and to test the accuracy of his time-pieces. Thomas Penn sent from Europe a reflector, used by Smith; a set of glasses intended for Harvard University, but which came too late to be forwarded, Rittenhouse fitted into a refractor for Lukens; his own telescope he retained. Several other necessary instruments, including a device for keeping time, he made with his own hands, and, like all of his construction, they were admitted to have been better than could have been obtained abroad. According to Smith, the committee trusted in this respect entirely to the extensive knowledge of Rittenhouse, and when he and the others arrived, two days before the transit, they had nothing to do but adjust the telescopes to their vision. A rainy day, even a passing cloud, would have made all the labor vain, but fortunately it happened to be perfectly clear. The previous anxiety, the sense of responsibility at the critical moment, the delight consequent upon the great success, constituted a sequence of emotions too exciting for the physically delicate Rittenhouse, and when the contact had ended he swooned away. The observations, according to the testimony of Maskelyne, the royal astronomer of England, were excellent and complete. Rittenhouse at once made calculations to determine the parallax of the sun, and gave them to Dr. Smith, who added his own, and prepared a report to the society, which was printed in its proceedings; and so it happened that the first approximately accurate results in the measurement of the spheres were given to the world, not by the schooled and salaried astronomers who watched from the magnificent royal observatories of Europe, but by unpaid amateurs and devotees to science in the youthful province of Pennsylvania.

Said a learned English author: "There is not another society in the world that can boast of a member such as Mr. Rittenhouse, theorist enough to encounter the problem of determining from a few observations the orbit of a comet, and also mechanic enough to make with his own hands an equal-altitude instrument, a transit telescope, and a time-piece."

In the year 1769 there was also a transit of Mercury, a phenomenon by no means so rare or of such moment as that of Venus, but still of importance. Observations of it were made by Rittenhouse, Smith, Lukens, and Owen Biddle, and were published by the American Philosophical Society. The following year he calculated the elements of the motion and the orbit of a comet then visible, showing himself, by comparison with European investigators engaged in the same task, capable of performing the most difficult of computations in physical astronomy, and adding to his already extended reputation. In fact, these achievements had given him so wide a fame that his powers could no longer remain pent up in Norriton, and with the prospect of many advantages both in the way of his handiwork and of his science, he removed to Philadelphia, the American centre of learning and intelligence. He still gained his livelihood by mechanical labor, and it is curious to find him as late as 1775 assuming charge, at a small salary,

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of the State-house clock. About this time the almanacs of the day began to announce to their readers that, "as to the calculations, I need only inform the public they are performed by that ingenious master of mathematics, David Rittenhouse, A.M., of this city, etc." And "our kind customers are requested to observe that the ingenious David Rittenhouse, A.M., of this city, has favored us with the astronomical calculations of our almanac for this year; therefore they may be most firmly relied on." Soon after his removal his wife died, and in December, 1772, he married Hannah Jacobs, a member of a distinguished and influential Quaker family in Chester and Philadelphia counties. In 1771 he made some experiments on the electrical properties of the gymnotus; in 1772, after constructing the necessary instruments, he and Samuel Rhoads, for the Assembly of Pennsylvania, surveyed and ascertained the levels of the lands lying between the Susquehanna and the Delaware, with a view to the connection of those two rivers by a canal; in 1773 he was appointed president of a commission to make the river Schuylkill navigable, a duty which they performed by constructing rough dams, and which was continued for a number of years; and in 1774 he and Samuel Holland, commissioners from their respective provinces, fixed the northeastern extremity of the boundary between New York and Pennsylvania.

In 1770 he prepared for the publications of the American Philosophical Society a paper giving a method of ascertaining the true time of the sun's passing the meridian that attracted the attention of Von Zach, the Saxon astronomer. He was chosen one of the secretaries of that society in 1771, and on the 24th of February, 1775, he read before it an oration upon the subject of astronomy. This oration is the most elaborate of his literary productions. The language is simple, the style strong and clear, and it displays much research and special knowledge. In it he traces the history of astronomical discoveries and progress down to the time at which he wrote, but the most interesting portion of the address, as a test of his own acumen, is that in which he endeavors to forecast the future, and to point out the most promising paths for further investigation. The possibility of the existence of the planets that were then unknown seems to have occurred to him, for he says, "The telescope had discovered all the globes whereof it is composed, at least as far as we yet know." He believed in the existence of beings differing from man more or less in their natures on the other planets. The spots on the sun he conjectured to be solid and permanent cavities, darkened by matter that occasionally and accidentally collected in them. But it was among the fixed stars that with correct inference he expected the greatest discoveries to be made; and the Milky Way, whose mysteries the telescopes of his day were not powerful enough to unravel, whetted his fancy and aroused his eloquence. The Milky Way, composed of millions of small stars, seemed to him to be a vein of closer texture running through material creation, which he supposed to be confined between parallel planes of immeasurable extent. The discoveries of Herschel and others subsequently verified many of his hypotheses. "We shall find sufficient reason to conclude," he says, "that the visible creation, consisting of revolving worlds and central suns, even including all those that are beyond the reach of human eye and telescope, is but an inconsiderable part of the whole. Many other and very various orders of things, unknown to and inconceivable by us, may and probably do exist in the unlimited regions of space. And all yonder stars innumerable, with their dependencies, may perhaps compose but the leaf of a flower in the Creator's garden, or a single pillar in the immense building of the Divine Architect." His sentiments on some other subjects were occasionally interwoven. Frederick the Great he called the tyrant of the North and scourge of mankind. He commiserated with those who, because their bodies were disposed to absorb or reflect the rays of light in a way different from our own, were in America doomed to endless slavery. The rapid growth of the American colonies seemed to him to indicate an early fall. He dreaded the introduction of articles of luxury, and the growth of luxurious tastes, through a too easy intercourse with Europe. "I am ready to wish—vain wish," he added—"that Nature would raise her everlasting bars between the New and the Old World, and make a voyage to Europe as impracticable as one to the moon."

In March of the same year the American Philosophical Society presented for the

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consideration of the Assembly a plan for the prosecution of discoveries in astronomy, geography, and navigation, to which they said they were urged by some of the greatest men of Europe. It contemplated the erection of a public observatory by subscription upon a lot of ground to be granted by the proprietaries, who had expressed their concurrence. It should be furnished with the necessary instruments, which would be of but little expense, because the gentleman who it was proposed should conduct the design was capable of constructing them all in the most masterly manner. He should receive an annual salary both in the capacity of public astronomer and as surveyor of roads and waters. Here the captains and mates of vessels, and young men desirous of obtaining practical knowledge, should be taught the use of instruments and receive other instruction, and the observations made should be published annually for the benefit of learned societies at home and abroad. "We have a gentleman among us," they went on to say, "whose abilities, speculative as well as practical, would do honor to any country, and who is nevertheless indebted for bread to his daily toil in an occupation the most unfriendly both to health and study." To give him an occasion to use his genius for the advantage of his country would be an honor which crowned heads might glory in, but which Pennsylvania ought not to yield to the greatest prince or people on earth. Should the present opportunity be neglected, whole centuries might not afford another.

The fact that such a design should be seriously proposed and favorably entertained at that early period shows a remarkable appreciation of the abilities of Rittenhouse, and a regard for the interests of science which is certainly creditable to the society, the Legislature, and to public taste. It was the habit of the day to compare Rittenhouse to Newton, and who can say that if this scheme could have been carried into execution, and he could have devoted the remainder of his days to quiet study and investigation in those pursuits in which unquestionably he was a master, the parallel would not have been justified? Fate, however, determined otherwise. It was not to be. America had other work to do, and her science must bide its time, though it be for ages. The whirlwinds of war were about to be let loose over the land, and even then the drums were beating in the town of Boston. A month later occurred the battles of Concord and Lexington. The next we see of Rittenhouse he was busily engaged in military rather than astronomical problems, and henceforth his time, his energies, and his talents were in the main occupied with sublunary affairs. He had made many clocks; their leaden weights were now needed for bullets, and it was ordered by the Committee of Safety that he and Owen Biddle "should prepare moulds for the casting of clock weights, and send them to some iron furnace, and order a sufficient number to be immediately made for the purpose of exchanging them with the inhabitants of this city for their leaden clock weights." He understood the measurement of heights and the establishment of levels, and was therefore sent to survey the shores of the Delaware to ascertain what points it would be best to fortify in order to prevent a landing of the enemy. The Committee of Safety appointed him their engineer in October, 1775, and in this capacity he was called upon to arrange for casting cannon of iron and brass, to view a site for the erection of a Continental powder mill, to conduct experiments for rifling cannon and musket balls, to fix upon a method of fastening the chain for the protection of the river, to superintend the manufacture of saltpetre, and to locate a magazine for military stores on the Wissahickon. The Assembly appointed him one of the Committee in April, 1776, and in August he was elected its vice-president. As presiding officer he issued in November two proclamations, printed in the form of handbills, one of which announced to the citizens that the enemy were advancing, and that only the most vigorous measures could prevent the city from falling into their hands. "We therefore entreat you by the most sacred of all bonds, the love of virtue, of liberty, and of your country, to forget every distinction, and unite as one man in this time of extreme danger. Let us defend ourselves like men determined to be free." The other was addressed to the colonels of battalions, and informing them that General Howe with his army was already at Trenton, continued, "This glorious opportunity of signalizing himself in defense of our country, and securing the rights of America forever, will be seized by every man who has a spark of patriotism in his bosom."

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In March, 1776, he was elected a member of the Assembly from the city of Philadelphia, and later a member of the Convention which met July 15, 1776, and drafted the first Constitution for the State of Pennsylvania. No delegate to the Convention was intrusted with more important duties than he, and frequently he presided over its deliberations. He was one of the committee which drafted the frame of government, and subsequently, together with Benjamin Franklin and William Vanhorn, he revised its language. A committee of which he was a member prepared an address to the people setting forth the reasons for the different actions which had been taken. On the 8th of April, 1777, David Rittenhouse, Owen Biddle, Joseph Dean, Richard Bache, and John Shee were appointed a board of war for the State of Pennsylvania; and in the fall of that year, after the British army had entered within its borders and secured possession of Philadelphia, he was one of the Council of Safety, to whom the most absolute powers were temporarily granted. In order to provide for the preservation of the commonwealth, they were authorized to imprison and punish, capitally or otherwise, all who should disobey their decrees, to regulate the prices of all commodities, and to seize private property, without any subsequent liability to suit because of any of their proceedings. Surely no other twelve men were ever vested with greater powers over their fellow-beings than these.

On the 14th of January, 1777, he was elected by the Assembly the first State Treasurer under the new Constitution, and he was unanimously re-elected to the same position in each of the succeeding twelve years, and until he finally refused longer to serve. In consequence of the fluctuating values of both the State and Continental currencies, and their almost constant depreciation, together with the unusual demands for funds and the difficulties in the way of their collection incident to a state of war, it was an office of great trial and responsibility, for which the small commissions afforded a very inadequate compensation. It occupied his time and annoyed him so much that he once wrote to his wife while hundreds of miles away in the forest, surrounded by savages, that nothing so reconciled him to his present deprivations "as the aversion I have to the plagues of that same office." When the approach of the British army and the subsequent capture of Philadelphia in the fall of 1777 made necessary a withdrawal of the government departments, the Treasury was removed to the second story front room of the house of Mr. Henry in Lancaster. The family of Rittenhouse were at Norriton, so near to the lines of the enemy that the presence there of a member of the Council of Safety and Treasurer would have been attended with great risk, and he was therefore compelled to endure an anxious separation from them until the following June. In addition to the Treasury, he was trustee of the Loan Office for ten years, from 1780 to 1790, at which latter date it was superseded. The Loan Office was established in 1723 for the purpose of providing a circulating medium of exchange, and was authorized to loan bills of credit, which were legal tenders, upon the security of mortgages upon real estate. The duties of this office required the exercise of the greatest prudence in the issue of the bills and the nicest care in the valuation of the mortgages, and it is a tribute to the practical judgment of Rittenhouse, who was sole trustee, that its affairs were finally closed entirely without loss.

The disputes between Pennsylvania and Virginia upon the question of boundaries became serious, and in 1779 George Bryan, John Ewing, and David Rittenhouse for the former State, and James Madison and Robert Andrews for the latter, were appointed commissioners to adjust them. They entered into an agreement to extend Mason and Dixon's line due west five degrees of longitude from the river Delaware, and from its western extremity to draw a meridian to the northern limit of Pennsylvania, for the southern and western boundaries of that State. This agreement was subsequently ratified, but uncertainty as to the exact location of the line led to numerous collisions between settlers claiming under grants from the two States, and even hostilities were threatened. At one time the authority of Congress was invoked in the interest of peace. It finally became necessary to run and mark the lines, and in 1784 Pennsylvania appointed as commissioners for that purpose John Ewing, David Rittenhouse, John Lukens, and Thomas Hutchins. They accepted the appointment in a letter in which they say, "An anxious desire to gratify the astronomical world in the per-

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formance of a problem which has never yet been attempted in any country by a precision and accuracy that would do no dishonor to our characters, while it prevents the State of Pennsylvania from the chance of losing many hundred thousands of acres secured to it by our agreement at Baltimore, has induced us to suffer our names to be mentioned in the accomplishment of the work."

The commissioners on behalf of Virginia were James Madison, Robert Andrews, John Page, and Andrew Ellicott. In April Rittenhouse was busily engaged in constructing the necessary instruments, and in June he, with Lukens, Page, and Andrews, erected an observatory at Wilmington, Delaware, where they made a series of sixty observations of the eclipses of the moons of Jupiter before their departure. Page and Lukens were unable to endure the fatigue and labor of a six months' journey through the wilderness, and returned home, but the others accomplished their task with entire accuracy and certainty, and having ascertained the lines and the southwestern corner of Pennsylvania, marked them with stones and by killing trees. The following summer the western boundary of that State was fixed by Rittenhouse and Andrew Porter on behalf of Pennsylvania, and Joseph Neville and Andrew Ellicott on behalf of Virginia. For that portion of the line north of the Ohio River, Ellicott also acted for Pennsylvania. It was the most important work of the kind in which Rittenhouse was ever engaged, and to the general confidence in his skill was largely due the settlement of this serious and alarming controversy. In 1786 he and Andrew Ellicott on behalf of Pennsylvania, and James Clinton and Simeon Dewitt on behalf of New York, were engaged in fixing the boundary between those two States. The New York representatives relied entirely upon the Pennsylvanians for a supply of instruments, and there was no sector suitable for the purpose, at least in that part of America. Rittenhouse therefore made one, which was used in determining the line, and which, in the language of Ellicott, was most excellent. On the 2d of December, 1785, Congress appointed Rittenhouse, with John Ewing and Thomas Hutchins, a commission to run a line of jurisdiction between the States of New York and Massachusetts, which work was performed in 1787, and constituted, says Dr. Rush, his farewell peace-offering to the union and happiness of his country.

After Congress had determined upon the establishment of a mint, Rittenhouse was appointed its first director, April 14, 1792, by President Washington. He was extremely reluctant to undertake the task, but his mechanical knowledge and ability seemed to make him especially fitted for the organization of an institution whose successful working depended upon the construction and proper use of delicate machinery, and at the urgent solicitation of both Jefferson and Hamilton he consented. When it had been running for three years, however, finding that he could be relieved from what he felt to be a burden, and that the pressing necessity for his services no longer existed, he resigned.

The absorption of so much of his time since the beginning of the Revolutionary war in the performance of public duties, important and honorable as were the offices he held, was not only a source of regret to himself, but seems to have been generally regarded in the light of a sacrifice. As early as 1778, Jefferson felt impelled to write to him: "I doubt not there are in your country many persons equal to the task of conducting government, but you should consider that the world has but one Rittenhouse, and never had one before. . . . Are those powers, then, which, being intended for the erudition of the world, are, like air and light, the world's common property, to be taken from their proper pursuit to do the commonplace drudgery of governing a single State—a work which may be executed by men of ordinary stature, such as are always and everywhere to be found?" The royalist party were fully as reluctant to see him participating in political affairs, and their sense of the loss to science would seem to have been equally as keen. A Tory poet published in the *Pennsylvania Evening Post*, December 2, 1777, these lines:

"TO DAVID RITTENHOUSE.

"Meddle not with state affairs;
Keep acquaintance with the stars;
Science, David, is thy line;
Warp not Nature's great design,
If thou to fame wouldst rise.

"Then follow learned Newton still;
Trust me, mischievous Machiavel
Thou'lt find a dreary coast,
Where, damped the philosophic fire,
Neglected genius will retire,
And all thy fame be lost."

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"Politics will spoil the man
Formed for a more exalted plan.
Great Nature bids thee rise,
To pour fair science on our age,
To shine amidst the historic page,
And half unfold the skies.

"But if thou crush this vast design,
And in the politician's line
With wild ambition soar,
Oblivion shall entomb thy name,
And from the rolls of future fame
Thou'lt fall to rise no more."

The Rev. Jonathan Odell, also a loyalist, contributed to Rivington's *Royal Gazette*, of New York, for September 8, 1779, a long poem on "The Word of Congress," which contains the following:

"There dwelt in Norriton's sequestered bowers
A mortal blessed with mathematic powers.
To whom was David Rittenhouse unknown?
Fair Science saw and marked him for her own.
His eye creation to its bounds would trace,
His mind the regions of unbounded space.
Whilst thus he soared above the starry spheres,
The word of Congress sounded in his ears;
He listened to the voice with strange delight,
And swift descended from his dazzling height;
Then mixing eager with seditious tools,
Vice-President-elect of rogues and fools,
His hopes resigned of philosophic fame,
A paltry statesman Rittenhouse became."

Though the public affairs with which he was associated would have been sufficient to have exhausted the energies of a man of even more than ordinary abilities, and must necessarily have engrossed much of his attention, it must not be supposed that he abandoned his astronomical and philosophical studies. At the suggestion of Colonel Timothy Matlack, the Assembly, in April, 1781, granted him £250 for an observatory, which he erected probably at that time in the yard attached to his residence, at the northwest corner of Seventh and Arch streets, in Philadelphia, and which Lalande says in his *Astronomie* in 1792 was the only one in America. The publications of the American Philosophical Society contain between the years 1780 and 1796 no less than seventeen papers written by him upon optics, magnetism, electricity, meteors, logarithms and other mathematics, the improvement of time-keepers, the expansion of wood by heat, astronomical observations upon comets, transits, and eclipses, and similar abstruse topics. Even during the trying period of 1776, 1777, and 1778, while these publications were suspended, and the war was surging around his own home, he and Smith, Lukens, and Biddle found time to note some observations upon a transit of Mercury and two eclipses of the sun. Within a week after the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, Rittenhouse was in the city, seated by his telescope, watching an eclipse. In 1776 he wrote a defense of the Newtonian system for the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, and in 1782 invented a wooden hygrometer. From 1779 to 1782 he was Professor of Astronomy in the University of Pennsylvania, and also a trustee and vice-provost of the same institution.

In this connection an interesting incident is narrated in the *Life and Times of Dr. William Smith.* The announcement of the death of Franklin was brought by a messenger to a party of gentlemen consisting of Thomas McKean, Henry Hill, Thomas Willing, Rittenhouse, and Dr. Smith, who were dining with Governor Thomas Mifflin at the Falls of Schuylkill. A fierce thunder-storm happened to be raging at the same time. Impressed by the event and the circumstances under which they heard it, Smith wrote at the table this impromptu:

"Cease, cease, ye clouds, your elemental strife!
Why rage ye thus, as if to threaten life?
Seek, seek no more to shake our souls with dread!
What busy mortal told you Franklin's dead?
What though he yields at Jove's imperious nod,
With Rittenhouse he left his magic rod!"

He succeeded Franklin as president of the American Philosophical Society upon the death of the latter in 1790. He was elected a fellow of the Academy of Arts and Sciences of Boston in 1782; the College of New Jersey gave him the honorary degrees of Master of Arts in 1772, and Doctor of Laws in 1789; the College of William and Mary, in Virginia, gave him the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1784, designating him as *principem philosophorum;* but the highest distinction of this character he ever received, and the highest in the world then attainable by a man of science, was his election as a foreign member of the Royal Society of London in 1795.

One of the closing events in the life of Rittenhouse has frequently been the subject of adverse criticism. The French people were then in the throes of their Revolution. The assistance given by France at the critical period of our war for independence, and the fact that she was now apparently in a death-struggle in an effort to secure her own liberties, appealed most

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forcibly to the sympathies of the American people.

Genet, a warm-blooded and, as it proved, a not very discreet young Frenchman, was sent as minister from the republic to this country. When the news came of his arrival at Philadelphia, where Congress was sitting, a meeting of citizens was called in Independence Square, and Rittenhouse was appointed chairman of a committee to draft resolutions. These resolutions, a little glowing in their tone, but carefully drawn so as not to conflict with the American position of neutrality, declared the cause of France to be that of the human race, and expressed the strongest sympathy with her in her struggles for "freedom and equality," as well as attachment, fraternal feeling, and gratitude. The assemblage then formed in line, and walked three abreast around to the City Tavern, where they presented their address to Genet, who said the citizens of France would consider that day as one of the happiest in the career of the infant republic. Democratic societies, whose *raison d'être* was in the main hostility to England and sympathy for France, sprang into existence all over the United States, and one was organized in Philadelphia, with Rittenhouse as president. Among its members were A. J. Dallas, Peter S. Duponceau, Colonel Clement Biddle, Benjamin Rush, Cæsar Rodney, B. F. Bache, Stephen Girard, George Logan, Cadwalader Morris, and others of the most distinguished residents of the city. Doubtless the French example and party zeal somewhat heated their imaginations, and they took strong ground concerning the pending European struggle. They resolved to use no address save that of "Citizen," to suppress the polite formulas of ordinary correspondence, and to date their letters from the 4th of July, 1776. Rittenhouse had no participation in these grave trifles, and increasing infirmities having prevented him from attending the meetings, he within a year resigned the presidency. He did not withdraw, however, in time to save his reputation from political attack, and Cobbett, the porcupine, as he called himself, of the day, says, fiercely: "This Rittenhouse was an atheist.... How much he received a year from France is not precisely known. The American Philosophical Society is composed of a nest of such wretches as hardly ever met together before; it is impossible to find words to describe their ignorance or their baseness." Later generations of men have not been prone to look at the French Revolution through the lens of Burke, and the fact that the Democratic party came into power at the close of the administration of John Adams did much to whiten the work of the earlier democratic societies, and to make it appear that Rittenhouse and his friends had only been a little in advance of the current.

The few remaining years of his life were spent in comparative retirement, during which the physical difficulties he had been laboring under from youth gradually cumulated, and his power of resistance diminished. He died on the 26th of June, 1796, his last words being an expression of gratitude to a friend for some slight attention, and of confidence in the future—"You have made the way to God easier."

There is a bust of him from life by Ceracchi, and a portrait by Peale. Dr. Benjamin Rush read a eulogy before the American Philosophical Society in the presence of the President and Congress of the United States, the Legislature of Pennsylvania, foreign ministers, judges, and men of learning of the time. One of the city squares bears his name. His home on Arch Street was long known as "Fort Rittenhouse," because, pending a dispute as to jurisdiction between Pennsylvania and the United States in 1809, it was guarded for three weeks by State militia to prevent the service of a mandamus issued by the Federal courts.

Though he had never received any regular training, his attainments were extensive. In addition to the classics, he mastered the French, German, and Dutch languages. From the German he translated the drama of *Lucia Sampson*, published by Charles Cist, and the *Idyls of Gesner;* and in the *Columbian Magazine* for February, 1787, is a copper-plate print of the Ohio Pyle Falls from one of his sketches. A man of culture said he was never in his presence without learning something. He elicited the admiration of all the great men of his day, unless it be John Adams, who could find no remarkable depth in his face, called him an anchorite, and sought perhaps to disparage his reputation by alluding sharply to Philadelphia as "the heart, the censorium, the pineal gland of the United States." In person he was tall and slender, and the expression of his countenance was soft

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and mild. He had such a nice sense of honor that he refused to invest in the loans of the State while he was Treasurer, and when compelled to pay certain extravagant bills for the Mint, had them charged against his own salary. His modesty, partly due, doubtless, to the repression and religious seclusion through which his forefathers had for centuries passed, and partly to certain apparently feminine traits in his character, amounted to a diffidence which was his chief defect. His tender sympathies went out to all of his fellows, and were catholic enough to embrace the negro slaves and the Conestoga Indians who had fallen a prey to the vengeful instincts of the border. His tastes were simple and plain, his wants few, and his greatest pleasures were found within the circle of his own home. No higher tribute was ever accorded to human rectitude than was offered to him by the author of the Declaration of American Independence. "Nothing could give me more pleasure," wrote that statesman in a private letter to his daughter Martha, "than your being much with that worthy family, wherein you will see the best examples of rational life, and learn to imitate them."

Such was the career and such the character of David Rittenhouse. When, a few years ago, Pennsylvania was called upon to place in the Capitol at Washington the statues of her two worthiest sons, she ought to have taken her warrior Wayne, and beside him set her philosopher Rittenhouse, who in his ancestry best represents that quiet and peaceful religious thought which led to her settlement, and in himself the highest intellectual plane she has yet reached.

LOVE AND DEATH.

BEING THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS SAVITRÎ.

(FROM THE THIRD BOOK OF THE MAHÁBHÁRATA.)

THE story of Savitrî—of which there is here for the first time translated from the Sanskrit the more interesting and poetical portion—occurs as an episode in the Vana Parva of the *Mahábhárata*, toward the conclusion of that book. It is recounted by the sage Markandeya to the Paudu princes, then sojourning in the Great Forest, as an example of what may be accomplished by a virtuous woman inspired by "love that stronger is than death." The original, with its curious pictures of antique times, is older than Homer.

Markandeya told them how there was once a good and famous King of the Mâdras who enjoyed every happy fortune except the possession of offspring. The lack of children saddened his declining years, and he sought by penances and religious observances to obtain the favor of Brahmâ in this regard. His prayers were heard, and his Queen bore him a daughter, who was named Savitrî. She grew up beautiful as Lakshmi, the Goddess of Grace and Prosperity, and as pure in heart and sweet in nature and manners as she was fair. None of the neighboring kings or princes ventured to aspire to the hand of so surpassing a damsel, so her royal father left the choice of a husband to herself. The Princess, with this view, quitted her home for a time, travelling in a golden chariot, escorted by many attendants, and after some wandering entered a wooded country, where she met the Prince Satyavân, son of King Dyumutsena, who was living there in retirement, amid pious observances, his father, who was blind, having been driven from his throne. The Prince and Princess fell in love with each other, and she returns home to communicate the news of her choice. At her father's palace she meets a holy seer, Narada, who, upon learning the name and lineage of the lover to whom Savitrî has betrothed herself, bewails her selection. He admits that Satyavân is as deserving as he is handsome and manly, a Prince in every way noble, generous, and valiant, true to all duties and tender in all relations of life. But a fatal shadow darkens the youth of Savitrî if she unites herself with him. The Prince is doomed to die on the first anniversary of his wedding day, and no care, no caution, no affection, will be able to avert such a doom. This awful warning is confided to Savitrî and her father only. The latter entreats his daughter to make another and happier choice, but the Princess answers that in giving her heart and pro-

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mise she has already become in honor and virtue the wife of Satyavân. A maid must make one troth and one only. She has chosen for good or ill, and will abide by it. If evil awaits her Prince, she will share if she can not lighten or divert it; and if he must die so soon, she will make happy what remains to him of existence. The holy seer Narada approves this determination, which he pronounces virtuous and becoming, and the sad secret is imparted to none, not even to Satyavân, or his father and mother, when the Princess is conducted to the wood to be married there. She is taken to her future home by the King, her father, who converses with King Dyumutsena in his pious retirement, and consoles him for his grief because, being driven from his kingdom, he is unable to celebrate the nuptials with fitting magnificence. This can be excused, since Satyavân's line is illustrious, and the Prince himself so worthy; the two Kings have, moreover, been friends and allies in former days.

But Savitrî, left a bride in this sylvan court, must now lead a life very different from that of the old splendor and comfort at the capital of the Mâdras. The Prince her husband, amid his parents and friends, mingles pious observances with the pursuits of a woodman and hunter, and the Princess lays aside her jewels and costly dresses to follow simple duties and pleasures, attired in robes of woven bark fibre, such as ascetics wear. But everybody learns to praise and admire her because of her goodness and great qualities, while the deep love which grows up between the youthful pair renders the wood a paradise for Satyavân, and would make life delightful to Savitrî but for the dreadful predictions which Narada had confided to her. Sometimes, in the arms of the Prince, love and pleasure make her momentarily happy; but as the year of wedded bliss draws nearer and nearer to its close, the gloom of her terrible secret darkens cruelly over the heart of the young wife. The Sanskrit verses go forward as follows:

Now when the pleasant days were passed which brought
The day of doom, and Satyavân must die
(For hour by hour the Princess counted them,
Keeping the words of Narada at heart),
Bethinking on the fourth noon he should die,
She set herself to make the "Threefold Fast,"
Three days and nights *sans* meat and drink and sleep,
Which when the King Dyumutsena heard,
Sorrowful he arose, and spake her thus:
"Daughter, a heavy task thou takest on;
Hardly the saintliest soul might such abide."
But Savitrî gave answer: "Have no heed;
What I do set myself I will perform.
The vow is made, and I shall keep the vow."
"If it be made," he said, "it must be kept;
We can not bid thee break thy word, once given."
With that the King forbade not, and she sat
Still, as though carved in wood, three days and nights.
But when the third night passed, and brought the day
Whereon her lord must die, she rose betimes,
Made offering on the altar-flames, and spoke
Softly the morning prayers; then, with clasped hands
Laid on her bosom, meekly came to greet
The King and Queen, and lowlily salute
The gray-haired Brahmans. Thereupon those saints,
Resident in the wood, made answer mild
Unto the Princess: "Be it well with thee,
And with thy lord, for these good deeds of thine!"
"May it be well!" she answered, in her heart
Full mournfully the hour of fate awaiting
Foretold of Narad.

Then they said to her:
"Daughter, thy vow is kept. Come now and eat."
But Savitrî replied: "When the sun sinks
This evening I will eat: this is my vow."

Then, when they could not change her, afterward
Came Satyavân the Prince, bound for the woods,
An axe upon his shoulder; unto whom
Wistfully spake the Princess: "Dearest lord,

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Go not alone to-day: let me come too:
I can not be apart from thee to-day."

"Why not to-day?" quoth Satyavân. "The wood
Is strange to thee, beloved, and its paths
Rough for thy tender feet; besides, with fast
Thy soft limbs faint: how canst thou walk with me?"

"I am not weak nor weary," she replied,
"And I can walk. Say me not nay, sweet lord,
I have so great a heart to go with thee."

"If thou hast such good heart," answered the Prince,
"I shall say yea, but first entreat the leave
Of those we reverence, lest a wrong be done."

So, pure and dutiful, she sought the place
Where sat the King and Queen, and bending low,
Murmured request. "My husband goeth straight
To the great forest, gathering fruits and flowers.
I pray your leave that I may be with him.
To make the Agnihetra sacrifice
He fetcheth these, and will not be gainsaid,
But surely goeth. Let me go! A year
Hath rolled since I did fare forth from the house
To see our woods in bloom. I have much will
To see them now."
The old King gently spake:
"In sooth it is a year since she was given
To be our son's bride, and I mind me not
Of any boon this loving heart hath asked:
Let it be as she prayeth. Go, my child;
Have care of Satyavân, and take thy way."

So, being permitted of them both, she went,
That beauteous lady, at her husband's side,
With aching heart, albeit her face was bright.
Flower-laden trees her large eyes lighted on,
Green groves where pea-fowl sported, holy streams,
And soaring hills whose uplands flamed with bloom,
Which oft the Prince would bid her gaze upon;
But she as oft turned from them those great eyes
To look on him, her husband, who must die
(For always in her heart were Narad's words);
And so she walked behind him, watching him,
Bethinking at what hour her lord must die.

Then, having reached where woodland fruits did grow,
They gathered those, and filled a basket full,
And afterward the Prince plied hard his axe,
Cutting the sacred fuel. Presently
There crept a pang upon him, a fierce throe
Burned through his brows, and all asweat he came
Feebly to Savitrî, and moaned: "O wife,
I am thus suddenly too sick for work;
My heart throbs, Savitrî; my blood runs fire;
It is as if a threefold fork were plunged
Into my brain. Let me lie down, dear love:
Indeed, I can not stand upon my feet."

Thereon that noble lady, hastening near,
Stayed him, who would have fallen, with quick arms,
And, sitting on the earth, laid her lord's head
Tenderly in her lap. So bent she, mute,
Watching his face, and thinking o'er again
Of all which Narad spake—the sure-fixed date
Of dreadful Death—when, lo! before her rose
One terrible to see. Blood-red his garb;
His body huge and dark; blood-shot his eyes,
Which flamed like suns beneath his turban cloth;
Armed was he with a noose, awful of mien.
This form terrific stood by Satyavân,

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Fixing its gaze upon him. At the sight
The fearful Princess started to her feet—
First softly laying on the grass his head;
Up started she, with beating heart, and joined
Her palms for supplication, and spake thus,
In accents tremulous: "Thou seem'st some god:
Thy shape is more than mortal. Make me know
What god thou art, and what thy purpose here."

And Yama said (the dreadful God of Death):
"Thou art a faithful wife, O Savitrî,
True to thy vows, pious, and dutiful.
Therefore I answer thee: Yama I am.
This Prince, thy lord, lieth at point to die;
Him will I straightway bind and bear away.
This is my purpose, and for this I come."

Then Savitrî spake sadly: "It is taught
Thy messengers are sent to fetch the dying;
Why is it, Mightiest, thou art come thyself?"

In pity of her love, the Pitiless
Answered—the king of all the dead replied:
"This was a Prince unparalleled—thy lord;
Virtuous as fair, a sea of goodly gifts,
Not to be summoned by a meaner voice
Than Yama's own. Therefore is Yama come."

With that the gloomy god fitted his noose,
And forced forth from the Prince the soul of him—
Subtile, a thumb in length—which being reft,
Breath stayed, blood stopped, the body's grace was gone,
And all life's warmth to stony coldness turned.
Then, binding It, the God of Silence bore
Satyavân's soul away toward the south.

But Savitrî the Princess followed him:
Being so strong in wifely purity,
So holy by her love, and so upheld,
She followed him.
Presently Yama turned.
"Go back!" quoth he; "pay him the funeral dues.
Enough, O Savitrî, is wrought for love.
Go back! too far already thou hast come."

Then Savitrî gave answer: "I must go
Whithersoever thou dost bear my lord;
Naught other is my duty. Nay, I think,
By reason of my vow, my services
Done to the Gurus, and my fearless love,
Give but thy grace, I shall unhindered go.
The wise have writ that to walk seven steps
One with another maketh good men friends.
Beseech thee, let me say a verse to thee:

"Be master of thyself, if thou wilt be
Servant of Virtue. Such as thou shalt see
Not self-subduing, do no deeds of good
In youth or age, in household or in wood.
But wise men know that Virtue is best bliss,
And all by some one way may reach to this.
It needs not men should pass through th' Orders Four
To come to knowledge. Doing right is more
Than to be Twice-Born,—therefore wise men say,
Easy and excellent is Virtue's way."

Spake Yama then: "Return!—yet I am moved
By these thy words: softly their accents fell,
And sweet and reasonable was their sense.
See, now, thou Faultless one: except this life
I bear away, ask any boon from me;
It shall not be denied."

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Savitrî said:
"Let, then, the King, my husband's father, have
His eyesight back, and be his strength restored,
And let him live anew, strong as the sun."

"I give this gift," Yama replied: "thy wish,
Blameless, shall be fulfilled. But now go back.
Already art thou wearied, and our road
Is long and hard. Turn back, lest thou too die."

The Princess answered: "Weary am I not
If I walk near my lord. Where he is borne,
Thither wend I. Most dreadful of all gods,
I follow wheresoe'er thou takest him.
I know a verse on this, if thou wilt hear:

"There is naught better than to be
With noble souls in company;
There is naught fairer than to wend
With good friends faithful to the end:
This is the love whose fruit is sweet,
Therefore to bide therein is meet."

Spake Yama, smiling: "Beauteous dame, thy words
Delight me: they are virtuous, and teach
Wisdom unto the wise, singing soft Truth.
Look, now: except the life of Satyavân,
Ask yet another—any—boon from me."

Said Savitrî: "Let, then, the pious King,
My husband's father, who hath lost his throne,
Have back that Râj; and let him rule his realm
In changeless righteousness. This boon I ask."

"He shall have back the throne," Yama replied;
"And he shall reign in righteousness: these things
Will surely fall. But thou, having thus thy wish,
Return anon. I tell thee thou wilt die!"

"Ah! awful god, who hold'st the world in dread,"
The Princess said, "restraining evil men,
And leading good men, all unconscious, there
Where they attain, hear yet these famous words:

"The constant virtue of the good is tenderness and love
To all that lives—in earth, air, sea—great, small—below, above;
Compassionate of heart, they keep a gentle will to each;
Kind in their actions, mild in thought, and pitiful in speech.
Who pities not, hath not the faith: full many a one so lives.
But when an enemy asks help, the good man gladly gives."

"As water to the thirsting," Yama said,
"Princess, thy words melodious are to me.
Except the life of Satyavân thy lord,
Ask one boon yet again, for I will grant."

Answer gave Savitrî: "The King my sire
Hath no male child. Let him see many sons,
Begotten of his body, who shall keep
The royal race long regnant. This I ask."

"So shall it be!" the God of Death replied.
"A hundred fair preservers of his line
Thy sire shall boast. But now this wish is won,
Return, dear Princess; thou hast come too far."

"It is not far for me," said Savitrî,
"Since I am near my husband: nay, my heart
Is set to go as far as to the end.
But hear these other verses, if thou wilt:

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"By that mighty name thou bearest,
Thou, Vaivaswata, art dearest.
Those who as their lord proclaim thee,
King of Righteousness do name thee.
Better than themselves, the wise
Trust the righteous. Each relies
Most upon the good, and makes
Friendship with them. Friendship takes
Fear from hearts; yet friends betray.
In good men one may trust alway."

"O Princess," Yama said, "never were words
Spoke sweeter, never better heard by ear.
Lo! I am pleased with thee. Except his soul,
Ask one gift yet again, and get thee home."

"I ask thee, then," quickly the Princess cried,
"Sons, many sons, born of my body; boys,
Satyavân's children, lovely, valiant, strong,
Continuers of their line. Grant this, kind god!"

"I grant it," Yama answered: "thou shalt bear
Those sons thy heart desireth, valiant, strong.
Therefore go back, that years be given thee.
Too long a path thou treadest, rough and dark."

But softer than before the Princess sang:

"In paths of peace and virtue
Always the good remain;
And sorrow shall not stay with them,
Nor long access of pain;
At meeting or at parting,
Joys to their bosom strike,
For good to good is friendly,
And virtue loves her like.
The great Sun goes his journey
By their strong truth impelled;
By their pure lives and penances
Is earth itself upheld;
Of all which live or shall live
Upon its hills and fields,
Pure hearts are the protectors,
For Virtue saves and shields.

"Never are noble spirits
Poor while their like survive;
Without request these render,
Without return they give.
Never is lost or wasted
The goodness of the good;
Never against a mercy,
Against a right, it stood;
And seeing this, that Virtue
Is always friend of all,
The Virtuous and Pure-hearted
Men their 'Protectors' call."

"Word for word, Princess, as thou sangest so,"
Quoth Yama, "all that lovely praise of good,
Grateful to hallowed minds, lofty in sound,
And couched in noble numbers—word by word,
Dearer thou grew'st to me. O thou great heart,
Perfect and true, ask any boon from me—
Ask an incomparable boon!"

She cried,
Swiftly, no longer checked: "Not heaven, I crave,
Nor heavenly joys, nor bliss incomparable,
Hard to be granted even by thee; but Him,
My lord's sweet life, without which I am dead.
Give me that boon of boons! I will not take

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Aught less without him, not a gift, no praise,
No splendors, no rewards, not even those sons
Whom thou didst promise. Ah! thou wilt not now
Take hence the father of them, and my hope!
Make thy free word good: give me Satyavân
Alive once more!"
And thereupon the god
Loosened the noose and freed the Prince's soul,
And gave it to the lady, saying this,
With awful eyes grown tender: "See, thou Queen
Of Women! Blameless Jewel of thy race!
Here is thy husband. He shall live and reign
Side by side with thee, saved by thee, in peace
And fame, and wealth and health, many long years,
By pious sacrifices world-renowned.
Boys shalt thou bear to him, as I did grant—
Kshatriya kings—fathers of kings to be—
Continuers of thy line; also, thy sire
Shall see his name upheld by sons of sons
Like the Immortals—valiant—Mâlavas."

These gifts the dreadful Yama gave, and went
Unto his place; but Savitrî, made glad,
Having her husband's soul, sped to the glade
Where his corse lay. She saw it there, and ran,
And sitting on the earth, lifted its head,
And lulled it on her lap full tenderly.
Thereat warm life returned; the pale lips moved;
The fixed eyes brightened, gazed, and gazed again,
As when one starts from sleep and sees a face—
The best beloved's—grow clear, and smiling wakes.
So Satyavân. "Long have I slumbered. Dear,"
He said, "why didst thou not arouse me? Where
Is gone that gloomy man that haled at me?"
Answered the Princess: "Long indeed thy sleep,
Dear lord, and deep; for he that haled at thee
Was Yama, God of Death; but he is gone.
And thou, being rested and awake, rise now,
If thou canst rise, for, look! the night is near."

Thus, newly living, newly waked, the Prince
Glanced all around upon the blackening groves,
And whispered: "I came forth to pluck the fruits,
O Slender-waisted, with thee; then—some pang
Shot through my temples while I hewed the wood,
And I lay down upon thy lap, sweet wife,
And slept. This do I well remember. Next—
Was it a dream, the fierce, dark, Mighty One
Whom I beheld? Oh, if thou saw'st and know'st,
Was it in fancy or in truth He came?"

Softly she answered: "Night is falling fast;
To-morrow I will tell thee all, dear lord.
Get to thy feet, and let us seek our home.
Sunk is the sun; the gloom spreads fast around;
The creatures of the forest are abroad,
Which roam and cry by night. I hear the leaves
Rustle with beasts that creep; I hear, this side,
The yells of wandering jackals. Night is come."

"The wood is black with shadows," quoth the Prince.
"You would not know the path; you could not see it.
We can not go."
She said: "There was to-day
A fire within the forest, and it burned
A withered tree; yonder the branches flame;
I'll fetch a lighted brand and kindle wood.
See! there is fuel here. Art thou so grieved
Because we can not go? Grieve not. The path
Is hidden, and the glades o'erspread with gloom.
To-morrow, when the way is clear, depart;
But, if thou wilt, let us abide to-night."

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And Satyavân replied: "The pains are gone
Which racked my brow; my limbs seem strong again.
Fain would I reach our home, if thou wilt aid.
Ever betimes I have been wont to come
At evening to the house where those we love
Await us. Ah, what trouble they will feel,
Father and mother, searching for me now!
They prayed I would haste back. How they will weep,
Not seeing me! for there is none save me
To guard them. 'Hasten back,' they said. 'Our lives
Hang upon thine; thou art our eyes, our breath,
Our hope of lineage; unto thee we look
For funeral rites, for mourning feasts, for all.'
What will they do alone, not seeing me
Who am their staff? Shame on the idle sleep
And foolish dreams which cost them all this pain!
I can not tarry here. My sire, belike,
Having no eyes, asks at this very hour
News of me from each one who knows the wood.
Let us depart: not for myself, dear wife:
I chafe but for those honored ones at home
Mourning me now. If they fare well, 'tis well
With me; if ill, naught's well. What will please them
Is good and wise to do."

Thereat he beat
His hands, eager to go. And Savitrî,
Seeing him weeping, wiped the tears away,
And gently spake: "If I have kept the fast,
Made sacrifices, given gifts, and wrought
Service to holy men, may this black night
Be kind to those and thee! for we will go.
I think I never said a false word once
In all my life, not even in jest: I pray
My truth may help to-night them, thee, and me."

"Let us depart," he cried. "If any harm
Hath fallen on them so dear, I could not live;
I swear it by my soul! As thou art sweet,
Helpful, and virtuous, aid me to depart."

Then Savitrî arose, and tied her hair,
And lifted up her lord upon his feet,
Who, as he swept the dry leaves from his cloth,
Looked at the basket full of fruit. "But thou,"
The Princess said, "mayst bring these in anon.
Give me thine axe: the axe is good to take."
So saying, she hung the basket on a bough,
And in her left hand carrying the axe,
Came back, and laid his arm across her neck,
Her right arm being round him. So they went.

The beautiful old story concludes happily. While the Prince and Princess seek a path through the shades of the forest, the King Dyumutsena, restored to sight, is much afflicted at their absence; but he becomes consoled by the Rishis, who declare that Satyavân and Savitrî will surely return safe and well. Before the night is over the wedded pair do come back, and being eagerly questioned, the Prince is unable to explain what has happened, but Savitrî relates it all, telling how Narada had foreseen that her husband must die, and how she had kept the "Threefold Fast," and gone with him to the wood, in order to avert his doom. While the Rishis are praising the lovely Princess, and loudly declaring that her piety, courage, and goodness have conquered Death itself, messengers arrive from Dyumutsena's city, announcing that the usurper is overthrown there, and Satyavân's father proclaimed King; and Dyumutsena having returned to his capital in triumph, together with his Queen, and the Prince and Princess, all the other happy fortunes promised for them by Yama duly befall.

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THE SQUIRREL'S HIGHWAY.

THE venturous gossamer thrown floating on the breeze is not more precious to its parent spinner, nor is the pastoral brook dearer to its friend the kingfisher, than is the rural fence to our nimble rover the red squirrel. He is its constant companion, its chosen messenger, and is as much a part of its life history as are the twining vines and tendrils that cluster and wave about its mossy stones or timbers.

He is the protégé of the hollow rail, the welcome guest of many a chink and cranny among the tumbling walls. Well do the lichens and mosses among those crevices

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THE EDGE OF THE FIELD.

know the soft caress of his palpitating fur! and to those of us who have so often watched his agile zigzag course along the road-side, has it not sometimes seemed as if those old gray rails would miss the clinging patter of his feet?

Not but that there are other welcome touches of companionship known to these gray timbers—the feathery contact of bluebird, or the fluttering tremor of the bobolink in his love rhapsody upon the jutting rail. There is the vibrant tap of woodpecker on the bar post, or the unwelcome grip of pigeon-hawk awaiting his prey upon this well-known thoroughfare. But these are mostly chance loiterings and transitory episodes, and while such casual visitors know the fence chiefly as a passing resting-place, or coigne of vantage, the squirrel has learned it in its length and breadth. He has traversed its every nook and corner, and so surely as the chattering screech of the halcyon shall lead you on to the rarest of the brook's

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wild retreats, so truly will the beckonings of that frisking tail signal the way to their parallels amid the rural landscape.

Where is the picturesque old manse, the ancient orchard, or rumbling mill that is not strung upon the line of some old rambling fence or wall? Their net-work incloses the entire landscape in its meshes like seams in the great coverlet of farms, woods, and meadows—a patchwork in which the criss-cross stitches of the zigzag rails do time-honored duty.

I am told by foreign tourists that while many of our fences are reflected in those of other lands, the counterpart of the zigzag fence is to be seen in no other country. It is typical of Yankeeland.

It is known as the snake or Virginia fence, and as the relic of a lavish era of unlimited forestry. History does not chronicle the name of its inventor, but I have long since learned to cherish a profound respect for the memory of this unknown individual. It is hard for me to imagine in the person of this primitive rail-splitter the picture of an untutored backwoodsman, and I never follow the course of one of these fences without feeling a certain consciousness that its original builder must have seen his work through eyes artistic as well as practical.

The careless abandon of its lines—a repetition of form in which absolute repetition is continually defied by the capricious convolution of the grain, for there are no two rails made in the same mould—and their gray satiny sheen, their weather-beaten stains of moss and lichen, and the ever-changing play of lights and shadows from their waving weeds and vines, make the old rail fence truly an object of real beauty in our landscape. Often have I lingered in its angles, and a hundred times have I thought of the host of pictures and reminiscences which might fill a book to the glory of a fence corner.

Moreover, this peculiarity of conformation panders to a most worthy and blessed shiftlessness happily latent in the bones of almost every farmer, for while the ploughshare creeps close along the base of the old stone wall, and the direct course of most other fences offers a free scope for the mower's scythe or the reaper's blade, the outward corners of the zigzag fence dodge beyond its reach, and thus escape. How often, too, are these recesses the convenient storage quarters for the stones and stubble of the field, and as such receive a wide berth from the newly whetted scythe or cradle.

Thus does the old rail fence bedeck itself abundantly with wreaths and garlands. The refuse stone piles clothe themselves in tangles of creeping dew-berry, cinque-foil, and ground-ivy; and the round leaves of the creeping mallows conspire to hide their nakedness. Tall brambles rise and yield their snowy blossoms to the rifling bees, or later hang their purple fruit in tempting clusters to the troop of boys in their eager scramble among the rails. There are no black raspberries so large and luscious, no hazel-nuts so full and brown, and no filberts so tantalizing beneath their prickly pods, as those that grow up under the protection of the old rail fence. Here the rich green beds of sweet-fern give out their aromatic savor to the wise old simpler, the eager small boy, or even to the squirrel in quest of the nutty kernels among its seed bobs. The dull red blossoms of the glycine tell of sweet tubers beneath the ground, and the bright sunflowers of tall artichokes invite the old-time search among their roots.

Here in these sheltered angles the eddying November winds hurl their flying leaves, and heap the glory of the autumn present upon the matted mould of many autumns past. Later, the whistling gales of winter whirl about its corners. Clouds of drifting snow bedim the evergreens, and drive along the meadow, battling with the army of tall gaunt mulleins and red-capped sumacs, and at last are whirled along these weather-beaten timbers, where fantastic peaked Alps arise, and overhanging glistening cliffs hem in the rambling rails in great blue-shadowed crescents white and dazzling.

Here, too, the icy air shall ring with the shouts of those same voices that are known so well by the rural fence through every month and season, with their rollicking testimonies of wild-flower parties and squirrel hunts and nutting exploits.

And now the white day echoes with the hilarity of those half-muffled voices from the depths of the white blockade, where, with "mittened hands and caps drawn low," the village truants undermine the glittering pile, and make "a tunnel walled and overlaid with dazzling crystal."

The old farm coasting path is near by upon the long knoll slope. We see the jouncing "thank you, marm," built

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WINTER SHELTER.

up above the wall with rails, and packed with snow. How, in those reckless days when hearts were light and life was new, we shot across this flashing crust, and like a glancing arrow flew in mid-air out above the wall! I remember how the slender phantoms

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of the weeds trembled with fear, and shook the snow from their shoulders as we swept by. Then there was the startled hare that jumped from his hiding-place and bounded away upon the white surface. I can see how he writes his name in the snow at every jump, and I can plainly see that little nether tuft of snow that still clings to his fur as he hies away beneath the shelter of the drooping hemlocks, his winter rendezvous.

How many of us, too, have seen those "pink spikes of the willow-herb," also called fire-weed, either clustering along the fence or shedding their crimson glow upon the road-side! But how few there are even of those who know the plant, and who, having watched its glistening seeds sailing in the winds, have sought to pick its slender capsule, and learn with breathless reverence the unfolding miracle of its hidden floss! If perchance I shall reach my allotted "threescore and ten," I doubt if I shall ever have the heart to pass a copse of fire-weed without lingering to pick one of these fascinating seed pods, and clasping its stem in one hand and gently pressing its tip with the fingers of the other, behold this magical unfolding. Not more wondrous is the ashy phœnix of the dandelion than is this exquisite and amazing creation, with its four tiny looms

A BRAMBLE CLUSTER.

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that spin in a second of time an evanescent spirit fabric which consigns the efforts of a human lifetime into insignificance—a marvellous subtle sheen that flashes in the sun but an instant, and is gone. It is always awe-inspiring and wonderful to me; it is beautiful beyond description; and when I see those snowy spirit forms take wing and fly heavenward, it is more than beautiful—it is divine.

There is too little humility among nature students, too little of that inspiration which comes from seeking nature with the bowed head and bended knee of Wordsworth when he avows,

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

But whether disciple of a school or not, whether artist, poet, or layman, who can gainsay that such an attitude toward nature shall yield a harvest of deeper and increased delight, not merely in the contemplation of the foot-print, but even as truly in the study of limitless panorama?

Is there not to me an added charm in the pink flush that mantles the side of yonder mountain-spur when I know so well that it is shed by the myriads of blossoms in an acre of these same beautiful spikes of fire-weed? And as my eye follows the cool cloud shadow as it glides down upon the mountain-slope, among the varied patchwork of its fields and farms, is there not a deepened significance to every separate tint that tells me something of its being?

If in the faint yellow checkered forms I see fields of billowing wheat and barley, and recall a hundred of their associations, or if from that quaintly dotted patch there comes a whiff from a sweet-scented field with its cocks of new-mown hay, its skimming swallows and ringing scythes, with here a luminous gray of sandy meadow fresh from the plough or harrow, and there a weed-grown copse lit up with golden-rod; if that kaleidoscopic medley of grays and olives and browns tells me of its pastures with their tinkling bells, of its fragrant beds of everlasting, ferns, and hardhack, its trailing junipers and its moss-flecked bowlders, and each of these in turn draws me still closer, and whispers something of itself, the everlasting with its pendent jewel, the orchis with its little confidant and nursling, the gentian with its close-kept secret and its never-opened eye; if yonder bluish bloom means a field of blueberries to me, and that snowy sweep brings visions of the blossoming buckwheat field with its symphony of humming bees—tell me, have I not only seen the mountain-slope, but have I not also heard its voice?

If there is any one of our fences which more than another seems a part of nature herself, it is the picturesque old stone wall. It is of all our fences the most primitive in construction and the least contaminated by art.

Built of nature's unwrought materials, she has set her seal upon it and marked it for her own; even where the artificial edges of the blast or hammer show themselves, how quickly are the angles subdued, how surely are they hidden beneath the covering moss and lichens! Even though the prim contour offend the sense of nature's harmony, the frost king proves a potent ally, and soon does his work of subjugation, until at length the wall appears as much a product of the earth itself as do the bushes and the brambles, the burdocks, thistles, and milkweeds, that grow beside it, and the clambering vines that cling about it.

I know a ruined wall whose history dates back a century and more, now a scattered rambling pile of weather-beaten, nature-saturated bowlders. Half hidden beneath its covering leaves and creeping plants, it seems almost like a grave, and in many places it is lost beneath a covered mound, where nature has at last entirely reclaimed it, and wrapped it in her bosom.

This ancient landmark follows the border of a lane of equal antiquity, formerly the wood road of the pioneer forester who redeemed its neighboring sunny meadows from the wilderness, and whose hands laid the wall that, like himself, has now returned to earth.

The remnants of his old log hut, it is said, are even now to be traced among the new-grown timber on the mountain-side, surrounded by the crumbled pile of the massive log fence built about his primitive habitation as a barricade of defense against prowling wolves and bears—and even Indians too, if the record of the sod is to be believed; for many are the tomahawks and flint arrow-heads that have been turned up by the plough among these meadows.

This wall has long since gone out of service, but its innumerable foster-children have risen up to do duty in its stead;

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for here are almost impassable thickets of hazel bushes, dwarf cherry and filbert jungles, with here and there at near intervals majestic shagbark hickories springing up directly from its heart of stone. The sloping roots have raised and rolled away the bowlders on every side. There are occasional whole colonies of pig-nut trees, and

PEEPS BETWEEN THE RAILS.

now and then a huge spreading butternut, and the finest specimens of wild cherry to be found for miles around—all scattered along the length of this ancient wall in an exquisite abandon.

The sharp whistle of the chipmunk greets you here at almost every step, and in such a spot there is more than ordinary significance in that shrill voice. It is a voice from the heart of the wall, for the chipmunk is its companion and its historian. I am aware that nature has given this little fellow several black marks. He is doubtless a little thief, often making havoc among the farmer's stores, and taking his regular three meals a day from the granary. As a type of greed his name is almost proverbial. His vast subterranean store-houses bear witness to his

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acquisitive and miserly proclivities, as they are often in a single season packed with provender representing ten times his actual need.

How often have I seen this little fellow on the homeward jump, his head puffed out with a pig-nut in each cheek and a third between his teeth! But the inference thus conveyed is as undeserving as the black marks which he carries. If his gluttony is proverbial, it is equally providential. He must not therefore be condemned as a professional gourmand, for his true vocation—the one with which he is accredited in the book of nature—is that of a most skillful planter and landscape gardener. We have him to thank for many of our most highly prized specimens of standard trees. It is from the providential plethora of his subterranean treasure-houses that have sprung these noble oaks and hickories, these massive chestnuts, and this outburst of hazel and wild cherry among this bed of stone.

There are other tenants that people its crevices. The little weasel has his beaten tracks among them, where he threads his way in search of hiding field-mice that make their nests beneath the stones. The chipmunk sometimes encounters him in the hallway of his burrow, where this dreaded enemy has lain in wait for him, and the partridge is surprised by that same stealthy approach while searching for buds among the hazels.

There is hardly a square foot in this old barricade that I have not learned by heart, from its beginning at the old balanced gate with its long jutting beam and stone, that makes its creaking sweep out above the barn-yard, to its other terminus at the end of the lane half a mile away, where the scattered stones thin out upon a broad bare rock some hundred feet in width. This particular rock is known the country round as "Lawsuit Rock," and thereby hangs a tale. We have heard of a certain rock in the bed of Concord River on which four townships bound, and there is a well-known veteran oak in New England which drops its acorns in three different States, whose boundaries meet at the centre of its trunk. But not in the history of these more important and historical landmarks is there to be found such a record of feud and strife as that which had its scene of action on this old flat rock, and that, too, simply because it had the misfortune to figure in a deed of property as "y^{e} gray rock near y^{e} boundary fence of Ziby Freeman, his pitch."

But Ziby Freeman is long since in his grave. His hands were not mixed up in this early strife, but tradition says he looked on in safety from his neutral ground and enjoyed the fun between the two lively factions whose possessions bordered his own, and were nominally separated by this now ruined wall, which was supposed to extend from this "gray rock"—ay, there's the rub—"due east in a straight line to y^{e} mile-stone on y^{e} Trumbull turnpike."

But Caleb Prindle, a contemporaneous townsman, and chief fence-viewer of the town through many years, happily still lives, and while past his eightieth birthday, bids fair, with the promise of his erect figure and ruddy bloom of countenance, to become a centenarian. He is a materialized sunbeam, and his heart is so warm that it seems to have thawed every vestige of the winter of his life, excepting perhaps the snow of his soft white hair, which falls in a silken avalanche upon his shoulders. There are two smaller tufts of snow thatching his brows, but Uncle Caleb heeds them not, and he looks out brightly and happily through their foreshadowing. His mind is like a crystal, and even his boyhood does not as yet seem so far away to him but that he can recount its occurrences with a minuteness of incident often convulsing to himself as well as royally contagious to his ever-ready hearers.

It is a treat indeed to interview old Uncle Caleb, and draw him out on the reminiscences of this flat rock. It is like a long chapter in some colonial novel—with a large preponderance of comedy, it is true, but not a little of the deep pathos of genuine romance—to hear him tell of the tribulations and the complications of which this old rock was the innocent cause. "Ye see it cum abaout in this way," he usually begins, as he throws his head to one side, and enforces his remarks by beating time with his outstretched finger—"ye see it all cum by thet ar feller a-puttin' in thet old gray rock into the deed so car'less like, 'n' makin' so much a *p'int* on't. Naow old Roderick Emmons alluz sed ez haow the deed wa'n't wuth the paper it wuz *writ* on, cuz they wa'n't a ''foresaid,' ner a fus' part, er a secon' part, 'n' sech, *into* it from the beginnin' teu the end on't. But I'll tell ye haow it wuz. Ye see, in

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GRAPE CLUSTERS.

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them times thet ar rock yender wa'n't no bigger'n a bar'l head—thet is, wut you cud *see* on't—'n' it wa'n't no *gret* nuther, only jest stuck aout the graound a leetle, kinder flat 'n' low daown like, ye know. But ye see"—here the face lights up, the eyes begin to twinkle, and the wrinkled lips must needs be wiped with the red bandana handkerchief ere he takes up the thread—"ye see, when thet ar feller on the up side—thet wuz Acel Benson (he wuz the gret-gran'ther of Elijah Benson, daown the road a spell; ye kin see his haouse thar threu the trees daown in the holler)—but ye see, w'en he cum to plough up thar on his side—they wa'n't no fence thar then—he kep' a-runnin' agraoun' on this pesky stun bottom, 'n' w'en he cum to clear up the gravel a piece, he see haow the old 'bar'l hed' wuz consid'able of a *spreader* all araoun'. Now w'en he cum to look on't a minnit, 'n' kinder cogitatin' like, it somehow cum into his hed, ye know, ez haow the *hull* on't was a 'gray rock.' 'N' he jest went to hum, 'n' took a car'ful readin' o' the deed—kinder sorter *prarfle* like, ye know. Naow he wuz consid'able l'arned, 'n' wuz a gret meetin' man, 'n' he wuz a consid'able bizniss man teu—b'leeved in keepin' clus to the *letter* on't. So he wa'n't long in decidin', *I* kin tell ye, 'n' he wuz aout thar agin with his team in jest abaout a shake uv a lamb's tail. 'N' he went to work 'n' scooped aout the turf abaout seventy-five feet along Ziby Freeman's fence until he struck the edge o' the rock, 'n' then wut did the feller do but put up his stake thar, 'n' run his fence line 'due east to the turnpike,' jest ezac'ly ez wuz called fer in the writin' of the deed."

Uncle Caleb's narrative is always broken here, and it does one good to see his keen enjoyment as he rubs his knees and, with head thrown back, gives vent to his loud "Haw! haw! haw! What times them fellers hed! I never see sech goin's on."

"Ye see, thet tuk in consid'able of a piece o' graoun', 'n' he hed the law onto his side teu. Then, I tell ye, cum the fun.

"Naow wait a minnit," he expostulated, eagerly, as I was about to ask a question; "jes lemme go on tell I git through. Ye see, old Acel he gut fired with a sorter high 'n' holy zeal, 'n' wuz 'tarnal anxyis all on a sudden to git up thet ar line fence, 'n' they wuz a sight o' small stun araoun' thar a-waitin'. So he went aout, 'n' gut all his nabers to come araoun' 'n' gin 'im a lift, 'n' he hed a reg'lar fence bee. Lor'! *they* didn't know wut he wuz up to, ye know. They wa'n't a-thinkin' so much of stun walls abaout thet time ez they wuz abaout thet ar gingerbread 'n' pie 'n' cider 'n' sech a-cummin'; but I tell ye they kep' at it clus until the old wall, sech ez it wuz, wuz built whar Acel said."

At this point of his story we always knew just what to expect. The ruddy color has gradually stolen to his ears, and now his bald head shows its glow. His eyes have become nervous and restless in their added twinkle beneath their shaggy brows. And now he begins to shake all over; every laughing wrinkle in his old face is brought into play; his tongue rolls between his wrinkled lips; and the old red handkerchief must soon come into requisition in mopping off the tears that trickle down among the wrinkles of his cheeks, as he tells in broken sentences of "the fun them fellers hed," and "haow them stun did fly."

"Ye see, this other feller—thet is, the feller on the daown side, Giles Farchild, ye know—he lived consid'able of a piece off on the turnpike, 'n' putty soon he gut wind on't, 'n' *he* gut lookin' et the deed *teu*, 'n' nateral enuff *his* readin' on't wuz kinder different from Acel's readin'. So he thort ez haow it wuz abaout time to clear up *his* lan' a leetle, ye know, 'n' git rid o' them stun. Then, I tell ye, come the fun. I don't b'lieve they ever *wuz* a wall ez hed sech a lively time in buildin' ez this one. Fi'tin'!—Leuther! I never heerd on sech fi'tin'. Lor'! haow the hull lot on 'em did turn aout! It looked et one time mighty like ez if the hull taown wuz takin' a han', 'n' Giles Farchild with his folks, 'n' Acel Benson with his'n, one a-heavin' on the stun, 'n' t'other a-rippin' of 'em up, 'n' shyin' 'em araoun' like all possessed. I never see sech goin's on. Leuther! how them stun did fly! Haw! haw! haw! I tell ye, in its *time*, thet old wall thar hez travelled pretty much all over the meddy, 'n' they's no tellin' but wut them ar stun might 'a been a-shyin' naow, ef it wa'n't for Jotham Nichols a-steppin' up 'n' buyin' on 'em aout, 'n' j'inin' on 'em. But, *Leuther!* haow them stun did fly!"

Then followed another long convulsive scene of merriment, which gradually seemed to shake out all the laugh that was left in him for the time being. When he had finally subsided, he leaned back in his

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THE SIDE-HILL PASTURE.

chair, and continued in a more subdued tone:

"But old Acel's dead 'n' gone teu his final reck'nin', 'n' I dessay like 'nuff he'll stand ez good a show thar ez a good many on us ez is kinder injyin' on his worldly capers."

"Is it true, Uncle Caleb," I inquired, "that Acel had a touch of insanity?"

"Wa'al, I dunno—I dunno. They is folks wat sez he wuz kinder crazy on the subject—kinder graspin' 'n' averishis like, ye know; but I dunno. They ain't no use talkin', he wuz dreffle *sot—dreffle* sot —'n' he wuz ez odd ez Dick's hat-band; but I ain't so sartin about the *crazy*. I'm cal'latin' they wa'n't much of the *crazy*. Lor' bless ye, no, they wa'n't an insane bone in his body, any more'n they is in his dreffle likely offspring daown the road yender. He's old Acel right over agin—smarter'n chain lightnin', 'n' ekully law-abidin' 'n' speritooal—gret meetin' man."

The story of Uncle Caleb did not stop here, however; indeed, we had yet heard but its beginning, for there were long years of bitterness that followed from this scene of early strife, enmities and estrangements that were handed down from father to son, and to children's children. The tattered pages of the old town records still bear silent witness to many of his recollections, and show how potent were the influences of this early feud in the administration of titles, legacies, and even large inheritances.

There were episodes, too, which, from the deep tremor of Uncle Caleb's voice, showed too plainly how close they had come to the heart of our aged story-teller himself, for there was no lack of the tender pathos of the old, old story. There were long estrangements, and heart-aches, and even the legendary lore of witchcraft and mysterious tragedy had found their place in his romantic narrative ere he finished.

One relic of these colonial days still exists—it lies close by upon our squirrel's highway, and this nimble climber knows it well. It is the old deserted house of Acel Benson—a moss-grown ruin, full of weird and strange tradition. For is it not known many miles around as the "house with a haunted well"? Have I not heard over and over again of that mysterious light that flickers and dances above the well-curb?—how, in the dead of night,

> "A pale blue flame sends out its flashes
> Through creviced roof and shattered sashes?"

—how it plays and prances about that old house like a witching sprite searching with his lantern for a clew that was never found, now emerging above the chimney-top, now hovering along the weed-grown eaves, where the startled bats come out and swoop about its halo, and at last how it flits across the tangled yard, hovers a moment above the well, and disappears?

There are those among the aged townspeople who yet tell of old-time midnight vigils at the Benson fence—watching for the first glimmer of that lambent flame

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above the well-curb—and more than one white-haired matron I could mention to whom this playful will-o'-the-wisp is but a ghostly visitor from the other world.

Old Aunt Huldy was prone to tell, with half-frightened look and bated breath, of the "terrible secret of the old Benson well," and of the unpardoned soul that was doomed to "hant the arth tell the Angil Gabriel should blow his horn."

What is the secret of that overwhelming depression that weighs upon one's being when in the presence of an old deserted house? It overpowers you. You may strive to laugh it down, but the echo of that laugh is a weird reproof and mockery; you may strive to reason it away, but it is not obedient to the intellect; it is not the slave of reason. Come with me to that old house in the shadows of the twilight, and see how quickly are the smiles of ridicule dispelled.

I sought this ruin upon an autumn evening; I picked my way through its wilderness of weeds, following the beaten track of some prowling tenant that had his chosen path to door and cellar way. I saw the yawning roof; I saw the yellow leaves of twenty years that had been whisked in at the gaping sashes, and had been whirled by the blustering wind into great piles in the damp corners. I looked out upon the high-grown weeds and mildewed lilacs that swayed against the window-sills. The drop of the squirrel's nut rattled on the rafters overhead, and every sheltered corner was festooned with heavy cobwebs laden with the dust of generations. I saw the chimney-place, the old brick oven with its empty void, and in the fire-place below an ashy ember of an old back-log lying upon the hearth that once was radiant in its glow. Here were worn hollows in the floor that seemed to speak—imprints of the old arm-chair that told whole volumes of past cozy comfort at this fireside; here a nick in the plastered wall, and a round spot above, which, with the testimony of the dents in the floor beneath, told plainly of the evening pipe and the figure in the tilted chair. There was a cupboard door with its worn spot about the knob; here a rusty nail with the shadow of its hanging coat still plainly visible upon the wall—a hundred things, and each seemed trying to tell its story in some mysterious language of its own.

I sought out the nooks and cupboards, and I remember at length finding myself lost in a deep day-dream merely at the sight of a mildewed fragment which I had kicked up on the floor. It was nothing but a musty bit of leather—nothing but a little baby shoe turned up from a pile of rubbish on the closet floor.

There was an oppressive suggestive stillness that found my ear ever on the alert for some half-expected whisper from every gloomy corner, and that riveted my restless eyes as though seeking for an answering look from every dark recess. Why do you peer so slowly and cautiously into the shadows of the dark closet? Why do you so often turn and glance behind as you pass among its gloomy passages? What is it that you seek? And as you reach the top of those tottering stairs, why that quick and sweeping glance? why that shudder but half concealed? Yes, it is damp. The air is heavy with the emanations of mould and rotting timbers. But it is not the chill that brings the shudder; it is not the dampness. The soggy floors break and crumble beneath your feet, and you draw your wraps close about you as you pick your way through its dank and musty halls, so clammy cold. The doors have fallen from their hinges, and lie in shapeless heaps among the rotten timbers of the floor. The toppling rafters and sagging beams are tumbling from their moorings, and are damp with slimy mildew, and peopled with destroying worms. Snails and lizards are crushed beneath your foot-steps, and as you hurry toward the door, the coils of a skulking snake disappear before you among the dark holes in the timbers. You are weighed down with a sense of the loneliness and desolation of this old house. But there is a still deeper impress. As you stand and look back upon its sightless hollow eyes and crumbling frame, there is something besides the sighing of its pines, something in its uncanny silence, something in its clammy breath, which speaks, and it says: "I am dead. My life has flown, and I am returning to the mould that gave me being. Time was when these timbers glowed with ruddy warmth, and thrilled with throbbing pulses of the living, when these silent halls echoed with the ring of joyous voices, and these sightless windows were merry with laughing eyes that looked out from the life within. But now have these things left me. Behold in me a mouldering thing! Naught knows me

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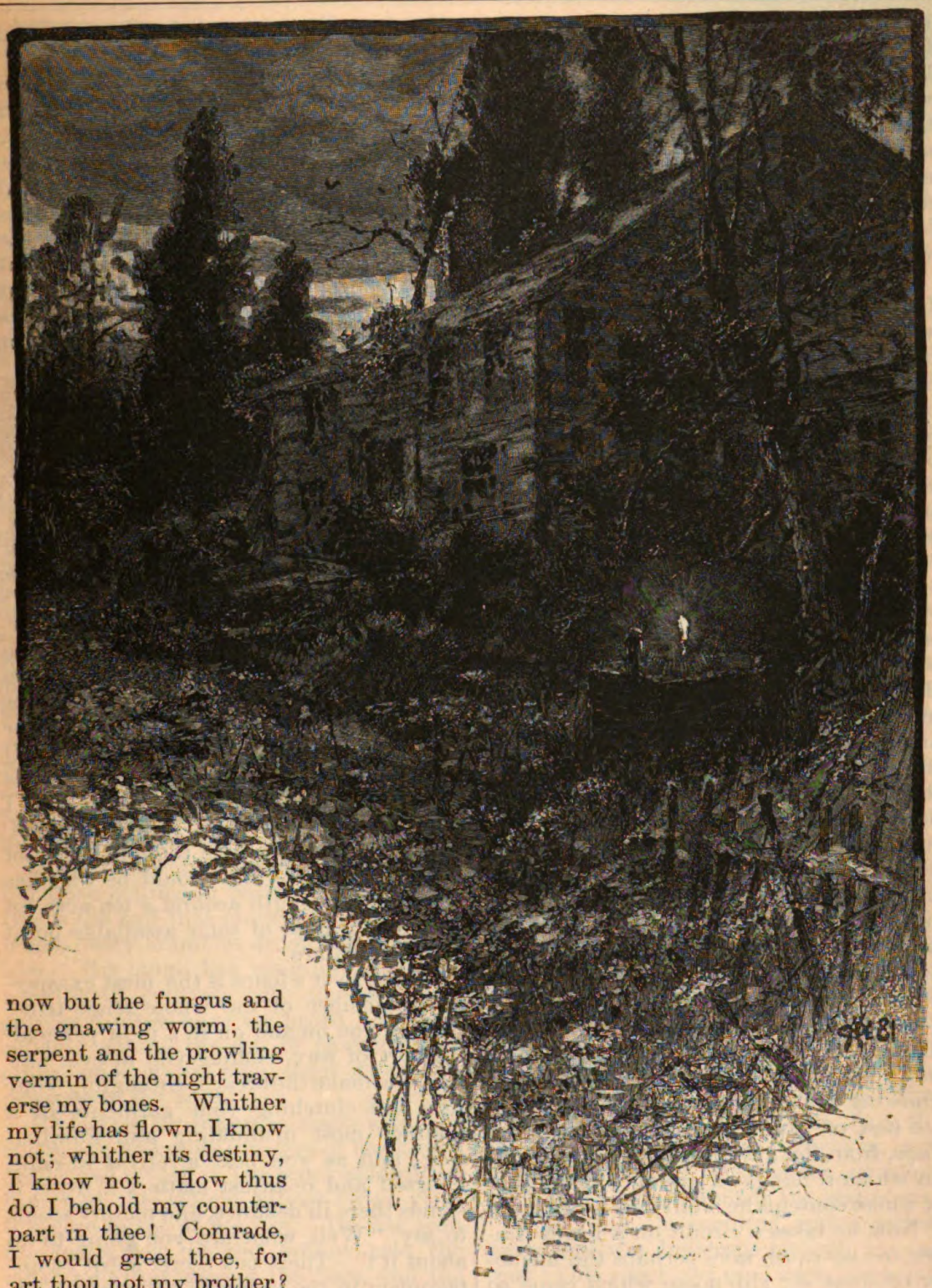

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

now but the fungus and the gnawing worm; the serpent and the prowling vermin of the night traverse my bones. Whither my life has flown, I know not; whither its destiny, I know not. How thus do I behold my counterpart in thee! Comrade, I would greet thee, for art thou not my brother? Thy body is but a shell like me, thyself only its brief tenant, and soon shall cast it off, and leave it even as I am left."

The fence no longer serves as the squirrel's highway to this old haunt. The mossy boards and pickets have long since lent their essence to nourish the growth of weeds that now obscure them. The squirrel of colonial days knew them well, but the nimble rover of to-day must needs reach his old rookery by a branch highway from tree to tree, from which he finds his path to the mosssy shingles. Present-

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ly he appears at the little curved window in the gable, crouches a moment, and launches himself through the air, landing with clinging feet upon the hickory bough that sways beneath him as he bounds along. At the trunk he pauses, rummages beneath a shag of bark, and in a moment more we hear his snicker, and the loud scraping of his teeth upon the hard white nutshell.

The shell-bark hickory is the squirrel's favorite store-house. A quick stroke of axe or sledge on one of these trunks will often dislodge numbers of nuts which have been packed away and wedged beneath the loose shags of bark by these provident little fellows. I remember a pocketful of nuts thus gathered from a single tree in a midwinter ramble in the snow-crust; and I remember, too, the scolding protest from the interior, and the two black eyes at the knot-hole.

But the scraping sound has ceased, the empty nut has rattled among the branches, the squirrel has left his perch, and now we see him tacking back and forth upon the fence with flying colors. Here he makes a sudden halt, followed by a crouch and spring to the branch of the low-hanging apple-tree. This old crag has learned to know his grip, and gets its daily shake of companionship. The apples of autumn tumble about him as he speeds along, and in spring he makes a whirling tumult among the bees, leaving a mimic snow-fall in the shower of blossoms in his track as he leaps up on the corn-crib eaves and pries and scolds about that protecting piece of tin upon its roof.

How well he knows every inch upon his path! Here he makes a long clean jump across the middle of a certain rail, knowing well of that hornets' nest beneath —a nest of paper, by-the-way, made, perhaps, from the gray fibres of the very rail on which it hangs—a parcel of the nature of whose contents he is only too well aware.

Now he takes a circuit on a lower timber, for no cause save perhaps the memory of some sly slip-noose which came so near being his doom in its artful poise above the rail. Here he lingers with a wistful look at the empty robin's nest between the cross-beams, and there are visions of bright blue eggs, and a golden quaff from rare blue cups. The stuffy little wren in her post-hole citadel hears the vibrant murmur of his approach along the boards, and plants herself at the opening of her burrow, where she sputters and scolds with great ado.

Here, too, is the woodpecker's den in the dead tree close by, to which our red rover paid a well-remembered visit; but, contrary to his calculations, madam was at home, and met him at the door, and planted a pointed rebuke between his eyes that quite dispelled his appetite for the time being. He will never work that mine again. See how the mere thought of that pickaxe repeater speeds him on as he skips along and clears the bar posts at a jump!

But while this little athlete is at home on almost every fence, and trains a special gait for each, there are some of them that have no attractions for him. Such, for example, is the sawyer's fence. I do not remember ever having seen a squirrel on one of these fences. They offer him no continuity of track as in other fences, and as a foot-path the sawyer's fence practically comes to an end at every step. The progress of a squirrel on one of these fences would indeed be an amusing spectacle, for his course could be nothing but a series of bounds from the summits of the oblique slanting rails. If I were a squirrel, I think I should give a wide berth to the sawyer's fence, and I am inclined to the same lack of enthusiasm concerning it, even though I am not a squirrel, as any one would be who has traversed its length around a ten-acre lot in the vain hope of some assailable point of thoroughfare.

The sawyer's fence is the most exasperating member of the whole fence tribe, leading you on and on in a most persuading sort of way, baffling you at every attempt to make the breach, entangling your legs and clutching your garments in a manner most insinuating and humiliating; and as you beat a retreat to calm yourself and re-adjust matters a little, it stands there in defiance, and plainly seems to say, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" There is a secret spirit of antagonism in the sawyer's fence which, in its moments of rampage, is past all subjugation, and is a most absolute annihilator of true dignity.

But this eccentric champion is not without its good points. How hath it occasionally redeemed itself in ministering to the exigencies of life! In the rescue of that guileless youth, for instance, who returning home after dark one summer

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THE STUMP LOT.

evening, fresh from a forbidden swim with the village boys, and who, in tripping innocently through the kitchen, was suddenly accosted by his mother, who would know, forsooth, "how that shirt came to be wrong side out." And he, being a mindful lad, and taking in the situation at a glance, replied: "Well, ain't that funny! Why, mother, I must 'a done that gettin' through the sawyer's fence up on the hill near grandpa's. I thort I felt sumthin' give;" and the fond mother folded him in her arms, and said he was a dutiful son, and that she never again would wrong him by unkind suspicion.

It is this same innocent that knows so well that spreading canopy of wild grape above the old stone wall, with its cozy retreat beneath, and the suggestive watermelon rinds that strew the ground.

It is his clear voice we hear in the evening dusk calling in pasture lot and lane. His is the pail that clinks along the road where dusty brambles droop and wait for him. His laugh has rung out high and merrily in concord with that creaking gate, and often have we heard his shout echoing among the din of barking dogs and clamor of the mob about its captive prisoner in the wall.

He has set sly snares in many a woody copse, and he knows the eggs of blackbird, oriole, and thrush. The brook-side knows him, and the yellow willow twigs yield bird-like music at his lips. He has seen the owl's nest in the hollow tree, the musk-rat's hut among the bogs, and the flashes from the gravelly river-bed to him are tell-tale gleams of silvery dace, of minnow, or of painted bream. He knows the speckled beauties too, but, alas! he knows them only on another's string. He has sought them with the fly, the cricket, and the worm, he has waded for them, and has frightened them from every gurgling nook that knew them. He has searched in vain for those inexhaustible fishing grounds of Ethan Booth, the sly old village Nimrod, who drops in at the village store evening after evening with his long willow string laden with his day's haul of trout-flesh. But only Ethan knows their swimming grounds. If you chance upon him in your walks it is generally near some running brook, and you may rest assured that he has spotted you from afar, and has hidden his pole in the grass, while he fusses about the fence near by, adjusts a rail or two, or trims up the lay of the old stone wall, whistling the while he works, and when you come upon him he will start and say, "Lor', haow you scairt me!"

But there *was* a youth who proved too enterprising even for Ethan. He hung around the house, and followed Ethan afield as he stole out across lots at sunrise. He saw him take his fish-pole from its hiding-place along the fence, and trail it slyly through the weedy pasture lot. He tracked him for a mile upon the hillside, and at last shadowed him, and surprised him at his game, in the midst of his accumulating string of beauties that lay wriggling on their osier in the water. When at last that sudden yell rung out from among the weeds close by, our Nimrod almost toppled off his perch upon the cross-rail. Ethan was provoked, and showed it; but he took in the situation philosophically, and made the best of it.

"Say, Bub," he inquired, with a listless yawn that was ludicrous enough in contrast to his eager *qui vive* upon his perch only a moment previous, "wut time is't?"

"Well, it's about time to give *another* feller a show now, Ethan."

"Wa'al, yer kin hev it 'n' welcome for all me," replied he. "*I'm* jest abaout tuckered aout tryin' to work the old hole. I guess I'll be gittin' home, 'n' try the *river* agin. I might 'a *knowed* they wa'n't no pike in this 'ere puddle."

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

"Any luck, Ethan?"

"Luck? Wa'al, I cal'late yer wouldn't see me a-gittin' *aout* o' here ef they wuz enny *luck*, I kin tell ye," answered he, twisting his line about his rod in preparation to depart.

"No luck, eh?" continues Bub. "What's that string of trout doing down there, then?"

"Whar?" exclaimed Nimrod, agape, and gazing everywhere upon the bank excepting at the right spot.

"Why, down there in the water."

"Oh, *them!* Oh, you took *them* for *traout*, did ye? Ha! ha! W'y, Bub, *them's live bait*. I'm fishin' for pickerel, 'n' I vaow they're pesky scarse. I b'lieve I'll go 'n' try the *river* agin."

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For an hour or more Ethan had been thus monopolizing an important section of our squirrel's thoroughfare. It is the cross-pole of the water fence that spans the brook—a point whereon the squirrel and the halcyon meet on common ground. It is the chosen highway of our red rover to favorite hunting grounds beyond. At the opposite bank of the stream he follows the rail through a tangle of feathery willows, and up a steep incline beneath dark and sombre pines. Here he looks out ahead across a blue and hazy valley, with glistening lakes and silvery ribbons of winding streams, as he speeds along beneath the drooping boughs of mingled beeches and rock-maples. Now he is out again upon his zigzag course, past clearings with their blackened stumps and crimson fire-weed, through rocky weed-grown pasture-lands and fallows. There are a thousand pictures that come crowding as I follow his waving banner—peeps between those rails that will linger long after they have crumbled to earth. Here a low flat marsh, the haunt of the heron, bristling with sedge and bulrush, and with thickset alders. There a placid lake, with softly tossing ripples among the floating lily-pads and eel-grass. Here a shelving bank, with mulleins and bleating sheep. Now a mumbling mill, with saffron-colored foam floating from its moss-grown wheel. There is a glimpse up hill, with its clang of geese—how doth memory serve to harmonize that discord!

Now we follow our little guide where he branches off along the flat-topped wall. See how he jumps among the woodbine, now dodging out of sight behind a copse of elders, or skipping beneath a bower of sumacs! Here he is lost beneath a covering screen of wild grape, and the startled birds fly out from their interrupted tippling from luscious vine clusters. Yonder he appears again upon the half-wall. At length he takes the rails, bounds along upon the hollow birchen pole, stops, turns, whisks his tail in a last adieu, and disappears. The old fence takes him to her heart again. His circuit is completed, and with it mine ends also.

LOOKING UP THE HILL.

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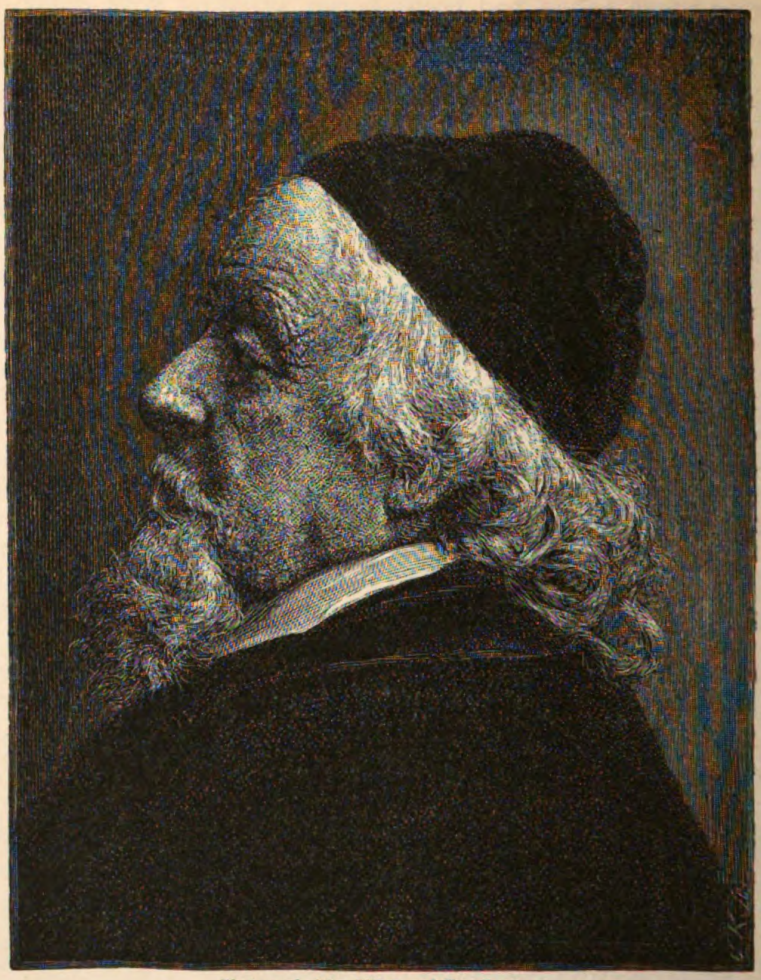

Photographed by Elliott and Fry, London.

R. H. Horne

SOME LONDON POETS.

THE many who like books, and have a love for English poetry, think of London as the home of its men of letters, and of the poets that have lived its life—that have feasted upon its royal favors, or endured its stony-hearted repulses, its tests of body and soul. The greatest of cities, it is not in all things the capital of the world. But it has brought forth, or drawn to it, poets, and starved or nurtured them; and this from the time when Chaucer paced that transept of the abbey where he lies interred, to the present day, when its youngest singers go so near his ancient tomb on their journeys to and from their places of song and work. London has always been a city of song; its share of English verse alone would have made the treasures of our language more precious than those of any other modern tongue. A generation comes and goes; poetry is in and out of fashion; but London at no season is without its poets.

The American author whose ancestral instinct has led him to England, and who there has breathed the air which Mr. White says, though new to him, he felt himself born to breathe—although he may return with a home-yearning heart to the atmosphere whose stimulus he can not and would not forego—is likely to have verified the truth of the Roman phrase. He has found

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the domain of letters a republic, and this through the instant and impartial brotherhood accorded him by those who now, in the glow and vigor of their prime, stand for English literature and song. Such a one has gathered friendships and memories which survive the international squabbles of provinces not Arcadian. He reads the writings of his welcomers, and sees new meaning between the lines; and in looking afterward upon their likenesses he thanks the camera for making life heartier for us than it could have been in the most golden of former times. I have a group of photographs, some of them the portraits of those ribboned seniors whose features are long familiar, others of the younger clansmen of Arcady in London. From these, and chiefly from the latter class, let me select a few for reproduction here. In doing this, and in giving some brief notice of their originals—a pleasant holiday by-task "when no graver cares employ"—I shall be not a critic, but a recounter; just for once venturing upon literary tea-gossip, half afraid by some awkwardness of speech to mar a good intent, yet hoping otherwise, and certainly meaning, in each instance, to offer nothing beyond the details which those who esteem a poet claim the traditional right to know of his walk and talk.

Some of the new school are still more nearly brought to mind as I look over the volume of Ward's *English Poets*, the latest encyclopædia of standard verse. The sketches, biographical and critical, that precede the selections from the poets of successive periods, are the work of various hands. Matthew Arnold, Sir Henry Taylor, Professor Dowden, Goldwin Smith, Mr. Symonds, have each written one or more articles; Mr. Swinburne furnishes the striking essay on Collins, and upon the list of contributors are the names of Theodore Watts, the acute reviewer, and of Comyns Carr, the English editor of *L'Art*. But so much of the work is by members of a certain London resort that the question, put to me in a letter from one of them, seems quite pertinent: "Have you, in America, had Ward's book of *Selections from the English Poets* by members of the Savile Club?" Those who thus may be denominated have written about one-third of the hundred and sixty essays in this compilation. Among them A. Lang, Austin Dobson, George Saintsbury—the distinguished scholar and critic, than whom no more wholesome, companionable member of his guild is to be found—and Edmund W. Gosse, whose share of their joint production is much larger than that of all the others combined.

The Savile Club is a comparatively modern but cozy and characteristic institution. It is located in Savile Row, the quietest of by-ways, yet but a step from Piccadilly, and almost in the rear of Burlington House and the lively bustle of the Burlington Arcade. The dainty booths and bazars of the Arcade, wherein everything from a walking-stick to an eyeglass can be bought, are dear to the hearts of Londoners in exile. When I congratulated a late Governor of the Bahamas upon the earthly paradise to which he had been transferred, he expressed his hatred of banishment in this wise: "My good sir, I would rather have a half-hour in Burlington Arcade than a whole season in Nassau," which I took to be the unconscious Mayfair equivalent of a hackneyed line in "Locksley Hall." A turn through the Arcade, and you are speedily in Savile Row, where the grass would soon crop out between the stones were it not for the chariot wheels of those who are fitted to their coats at Poole's. The young London writers as they take their lunch are little like to envy the patrons of the swell tailor; their clothes have at least the easy work-a-day grace to which Poole's can never attain—that which becomes the garb of the gentleman and scholar whom nine tailors could not model, and this with all due respect to every craft. The Savile is essentially a literary club, compact of writers, critics, journalists, and of poets a goodly number indeed; now and then a poet's publisher, like Mr. Kegan Paul, who takes his pick among them, from the laureate to the youngest of those who reach for the laurel, and who has every claim to their fellowship in his capacity as an author and metrical translator. His article upon George Eliot is fresh in the minds of the readers of this Magazine. The Savile does not approach our Century in years and wealth, and in the number of prominent lawyers, divines, college professors, and the like, belonging to it, nor does it pay special attention to art, and count some fifty artists upon its muster-roll. But it is equally a literary club, and a comfortable, unpretentious haunt for working men of letters. A nice feature of their usual life is the lunch which your Lon-

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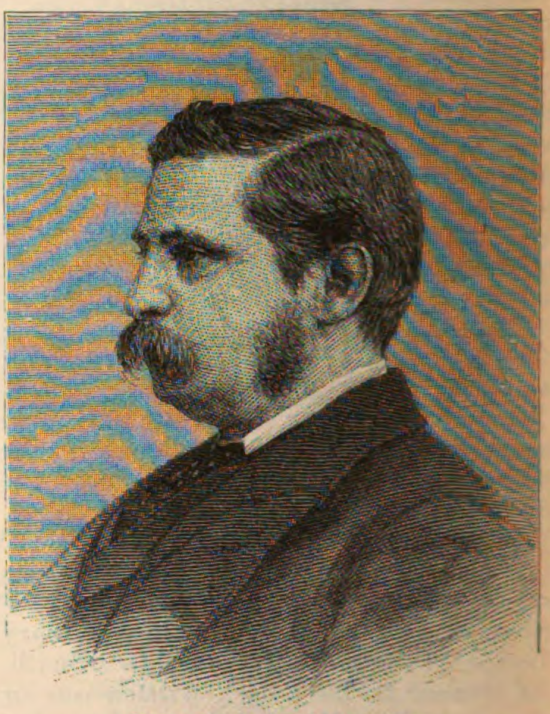
don writer, even in the civil service, feels it his prerogative to enjoy at mid-day, the best to my mind of English meals, with its joint and salad, cheese and beer; and at the Savile I counted upon meeting not only native Londoners, but stray writers who chanced to be in town, such as young Stevenson, who told that idyllic story of his gypsyings with a donkey in the Cévennes, and two of my own countrymen —George W. Smalley and Hans Breitmann —who, I think, were regular members of the club.—With which prelude of associations, called up by the mention of certain names, I will touch upon the records and traits of a few poets for the benefit of their several and united constituencies.

Photographed from a drawing by Alma Tadema by Haes and Vandyk

Edmund W. Gosse



Photographed by Fradule, Cheapside.

Austin Dobson

Here is a likeness in profile, after a drawing by Alma Tadema, of Edmund W. Gosse, one of the youngest and most active of them all. His name, at the end of exquisite lyrics or learned and thoughtful criticisms, is becoming widely known. I do not think of any writer more determined to excel or more rapidly succeeding, for, besides a distinct literary faculty, he has, in the words of one of his friends, "a magnetic vehemence which has repeatedly got him his way in life." Mr. Gosse, when I saw him first, was but thirty years old, and looked even younger: the healthiest and brightest of faces, with light hair, and complexion betokening a German ancestry—a type none the less known to New England, and presenting so well the vigor, delicacy, intellectual finish, of Dr. Holmes's "Brahmin Caste" that it was difficult not to believe him a graduate of Harvard or Yale. He keeps his Muse within ready call, but also has a notably fine gift of critical judgment, and of expressing it in felicitous prose. The effective work of late turned off by him adds steadily to his influence, both as a contributor to the authoritative reviews and magazines, and as the author or editor of books which are books. No less than twenty-nine of the articles in Ward's anthology were prepared by him. Their range begins with the early melodists—Lodge, Carew, Herrick, and others, and includes poets of every period down to Moore and Barry Corn-

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wall. The editor carefully thanks Mr. Gosse, "whose great knowledge of English poetry, especially of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, has been of the highest service to the book." His most important work in prose thus far is the *Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe*, a delightful survey of the poets and poetry of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, with a chapter on Walther von der Vogelweide, of Germany. In this field Gosse's taste and linguistic acquirements place him quite at home, and not the least attraction of the book is found in its metrical translations from some of the poets reviewed. I recently saw a paragraph in which his original verse was termed a product of the extreme modern pre-Raphaelite school—a classification that seems to me hastily made. The first impression that one derives from his lyrics and dramas is their unlikeness to verse of the purely technical mode. In art, they certainly are refined and flawless, but with the finish of the natural types of English poetry, and they depend very little upon the aid of refrains and mediæval restorations. The depth of his poetic sentiment is half concealed by its simplicity. Besides, he excels many of the later poets in knowledge of the rural scenery and feeling of his own country, and interests himself more with their expression. When not yielding to home suggestions, his verse often is upon classical themes, or takes its motive from the Norseland region so familiar to him. But I should say that both himself and Mr. Dobson in their several ways are loyal to English resources, although Gosse also was one of the first to examine the early French ballad forms, and to illustrate them by their ready and beautiful handling in poems of his own.

Were I to narrate in detail the story of Mr. Gosse's life, it would be found of singular interest, and would show the bent of native talent to overcome any restrictions imposed by adverse training. The mere outline will suggest what I mean. This poet was born in Kingsland, in the northeast of London, in 1849. His father is the naturalist Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., who was forty years old at the time of Edmund's birth. The elder Gosse's professional travels in the West Indies, Canada, and the United States are well known. During the son's youth the father had not gained a lucrative reputation, and the boy's childhood was but a narrow and precarious experience. His mother was a woman of intellectual power and a Greek and Hebrew scholar, and her son still possesses her manuscript commentary on the Book of Daniel, of which both the English and Hebrew text are beautiful specimens of calligraphy. She was an accepted writer of devout works, and of a series of tracts that had an immense circulation for years after her death. From these two parents the poet inherited his mental traits; but they both were under the stress of great religious asceticism—were illuminati in their way—and went, the father from Methodism, the mother from the Church of England, into the sect of the Plymouth Brethren. The mother visited the poor, organized meetings, and "labored for souls." The father was a recluse with his microscopic investigations. Their child had little company, save a library of very solemn works. He grew up a brooding, old-fashioned boy of the Paul Dombey order, and once alarmed his parents by declaring that if he did not walk in a green field he should die. There was no Dombeyan fortune to obtain for him the sight of the country and the seashore. His mother sickened of a cancer, and the boy, at the age of seven, was her chief attendant in a cheerless lodging of two rooms in Pimlico. He saw enough of the horrors of pain and bodily dissolution to last him for a lifetime, his father being compelled to devote himself to bread-winning through all this period. After the mother's death, in 1857, the elder Gosse advanced in repute as a lecturer, and his fortunes suddenly improved, so that he gave up his London quarters, and bought a home near Torquay, in Devonshire. Meanwhile Edmund had seen for the first a little of real out-door life, and found companions of his own age at the house of some friends in Wales. A reunion with his father brought new impressions. He was desired to "confess the Lord" in public baptism, and was pronounced a "believer." People came from all parts of Devonshire to see him immersed, and the ceremony was performed with great circumstance. Mr. Gosse's cheery face in manhood, his quick humor, and genial, healthy bearing are a tribute to the elastic youth of the poetic temperament that *will* find its own and survive the most restrictive discipline.

But sunnier times came. In 1862 his father married a Quaker lady, who has

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been all that a wise and tender mother could be. She changed the lad's mental regimen, and sent him to private schools, where he found congenial sports and comrades. The rigidness of his early life possibly sharpened the poet's appetite for the beautiful, and intensified his subsequent devotion to it. In 1866, his father brought him up to town to earn his own living. Charles Kingsley took an interest in the youth, and secured him a nomination to the British Museum. His peculiar education made it difficult to pass an easy examination, but he got through, and began life on £90 a year. He found a cheerful home in the house of some nice old ladies at Tottenham, where he staid for nine years, made unsuccessful and finally successful literary ventures, and wrote his first two books. He enjoyed his duties in the Museum, and began at once to educate himself systematically; his thirst for knowledge being so great that he made remarkable strides, especially in acquiring the Continental languages. A close friendship now ensued with a young man who, like himself, had a passion for poetry—John Arthur Blaikie—whose influence was stimulating to his taste and metrical talent. In 1870, Gosse then being twenty, the two friends prepared a volume for the press. It came out before Christmas, under the title of *Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets*, by J. A. Blaikie and E. W. Gosse. The book, I suspect, made no great sale; but the first ventures of true poets are not thrown away. It introduced Gosse, at least, to Rossetti, Swinburne, and others, and from that time he began to draw ahead. In 1871 he became a writer for the *Spectator*. The same year he took a first journey to Norway, and wrote for *Fraser's* an account of his adventures in the Lofoden Islands. In 1872 he travelled through North Germany and Scandinavia, with special leave of absence for literary purposes—a journey which he repeated some years afterward. He made the friendship of Andersen, Bjornson, and other Northern lights. In 1873, his first separate book of verse, *On Viol and Flute*, gave him reputation as a poet. Next year he was on the staff of the *Examiner*, besides writing for the *Academy* and *Saturday Review*—a practice which he still maintains, and which journalists would be loath to have him forego.

As his joint venture with Blaikie had brought him influential literary friends, so his *Viol and Flute* guided him to a poet's best possessions—a wife and household. Mr. Alma Tadema read and admired the new book, sought out the author, and introduced him to his own home. Here Gosse met Miss Nellie Epps, sister of the great painter's wife, wooed her, and married her in 1875. He now left the British Museum, being appointed by the government, without his application, and on his wedding day, as translator to the Board of Trade, at a salary of £400 a year. After all, they manage some things better in England than elsewhere. Since his marriage he has brought out the prose works formerly mentioned, his blank-verse tragedy of *King Erik*, and a volume of *New Poems*, all which have advanced his reputation. Of late he has been successfully turning his attention to narrative verse, of which it is to be hoped he soon will have a volume ready for the public. In observing the career, the sanguine energy, the versatile genius, of Mr. Gosse, one is frequently reminded of our own Bayard Taylor, and the resemblance between the two is continued by the young English poet's love of travel, and the ease with which he masters the languages and literature of various lands.

The Gosses live in a pleasant house in the northwestern part of London, near the abode of Robert Browning, whose friendship and confidence the younger poet enjoys. Their home is attractive, and on Sunday afternoons one who is welcomed there is sure to meet a choice gathering of guests, many of whom are well known to the literary and artistic world. During working hours the poet occupies, after the fashion of the Civil Service, a snug little room by himself in the offices of the Board of Trade. Here his labors, though greatly esteemed, are not sufficiently prosaic and engrossing to forbid snatches of song from coming to him "between times." He takes a lively interest in America and American literature, and I am sure that he will ultimately fulfill his intention to see for himself the homes and reaches of the New World.

To win the friendship of Mr. Gosse there is no surer way than to be favored with that of Mr. Dobson, and it is the most natural thing in the world to see them both on the same morning, their daily occupations drawing them so near together that they are a brace of singing-

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birds which a smooth-bore brings down at one aim. Mr. Gosse's office is at the head of Whitehall, and that of Mr. Dobson—also an official in the Board of Trade—is diagonally in the rear, upon the historic site of Whitehall Gardens. Here the curious talent for statistics of the London society poet, and his handwriting that puts to shame the graver's art, have been in use for years, since he entered the Civil Service at the age of sixteen, and must now be far advanced in its confidence, and, I trust, its emoluments. If quick recognition and continued public favor are grateful to the minstrel heart, he is to be envied; for his poetry is not only of a kind that instantly wins attention, but it is the best of that kind which has appeared in England for many a year. Much of his verse is of an original grade that is like to hold its own—and of this there are no more winning specimens than his dramatic interludes of French life and manners (*ancien régime*), and his English narrative and descriptive imaginings of a hundred years ago. His elegant measures have gained him successive editions at home, and the publication in this country of a volume made up by him with great care of selections from all his works to date. For this book it was the present writer's office to supply an introduction, in which I already have referred to the quality of his verse and the details of his quiet life. There is an English Horace in every generation, and Mr. Dobson is unquestionably the present holder of the title, if not of the Sabine Farm. Our picture gives an excellent idea of his features and expression. In figure and bearing he is not unlike Mr. Howells, and resembles him not only by virtue of his short, compact frame, and gentle tendency to that roundness upon which the critics flattered Parepa-Rosa, saying that there was "more of her to love," but also in his dark hair and rapid eye, in the shy humor which marks his talk no less than his writings, and in the exact delicacy of his largest or lightest work.

Austin Dobson is of French descent on his father's side, but was born in England, at Plymouth, in the year 1840. He was educated in France, England, and Franco-Germany, and had some thought of becoming a civil engineer, but was appointed to the government service in 1856. His first æsthetic tendencies were in the direction of painting, and although his art-studies were not long continued, it was not until the somewhat mature age of twenty-four that he found out his gift as a writer. In literature he then was fortunate at once, his lyrics making hit after hit in the magazines. His first collection of poems, the charming *Vignettes in Rhyme*, was made in 1873. *Proverbs in Porcelain* came out in 1877, and in 1880 his American volume was issued by the Messrs. Holt, and proved one of the most taking books of the year. It was gracefully inscribed to Dr. Holmes, for whom Mr. Dobson has a sincere admiration. Meanwhile he has not been out of demand as a prose writer, nor unsuccessful, although I consider poetry to be his special vocation. The *Hogarth* volume in "The Great Artists" series is from his pen. His knowledge of the literature, elegancies, and finer details of Queen Anne's time and the reigns of the Georges is something akin to Thackeray's. He delights in recalling the

> "Age of Lustre and of Link,
> Of Chelsea China and long S'es,
> Of Bag-wigs and of flowered Dresses—
> That Age of Folly and of cards,
> Of Hackney Chairs and Hackney Bards,"

and his fables and mock epistles in the manner of that time are more original than their originals.

Personally Mr. Dobson carries well his air of shyness and retirement, and is withal the best of good company. A married man, with a group of children to make home "like sudden spring," he is found occasionally at the haunts of his brother craftsmen. One of his friends is Frederick Locker, that elder and favorite Piccadillian. It was pleasant to see the cordial relations between the two at a little breakfast in Mr. Locker's home in Belgravia, where Lord Houghton and Mr. Lang were also among the guests. The host entertained us with his racy and original discourse, and with glimpses of a collection of rare books and autographs, in the pursuit of which he spares neither pains nor price. Among his treasures I remember scarce editions and MSS. of Edgar A. Poe. Sometimes Mr. Dobson incontinently takes flight from the round of home cares and office labors. At such a crisis I went down with him to Belvedere, where he had found a secret refuge in the rural home of a comrade, W. Cosmo Monkhouse, another London essayist and poet—a man by whose quaint and somewhat Emersonian sayings I was soon im-

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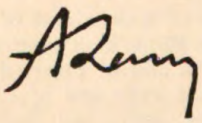

pressed. Mr. Monkhouse struck me as being a writer who from some cause had not done all that he might do. Such types of Englishmen are not uncommon. There is Mr. Conway's poet-friend, for example, W. M. W. Call, who left the Church of England many years ago, having adopted liberal views, and became the associate of the Leweses, Mrs. Lynn-Linton, and other gifted thinkers, and whose lyrical volumes —*Reverberations*, *Lyra Hellenica*, etc.— merit a wider reading than they have obtained. I have a little book, *A Dream of Idleness, and Other Poems*, which Moxon brought out for Mr. Monkhouse in 1865, and was gratified by the poet's own reading, under solicitation, of some unpublished pieces, charged with feeling and melody, from the make-up of a new volume for which I have ever since been looking. He is a writer upon art, and author of *Studies of Sir Edwin Landseer*. His command of prose is shown in the volume *Turner*, which he contributed to the art series already named. This is the model of a narrative and critical hand-book, and the author's style rises in a final summary of the artist's qualities, from which I take the opening sentence:

"So died the great solitary genius, Turner, the first of all men to endeavor to paint the full power of the sun, the greatest imagination that ever sought expression in landscape, the greatest pictorial interpreter of the elemental forces of Nature that ever lived."

Within the brief two years that have passed since our breakfast at Mr. Locker's, Andrew Lang, whom I there first met, has become very well known, very popular with a select body of readers. His quick advance has been one that a writer of his dainty and learned habit hardly could have achieved in a time less refined than our own, and less on the hunt for what is choice and rare. Mr. Lang is an out-and-out University man—not so devoted to criticism and critico-biographical writing as Mr. Saintsbury (whose *Dryden* is a noble product of his ability in the latter field), but certainly a representative Oxford scholar. He was a fellow of Merton College, and his first notable feat was the unique prose translation of the Odyssey, which he made in partnership with S. H. Butcher, fellow of University College, Oxford, and late fellow of Trinity at Cambridge. This version is the most faithful in spirit and text, and, though in prose, one of the most poetic ever made. The diction has an archaic tinge, which hurts it not a bit for me, and it is a treat to read it, even after Chapman, or Pope, or Bryant, or any other translation or paraphrase whatsoever. Not only the work itself, but the following sonnet prefixed to it, declared that one of the co-laborers was a poet:

"As one that for a weary space has lain,
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Ææan isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such a one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips and the large air again,
So gladly from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours
They hear, like ocean on a western beach,
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

"A. L."

Since then, Mr. Lang by himself has made our best prose translation of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, with prefatory graces of idyllic song by Dobson and Gosse, who contribute a villanelle and pastoral respectively, and with an introductory essay upon "Theocritus and his Age," from his own pen. In talk and letters he whimsically makes light of verse, and especially of his own poems. Against this we

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bear in mind that his first popularity came with the appearance of his *XXII Ballades in Blue China*, a fascinating little book in all respects, and as to externals the first, I think, issued in London after the vellum style wherewith the French poets love to make their verse attract the eye before it reaches the ear. The "Ballades" have been sold and reviewed on both sides of the Atlantic, and are nonpareils of their kind, composed in those choice forms of Anglo-Parisian verse of which Dobson is a master, but with an air and difference peculiar to Mr. Lang. They are so perfect, and yet turned with such ease, that their artificer seems to be keeping studiously within certain bounds, and able to proffer something more heroic if he cares to make the effort. Their new and enlarged edition (now *XXII and X Ballades*), with its *eau-forte* design, hand-made paper, and vellum cover, is as natty a piece of bookmaking as you shall see.

Scholars are glad to learn that Mr. Lang is now engaged, with Ernest Myers and another, upon a prose translation of the Iliad, and also has a book on mythology under way. His volume, *The Library*, in Macmillan's "Art at Home" series, recently obtained a welcome. Lang is not in the best of health, but zealously clings to his work, and at his years—for he does not seem much over thirty-five—bids fair to make valuable contributions to English letters. He has versatility, and one of the cleverest of last year's magazine sketches was his "Romance of the First Radical," wherein one Why-Why, a prehistoric youth who ventured to ask and think, comes with his bride to a pathetic martyrdom. Articles upon Gawain Douglas, H. Constable, and George Chapman, in Ward's anthology, bear his signature. He lately has written an essay on Poe, and another on Matthew Arnold—for whom he has all an Oxford man's regard. Notwithstanding Lang's quaint depreciation of his own metrical exploits, he is in these, no less than in his scholarship, the offspring and exponent of his time—of the æsthetic, decorative, fastidious later Victorian period that already outvies Queen Anne's in eccentricity, love of finish, and minute experiment in life and art. And I take this opportunity to repeat that a frequent characteristic of the verse of the younger English poets is that it has less to do with their home life and national atmosphere than that of almost any group of their predecessors. I am frank enough to own that the demand of our compeers that American poets should give them something new and smacking of the new soil is not without reason; that they are right in claiming an allowance for the ocean between us, in expecting a different product from a distant hemisphere. But I see, in looking over our minor verse, that, with all its short-comings, it is more American as an expression of local theme and sentiment than much of the later transatlantic verse is English; and we in turn are now moved to ask whether the fount of English tradition and feeling is for the time running dry, whether we have not an equal right with our cousins to draw upon the reservoirs of the world at large, and whether they no less than ourselves are not construing this privilege somewhat too liberally.

However this may be, our writers do not begrudge the welcome which their home magazines extend to several of the authors named in this sketch, and to not a few of their associates. Five years ago I wrote that an American poet's chief concern might well be for the reputation he should acquire at home, "since this is the land, with its increasing millions of readers, to which he must look for the affectionate preservation of his name and fame." To which it might be added that this is not only the country that affords him the most practical return for his thought and song, but one that now is able and willing to open a hospitable market to all men of talent in so far as their productions can add real worth and variety to serial literature.

Philip Bourke Marston's verse is chiefly of a subjective nature, the outcome of his own emotions and experiences. He, too, resides in London, where he was born in 1850. To few poets so young have the extreme tests of life been applied more directly; he has borne the loss of his nearest and dearest, and is debarred from the sweet comfort of the light of day, in which the artist-soul finds most relief. But no poet ever received more sympathy and care from those attached to him. He is the son of that fertile dramatist Dr. Westland Marston, who, when I saw him, though a veteran in years and honorable service, had the hearty frame and genial spirits of an Englishman in his prime. Father and son live together in Euston Road, where their friends often gather of

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an evening to smoke and chat, and make more cheerful a somewhat lonely home. Not long ago the poet's two sisters, who both possessed unusual talent and sensibility, died, the one after the other, in their young womanhood, and to Philip Marston their loss was far more grievous than it could have been under ordinary circumstances. The poet's blindness was not congenital; his sight was perfect in childhood, and he can remember pictures that he saw in books before he was old enough to read. At an early age he caught a cold which settled in his eyes, and deprived him of vision. When twelve years old he underwent two operations for cataract. These were partially successful, and light and color became plain to him; he observed the beauties of nature, and says that moonlight, above all, was a joy and wonder to him. He also could see people, though dimly. This relatively good state of things went on till 1871, when a trouble befell him, in consequence of which he suffered great nervous prostration, neglected his health, and his eyes lost their residue of power. He took his new misfortunes bravely, and still refers to the tranquillizing effect of a journey which he made to Florence with his sister Cecily, whose devotion to him was constant. Her death and that of her sister, together with the taking off of his most intimate friend Oliver Madox Brown, completed his round of afflictions.

Mr. Marston has the poetic temperament, with its extreme impressibility of feeling, and the imagination and wonderful memory often noted in the blind. These traits are seen in his poetry, of which the sentiment and insight are genuine, and they affect his essays and tales. His temporary command of sight was a blessing to him; there is no lack of form, color, and descriptive detail in his work, little to indicate that its author's wisdom is "at one entrance quite shut out." He seems, as Mr. Fawcett lately has averred the case to be with himself, to enjoy the presence of a beautiful landscape or work of art, when described to him by a companion, as much as if he saw its beauty with his eyes, and he utilizes his impressions vividly. Criticism and tale-writing, for both of which

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PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy

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he has a vocation, occupy much of his time; he says that fiction is the business of his life, and poetry its pleasure. I believe he has a new book of verse ready for the press, and his stories frequently appear in the magazines. How he can dictate successfully to an amanuensis is a mystery, since his prose, exact, discriminating, and connected, seems that of a man who relies upon the actual burnish of the pen. Marston returns the attachment expressed for him by his comrades. As a reviewer he is analytic, but generous. While there is much that touches one in his quiet appearance, and the restraints put upon him by the loss of vision, under which he pursues literature as a means of support, the admiration is excited by his bravery, his patience, the fidelity with which he clings to his silent memories, and the sweetness that tempers the low tones of his conversation with a trusted friend.

Of the company at the Marstons' one evening were Dr. Thomas Gordon Hake—that true poet and courtly gentleman—his son, Egmont Hake, a rising author, Théophile Marzials, the young balladist and musician, and the poet Arthur O'Shaughnessy. With the Hakes I already had a friendship, strengthened by their kind attentions during a London season. Dr. Hake's volumes, *Madeline*, *Parables*, *Legends*, etc., are unique among latter-day books of verse. A wise, original, old-time manner is that of his emblematic and allegorical pieces; they might perhaps have been written by some "worthy" of Herbert's time, but their author can not be accused of borrowing a style from any leader of his own day. The tidings of O'Shaughnessy's sudden and early death from pneumonia reached me last year, very shortly after I had received a letter from him speaking of the new book which he had finished—a letter full of hopeful projects, and in every way reflecting the buoyant temperament of the writer. He was so thoroughly alive and sanguine that I well understood and shared in the feeling excited by the untimely closing of his career, and shown in the personal tributes to his memory that appeared in the literary journals.

Arthur W. E. O'Shaughnessy was born in 1844, and at the age of twenty had obtained, through the aid of Lord Lytton, a place in the British Museum, where, during the remainder of his life, he was connected with the department of natural history. Seeing him there, surrounded, like an Egyptian neophyte, by groups of stuffed reptiles and fishes, I wondered whether he found it more difficult to keep up his heart for song than other stray minstrels have in the crypts of the custom-house, or among the bulls and bears of the stock market. His real life was that of a writer and poet, and his lyrical range, though limited, was one that suited him. He and his friend John Payne, when at first they inscribed their books to each other, seemed to have much in common. Both concerned themselves chiefly with mediæval work and romance, each after his own fashion. O'Shaughnessy had some learning; he was admirably versed in French poetry, having a Celtic intuition of its subtle qualities. He often went across the Channel, numbering François Coppée and other Parisian poets among his friends, and having the regard and acquaintanceship of the great Hugo. In 1873 he married the elder of the Marston sisters, a girl of fine mind, who joined him in writing a volume of prose tales, *Toyland*, which they published in 1875. She and their two children died in 1879, and the poet, when I first met him, was striving hard to lighten his troubles through a closer devotion to literary work. His early books, *An Epic of Women* (1870) and *Lays of France* (1872) were successful, the first passing through several editions. *Music and Moonlight* (1874) showed little advance, and was coldly received. After this he did a good deal of critical writing, one of his very best performances being a group of translations from modern French poets for a series of papers in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. These were exquisitely done, and are to be found in his posthumous volume, *Songs of a Worker*, recently issued by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. The original poems in this book are in a measure disappointing to those who looked for a richer yield from O'Shaughnessy's lyrical genius after it had lain fallow during seven years. They scarcely show that hold upon thought and imagination which a poet should gain after enjoying the full period in which he reasonably may occupy himself with the dexterities of his craft. Now that his career is ended, there is a lesson in it; for a lesson will creep into every artist's career, however strongly he endeavors to omit the purpose of a lesson from his art. Mr. O'Shaughnessy was a rapid, nervous talk-

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Augusta Webster

er, with an American earnestness of manner. He seemed quite sure of his ground, and not one to be easily diverted from it by criticism, but was an impulsive, kind-hearted gentleman, and conscientious in in the treatment of his lightest work. The portrait of him here given seems to me a good likeness, and is so considered by some who knew him intimately.

It was with some compunction that I met Théophile Marzials, although there was little to excite distrust in the bearing of a handsome, boyish-looking, tawny-haired young man, who only needed a troubadour costume and lute to pass for a minstrel-page of feudal times. The fact was that in reviewing the traits of the new Romantic school I had chosen his book, *The Gallery of Pigeons*—a collection of his Provençal and folk-lore exploits in verse—as a superlative example of the lengths to which a fantastic manner could be carried. I was glad to remember that I had accused him of nothing worse than a false method, and had admitted that his poems were not wanting in fancy, melody, and color. It was a satisfaction to discover that he was an open-hearted fellow, who, so far from bearing me any grudge, avowed that the success which had rewarded his ventures in a new direction had almost converted him to my way of thought. He had been writing songs and ballads, and setting them, as well as the songs of other poets, to music of his own composition, and was about to make his début as a vocalist at the Birkenhead Classical Concerts. His popular songs were greatly in vogue. I envy the man who wherever he goes can hear his own music in the air. "Twickenham Ferry" is the best known on this side of the water of the songs by Marzials that are so current in England, and which, under the royalty, must bring him in a pretty penny. With this good luck, and his official salary behind it—for he, like O'Shaughnessy, had a desk in the British Museum—it was quite natural that I should find him of a cheery and forgiving temper.

In discussing American literature I have alluded to the number and quality of the lyrics written by women. Their share of our contemporary verse is large, and is valued not only for its tenderness, but often for its strength of thought and feeling. The British sisterhood of song appears to be relatively less numerous than our own, but there are always in England and Scotland a few contralto voices of a rare order. It seems to me that no female poet of modern times has fairly equalled Mrs. Browning, having in mind her constant, spontaneous wealth of production, her learning, her broad humanity, the fervor and exaltation of her spirit, and lastly, the imagination and individuality which made us tolerate the carelessness that unquestionably marred her work. Christina Rossetti often is subtler, deeper, more suggestive; her hold is sure upon certain minds, and those are not far wrong who draw a neat distinction, and say that whoever has been the greatest, Miss Rossetti has been the finest, of English poetesses. The verse of Miss Ingelow and Miss Procter, compared with that of Mrs. Hemans and "L. E. L.," shows the advance from moonlight sentimentalism to direct and natural feeling. Mrs. Augusta Webster is rightly called by Mr. Stoddard "one of the best" of female poets. Her work is ambitious, and marked by a strength and breadth not thought to be the special traits of woman's work. Some years ago, in referring to her dramas, I wrote that she is also "objective in her dramatic scenes and longer idyls, which are thinner than Browning's, but less rugged;" that "she shows great culture, and is remarkably free from the mannerism of recent verse." On extend-

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ing my acquaintance with her books this view is not materially changed.

That Mrs. Webster has a professional rather than a popular reputation is perhaps evident from the fact that her several volumes have not been brought together in a single book for general reading. But those not familiar with her writings will be glad to look at her portrait—of a refined and purely English type, and plainly marked by intellect and sensibility. She is not only a poet, but also a ready and practical thinker. Through a period of years she contributed to the late *Examiner*, from which many of her articles and reviews have been collected in the volume *A Housewife's Opinions*. Their topics range from "The Cost of a Leg of Mutton" and "Co-operative Housekeeping" to "University Degrees for Women" and the "Translation of Poetry," the writer, like a true journalist, being not without her own mind in all. She was one of the first to ask that to women should be allotted as "uncompromising" a competitive trial as "that which our universities inflict on male students," and her point has since been gained. Mrs. Webster as a poet may be termed a pupil of Browning, as may be seen by reference to her *Dramatic Studies, Portraits, A Woman Sold, and Other Poems*. In a review, she pronounces Browning the "chief of poets," but learnedly criticises his trans-

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A. Mary F. Robinson.

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lations from the Greek, praising their Chinese fidelity, yet concluding, "We could wish nothing better for literature than that Mr. Browning, having translated the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, should go on to translate the *Agamemnon* of Robert Browning." She has, in fact, the rights of an expert, for her own version of the *Prometheus* is second only to Mrs. Browning's in fire, and is superior to that in evenness, and she merits high praise for her rendering of the *Medea* of Euripides. To my mind, the best and most original things she has done are her own dramas, one of which, *The Auspicious Day* (1872), is a finished and truly dramatic play. The scene is laid in merry England during the Witching Times. *Disguises*, her latest drama, was warmly praised by the reviewers. The shorter poems which she has written during the last few years, and the pretty songs interspersed throughout her dramas, have recently been collected under the title of *A Book of Rhyme*. Mrs. Webster lives in a snug and semi-rustic house in Cheyne Walk, London, near the Chelsea Embankment, a region dear to the friends of Carlyle. Her husband is the secretary of the London Century Club. She displayed the practical side of her character by running, in 1879, as a candidate for the School Board. I do not know how the election resulted, but am sure that any school board might profit by her sensible and womanly co-operation.

There seem to be, in the new generation of Englishwomen, few maidens whose thoughts are fixed upon the succession to these gentle palm-bearers whom I have named. Possibly the artistic sensibilities of English girls find due expression in their appeal to the sense of vision, in their taste for dress and decoration, and in pursuing æsthetic devices that are the modern extension of those which fashioned the teacup times of Anne. The spring, however, always returns, and I should say that there never was a fairer opportunity than the present for the wholesome welcome and speedy rise to fame of a new English poetess. Fresh names, like that of Miss Veley, are occasionally inscribed upon drifting sprays of verse. But it was my good hap to meet, first with her sister in the parlors of Mrs. Gosse, and afterward in her father's home, the young songstress who of all seemed to be most hopefully and gallantly regarded by her fellow-poets, and the surest among new aspirants to fulfill the predictions made for her. The portrait here given will at once be recognized by her acquaintances, but the photographer has contrived to retain a likeness while very poorly expressing the youth and grace which belong to the original. Miss A. Mary F. Robinson is the eldest daughter of my friend George T. Robinson, F.S.A., a Londoner of studious tastes and acquirements, whose calling is decorative art, a business like that carried on by the firm of which the poet Morris is a member. At home, he occupies a large old-fashioned house in Gower Street. At the literary and musical receptions in Mrs. Robinson's drawing-room, or in his library, which is curiously rich with rare and antique volumes, he is the best of companions, and without the insular tinge that sometimes belongs to Englishmen (the writing guild excepted) who have not travelled, as he has, outside the royal isle. His daughter is fortunate in her home, and in the friendly encouragement of the London literary world, by many of whose members, and most certainly by myself, she is thought to be possessed of that priceless faculty—a true gift of song. Nor is she one to be diverted from its steadfast cultivation by any temporary success or the praises of the circle in which she moves. Her modest claim to the laurel was first put forth in a little book entitled *A Handful of Honeysuckle*, containing no long poem, but a collection of lyrics, ballads, and sonnets. One or two of the latter, "God Sent his Angel to Reform the Earth," and "Love, Death, and Art," and her fine ballad, "Captain Ortis's Booty," I have seen going the rounds of the American press. The volume, like all first books, showed the influences that surrounded the author; there was a good deal of the refrain and ballad business in it, and a pre-Raphaelitish atmosphere, but through all this the promise of a rising poet. I will venture to quote a single piece, which to me seems very beautiful, and which, perhaps, few Americans have seen:

"DAWN ANGELS.

"All night I watched, awake, for morning:
At last the East grew all aflame,
The birds for welcome sang, or warning,
And with their singing morning came.

"Along the gold-green heavens drifted
Pale wandering souls that shun the light,
Whose cloudy pinions, torn and rifted,
Had beat the bars of Heaven all night.

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"These clustered round the Moon; but higher
A troop of shining spirits went,
Who were not made of wind or fire,
But some divine dream-element.

"Some held the Light, while those remaining
Shook out their harvest-colored wings,
A faint unusual music raining
(Whose sound was Light) on earthly things.

"They sang, and as a mighty river
Their voices washed the night away:
From East to West ran one white shiver,
And waxen strong their song was Day."

Miss Robinson also is a prose writer of critical and other essays, and, like Mrs. Browning, an enthusiastic student of Greek. Her second book, recently out, contains a translation of "The Crowned Hippolytus," followed by her new miscellaneous poems. She, too, is one of the contributors to Ward's anthology, the articles on Mrs. Barbauld, Joanna Baillie, and Mrs. Hemans being from her pen, and excellently done. Her later efforts show the grasp of a strengthening hand. But the most interest rightly is felt in this winning and picturesque girl's career as a poet. Her poetical genius, however it may be sustained by her learned and critical achievements, is of more import than the latter. Were I permitted to make any suggestion to her, it would be that she should note how many fine scholars and translators are constantly rising in Great Britain, and how few natural and truly English poets. Trained as she has been in the atmosphere of London, its tendencies may too strongly influence her Muse. Her lyrics that express her own moods, or that take hold of some essentially English theme, with the home color and feeling, are original and effective. If she will look still more in their direction, and sing for the English people, she will touch their hearts; and for the poetess of her quality who shall succeed in doing this, love and fame are waiting hand in hand beyond the hedge-rows.

Ad seniores honores. When pleasure-seekers throng to hear the music upon the West or New Pier at Brighton, it is a breezy, attractive place, resembling nothing so much as our own Manhattan Beach at 3 P.M. of an August day. Halfway down the Pier a large sun-dial is stationed, with a mimic cannon that is fired by the sun's rays—if the sun chooses—precisely at meridian. It was good to find this inscribed with a legend from the verse of an aged English poet, long admired by those who best know him for the heroic strength, the noble diction, and, over all, the vivid imagination of his greater works. Thus ran the line, by Richard Hengist Horne:

"'Tis always morning somewhere in the world;"

and I scored a mark to the credit of the designers whose taste enabled them to select the best of all quotations for their need. Afterward I spoke of the sun-dial to Mr. Gosse, who at once reminded me that the poet was living frugally in London, almost an octogenarian, but young of heart as ever, and with a pride and dignity that well became him.

Before this I had paid my tribute to the genius of this vigorous dramatist, whose want of popular reading is somewhat due to the wandering character of his life, and to the lapses of time between works that never were painfully adapted to the successive fashions of the day. I had received his written acknowledgment, and various messages through our friend, his fellow-radical, Linton, the engraver and poet. It was my privilege to confirm in person the acquaintanceship thus formed. Nor shall I forget my impressions when, in company with an American woman who had been in girlhood a favorite of Landor, I visited Horne's modest apartments near the York Gate of Regent's Park. The room in which the old poet received us was his library, parlor, workshop, all combined, like a student's room in college. Here he lived alone amidst a bewildering collection of household treasures, the relics of years of pilgrimage and song: old books, old portraits and sketches, some by famous hands and of famous folk; old MSS. and letters; musical instruments, swords, pistols, and what not. I remember a portrait of Lucien Bonaparte, and one of Shelley by Mrs. Leigh Hunt. Horne's classical features, fair complexion, silvery hair, were set off by the black Titianesque cap that he wears; and, indeed, he looked like a Venetian of the sixteenth century. How brave his reminiscences! How swift and animated the talk of this nomadic bard, who was born in 1803, and has been driven all his life by a passion for adventure which has sorely hindered the consecutive flow of his work. He served in the Mexican army; lived, like Domett, in Australia, where he held an up-country office during the mining excitement; and now has returned to Eng-

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A. C. Swinburne

land, as he thinks, for good and all. He is almost the oldest living poet, Victor Hugo being his senior by a year and a half. "The author of 'Philip Van Artevelde,'" he says, "comes pretty near to me; so does Longfellow, I think. Then comes Tennyson, who must be over seventy, with Browning not far behind him." An uncompromising radical, the poet received but a small pension from the government when he came to need it, but I believe this was increased by Lord Beaconsfield before leaving office for the last time.

Mr. Horne loves music, and during his Spanish-American sojourn acquired some skill with the guitar. Miss Field and myself induced him to play for us, he being nothing loath to play nor we to hear. He has a varied assortment of guitars, each of which has a separate place in his affections, and these, one after the other, he brought out and tested: guitars of Mexico, of Spain, and one enriched with pearl and ivory, "fit for an empress," we said; and we were right. It had belonged to Eugénie de Montijo, daughter of Spain, and through a romantic series of chances had fallen into old Orion's hands. That evening Mr. Horne and Miss Field dined with us, and afterward I saw him more than once. I wonder if many London authors realize how brave a genius of the old-fashioned stamp is passing his last days among them, and how very tender and helpful they might be to him—this man who reminds us of About's Colonel of the First Empire, brought to life again among the adroit, judicial experts of the Third? Landor, Browning, Bulwer, Poe, Mrs. Browning, Lewes, and other noble kinsmen have in turn acknowledged his genius. He has, in truth, more genius than tact, and his work is of uneven excellence—often careless, often extravagant. But who nowadays dares to be extreme? and how undaunted, how like old Webster, the extravagance of "The Death of Marlowe" and "Laura Dibalzo"! Who in this century has written dramas more striking than *Gregory VII.* or *Cosmo de Medici*? Were I making a review of Horne's works and career, I could find something to regret, but to-day I am thinking only of his genius. That he can be a finished and severe artist was proved by his epic, "Orion"—disdainfully issued, as every one knows, at the price of a farthing, and afterward running through shilling and half-crown editions. This sustained and lofty model of blank verse has lately been republished in Boston for the benefit of a new generation. It is a pity that we have no collective edition of the author's leading poems, dramas, and lyrical pieces. Mr. Horne has lately received from the Royal Spanish Academy its great medal for his poem on Calderon, which, through some informality, was ruled out of competition for the special Calderon prize, and I doubt not that he well deserves it.

Trelawny was another among the elder men of mark, associated in the mind with Domett (the Waring of Browning's poem) and Horne, and this from his kindred spirit of adventure rather than from his literary work. He will long be remembered as the friend of Greece, the comrade of Byron, Hunt, and Shelley, and for his *Recollections* of these poets. Although his narrative was not wholly in the best taste, the leonine, virile nature of the man gained him the enthusiastic friendship of Swinburne. This came after the death of Landor, whose name had stood in the young poet's heart for England, as the names of Mazzini and Hugo have for Italy and France. Referring to the pleasantry of his friends with respect to his life-long fondness for very little children and very old persons, Mr. Swinburne wrote: "Of

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the latter I had already known two superb examples in my grandfather and Mr. Landor, and now I have made and enjoyed the acquaintance of Mr. Trelawny: a triad of Titans, of whom one was a giant of genius. To hear Trelawny speak of Shelley is beautiful and touching; at that name his voice (usually that of an old sea-king, as he is) always changes and softens unconsciously. 'There,' he said to me, 'was the very best of men, and he was treated as the very worst.' He professes fierce general misanthropy, but is as ardent a republican as Shelley was at twenty. A magnificent old Viking to look at. Of the three, Landor must have been less handsome and noble-looking in youth than in age; my grandfather and Trelawny even more."

Mr. Swinburne's grandfather was a person of no common mould—Sir John Swinburne, who lived to the extreme age of ninety-eight, and from whose blood and influence the poet plainly has derived some of his own traits. Sir John was born and bred in France, his father a naturalized Frenchman, his mother a daughter of the house of Polignac. They were all Catholic and Jacobite rebel exiles. When twenty-five he came to England, having fallen into such estates as confiscation had spared to a family devoted, from the days of Queen Mary, to the Stuarts. Catholicism must have sat lightly upon a young man who in the age of Voltaire was intimate with Mirabeau, who became an ultra liberal, who was "treasonable" in eloquent invective against the Prince of Wales, and who said that "Mirabeau as far excelled, as a companion and talker, one other man as that other man, whose name was Wilkes, did all men else he had ever known, of any kind or station." He was dashing and impetuous from youth to his last hour, and died of a week's illness, nearly rounding a century, with his natural force unabated. The grandson of this man, after all, could hardly be expected to write chapel hymns or idyls for drawing-rooms. Sir John was one of the few associates of Turner, the painter, and a friend of Mulready and other famous artists. To the last he resembled an old French nobleman in look and manners. The poet's mother, it will be remembered, is a daughter of the late Earl of Ashburnham, and, on the whole, he may be counted as another of the poets of aristocratic blood—Byron, Shelley, Alfieri, Hugo—whose passion for liberty and equality doubtless never made them in their heart of hearts less value the fire and breeding inherited from a patrician ancestry. Some of the facts concerning his own life are misrepresented. Notwithstanding his dexterity in French verse, he was no more educated in France than in Greece or Italy, of whose ancient tongues his mastery in composition is equally phenomenal; was never out of England until his eighteenth year, nor afterward in France or Italy for more than a few weeks at a time; was five years at Eton, and nearly four at Oxford. He cared for little in youth except poetry, riding, and swimming—in the latter always has been proficient; and being bred by the sea, was a bold cragsman, scaling the steepest cliffs. No one can recall the prodigious mass of Swinburne's work or be in his active presence without perceiving that in his small but well-knit frame there is an eager vitality, that if he has the fineness, he also has the strength, of the poetic temperament. The diligence of his brain tells often and sorely upon his nerves, and would upon those of a giant, the wonder being that his nerves can stand it as they do.

At one time the poet came near going into active politics, having been solicited by the now defunct "Reform League" to run for Parliament as an ultra Liberal, with a seat insured to him. He was dissuaded by Mazzini, who declared that he was doing better service in his poetic office, and from this no reader of the "Songs before Sunrise," those pure, impassioned lyrics, will dissent. On religious matters, at the date when I last knew anything of his views, the latter were very much in accord with those of some of the leading thinkers of our day, and there is little in his works to indicate the contrary. Brought up as a quasi-Catholic, he went in for ritualism with a kind of ecstasy, as passionately as for everything else which he has supported. When this phase was at an end, it left him, as he very openly has said, nothing but a "turbid nihilism"—for a Theist he never was; that is, he always looked upon human conceptions of a personal Deity as utterly and necessarily anthropological, the making of a God in man's own image, every race after its fashion. His opinions finally crystallized themselves into something like the position suggested in the *Literature and Dogma* of Matthew Arnold (whom Swinburne always has held in esteem), in

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which book, when he came to read it, he was gratified to find phrases and definitions that long before had occurred to his own mind. He worships the ideal of humanity, of human perfection and aspiration, without adoring any person, or fetich, or the material incarnation of any qualities. He thus thought he might call himself, if he wished, a kind of Christian (taking the semi-legendary Christ as a type of human perfection and suffering, if one liked, that Jesus may have been the highest and purest example of man on record), but in no sense a Theist. This might be clarified nihilism, but at least it was no longer "turbid."

Few will deny that rural England, when the sun really shines, and of a midsummer's day, is the loveliest country in the world—all the lovelier because the sun shines so seldom. On such a rare day I went down past Windsor to Henley-on-Thames to visit Mr. Swinburne, to have sight of and a talk with a poet whose earliest works had excited in me an interest that our correspondence had greatly heightened. It chances that the Henley station is some miles beyond the one at which the guests of Holmwood usually stop. So I took a fly, and drove back over a delightful road, which finally brought me to the house. I found it a spacious white mansion of the Georgian type, with a garden divided from the carriageway by a wall, against which peach-trees and apricot were trailed to face the sun. In the entrance-hall was a quaint collection of old china, heirlooms of the family. The poet was working in his bedroom, a chamber plainly furnished, but with a glorious view from the windows—the Swinburne lawn, with fine old trees sloping from the foreground. A wooden table was covered with the manuscript sheets of a poem which he had been writing with the speed that is transferred to his galloping anapests. It was the long, melodious, haunting piece, "On the Cliffs," consecrate to the memory and Muse of Sappho. Although I had heard of Mr. Swinburne's ill health, and that he was then in great retirement, it seemed that I met him at an auspicious time. Except for a chronic nervousness, or what I should call overpossession of his body by his mind, he was in health, voice, and spirits, and he read me what was then completed of his poem. It grew out of a night in Italy—I think he said in Fiesole—where he was kept awake by the singing of the nightingales, and fancied their song bore a resemblance to a famous line of Sappho's, and as if the soul of the Lesbian poetess had passed into the transmitted life of the ἱμερόφωνος ἀηδών. He read his lyrical rhapsody with a free chanting cadence, like the poet he is, and as such verbal music should be read. At lunch, and in our long walk after it, for he insisted on guiding me to the station, we talked of much that it is not my province to repeat. His conversation is as noteworthy as his written text—a flood of wit, humor, learning, often enthusiastic, more rich with epigram and pithy comment than the speech of other men. Some things that he said may not improperly be given to his many readers. *Songs of the Spring Tides*—a volume published in 1880, and containing the nightingale poem—was dedicated to Trelawny, whose dirge he was to write within a rolling year, as if to blend in with this pæan. In the dedication he compared his song to "a sea-mew on a sea-king's wrist alighting," for Swinburne's honors, where he gives them, are free-handed as his scorn can be. The book is of the sea throughout, and "Thalassius" is the title of the opening poem. The author spoke to me of his passion for the sea, beside which much of his youth had been passed, and which is suggested and apostrophized so constantly in all his verse. He declared that its salt must have been in his blood before he was born, for he could remember no earlier enjoyment than being held naked in his father's arms, then brandished, and shot like a stone from a sling through the air head-foremost into a wave, while he laughed and shouted with delight. He had been afraid of other things, but never of the sea.

If I was gratified by his outspoken approval of my paper on Landor, and by the equal mind with which he took both the good and ill in my analysis of his own genius, my pride was chastened by his comments upon the little selection, *Cameos*, which Mr. Aldrich and myself had made for American readers from Landor's minor poems. Swinburne spoke of the beauty and intention of the book, but was not slow to criticise its sins of omission. He asked why we had left out "The One White Violet," "The Cistus," and the *recantation* of the "Epitaph at Fiesole" beginning:

"Never may my bones be laid
Under the mimosa's shade."

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Above all, he made an outcry (I think with reason) against our oversight of what he termed "the brightest of all the jewels in Landor's crown of song, the divine four lines on Dirce," that held "the place in his affections which those on Rose Aylmer held in Lamb's."

> "Stand close around, ye Stygian set,
> With Dirce in one boat conveyed,
> Or Charon, seeing, may forget
> That he is old and she a shade."

Other faults he found with our selection, yet warmly thanked us for having the grace to issue it at all, Landor's minor verses being so greatly scattered throughout his prose, and often caviare to the general. A select edition of "Gebir," the "Hellenics," and his other poems is needed quite as much as the *Wordsworth* and *Byron* recently condensed by Professor Arnold. Such a book, with a preliminary essay by Mr. Swinburne, would be of all the latter's critical and editorial works the most attractive gift that he could make to his fellow-authors. In their behalf I venture to hope that he will prepare it.

Our talk was by no means confined to literature, although it is only of a portion of his literary comment that I feel willing to make use. I had spoken of Bryant's "elemental" quality as the important thing from which verse so absolutely simple as his derived its effect, and had referred to Æschylus as the highest exemplar among the Attic poets of the power to work simply and imaginatively. To this he partly assented, in view of the grandeur with which Æschylus depicts the elements of nature, yet thought his choruses anything but simple, terming one of them "the toughest nut with the sweetest kernel to be found in the Grecian drama." He courteously referred to my strictures upon his estimate of certain American poets, declared that he appreciated the respective excellence of Bryant's "Thanatopsis" and Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," but discovered few "notes of song" in either of them. It was excellent good speech; but given as song, its first duty was to sing. The one, he said, was most august meditation, the other a noble expression of deep and grave patriotic feeling on a supreme national occasion, but the thing most necessary, though it may be less noble, was the pulse, the fire, the passion, of music—the quality of a singer, not of a solitary philosopher or a patriotic orator. He said that even Whitman, when not speaking poor prose, sings, and when he sings at all, sings well, his artistic fault being a narrow formalism. Deep as Emerson's thought might be, he found no music in his verse, yet found Browning's always going to a recognizable tune, if not always to a good one. It was a poor thing to have nothing but melody, and be unable to rise above it into harmony, but one or the other, the less if not the greater, you must have. Imagine a man full of great thoughts and emotions, and resolved to express them in painting, who has absolutely no power upon form and color. These remarks are printed in justice to Mr. Swinburne, as his explanation of the points to which I had publicly objected. My reply was, if I remember aright, that perhaps he too severely tested rhythm by his own brilliant and unprecedented method; that his measures, often anapestic, were swifter and more buoyant than any heretofore known; that the long-wonted effect of English rhythm was more grave and slow, but had its music also, and that it is this restrained and slower-moving melody and harmony, with its suggestive under-tones, which the lovers of Lowell and Emerson think to be not wanting in their poetry.

In common with other writers, I have noted the fact that incessant elevated music is sometimes more wearisome than that which has even tame and feeble passages. Persistent sweetness cloys, and verse always fluent and melodious, full of concordant sounds and alliterations, after a while does not excel that which is less embarrassed by its own riches. Whether the halting, irregular method of Emerson's verse is due to a wise restraint or to lack of resources, the music comes at times, and then, if only by contrast, has a witching and memorable effect. Those, however, who assert that Mr. Swinburne's verse and prose give us little else than exquisite sound are gravely in error. No modern literature is more charged with pith, suggestive meaning, original thought; the remarkable technique is superadded, and to such a degree as often to make us neglect the thought and sentiment beneath it. This poet, it may be, is at his best when employing those curiously intricate stanzaic forms that act as a clog or brake upon his fiery wheels. At present he refutes every intimation of mental or physical decline by being the most fertile

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and industrious of authors. The volume of his work, as I have said, is prodigious: nineteen books of prose and verse, besides critical letters and brochures, within twenty years. While each man must produce in his own way, and while in Swinburne's most impetuous outgivings there is always food for thought, and never a lack of something rich and strange, his constant friends acknowledge that the one grace of restraint is the thing which can most add to his authority. They know that in lyric splendor and poetic enthusiasm he has no master, and believe that, as the greater includes the less, the art to limit art is not beyond his command.

THE UPPER PENINSULA OF MICHIGAN.

INDIAN PACKER.

MINING regions are proverbially barren and rocky, and the upper peninsula of Michigan—at least that portion of it which is so productive of iron and copper—forms no exception to this rule. It is old—older than most of our hills, for it was the first land that was attached to the original Laurentian nucleus about which our continent has been formed. It has, in consequence, always been a favorite field for geological study, and its novel industrial features make it no less interesting to the ordinary traveller.

The face of the country is rugged and seamed and worn. Were it not for its mineral wealth it would remain permanently a wilderness. Lumber companies would invade it here and there, and retire after having robbed the forest of the pine which is found in a few scattered patches. It would be an eddy where the stream of Western migration had left a few Indians and woodsmen to subsist by the methods of primitive life. The land is generally valueless from the farmer's point of view, for the soil is a light drift—too light for wheat—and the climate a winter modified by a season of summer weather too short for Indian corn to ripen. Hay, oats, and potatoes yield the farmer a fair return, but the climate is so rigorous that the securing of shelter and fuel calls for so large an amount of energy that little is left to devote to cultivation. It is a proof of this that a very inconsiderable fraction of the population attempts to subsist by farming, although the freight from Chicago is added to the price of all the staple articles of production—hay, for instance, being from twenty to twenty-five dollars a ton, and milk ten cents a quart. Curiously enough, strawberries and currants reach a perfection unknown in more hospitable latitudes, a Marquette strawberry resembling in size a Seckel pear, and in flavor a wild strawberry. This is owing, no doubt, to the fact that in northern latitudes—Marquette is about as far north as Quebec—the few summer days have from eighteen to twenty hours of sunlight and after-glow, and vegetable growth is virtually uninterrupted by darkness. Light, the botanists tell us, bears the same relation to aroma that heat does to sweetness. Such strawberries as these must be seen to be appreciated, and must be visited to be seen, for they are too large and too delicate to bear travel themselves.

I have spoken of the climate as a winter modified by a short summer. The July and August weather I can vouch for as delightful. Even when the sun is hottest you feel instinctively that there is no prostrating power in it, and the nights are invariably cool. In July the mean daily range was 19°, and the monthly range 50°, the lowest recorded temperature being 38°. Near the lake the presence of so large a body of water which at Marquette never falls below 52°, and on the extreme

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northern end of the peninsula never below 48°, acts as an equalizer, and restricts the range within comparatively narrow limits. This low temperature of the lake water, which is higher than that of any of the streams entering it, precludes the idea of bathing. As a consequence few of the lake sailors can swim, and it would be of little avail to them as a means of preserving life if they could, for the most robust man if he falls into Lake Superior chills and dies in a few moments. The numerous trout streams in the woods are of an icy coldness. The snow, which falls to a depth of six or seven feet, melts and sinks into the sandy ground, to re-appear from deep-seated springs with a temperature of 39°, which is exactly equal to the average annual temperature of the place. The thick forests prevent the sun from warming the ground or the water. And finally the lake is so deep—its bed reaching several hundred feet below the level of the sea—that the summer air has little effect on it before it is again covered with ice There is no other place on the globe where so large a body of cold fresh water lies at an elevation of six hundred feet above the sea. The air in contact with this deep chilly water seems to acquire a peculiar vivifying and refreshing quality, quite impossible to describe, but very easy to appreciate. Here must be the great summer sanitarium or cooling-off place for Chicago and Milwaukee.

MARQUETTE FROM RIDGE STREET BLUFF.

In point of woodland scenery the Michigan wilderness can not compare with the White Mountains or the Adirondacks. The great effective feature of height is wanting, as the elevation is rarely more than six hundred feet above the lake, and the general contour is broken and rolling. The northern shore is much bolder. The forest southwest of Portage Lake is more than one hundred miles long, and has escaped devastation by forest fires. It extends into Wisconsin, and as far as I went —about fifty miles—consists principally of hard maple. It is capable of supplying the continent with sugar. Until some discoveries of copper are made in it, it will probably remain one of the finest bodies of woodland in the country. There are many lovely little lakes and streams abounding with trout scattered through it. The eastern portion contains many impenetrable swamps overgrown with tamarack and cedar. The western portion of this great forest has less of the savage and forbidding aspect peculiar to Northern woods, and is comparatively open. The road to Ontonagon passes through it in one direction, and is barely practicable for uncovered wagons. It is worth enduring a long railroad journey to be able to drive forty miles through trees with the consciousness that you are leaving human habitations farther behind you at every step. The forest is singularly devoid of animal life. Mile after mile is uncheered by a solitary bird. Possibly you may chance on the fresh track of a bear or a deer. If indeed you have the endurance to watch for six hours without moving, it may be granted you to see a beaver working on his dam.

There is one short period of the June day when a Northern forest loses its wild

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ASCENDING THE SLOPE, REPUBLIC IRON MINE.

stern character. It is when the long twilight of the summer evenings passes through the beautiful modifications of the after-glow. The setting of the sun is followed by the usual grayish light, but instead of fading gradually into darkness, the western sky for a space of ninety degrees on the horizon, and to a height of fifteen degrees or more, becomes filled with a soft yellow radiance. This lasts till ten o'clock or later. At half past nine one can read easily. The light is evenly diffused, and there are no shadows. It is as mystic as moonlight, but warmer, more kindly sympathetic. The cheerfulness of day is mingled with the serenity and solemnity of night. Nature speaks of the gentle and the loving in a way that draws the heart to her insensibly, and one perceives how it comes that the inhabitants of high latitudes are so strongly attached to their homes.

The few Indians who are left on the northern peninsula are a peaceful, harmless folk. They live by hunting and fishing, acting as guides for exploring parties, and a few work in a desultory way in the pineries. Many of them own sail-boats, and live in framed houses, and have adopted the white man's clothes. But some still retain the blanket and the wigwam, and can speak only their own language. The father in charge of the Catholic mission at L'Anse, whose knowledge of them is perhaps as accurate as that of any other person, puts their number at two thousand, nearly all of whom can speak English imperfectly. Their tribal relation is slowly decaying—in fact, exists only as a tradition. The name of the tribe he writes

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"Otchipwes." He says that they can not resist the fatal effects of the vices of the lower classes of whites with whom they come in contact, and that the numbers of the full-bloods are gradually shrinking. The inherited habits of generations are so built into the constitution of the race that regular food and shelter have a pauperizing effect on them. In a few years the only trace left of them will be the melodious names of the islands and bays and rivers where they fished and hunted, unless perhaps a token of their ancestry remain in Ontonagon, Menominee, and Michigamme, the last a beautiful word, pronounced as it is with the broad *a*. It is the name of a river, a canoe trip down which has all the charm of wood life without its discomfort. Pewabic is the Indian name of a low range of hills, and has been changed by a printer's error into "Penokee," which is now legally adopted. With what a manuscript must that printer have contended! So this fine word, signifying "iron," is lost, except as the name of a mine, which we trust may immortalize it.

ORE-SHIPPING PIERS AT MARQUETTE.

the darker cheek or hair of some American citizen of obscure pedigree; for the half and quarter breeds, though a mongrel race, seem to have, in contradiction to the general rule, greater powers of resistance than the pure-bloods.

It is fortunate that the Jesuits and *voyageurs* came into this country before the Americans, so that the Indian and French local names were firmly fastened before our people took possession; and instead of the eternal Jackson and Madison and Adams, and North this and New that, we have Escanaba, Negaunee, Marquette, Isle Royale, Grand Portage, Allouez, Pewabic,

The material development of this country, which supports a population of twenty thousand people, depends upon two distinct industries, the mining of iron ore and of copper; for the cutting of lumber is carried on at a few points only, and is of necessity temporary. The production of iron ore, which began about twenty-five years ago, and reached one hundred thousand tons in 1862, has grown steadily till it touched one and one-half millions of tons in 1879, and will exceed two millions of tons in 1882. Most of this immense product is taken to Cleveland, whence it is distributed by rail to meet the coal of Ohio

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DRIVING A HOLE.

and Western Pennsylvania. A comparatively small portion is smelted on the spot in furnaces using charcoal, making a superior but high-priced iron for the better qualities of boiler plates and sheets. There is no better pig-iron in the world than that produced in Lake Superior charcoal furnaces. But vegetable fuel can never compete with mineral fuel in price, though its superiority is as marked in the forge as on the domestic hearth. The great bulk of the ore is shipped from the three ports of L'Anse, Marquette, and Escanaba, where are huge elevated docks, on which the trains of ore cars are run, and their contents discharged into bins underneath, from which it is loaded into lake schooners by opening a trap-door. During the navigation season the thunder of the ore, as it runs from the "pockets" into the holds of the vessels below, is almost continuous.

The Republic is rather the show iron mine of the district, as it is one of the largest and most picturesquely situated. It is remarkable, too, for a very bold and novel piece of mechanical engineering. All the power for pumping and hoisting is supplied, not by steam, but by compressed air, which is conveyed to the mine, from the spot where it is generated by water-power, in a huge iron pipe nearly a mile long. It is rather uncanny to see the engine wheels revolving, and the great pumps slowly reciprocating, with no smoke or sound of escaping steam. The pipes and cylinders are cold; snow forms around the exhaust passages; there is no apparent cause for motion. It is a dead machine, working as if alive. But it performs its work efficiently, and the car-loads of ore are raised quickly to the surface. The ore lies in an irregular vertical bed from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet wide, which has been excavated in an "open cut" to a depth of two hundred feet. The walls of this chasm are of deep red jasper and gray quartzite, and from the bridge which spans it give a magnificent effect. At the bottom is a black floor of iron ore, on which men and horses look like atomies. Drilling and blasting between these overhanging massive cliffs look very dangerous, and indeed can hardly fail to be so. The deeper "workings" are far beneath this, and in them a roof of ore is left for protection, which serves at least to hide the danger. Going down into these, we find suites of immense murky rooms, whose floors and roofs and walls are black lustrous magnetic ore. Around the sides the power drills are at work, striking six hundred blows a minute, driven by the compressed air, which is carried in a rubber hose to every part of the mine. They are as rapid as a sewing-machine, and not much larger, but energetic as a steam-hammer, of which, indeed, they are diminutive copies. But two yellow-haired young Danes, who are "driving" a hole by the old-fashioned method of striking alternately with sledge-hammers on a steel bar held in position by their comrade, are much better worth looking at than the busy little machines. They are in a very constrained position, but every movement is full of the grace

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which comes from a perfect muscular development. They swing their hammers at arm's-length, as their forefathers used the two-handled mace. This is the famous "Bessemer ore," and in a month it will be at the great mills at Cambria, or Joliet, or Harrisburg, and in three weeks more it will be transformed into a steel rail, and in another month it will be in a railroad in Kansas or Dakota, and wheat cars will be rolling on it toward the Atlantic. On its hard, smooth face a bushel of wheat can be freighted a thousand miles for twenty cents less than on a soft iron rail.

Every one in this part of the peninsula is covered with red ore dust and talking about iron. In the hotels, on the streets, in the stations, one hears the words "hematite," "specular," "magnetic," "output of the Norway," on every side. The very clocks are set to "mining time," half an hour faster than the old-fashioned sun time. More than one thousand men are in the woods "prospecting." The large land-owners have adopted the policy of granting "options"; that is, signing an agreement that if any person shall uncover a bed of ore on his land, the finder shall be entitled to a certain interest, generally one-third. Those who obtain these options frequently hire woodmen, for their outfit and a small fraction of the prospective interest, to explore for them. The ore lies in a certain geological formation, called, in the nomenclature of the country, a "mineral range," generally in irregular lens-shaped masses, or, as a mining captain expressed it, "like seeds in a pumpkin"—seeds from four to eight hundred feet long. The strata are so wrinkled and tilted and twisted by the contraction of the earth's surface that it is almost impossible to distinguish their bedding. If the surface were smoothed out again, the upper peninsula would be large enough to make a good-sized Western State. It has been ground down by the great continental glacier, and left covered with sand and gravel and bowlders, on all but the highest parts, to a depth of from ten to one hundred feet. The prospectors sink a well, which they call a "test pit," through this drift, and if they do not happen to hit the edge of a pumpkin-seed, move a little farther off, and try again. If they strike a bed of "lean ore," or any of the rocks that usually inclose a valuable deposit, they deduce from the inspection of a fragment the most favorable position for a new trial. They possess an acuteness and an amount of rough-and-ready geological knowledge, acquired in the mining school of experience, which almost reach the dignity of an instinct. The older companies use the diamond drill for exploring, which bores to any depth and in any direction required, and brings out a core or rod of stone from the hole, giving a consecutive sample of all the material penetrated. Every year new discoveries, new experience, and new mechanical inventions render Lake Superior iron-mining less problematical, and strengthen its position as one of the great permanent industries of the country.

UNDER-GROUND IRON MINE.

The northern part of the upper peninsula juts out into Lake Superior like a gigantic thumb. This is Keweenaw Point, and through it runs an inclined system of rocks known to geologists as the "copper-bearing series," and to miners as the copper "mineral range." This supplementa-

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ry peninsula, which is not more than fifteen miles wide, is cleft from one side to the other near its base, and below the level of the lake, by a valley in which lies a long, ir-

ENTRANCE TO LOCK, SAULT SAINTE MARIE CANAL, CONNECTING LAKES SUPERIOR AND HURON.

regular sheet of water called Portage Lake, through which large boats pass freely. On the sides of this inlet are the great stamping-mills of the copper mines, and a few miles north of it is the great Calumet and Hecla Mine, which, whether viewed commercially, socially, or industrially, is one of the notable establishments of the world. A slice of conglomerate rock varying from ten to fifteen feet in thickness, and reaching to an unknown depth into the earth, is streaked and veined through more than a mile of its length with copper—not copper ore, which must go through an expensive process of concentration and smelting, but metallic copper, good enough to hammer into pennies and receive the mint mark. One-twentieth or more of the whole mass is copper; and when we reflect that copper is worth three hundred and eighty dollars a ton, that the regular monthly product of the mine is fourteen hundred tons, that other mines whose rock contains one-fifth as much copper, and is less easily obtained, are able to earn regular dividends, we can form some idea of the princely income of this magnificent property. At the mine is a village of eight thousand inhabitants, all living on land and in houses owned by the company, and on wages paid by the company. As a straightforward manly development of American civilization this village of Calumet is without a peer. There is no lawyer, and the only justice of the peace is obliged to act as superintendent of the railroad for occupation. There is, indeed, a lawyer in the adjoining and subsidiary village of Red Jacket, but one lawyer is of necessity as harmless as half a pair of shears. No one has ever been sent to State-prison during the ten years of the town's life. During a stay of a fortnight I saw no one under the influence of liquor—a state of things so unnatural in a mining town as to make one feel uneasy. Two "Molly Maguires" from the coal regions would make more noise than the two thousand employés of Calumet. The moral tone is as bracing as the fresh cool air. The miner, instead of eying a stranger sulkily, and as if hesitating which

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stone he should throw at him, gives him good-day cheerily and heartily, as used the old-time rural population of New England. Here are Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Finns, Scotch, Cornishmen, Canadians, Russians, Bohemians, Spaniards, Italians, and Germans quietly and harmoniously developing into self-respecting American citizens. Thirteen languages are spoken on the reservation. Mining companies usually prefer this mixture of nationalities, as a security against strikes; for confusion of tongues has been a preventive against unlawful combinations of labor since the building of the Tower of Babel. The tie which binds wage-earning men together is readily unloosed by race jealousies. A miners' union in thirteen languages is impossible. But the Calumet Company have no reason to fear strikes among any portion of their force. No man is discharged without cause, or forced to lose time. Pay-day is as punctual as the moon. The company employ four physicians, and have built a school-house with ample room for twenty-two teachers and eighteen hundred children, and equipped it with all the most approved aids to teaching. To the miners' aid fund the company subscribe exactly the amount the miners do, making last year a free gift of nine thousand dollars. But it is not so much gratitude for this liberality as the absolute certainty felt by the miner that the company are governed by stern principles of rectitude which gives tone to the Calumet community, and makes it the most efficient body of working-men in the world. It gives the strongest testimony to the immense silent power of character, in this age when we refer everything to the balance of material forces and the action of physical laws. When Fisk had control of the Erie Railway, the uncivilized bandit began to crop out in every conductor and brakeman; and if his spirit could enter the Calumet and Hecla direction, its debasing influence would filter through the organization, and make Calumet among mines what the Erie was among railroads.

A LAKE SUPERIOR COPPER MINE—WASHING THE TAILINGS.

A great property like this is a trust in more senses than one. With their unexampled facilities for producing copper, the company have the power of crushing competition. They might run the price of the metal up and down as one tosses a ball in the air, until all the companies who are working on a narrow margin were forced

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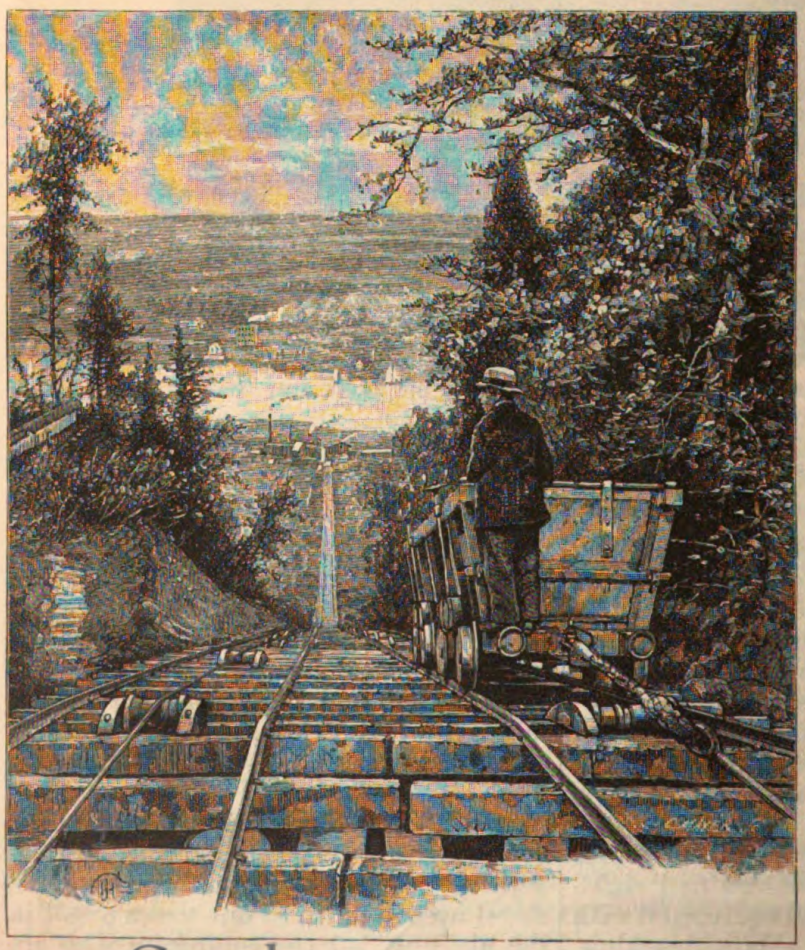
to succumb. Their efforts, however, are directed toward securing a uniform price, toward preventing the wide fluctuations which, if promoted, might leave them without competitors. Their overshadowing power has, however, a tendency to check systematic exploration. While it can hardly be expected that another so valuable deposit will be found, it can not be denied that the copper region is as yet imperfectly developed. Capitalists naturally hesitate to enter a business where there is one producer of such preponderating influence.

All the equipments of this mine are of the highest order of mechanical excellence. A depth of twenty-three hundred feet, measuring on the slope of forty degrees, has been reached; and the new compound engine of three thousand horse-power, strong enough to turn the two Corliss engines of the Centennial Exposition backward and to do their work in addition, is capable of supplying power till a depth of four thousand feet is reached. Compressed air at a pressure of sixty pounds is carried to every working point. The mine itself resembles a section of a rectangular city. Eight parallel main avenues, each with its railroad, reach half a mile into the earth. Twenty-three horizontal streets nearly a mile long intersect them. The work goes on day and night three hundred and ten days in the year. Going down into this mine and seeing the perfection of the machinery, the tremendous effects of the nitro-glycerine explosions, the splendid physique and discipline of the force, all material obstacles seem to vanish, and one says involuntarily, "Why not keep on till we touch the centre of the earth?"

The income of this mine ascends to the apex of the social pyramid—if there be in America a social pyramid and it have an apex. The results of the great mining fortunes in our country are for the most part so paltry—a mansion on Fifth Avenue, a villa in Newport, a stable full of nimble horses, a family *fruges consumere nati*, at best a gallery of chance-selected pictures, are so frequently the highest outcome — that the country is to be congratulated that these yearly millions go into worthy hands and attain worthy objects. It seems an exaggeration to say of an industrial establishment, but it is not too much to say it of Calumet and Hecla, that it adds an honor to a great scientific name.



COPPER ORE CARS.

The Lake Superior mines have the advantage of producing metal free from any alloy of antimony or nickel or arsenic. In many of the mines great masses of native metal are found so large that they must be cut in place with chisels.

All the more important mines are situated on the ancient

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workings of a prehistoric race. They seem to have been ignorant of the fact that copper could be melted, for they left behind them the fragments too small to use and the masses too heavy to lift. Every day they subjected it to a temperature nearly high enough, without making a discovery which would have lifted them out of the Stone Age into the Bronze Age, and perhaps have enabled them to survive the struggle in which they perished. They must have been very numerous, and have reached the point of development where they were capable of organizing industry.

LAKE SUPERIOR COPPER MINES—HOISTING ORE TO THE HEAD HOUSE.

In Isle Royale, near the Minong Mine, their pits, excavated to a depth of from ten to twenty feet in the solid rock, cover an area of from three to four hundred feet wide and more than a mile and a half in length. The labor expended here can not have been much short of that involved in building a Pyramid. Isle Royale is ten miles from the nearest land, and is incapable of producing food, so that all supplies except fish must have been brought from some distant point. Their excavations could of course never go below the point at which water would accumulate. Their hammers, frequently to the number of several thousand, are found in heaps where they were evidently placed at the end of the season. As no graves or evidences of habitations are found, we can hardly doubt that the ancient miners lived south of the great lakes, and made yearly journeyings with fleets of canoes to the copper mines. The aggregate amount of the metal which they carried off must have been very great, and it has, I believe, been generally thought that the copper implements of the ancient Mexicans came from this source. M. Charnay in a recent number of the *North American* seems to think that the Mexicans reduced copper from its ores. A chemical analysis of their hatchets would solve the question, for Lake Superior copper is so free from alloys as to be unmistakable.

The superintendent of the old Caledonia Mine in Ontonagon County kindly took me to the top of a cliff where three Cornish "tributers"—miners working not for wages but for a share of the product—had cleared out one of the ancient pits in the outcrop of the vein. They had brought out a quantity of copper, and had just uncovered a large mass which would weigh certainly not less than seven tons. Many battered stone hammers lay around the mouth of the pit. The active little Englishmen, belonging to a race of hereditary miners perhaps as old as the Mound-builders themselves, had come around the world from the east to finish the work of the departed Asiatic race who reached here from the west at a time to which no date can be assigned. Not far away another party had cut down a dead cedar to make props for their tunnel. As they were putting the log in position, from its centre dropped a small but perfectly formed stone hammer which had never been used. It was made from a stone found, I believe, only on the north shore of the lake. This tree was not far from two hundred and fifty years old; but as cedar is almost indestructible in this climate, it may have been dead sev-

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eral hundred years. The axeman said that he had found several hammers in the centre of cedars. It would seem barely possible that this hammer had been placed in a cleft of the tree, when it was a sapling, that the wood might grow around the groove and serve as a handle. At all events, this one, which I have, was certainly placed where it was—about thirty inches from the ground—by human hands, undoubtedly by the ancient miner himself, when the tree was a twig.

ANNE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,
And tilts against the field,
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent,
With steel-blue mail and shield."
—LONGFELLOW.

MISS LOIS came home excited. She had seen a left-handed man. True, he was a well-known farmer of the neighborhood, a jovial man, apparently frank and honest as the daylight. But there was no height of impossibility impossible to Miss Lois when she was on a quest. She announced her intention of going to his farm on the morrow under the pretext of looking at his peonies, which, she had been told, were remarkably fine, "for of course I made inquiries immediately, in order to discover the prominent points, if there were any. If it had been onions, I should have gone wild over them just the same."

Anne, obliged for the present to let Miss Lois make the tentative efforts, listened apathetically; then she mentioned her wish to row on the river.

"Better stay at home," said Miss Lois. "Then I shall know you are safe."

"But I should like to go, if merely for the air," replied Anne. "My head throbs as I sit here through the long hours. It is not that I expect to accomplish anything, although I confess I *am* haunted by the river, but the motion and fresh air would perhaps keep me from thinking so constantly."

"I am a savage," said Miss Lois, "and you shall go where you please. The truth is, Ruth, that while I am pursuing this matter with my mental faculties, *you* are pursuing it with the inmost fibres of your heart." (The sentence was mixed, but the feeling sincere.) "I will go down this very moment, and begin an arrangement about a boat for you."

She kept her word. Anne, sitting by the window, heard her narrating to Mrs. Blackie a long chain of reasons to explain the fancy of the niece Ruth for rowing. "She inherits it from her mother, poor child," said the widow, with the sigh which she always gave to the memory of her departed relatives. "Her mother was the daughter of a light-house keeper, and lived, one might say, afloat. Little Ruthie, as a baby, used to play boat; her very baby-talk was full of sailor words. *You* haven't any kind of a row-boat she could use, have you?"

Mrs. Blackie replied that they had not, but that a neighbor farther down the river owned a skiff which might be borrowed.

"Borrow it, then," said Mrs. Young. "They will lend it to *you*, of course, in a friendly way, and then *we* can pay *you* something for the use of it."

This thrifty arrangement, of which Mrs. Blackie unaided would never have thought, was carried into effect, and early the next morning the skiff floated at the foot of the meadow, tied to an overhanging branch.

In the afternoon Mrs. Young, in the farm wagon, accompanied by her hostess, and her hostess's little son as driver, set off for John Cole's farm, to see, in Mrs. Blackie's language, "the pynies." A little later Anne was in the skiff, rowing up the river. She had not had oars in her hands since she left the island.

She rowed on for an hour, through the green fields, then through the woods. Long-legged flies skated on the still surface of the water, insects with gauzy wings floated to and fro. A dragon-fly with steel-blue mail lighted on the edge of the boat. The burnished little creature seemed attracted. He would not leave her, but even when he took flight floated near by on his filmy wings, timing his advance with hers. With one of those vague impulses by which women often select the merest chance to decide their actions, Anne said to herself, "I will row on until I lose sight of him." Turning the skiff, she took one oar for a paddle, and followed the dragon-fly. He flew on now more steadily,

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"THE SECOND BOAT, WHICH WAS FARTHER UP THE LAKE, CONTAINED A MAN."—[SEE PAGE 906.]

selecting the middle of the stream. No doubt he had a dragon-fly's motives; perhaps he was going home; but whether he was or not, he led Anne's boat onward until the river grew suddenly narrower, and entered a ravine. Here, where the long boughs touched leaf-tips over her head, and everything was still and green, she lost him. The sun was sinking toward the western horizon line; it was time to return; but she said to herself that she would come again on the morrow, and explore this cool glen to which her gauzy-winged guide had brought her. When she reached home she found Miss Lois there, and in a state of profound discomfiture. "The man was left-handed enough," she said, "but, come to look at him, he hadn't any little finger at all: chopped off by mistake when a boy. Now the little finger in the impressions is the most distinct part of the whole; and so we've lost a day, and the price of the wagon thrown in, not to speak of enough talking about peonies to last a lifetime! There's a fair to-morrow, and of course I must go: more left hands: although now, I confess, they swim around me in a cloud of vexation and peonies, which makes me never want to lay eyes on one of them again;" and she gave a groan, ending in a long yawn. However, the next morning, with patience and energies renewed by sleep, she rose early, like a phœnix from her ashes, and accompanied Mrs. Blackie to the fair. Anne, again in her skiff, went up the river. She rowed to the glen where she had lost the dragon-fly. Here she rested on her oars a moment. The river still haunted her. "He went away in a boat," had not been out of her mind since it first came to her. "He went away in a boat," she now thought again. "Would he, then, have rowed up or down the stream? If he had wished to escape from the neighborhood, he would have rowed down to the larger river below. He would not have rowed up stream unless he lived somewhere in this region, and was simply going home, because there is no main road in this direction, no railway, nothing but farms which touch each other for miles

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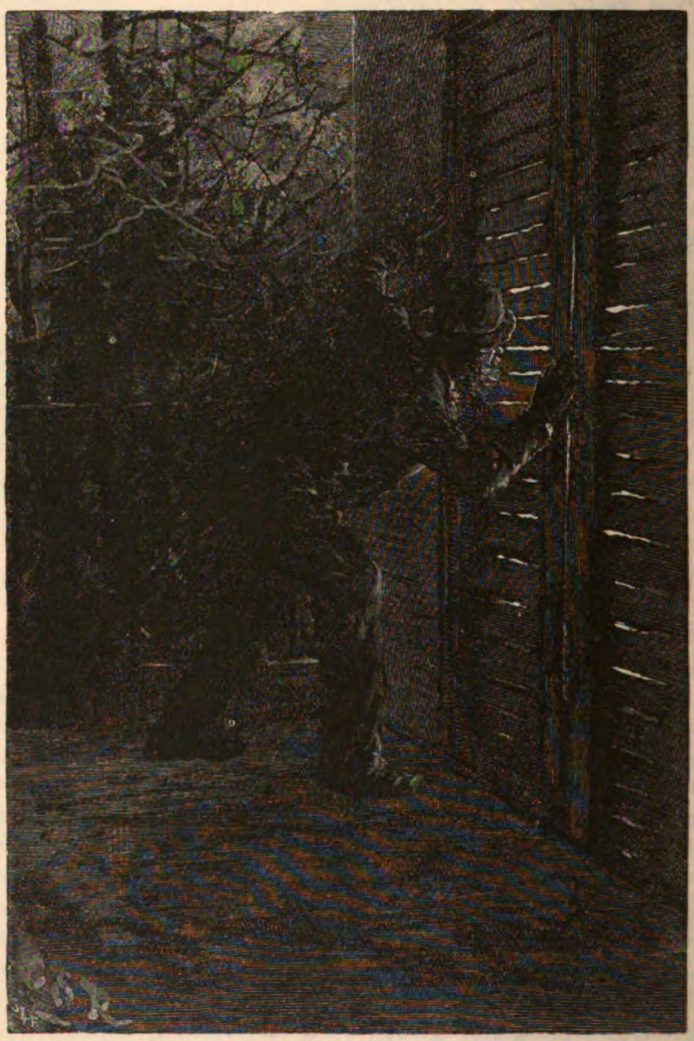
around. Now, as I believe he was *not* a stranger, but a resident, I will suppose that he went up stream, and I will follow him." She took up her oars and rowed on.

The stream grew still narrower. She had been rowing a long time, and knew that she must be far from home. Nothing broke the green solitude of the shore until at last she came suddenly upon a little board house, hardly more than a shanty, were signs of habitation—some common furniture, a gun, and on the wall a gaudy picture of the Virgin and the Holy Child. She scrutinized the place with eyes that noted even the mark of muddy boots on the floor and the gray ashes from a pipe on the table. Then suddenly she felt herself seized with fear. If the owner of the cabin should steal up behind her, and ask her what she was doing there! She look-



"HE REACHED THE WINDOW AND PEEPED THROUGH A CRACK IN THE OLD BLIND."—[SEE PAGE 913.]

standing near the water, with the forest behind. She started as she saw it, and a chill ran over her. And yet what was it? Only a little board house.

She rowed past; it seemed empty and silent. She turned the skiff, came back, and gathering her courage, landed, and timidly tried the door; it was locked. She went around and looked through the window. There was no one within, but there ed over her shoulder fearfully. But no one was visible, no one was coming up or down the river; her own boat was the only thing that moved, swaying to and fro where she had left it tied to a tree trunk. With the vague terror still haunting her, she hastened to the skiff, pushed off, and paddled swiftly away. But during the long voyage homeward the fear did not entirely die away. "I am growing fool-

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ishly nervous," she said to herself, with a weary sigh.

Miss Lois had discovered no left-handed men at the fair; but she had seen a person whom she considered suspicious—a person who sold medicines. "He was middle-sized," she said to Anne, in the low tone they used when within the house, "and he had a down look—a thing I never could abide. He spoke, too, in an odd voice. I suspected him as soon as I laid my eyes upon him, and so just took up a station near him, and watched. He wasn't left-handed *exactly*," she added, as though he might have been so endowed inexactly; "but he is capable of anything—left-handed, web-footed, or whatever you please. After taking a good long look at him, I went around and made (of course by chance, and accidentally) some inquiries. Nobody seemed to know much about him except that his name is Juder (and highly appropriate in my opinion), and he came to the fair the day before with his little hand-cart of medicines, and *went out again*, into the country somewhere, at sunset. Do you mark the significance of that, Ruth Young? He did not stay at the Timloe hotel (prices reduced for the fair, and very reasonable beds on the floor), like the other traders; but although the fair is to be continued over to-morrow, and he is to be there, he took all the trouble to go out of town for the night."

"Perhaps he had no money," said Anne, abstractedly.

"I saw him with my own eyes take in dollars and dollars. Singular that when country people will buy nothing else, they will buy patent medicines. No: the man knows something of that murder, and *could* not stay at that hotel, Ruth Young. And that's *my* theory."

In her turn Anne now related the history of the day, and the discovery of the solitary cabin. Miss Lois was not much impressed by the cabin. "A man is better than a house, any day," she said. "But the thing is to get the man to say 'cold.' I shall ask him to-morrow if he has any pills for a cold in the head or on the lungs; and, as he tells long stories about the remarkable cures his different bottles have effected, I hope, when I once get him started, to hear the word several times. I confess, Ruth, that I have great hopes; I feel the spirit rising within me to run him down."

Miss Lois went again to the fair, her mission bubbling within her. At eight in the morning she started; at nine in the evening she returned. With skirt and shawl bedraggled, and bonnet awry, she came to Anne's room, closed the door, and demanded tragically that the broom-switch should be taken from the shelf and applied to her own thin shoulders. "I deserve it," she said.

"For what?" said Anne, smiling.

Miss Lois returned no answer until she had removed her bonnet and brought forward a chair, seated herself upon it, severely erect, with folded arms, and placed her feet on the round of another. "I went to that fair," she began, in a concentrated tone, "and I followed that medicine man; wherever he stopped his hand-cart and tried to sell, *I* was among his audience. I heard all his stories over and over again; every time he produced his three certificates, *I* read them. I watched his hands, too, and made up my mind that they would do, although I did not catch him in *open* left-handedness. I now tried 'cold.' 'Have you any pills for a cold in the head?' I asked. But all he said was 'yes,' and he brought out a bottle. Then I tried him with a cold on the lungs; but it was just the same. 'What are your testimonials for colds?' I remarked, as though I had not quite made up my mind; and he thereupon told two stories, but they were incoherent, and never once mentioned the word I was waiting to hear. 'Haven't you ever had a cold yourself?' I said, getting mad. 'Can't you speak?' And then, looking frightened, he said he often had colds, and that he took those medicines, and that they always cured him. And then hurriedly, and without waiting for the two bottles which I held in my hand tightly, he began to move on with his cart. But he had said 'gold,' Ruth—he had actually said 'gold!' And, with the stings of a guilty, murderous conscience torturing him, he was going away without the thirty-seven and a half cents each which those two bottles cost! It was enough for me. I tracked him from that moment—at a distance, of course, and in roundabout ways, so that he would not suspect. I think during the day I must have walked, owing to doublings and never stopping, twenty miles. When at last the fair was over, and he started away, I started too. He went by the main road, and I by a lane, and *such* work as I had to keep him in sight, and yet not let

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him see me! I almost lost him several times, but persevered until he too turned off and went up a hill opposite toward a grove, dragging his little cart behind him. I followed as quickly as I could. He was in the grove as I drew near, stepping as softly as possible, and others were with him; I heard the murmur of voices. 'I have come upon the whole villainous band,' I thought, and I crept softly in among the trees, hardly daring to breathe. Ruth, the voices had a little camp; they had just lighted a fire; and—what do you think they were? Just a parcel of children, the eldest a slip of a girl of ten or eleven! I never was more dumfounded in my life. Ruth, that medicine man sat down, kissed the children all round, opened his cart, took out bread, cheese, and a little package of tea, while the eldest girl put on a kettle, and they all began to talk. And then the youngest, a little tot, climbed up on his knee, and called him—Mammy! This was too much; and I appeared on the scene. Ruth, he gathered up the children in a frightened sort of way, as if I was going to eat them. 'What do you mean by following me around all day like this?' he began, trying to be brave, although I could see how scared he was. It *was* rather unexpected, you know, my appearing there at that hour so far from town. 'I mean,' said I, 'to know who and what you are. Are you a woman? or are you a man?'

"'Can't you see,' said the poor creature, 'with all these children around? But it's not likely from your looks that *you* ever had any of your own, so you don't know.' She said that," thoughtfully remarked Miss Lois, interrupting her own narrative, "and it has been said before. But how in the world any one can know it at sight is and always will be a mystery to me. Then said I to her, 'Are you the mother, then, of all these children? And if so, how came you to be selling medicines dressed up like a man? It's perfectly disgraceful, and you ought to be arrested.'

"'No one would buy of me if I was a woman,' she answered. 'The cart and medicines belonged to my husband, and he died, poor fellow! four weeks ago, leaving me without a cent. What was I to do? I know all the medicines, and I know all he used to say when he sold them. He was about my size, and I could wear his clothes. I just thought I'd try it for a little while during fair-time for the sake of the children—only for a little while to get started. So I cut my hair and resked it. And it's done tolerably well until *you* come along and nearly scared my life out of me yesterday and to-day. I don't see what on earth you meant by it.'

"Ruth, I took tea with that family on the hill-side, and I gave them all the money I had with me. I have now come home. Any plan you have to propose, I'll follow without a word. I have decided that my mission in this life is *not* to lead. But she *did* say gold for cold," added Miss Lois, with the spirit of "scissors."

"I am afraid a good many persons say it," answered Anne.

The next day Miss Lois gave herself up passively to the boat. They were to take courage in each other's presence, and row to the solitary cabin on the shore. When they reached it, it was again deserted.

"There is no path leading to it or away from it in any direction," said Miss Lois, after peeping through the small window. "The fire is still burning. The owner, therefore, whoever it is, uses a boat, and can not have been long gone either, or the fire would be out."

"If he had gone down the river, we should have met him," suggested Anne, still haunted by the old fear, and watching the forest glades apprehensively.

"How do you know it is a *him*?" said Miss Lois, with grim humor. "Perhaps this, too, is a woman. However, as you say, if he had gone down the river, *probably* we should have met him—a 'probably' is all we have to stand on—and the chances are, therefore, that he has gone up. So we will go up."

They took their places in the skiff again, and the little craft moved forward. After another half-hour they saw, to their surprise, a broad expanse of shining water opening out before them: the river was the outlet of a little lake two miles long.

"This, then, is where they go fishing," said Miss Lois. "The Blackies spoke of the pond, but I thought it was on the other side of the valley. Push out, Ruth. There are two boats on it, both dug-outs; we'll row by them."

The first boat contained a boy, who said, "Good-day, mums," and showed a string of fish. The second boat, which was farther up the lake, contained a man. He was also fishing, and his face was shaded by an old slouch hat. Anne, who

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was rowing, could not see him as they approached; but she saw Miss Lois's hands close suddenly upon each other in their lisle-thread gloves, and was prepared for something, she knew not what. No word was spoken; she rowed steadily on, although her heart was throbbing. When she too could look at the man, she saw what it was: he was holding his rod with his left hand.

Their skiff had not paused; it passed him and his dug-out, and moved onward a quarter of a mile—half a mile—before they spoke; they were afraid the very air would betray them. Then Anne beached the boat under the shade of a tree, took off her straw hat, and bathed her pale face in the clear water.

"After all, it is the vaguest kind of a chance," said Miss Lois, rallying, and bringing forward the common-sense view of the case: "no better a one, at this stage, than the peony farmer or my medecine man. You must not be excited, Ruth."

"I am excited only because I have thought so much of the river," said Anne. "The theory that the man who did it went away from the foot of that meadow in a boat, and up this river, has haunted me constantly."

"Theories are like scaffolding: they are not the house, but you can not build the house without them," said Miss Lois. "What we've got to do next is to see whether this man has all his fingers, whether he is a woman, and whether he says, 'gold.' Will you leave it to me, or will you speak to him yourself? On the whole, I think you had better speak to him: your face is in your favor."

When Anne felt herself sufficiently calm, they rowed down the lake again, and passed nearer to the dug-out, and paused.

"Have you taken many fish?" said Anne, in a voice totally unlike her own, owing to the effort she made to control it. The fisherman looked up, took his rod in his right hand, and, with his left, lifted a string of fish.

"Pretty good, eh?" he said, regarding Anne with slow-coming approval. "Have some?"

"Oh no," she answered, almost recoiling.

"But, on the whole, I think I *should* like a few for tea, Ruth," said Miss Lois, hastening to the rescue—"my health," she added, addressing the fisherman, "not being what it was in the lifetime of Mr. Young. How much are your fish? I should like six, if you do not ask too much."

The man named his price, and the widow objected. Then she asked him to hold up the string again, that she might have a better view. He laid his rod aside, held the string in his right hand, and as she selected, still bargaining for the fish she preferred, he detached them with his left hand. Two pairs of eyes, one old, sharp, and aided by spectacles, the other young, soft, intent, yet fearful, watched his every motion. When he held the fish toward them, the widow was long in finding her purse; the palm of his hand was toward them, they could see the underside of the fingers. They were broad, and cushioned with coarse flesh.

Anne had now grown so pale that the elder woman did not dare to linger longer. She paid the money, took the fish, and asked her niece to row on down the lake, not forgetting, even then, to add that she was afraid of the sun's heat, having once had a sun-stroke during the life of the lamented Mr. Young. Anne rowed on, hardly knowing what she was doing. Not until they had reached the little river again, and were out of sight around its curve under the overhanging trees, did they speak.

"Left-handed, and cushions under his finger-tips," said Miss Lois. "But, Ruth, how you acted! You almost betrayed us."

"I could not help it," said Anne, shuddering. "When I saw that hand, and thought— Oh, poor, poor Helen!"

"You must not give way to fancies," said Miss Lois. But she too felt an inward excitement, although she would not acknowledge it.

The fisherman was short in stature, and broad; he was muscular, and his arms seemed too long for his body as he sat in his boat. His head was set on his shoulders without visible throat, his small eyes were very near together, and twinkled when he spoke, while his massive jaw contradicted their ferrety mirthfulness as his muscular frame contradicted the childish, vacant expression of his peculiarly small boyish mouth, whose upper lip protruded over narrow yellow teeth like fangs.

"Faces have little to do with it," said Miss Lois again, half to herself, half to Anne. "It is well known that the por-

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traits of murderers show not a few fine-looking men among them, while the women are almost invariably handsome. What *I* noticed was a certain want in the creature's face, a weakness of some kind, with all his evident craftiness."

When they came to the solitary cabin, Miss Lois proposed that they should wait and see whether it really was the fisherman's home. "It will be another small point settled," she said. "We can conceal our boat, and keep watch in the woods. As he has my money, he will probably come home soon, and very likely go directly down to the village to spend it: that is always the way with such shiftless creatures."

They landed, hid the boat in a little bay among the reeds some distance below the cabin, and then stole back through the woods until they came within sight of its door. There, standing concealed behind two tree trunks, they waited, neither speaking nor stirring. Miss Lois was right in her conjecture: within a quarter of an hour the fisherman came down the river from the lake, stopped at the house, brought out a jug, placed it in his dug-out; then, relocking the door, he paddled by them down the river. They waited some minutes without stirring. Then Miss Lois stepped from her hiding-place.

"Whiskey!" she said. "And *my* money pays for the damnable stuff!" This reflection kept her silent while they returned to the skiff; but when they were again afloat, she sighed and yielded it as a sacrifice to the emergencies of the quest. Returning to the former subject, she held forth as follows: "It is something, Ruth, but not all. We must not hope too much. What is it? A man lives up the river, and owns a boat; he is left-handed, and has cushions of flesh under his finger-tips: that is the whole. For we can scarcely count as evidence the fact that he is as ugly as a stump fence, such men being not uncommon in the world, and often pious as well. We must do nothing hurriedly, and make no inquiries, lest we scare the game—if it *is* game. To-morrow is market-day; he will probably be in the village with fish to sell, and the best way will be for me to find out quietly who his associates are, by using my eyes and not my tongue. His associates, if he has any, might next be tackled, through their wives, perhaps. Maybe they do sewing, some of them; in that case, we could order something, and so get to speaking terms. There's my old challis, which I have had dyed black—it might be made over, although I *was* going to do it myself. And now do row home, Ruth; I'm dropping for my tea. This exploring work is powerfully wearing on the nerves."

The next day she went to the village.

Anne, finding herself uncontrollably restless, went down and unfastened the skiff, with the intention of rowing awhile to calm her excited fancies. She went up the river for a mile or two. Her mind had fastened itself tenaciously upon the image of the fisherman, and would not loosen its hold. She imagined him stealing up the stairway and leaning over Helen; then escaping with his booty, running through the meadow, and hiding it in his boat, probably the same old black dug-out she had seen. And then, while she was thinking of him, she came suddenly upon him, sitting in his dug-out, not ten feet distant, fishing. Miss Lois had been mistaken in her surmise: he was not in the village, but here.

There had not been a moment of preparation for Anne; yet in the emergency coolness came. Resting on her oars, she spoke: "Have you any fish to-day?"

He shook his head, and held up one. "That's all," he said, drawing his hand over his mouth by way of preparation for conversation.

"I should not think there would be as many fish here as in the lake," she continued, keeping her boat at a distance by a slight motion of her oars.

"When the wind blows hard, there's more in the river," he answered. "Wind blows to-day."

Was she mistaken? Had he given a sound of *d* to *th*?

"But the water of the lake must be colder," she said, hardly able to pronounce the word herself.

"Yes, in places where it's deep. But it's mostly shaller."

"How cold is it? Very cold?" (Was *she* saying "gold" too?)

"No, not very, this time o' year. But cold enough in April."

"What?"

"Cold enough in April," replied the fisherman, his small eyes gazing at her with increasing approbation.

He had given the sound of *g* to the *c*. The pulses in Anne's throat and temples were throbbing so rapidly now that she could not speak.

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"I could bring yer some fish to-morrer, I reckon," said the man, making a clicking sound with his teeth as he felt a bite and then lost it.

She nodded, and began to turn the boat.

"Where do you live?" he called, as the space between them widened.

She succeeded in pronouncing the name of her hostess, and then rowed around the curve out of sight, trying not to betray her tremulous haste and fear. All the way home she rowed with the strength of a giantess, not knowing how she was exerting herself until she began to walk through the meadow toward the house, when she found her limbs failing under her. She reached her room with an effort, and locking her door, threw herself down on a couch to wait for Miss Lois. It was understood in the house that "poor Miss Young" had one of her "mathematical headaches."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs."
—FESTUS.

"God made him; therefore let him pass for a man."
—SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Miss Lois returned, and saw Anne's face, she was herself stirred to excitement. "You have seen him!" she said, in a whisper.

"Yes. He is the murderer: I feel it."

"Did he say 'gold'?"

"He did."

They sat down on the couch together, and in whispers Anne told all. Then they looked at each other.

"We must work as lightly as thistledown," said Miss Lois, "or we shall lose him. He was not in the village to-day, and as he was not, I thought it safer not to inquire about him. I am glad now that I did not. But you are in a high fever, dear child. This suspense must be brought to an end, or you will die." She put her arms around Anne and kissed her fondly —an unusual expression of feeling from Miss Lois, who had been brought up in the old-fashioned rigidly undemonstrative New England manner. And the girl put her head down upon her old friend's shoulder and clung to her. But she could not weep; the relief of tears was not yet come.

In the morning they saw the fisherman at the foot of the meadow, and watched him through the blinds, breathlessly. He was so much and so important to them that it seemed as if they must be the same to him. But he was only bringing a string of fish to sell. He drew up his dug-out on the bank, and came toward the house with a rolling step, carrying his fish.

"There's a man here with some fish, that was ordered, he says, by somebody from here," said a voice on the stairs. "Was it you, Mrs. Young?"

"Yes. Come in, Mrs. Blackie—do. My niece ordered them: you know they're considered very good for an exhausted brain. Perhaps I'd better go down and look at them myself. And, by-the-way, who is this man?"

"It's Sandy Croom; he lives up near the pond."

"Yes, we met him up that way. Is he a German?"

"There's Dutch blood in him, I reckon, as there is in most of the people about here who are not Marylanders," said Mrs. Blackie, who *was* a Marylander.

"He's a curious-looking creature," pursued Mrs. Young, as they descended the stairs. "Is he quite right in his mind?"

"Some think he isn't; but others say he's sharper than we suppose. He drinks, though."

By this time they were in the kitchen, and Mrs. Young went out to the porch to receive and pay for the fish, her niece Ruth silently following. Croom took off his old hat and made a backward scrape with his foot by way of salutation; his small head was covered with a mat of boyish-looking yellow curls, which contrasted strangely with his red face.

"Here's yer fish," he said, holding them out toward Anne.

But she could not take them: she was gazing, fascinated, at his hand—that broad short left hand which haunted her like a horrible phantom day and night. She raised her handkerchief to her lips in order to conceal, as far as possible, the horror she feared her face must betray.

"You never *could* abide a fishy smell, Ruth," said Mrs. Young, interposing. She paid the fisherman, and asked whether he fished in the winter. He said "no," but gave no reason. He did not, as she had hoped, pronounce the desired word. Then, after another gaze at Anne, he went away, but turned twice to look back before he reached the end of the garden.

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"It can not be that he suspects!" murmured Anne.

"No; it's your face, child. Happy or unhappy, you can not help having just the same eyes, hair, and skin, thank the Lord!"

They went up stairs and watched him from the window; he pushed off his dug-out, got in, and paddled toward the village.

"More whiskey!" said Miss Lois, sitting down and rubbing her forehead. "I wish, Ruth Young—I devoutly wish that I knew what it is best to do *now!*"

"Then you think with me?" said Anne, eagerly.

"By no means. There isn't a particle of *certainty*. But—I don't deny that there *is* a chance. The trouble is that we can hardly stir in the matter without arousing his suspicion. If he had lived in the village among other people, it would not have been difficult; but, all alone in that far-off cabin—"

Anne clasped her hands suddenly. "Let us send for Père Michaux!" she said. "There was a picture of the Madonna in his cabin—he is a Roman Catholic. Let us send for Père Michaux."

They gazed at each other in excited silence. Miss Lois was the first to speak. "I'm not at all sure but that you have gotten hold of the difficulty by the right handle at last, Anne," she said, slowly, drawing a long audible breath. It was the first time she had used the name since their departure from New York.

And the letter was written immediately.

"It's a long journey for a small chance," said the elder woman, surveying it as it lay sealed on the table. "Still, I think he will come."

"Yes, for humanity's sake," replied Anne, fervently.

"I don't know about humanity," replied her companion, huskily; "but he will come for *yours*. Let us get out in the open air; I'm perfectly tired out by this everlasting whispering. It would be easier to roar."

The letter was sent. Four days for it to go, four days for the answer to return, one day for chance. They agreed not to become impatient before the tenth day.

But on the ninth came, not a letter, but something better—Père Michaux in person.

They were in the fields at sunset, at some distance from the house, when Anne's eyes rested upon him, walking along the country road in his old robust fashion, on his way to the farm-house. She ran across the field to the fence, calling his name. Miss Lois followed, but more slowly; her mind was in a turmoil regarding his unexpected arrival, and the difficulty of making him comprehend or conform to the net-work of fable she had woven around their history.

The old priest gave Anne his blessing; he was much moved at seeing her again. She held his hand in both of her own, and could scarcely realize that it was he, her dear old island friend, standing there in person beside her.

"Dear, dear Père Michaux, how good you are to come!" she said, incoherently, the tears filling her eyes, half in sorrow, half in joy.

Miss Lois now came up and greeted him. "I am glad to see you," she said. Then, in the same breath: "Our names, Father Michaux, are Young; Young—please remember."

"How good you are to come!" said Anne again, the weight on her heart lightened for the moment as she looked into the clear, kind, wise old eyes that met her own.

"Not so very good," said Père Michaux, smiling. "I have been wishing to see you for some time, and I think I should have taken the journey before long in any case. Vacations are due me; it is long since I have had one, and I am an old man now."

"You will never be old," said the girl, affectionately.

"Young is the name," repeated Miss Lois, with unconscious appositeness—"Hitty and Ruth Young."

"I am glad at least that I am not too old to help you, my child," answered Père Michaux, paying little heed to the elder woman's anxious voice.

They were still standing by the road-side. Père Michaux proposed that they should remain in the open air while the beautiful hues of the sunset lasted, and they therefore returned to the field, and sat down under an elm-tree. Under ordinary circumstances, Miss Lois would have strenuously objected to this sylvan imprudence, having peculiarly combative feelings regarding dew; but this evening the maze of doubt in which she was wandering as to whether or not Père Michaux would stay in her web made dew a sec-

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ondary consideration. Remaining in the fields would at least give time.

Père Michaux was as clear-headed and energetic as ever. After the first few expressions of gladness and satisfaction, it was not long before he turned to Anne, and spoke of the subject which lay before them. "Tell me all," he said. "This is as good a time and place as any we could have, and there should be, I think, no delay."

But although he spoke to Anne, it was Miss Lois who answered: it would have been simply impossible for her not to take that narrative into her own hands.

He listened to the tale with careful attention, not interrupting her many details with so much as a smile or a shrug. This was very unlike his old way with Miss Lois, and showed more than anything else could have done his absorbed interest in the story.

"It is the old truth," he said, after the long stream of words had finally ceased. "Regarding the unravelling of mysteries, women seem sometimes endowed with a sixth sense. A diamond is lost on a turnpike. A man goes along the turnpike searching for it. A woman, searching for it also, turns vaguely off into a field, giving no logical reason for her course, and —finds it."

But while he talked, his mind was in reality dwelling upon the pale girl beside him, the young girl in whom he had felt such strong interest, for whom he had involuntarily cherished such high hope in those early days on the island.

He knew of her testimony at the trial; he had not been surprised. What he had prophesied for her had come indeed. But not so fortunately or so happily as he had hoped. He had saved her from Erastus Pronando for this! Was it well done? He aroused himself at last, perceiving that Anne was noticing his abstraction; her eyes were fixed upon him with anxious expectation.

"I must go to work in my own way," he said, stroking her hair. "One point, however, I have already decided: *you* must leave this neighborhood immediately. I wish you had never come."

"But she can not be separated from me," said Miss Lois; "and of course *I* shall be necessary in the search—*I* must be here."

"I do not see that there is any necessity at present," replied Père Michaux. "You have done all you could, and I shall work better, I think, alone." Then, as the old quick anger flashed from her eyes, he turned to Anne. "It is on your account, child," he said. "I must *make* you go. I know it is like taking your life from you to send you away now. But if anything comes of this—if your woman's blind leap into the dark proves to have been guided by intuition, the lime-light of publicity will instantly be turned upon this neighborhood, and you could not escape discovery. Your precautions, or rather those of our good friend Miss Lois, have availed so far; you can still depart in their shadow unobserved. Do so, then, while you can. My first wish is—can not help being—that you should escape. I would rather even have the clew fail than have your name further connected with the matter."

"This is what we get by applying to a *man*," said Miss Lois, in high indignation. "Always thinking of evil!"

"Yes, men do think of it. But Anne will yield to my judgment, will she not?"

"I will do as you think best," she answered. But no color rose in her pale face, as he had expected; the pressing danger and the fear had clothed the subject in her mind from the first as with a shroud.

Miss Lois did not hide her deep anger and disappointment. Yet she would not leave Anne. And therefore the next morning Mrs. Young and her niece, with health much improved by their sojourn in the country, bade good-by to their hostess, and went southward in the little stage on their way back to "Washington."

Père Michaux was not seen at the farmhouse at all; he returned to the village from the fields, and had taken rooms for a short sojourn at the Timloe hotel.

The "Washington," in this instance, was a small town seventy miles distant; here Mrs. Young and her niece took lodgings, and began, with what patience they could muster, their hard task of waiting.

As for Père Michaux, he went fishing.

EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF A SUMMER FISHERMAN.

"I have labored hard, Anne—harder than ever before in my life. I thought I knew what patience was, in my experience with my Indians and half-breeds. I never dreamed of its breadth until now! For my task has been the hard one of winning the trust of a trustless mind—trustless, yet crafty; of subduing its ever-rising reasonless suspicion; of rousing its nearly ex-

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tinct affections; of touching its undeveloped, almost dead, conscience, and raising it to the point of confession. I said to myself that I would do all this in sincerity; that I would make myself do it in sincerity; that I would teach the poor creature to love me, and having once gained his warped affection, I would assume the task of caring for him as long as life lasted. If I did this in truth and real earnestness I might succeed, as the missionaries of my Church succeed, with the most brutal savages, *because* they are in earnest. Undertaking this, of course, I also accepted the chance that all my labor, regarding the hope that *you* have cherished, might be in vain, and that this poor bundle of clay might not be, after all, the criminal we seek. Yet had it been so, my care of him through life must have been the same; having gained his confidence, I could never have deserted him while I lived. Each day I have labored steadily; but often I have advanced so slowly that I seemed to myself not to advance at all.

"I began by going to the pond to fish. We met daily. At first I did not speak; I allowed him to become accustomed to my presence. It was a long time before I even returned his glance of confused respect and acquaintance as our boats passed near each other, for he had at once recognized the priest. I built my foundations with exactest care and patience, often absenting myself in order to remove all suspicion of watchfulness or regularity from his continually suspicious mind; for suspicion, enormously developed, is one of his few mental powers. I had to make my way through its layers as a minute blood-vessel penetrates the cumbrous leathern hide of the rhinoceros.

"I will not tell you all the details now; but at last, one morning, by a little chance event, my long, weary, and apparently unsuccessful labor was crowned with success. He became attached to me. I suppose in all his poor warped life before no one had ever shown confidence in him or tried to win his affection.

"The next step was not so difficult. I soon learned that he had a secret. In his ignorant way, he is a firm believer in the terrors of eternal punishment, and having become attached to me, I could see that he was debating in his own mind whether or not to confide it to me as a priest, and obtain absolution. I did not urge him; I did not even invite his confidence. But I continued faithful to him, and I knew that in time it would come. It did. You are right, Anne; he is the murderer.

"It seems that by night he is tormented by superstitious fear. He is not able to sleep unless he stupefies himself with liquor, because he expects to see his victim appear and look at him with her hollow eyes. To rid himself of this haunting terror, he told all to me under the seal of the confessional. And then began the hardest task of all.

"For as a priest I could not betray him (and I should never have done so, Anne, even for your sake), and yet another life was at stake. I told him with all the power, all the eloquence, I possessed, that his repentance would never be accepted, that he himself would never be forgiven, unless he rescued by a public avowal the innocent man who was suffering in his place. And I gave him an assurance also, which must be kept even if I have to go in person to the Governor, that, in case of public avowal, his life should be spared. His intellect is plainly defective. If Miss Teller, Mr. Heathcote, and the lawyers unite in an appeal for him, I think it will be granted.

"It has been, Anne, very hard, fearfully hard, to bring him to the desired point; more than once I have lost all heart. Yet never have I used the lever of real menace, and I wish you to know that I have not. At last, thanks be to the eternal God, patience has conquered. Urged by the superstition which consumes him, he consented to repeat to the local officials, in my presence and under my protection, the confession he had made to me, and to give up the watch and rings, which have lain all this time buried in the earth behind his cabin, he fearing to uncover them until a second crop of grass was green upon his victim's grave, lest she should appear and take them from him! He did all this in order to be delivered in this world and the next, and he will be delivered; for his crime was a brute one, like that of the wolf who slays the lamb.

"I shall see you before long, my dear child; but you will find me worn and old. This has been the hardest toil of my whole life."

Père Michaux did not add that his fatigue of body and mind was heightened by a painful injury received at the hands of the poor wretch he was trying to help.

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Unexpectedly one morning Croom had attacked him with a billet of wood, striking from behind, and without cause, save that he coveted the priest's fishing-tackle, and, in addition, something in the attitude of the defenseless white-haired old man at that moment tempted him, as a lasso-thrower is tempted by a convenient chance position of cattle. The blow, owing to a fortunate movement of Père Michaux at the same instant, was not mortal, but it disabled the old man's shoulder and arm. And perceiving this, Croom had fled. But what had won his brute heart was the peaceful appearance of the priest at his cabin door the next morning, where the fisherman had made all ready for flight, and his friendly salutation. "Of course I knew it was all an accident, Croom," he said; "that you did not mean it. And I have come out to ask if you have not something you can recommend to apply to the bruise. You people who live in the woods have better balms than those made in towns; and besides, I would rather ask *your* help than apply to a physician, who might ask questions." He entered the cabin as he spoke, took off his hat, sat down, and offered his bruised arm voluntarily to the hands that had struck the blow. Croom, frightened, brought out a liniment, awkwardly assisted the priest in removing his coat, and then, as the old man sat quietly expectant, began to apply it. As he went on he regained his courage: evidently he was not to be punished. The bruised flesh appealed to him, and before he knew it he was bandaging the arm almost with affection. The priest's trust had won what stood in the place of a heart: it was so new to him to be trusted. This episode of the injured arm, more than anything else, won in the end the confession.

EXTRACT FROM THE NEW YORK "ZEUS."

"Even the story of the last great battle was eclipsed in interest in certain circles of this city yesterday by the tidings which were flashed over the wires from a remote little village in Pennsylvania. Our readers will easily recall the trial of Captain Ward Heathcote on the charge of murder, the murder of his own wife. The evidence against the accused was close, although purely circumstantial. The remarkable incidents of the latter part of the trial have not been forgotten. The jurymen were unable to agree, and the case went over to the November term.

"The accused, although not convicted, has not had the sympathy of the public. Probably eight out of ten among those who read the evidence have believed him guilty. But yesterday brought the startling intelligence that human judgment has again been proven widely at fault, that the real murderer is in custody, and that he has not only confessed his guilt, but also restored the rings and watch, together with the missing towel. The chain of links is complete.

"The criminal is described as a creature of uncouth appearance, in mental capacity deficient, although extraordinarily cunning. He spent the small amount of money in the purse, but was afraid to touch the rings and watch until a second crop of grass was growing upon his victim's grave, lest she should appear and take them from him! It is to ignorant superstitious terror of this kind that we owe the final capture of this grotesque murderer.

"His story fills out the missing parts of the evidence, and explains the apparent participation of the accused to have been but an intermingling of personalities. After Captain Heathcote had gone down the outside stairway with the two towels in his pocket, this man, Croom, who was passing the end of the garden at the time, and had seen him come out by the light from the lamp within, stole up the same stairway in order to peer into the apartment, partly from curiosity, partly from the thought that there might be something there to steal. He supposed there was no one in the room, but when he reached the window and peeped through a crack in the old blind, he saw that there was some one—a woman asleep. In his caution he had consumed fifteen or twenty minutes in crossing the garden noiselessly and ascending the stairway, and during this interval Mrs. Heathcote had fallen asleep. The light from the lamp happened to shine full on the diamonds in her rings as they lay, together with her purse and watch, on the bureau, and he coveted the unexpected booty as soon as his eyes fell upon it. Quick as thought he drew open the blind, and crept in on his hands and knees, going straight toward the bureau; but ere he could reach it the sleeper stirred. He had not intended murder, but his brute nature knew no other way, and in a second the deed was done. Then he seized the watch, purse,

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and rings, went out as he had come, through the window, closing the blind behind him, and stole down the stairway in the darkness. The man is left-handed. It will be remembered that this proved left-handedness of the murderer was regarded as a telling point against Captain Heathcote, his right arm being at the time disabled, and supported by a sling.

"Croom went through the grass meadow to the river-bank, where his boat was tied, and hastily hiding his spoil under the seat, was about to push off, when he was startled by a slight sound, which made him think that another boat was approaching. Stealing out again, he moved cautiously toward the noise, but it was only a man bathing at some distance down the stream, the stillness of the night having made his movements in the water audible. Wishing to find out if the bather was any one he knew, Croom, under cover of the darkness, spoke to him from the bank, asking some chance question. The voice that replied was that of a stranger; still, to make all sure, Croom secreted himself at a short distance, after pretending to depart by the main road, and waited. Presently the bather passed by, going homeward; Croom, very near him, kneeling beside a bush, was convinced by the step and figure that it was no one he knew, that it was not one of the villagers or neighboring farmers. After waiting until all was still, he went to the place where the man had bathed, and searched with his hands on the sand and grass to see if he had not dropped a cigar or stray coin or two: this petty covetousness, when he had the watch and diamonds, betrays the limited nature of his intelligence. He found nothing save the two towels which Captain Heathcote had left behind; he took these and went back to his boat. There, on the shore, the sound of a dog's sudden bark alarmed him; he dropped one of the towels, could not find it among the reeds, and, without waiting longer, pushed off his boat and paddled up the stream toward home. This singular creature, who was bold enough to commit murder, yet afraid to touch his booty for fear of rousing a ghost, has been living on as usual all this time, within a mile or two of the village where his crime was committed, pursuing his daily occupation of fishing, and mixing with the villagers as formerly, without betraying his secret or attracting toward himself the least suspicion. His narrow but remarkable craft is shown in the long account he gives of the intricate and roundabout ways he selected for spending the money he had stolen. The purse itself, together with the watch, rings, and towel, he buried under a tree behind his cabin, where they have lain undisturbed until he himself unearthed them, and delivered them to the priest.

"For this notable confession was obtained by the influence of one of a body of men vowed to good works, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. Croom was of the same faith, after his debased fashion, and in spite of his weak mind (perhaps on account of it) a superstitious, almost craven, believer.

"The presence of this rarely intelligent and charitable priest in Timloesville at this particular time may be set down as one of those fortunate chances with which a somewhat unfortunate world is occasionally blessed. Resting after arduous labor elsewhere, and engaged in the rural amusement of fishing, this kind-hearted old man noticed the degraded appearance and life of this poor waif of humanity, and in a generous spirit of charity set himself to work to enlighten and instruct him, as much as was possible during the short period of his stay. In this he was successful far beyond his expectation, far beyond his conception, like a laborer ploughing a field who comes upon a vein of gold. He has not only won this poor wretch to repentance, but has also cleared from all suspicion of the darkest crime on the record of crimes the clouded fame of a totally innocent man.

"Never was there a weightier example of the insufficiency of what is called sufficient evidence, and while we, the public, should be deeply glad that an innocent man has been proven innocent, we should also be covered with confusion for the want of perspicacity displayed in the general prejudgment of this case, where minds seem, sheep-like, to have followed each other, without the asking of a question. The people of a rural neighborhood are so convinced of the guilt of the person whom they in their infallibility have arrested that they pay no heed to other possibilities of the case. *Cui bono?* And their wiseacre belief spreads abroad in its brightest hues to the press—to the world. It is the real foundation upon which all the evidence rested.

"A child throws a stone. Its widening

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ripples stretch across a lake, and break upon far shores. A remote and bucolic community cherishes a surmise, and a continent accepts it. The nineteenth century is hardly to be congratulated upon such indolent inanity, such lambent laxity, as this."

CHAPTER XL.

"Who ordered toil as the condition of life, ordered failure, success; to this person a foremost place, to the other a struggle with the crowd; to each some work upon the ground he stands on until he is laid beneath it.... Our mental changes are, like our gray hairs or wrinkles, but the fulfillment of the plan of our moral growth or decay. Lucky he who can bear his failure generously, and give up his broken sword to Fate, the conqueror, with a manly and humble heart."—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WHEN set at liberty, Ward Heathcote returned to New York.

The newspapers everywhere had published similar versions of Père Michaux's agency in the discovery of the murderer, and Anne's connection with it was never known. To this day neither Mrs. Blackie, the baker's wife, nor Mr. Caspar Graub himself, has any suspicion that their summer visitors were other than the widow Young and her niece Ruth from the metropolis of Washington.

Heathcote returned to New York. And society received him with widely open arms. The women had never believed in his guilt; they now apotheosized him. The men had believed in it; they now pressed forward to atone for their error. But it was a grave and saddened man who received this ovation—an ovation quiet, hardly expressed in words, but intense, nevertheless. A few men did say openly, "Forgive me, Heathcote; you can not be half so severe on me as I am on myself." But generally a silent grip of the hand was the only outward expression.

The most noticeable sign was the deference paid him. It seemed as if a man who had unjustly suffered so much, and been so cruelly suspected, should now be crowned in the sight of all. They could not actually crown him, but they did what they could.

Through this deference and regret, through these manifestations of feeling from persons not easily stirred to feeling or deference, Heathcote passed unmoved and utterly silent, like a man of marble. After a while it was learned that he had transferred Helen's fortune to other hands. At first he had tried to induce Miss Teller to take it, but she had refused. He had then deeded it all to a hospital for children, in which his wife had occasionally evinced some interest. Society divided itself over this action; some admired it, others pronounced it Quixotic. But the man who did it seemed to care nothing for either their praise or their blame.

Rachel asked Isabel if she knew where Anne was.

"The very question I asked dear Miss Teller yesterday," replied Isabel. "She told me that Anne had returned to that island up in the Northwest somewhere, where she used to live. Then I asked, 'Is she going to remain there?' and Miss Teller answered, 'Yes,' but in such a tone that I did not like to question farther."

"It has ended, then, as I knew it would," said Rachel. "In spite of all that display on the witness stand, you see he has *not* married her."

"He could not marry her very well at present, I suppose," began Isabel, who had a trace of feeling in her heart for the young girl.

But Rachel interrupted her. "I tell you he will never marry her," she said, her dark eyes flashing out upon the thin blonde face of her companion. For old Mrs. Bannert was dead at last, and her daughter-in-law had inherited the estate. Two weeks later she sailed rather unexpectedly for Europe. But if unexpectedly, not causelessly. She was not a woman to hesitate; before she went she had staked her all, played her game, and—lost it.

Heathcote had never been, and was not now, a saint; but his old way of amusing himself had lost its savor forever. During his old, careless life it had never occurred to him to doubt himself, or his own good (that is, tolerably good—good enough) qualities. Suddenly he found himself a prisoner behind bars, and half the world, even his own world, believed him guilty. This had not left him unchanged. As the long days and nights spent in prison had made traces on his face which would never pass away, so this judgment passed upon him had left traces on his mind and heart which would never be outlived. As regarded both the world and himself he was sterner.

Anne had returned with Miss Lois to the island. From New York he wrote to her, "If I can not see you, or be near you

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in some way, I shall go back to the army. My old life here is unendurable now."

No letters had passed between them: this was the first. They had not seen each other since that interview in the Multomah prison.

She answered simply, Go.

He went.

More than two years passed. Miss Teller journeyed westward to the island, and staid a long time at the church-house, during the first summer, making with reverential respect an acquaintance with Miss Lois. During the second summer Tita came home to make a visit, astonishing her old companions, and even her own sister, by the peculiar beauty of her little face and figure, and her air of indulgent superiority over everything the poor island contained. But she was happy. She smiled sometimes with such real naturalness, her small white teeth gleaming through her delicate little lips, that Anne went across and kissed her out of pure gladness, gladness that she was so content. Rast had prospered—at least he was prospering now (he failed and prospered alternately)—and his little wife pleased herself with silks that trailed behind her over the uncarpeted halls of the church-house, giving majesty (so she thought) to her small figure. If they did not give majesty, they gave an unexpected and bizarre contrast. Strangers who saw Tita that summer went home and talked about her, and never forgot her.

The two boys were tall and strong—almost men; they had no desire to come eastward. Anne must not send them any more money; they did not need it; on the contrary, in a year or two, when they had made their fortunes (merely a question of time), they intended to build for her a grand house on the island, and bestow upon her an income sufficient for all her wants. They requested her to obtain plans for this mansion, according to her taste.

Père Michaux was at work, as usual, in his water parish. He had succeeded in obtaining a commutation of the death sentence, in Croom's case, to imprisonment for a term of years, the criminal's mental weakness being the plea. But he considered the prisoner his especial charge, and never lost sight of him. Such solace and instruction as Croom was capable of receiving were constantly given, if not by the priest himself, then by his influence; and this protection was continued long after the wise, kind old man had passed away.

Jeanne-Armande returned from Europe, and entered into happy possession of the half-house, as it stood, refurnished by the lavish hand of Gregory Dexter.

And Dexter? During the last year of the war he went down to the front, on business connected with a proposed exchange of prisoners. Here, unexpectedly, one day he came upon Ward Heathcote, now in command of a regiment.

Colonel Heathcote was not especially known beyond his own division; in it, he was considered a good officer, cool, determined, and if distinguished at all, distinguished for rigidly obeying his orders, whatever they might be. It was related of him that once having been ordered to take his men up Little Reedy Run, when Big Reedy was plainly meant—Little Reedy, as everybody knew, being within the lines of the enemy, he calmly went up Little Reedy with his regiment. The enemy, startled by the sudden appearance of seven hundred men among their seven thousand, supposed of course that seventy thousand must be behind, and retreated in haste, a mile or two, before they discovered their error. The seven hundred, meanwhile, being wildly recalled by a dozen messengers, came back, with much camp equipage and other booty, together with a few shot in their bodies, sent by the returning and indignant Confederates, one of the balls being in the shoulder of the calm colonel himself.

When Dexter came upon Heathcote, a flush rose in his face. He did not hesitate, however, but walked directly up to the soldier. "Will you step aside with me a moment?" he said. "I want to speak to you."

Heathcote, too, had recognized his former companion at a glance. The two men walked together beyond ear-shot; then they paused.

But Dexter's fluency had deserted him. "You know?" he said.

"Yes."

"It does not make it any better, I fear, to say that my belief was an honest one."

"You were not alone; there were others who thought as you did. I care little about it now."

"Still, I—I wish to beg your pardon," said Dexter, bringing out the words with an effort. Then, having accomplished his

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task, he paused. "You are a more fortunate man than I am—than I have ever been," he added, gloomily. "But that does not lighten my mistake."

"Think no more of it," answered Heathcote. "I assure you, it is to me a matter of not the slightest consequence."

The words were double-edged, but Dexter bore them in silence. They shook hands, and separated, nor did they meet again for many years.

CHAPTER XLI.

"Love is strong as death. Many waters can not quench love, neither can floods drown it."—*The Proverbs of Solomon.*

THE war was over at last; peace was declared. The last review had been held; the last volunteer had gone home.

Two persons were standing on the old observatory floor, at the highest point of the island, looking at the little village below, the sparkling Straits, and the blue line of land in the distant north. At least Anne was looking at them. But her lover was looking at her.

"It is enough to repay even the long silence of those long years," he said.

And others might have agreed with him. For it was a woman exquisitely and richly beautiful whom he held in his arms, whose tremulous lips he kissed at his pleasure, until, forgetting the landscape, she turned to him with a clinging movement, and hid her face upon his breast. Her heart, her life, her being, were all his, and he knew it. She loved him intensely.

"Something may be allowed to a starved man," he had said, the first time they were alone together after his arrival, his eyes dwelling fondly on her sweet face. "Do not be careful any more, Anne; show me that you love me. I have suffered, suffered, suffered, since those old days at Caryl's."

On this June afternoon they lingered on the height until the sun sank low in the west.

"We must go, Ward."

"Wait until it is out of sight."

They waited in silence until the gold rim disappeared. Then they turned to each other.

"Your last day, darling, alone; tomorrow you will be my wife. Do you remember when I asked you whether the whole world would not be well lost to us if we could but have love and each other? We had love, but the rest was denied. Now we have that also. . . . Anne, I was, and am still, an idle, selfish fellow. Whatever change there has been or will be is owing to you. For you love me so much, my darling, that you exalt me, and I for very shame try to live up to it."

He kissed her gently, and she saw the rare tears in his eyes.

Then he brushed them away, smiled, and offered his arm. "Shall we go down now, Mrs. Heathcote?"

They were married the next morning in the little military chapel. Mrs. Rankin was at the fort again, Lieutenant Rankin being major and in command. The other poor wives who had been her companions there were widows now; the battle-fields around Richmond were drawn with lines of fire upon their hearts forever. Mrs. Rankin, although but just arrived, left her household gods unpacked to decorate the chapel with wreaths of the early green. Miss Teller and Miss Lois, both in such excitement that they spoke incoherently, yet seemed to understand each other nevertheless, superintended the preparations at the church-house.

As a wedding gift, Gregory Dexter sent the same package Anne had once returned to him; the only addition was a star for the hair, set with diamonds.

"I said that perhaps you would accept this some time" (he wrote). "Will you accept it now? They were bought for you. It will give me pleasure to think that you are wearing them. I have no right to offer you a ring; but the diamond, in some shape, I must give you, as the one pure, imperishable stone.

"With unchanging regard,

"GREGORY DEXTER."

"You have no objection?" said Anne, with a slight hesitation in her voice.

"No," answered Heathcote, carelessly; "it would hurt him too much if we returned them. But what a heavily gorgeous taste he has! Diamonds, and an India shawl!"

He had never been jealous of Dexter. Why should he be jealous now?

The new chaplain read the marriage service, but Père Michaux gave the bride away. Not only the whole village was present, but the whole water parish also, if not within the chapel, then without. People had begun to cross from the main-

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land and islands at dawn, so as to be in time; the Straits were covered by a small fleet. Miss Teller was the only stranger, save the bridegroom himself.

Anne was dressed simply in soft white; she wore no ornaments. Mr. and Mrs. Heathcote would not be rich; on the contrary, they would begin their married life with a straitened income, that is, in worldly wealth. In youth, beauty, and a love so great that it could not be measured in words, the bridegroom was richer than the proudest king. As for the bride, one look in her eyes was enough.

"I, Anne, take thee, Ward, to my wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth."

"Anne darling," said Miss Teller, drawing the new-made wife aside, "I want to whisper something. I will not tell Ward —men are different. But I want *you* to know that Helen's grave is covered with heliotrope in Greenwood this morning, and that I am sure she knows all, and is glad."

THE END.

ON THE NINE-MILE.

I.—JANEY.

WHAT I said when I first come as a boarder ter Mr. Jed Burridge's house on the Nine-mile Perarer wuz that his daughter Janey would be snapped up before she wuz twenty, an' Mr. B. would hev ter look out fur another wife. But his sister Mis' Stackley—commonly called Little Mary Jane, owin' to her short height, an' to her havin' been left a widder at the age of eighteen—she says ter me, "I tell you, brother Jed don't want no more wives."

"Land!" says I, "how many has he had?"

"One," says she, very severe, "an' that one a handful. Sister Lucilly was a good woman, but ther' wuzn't such a driver on the perarer, an' she kep' Jed on the jump. If he come in to set down a minnit, it 'ud be, 'Jed, you peel them pertaters,' or, 'Jed, tear me off some carpet rags—change o' work will rest ye.' An' somehow, sence Lucilly wuz called, I've seen a kind of expression of peace steal inter Jed's face that wuzn't there o' former years."

Amos Burridge's wife spoke up, an' says she, with a laugh,

"'Beneath this stone my wife doth lie:
She is at rest, and so am I.'"

"Ther' ain't nothin' o' that sort on Lucilly's tombstone," says another sister o' Jed's—sister Charity Hackleton, who wuz a tall lady, shaped like a camel, an' powerful religious—"but a nice hullsome epitaff settin' forth the virtues of the deceased, an' a text of Scripture appropriate."

"That's neither here nor there," says Nancy Jones as wuz, who married the youngest o' the Burridge boys; "but as to Janey Burridge bein' married afore she's twenty, I don't believe she will be married at all. What with her mother a-dyin' an' leavin' so much orthority in Janey's hands, the girl is plum spoiled. Ther' ain't a Sunday but the house is filled with beaux, an' she won't say yes, an' she won't say no. I don't believe in no such doin's. It's flyin' in the face o' Providence. When a girl has a good offer, she had ought ter take it."

"No doubt o' that bein' your opinion, Nancy," said Mis' Amos, a-smilin' quite amiable; but, fur all that, Nancy colored up like a turkey-cock, fur folks do say that she snapped at her good offer afore ever it wuz made. But, la! this is a slanderous world.

"Eben will scatter the boys when he gits home," says Little Mary Jane; "he ain't a-goin' ter stand the entertainin' of such a crowd."

"Janey feeds her beaux high," says I, parenthetical.

"Maybe that's the attraction," sniffs Nancy Jones as wuz.

"Don't you believe it," cries Amos B.'s wife, very prompt. "It's Janey herself they are after. An' no wonder. She's as smart as a steel-trap, an' as pretty as a young pullet. *She* can pick an' choose."

"Some folks' insinerations," says Nancy, very furious, "is about as nasty as this here wool we are a-pickin' out."

It wuz at a wool-pickin' we wuz conversin', an' about this time I had to leave, though very reluctant, as I did enjoy a reg'lar set-to between Janey Burridge's aunts. Git 'em together, an' they use' ter make me think of a line of poetry in my readin'-book at school:

"An Austrian army awfully arrayed!"

They were free an' loud of voice as a pack

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of hounds, an' when they didn't agree, the din wuz tremenjus. Ther wuz four of 'em, two bein' Burridges by birth, an' two havin' married inter the family. Certainly ther' wuz no porcity of aunts to look after Janey, but as if enough wuzn't as good as a feast, she always called me aunt too. I wuz no blood-kin to the child, but my husband wuz connected in a roundabout way with some o' the Burridges; so I wuz Aunt Fonie to most o' the young folks, an' I wuz that fussless in my natur' that I got on peaceable with the hull lot, though the aunts wuz as tryin' as seven years' aguy, an' Janey would make a sassy speech occasional. For instance, the day o' the wool-pickin', when I got home she wuz leanin' on the gate a-chattin' ter Roland Selph, who had been cock o' the walk on the perarer sence he got religion in the spring. Janey's sleeves wuz rolled up ter the shoulders, an' her arms wuz all dough, a-showin' she had jest left her bread in the pan to rise or fall as the Lord willed. "Bread an' beaux," says I to her, speakin' mild but impressive, "has both to be treated with attention; but the Queen of England," says I—"no, nor the Sar of Russia—couldn't 'tend to the two simultaneous."

"Well, Aunt Fonie," cries Janey, "if a person can't do two things at onst, what makes you think you can manage your business an' mine too?"

I won't deny that my feelin's wuz hurt. People ought ter be mighty careful what they say ter an isolate female whose partner is a-restin' with the worms.

But somehow I never could stay mad with Janey. She wuz such a cheerful person to have around; somethin' eternally goin' on wher' she wuz. She wuz as good as a breeze among leaves to set things a-goin'; an' she could turn out more work in a day than most of us in a week. She wuz powerful good-lookin' too, Janey wuz, with crisp black hair, cheeks like apples, an' a big laughin' mouth full o' white teeth, that she akchilly thought as much of as if they wuz diamonds.

II.—EBEN BURRIDGE COMES HOME.

Nobody don't consider a boy of much account. And I don't say but that little Elick Farley had a hard time of it at the farm. He wuz a child that Mr. Burridge had took out of charity—a son of a distant niece of his, who had married a young man by the name of Alexander Farley, from St. Louis.

It wuz the sort of marriage that the song of "Dixie" tells about:

> "Ole mis' she acted a foolish part—
> She married a man dat broke her heart."

Not that Lex Farley meant ter be a bad man. He wuz kind, and could make money hand over hand in the photographin' line when he wanted to. But drink seemed ter have a lien on him, an' he would spree in the awfulest way, always insistin' when the fit wuz on him that he should be called General Harrison. What the p'int of this idea wuz, nobody ever could exactly see, except that it seemed a sort o' pride o' natur' comin' out even when he wuz at the lowest pitch. But he carrid on so ridickerlous in his spells that his wife's spirits seemed to wear out. She wuz always weakly, an' she up an' died. The only spark o' fun that wuz ever in the poor girl showed itself on her dyin' bed.

"I think," says she, smilin' very pitiful—"I do think I might git up agen, if it wuzn't fur—" Then she stopped a long while.

"If it wuzn't fur what, Effie?" asks a neighbor.

"Fur General Harrison," she whispers, very gentle.

After her death, Jed Burridge took her boy to bring him up on the farm, out o' the reach o' temptation. Elick was a wild flitter-gibbet, always a-needin' to be kept down, but a real worker fur his age.

One of his chores wuz to go to the post-office. Most o' the folks on the perarer wuz mighty neglectful as to mail matter, trustin' usually to the chance of some neighbor inquirin' fur them, or lettin' it run on indefinite; but Jed Burridge always would keep up with things, bein' a man very advanced in his notions. Once every week regular, rain or shine, Elick was sent in to the office; most ginerally Saturday evenin's, so as Jed could git his paper, the Toledo *Blade*, fur Sunday readin'. He didn't git to church frequent, but set up an' chuckled an' swore alternate over that paper; fur it wuz as hot as ginger, an' Jed, though a powerful peaceful man, agreed with it all, an' rolled out politics like smoke if a Democrat dropped in for an argeyment.

On a special Saturday Elick fetched home a letter from Eben Burridge to his pa, sayin' we might expect him by the 15th, which wuz the following Sunday. Eben had been out in Kansas fur a cou-

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ple o' years, seekin' a place to locate. It seemed he hadn't found one, however, fur the next day he arrove at home, like Duffey after the third round, confident an' smilin', as pompous an' self-satisfied a little man as ever I see. After dinner the boys came a-droppin' in as usual, an' what does he do but take the'r visits to hisself. When Janey come to the sittin'-room door to bid 'em to supper, ther' wuz as many as a dozen, lookin' at each other like gawks, but all very perlite to Eben, wantin' to curry favor with Janey.

"Now I take this as kind, boys," says Eben, quite affable, as we set round the table, "that you should all come so soon to see me. It takes the old perarer fur good fellows. I tell you, out yonder in Kansas it's scramble, scramble, an' everybody a-suspicionin' of everybody. If ther' wuz a conflaggeration of a neighbor's house, every man would be a-crowdin' in ter see what he could git fur hisself in the way o' pelf, instead o' helpin' to save a sufferin' fellow-creetur's goods."

"Sho," says Amos Burridge, "we ain't that bad, though neither air we what we use' ter be. Fifty years ago, when I settled here, you might talk. There wuzn't a merkenary man among us. No pullin' an' haulin' an' cat-scratchin' ter git ahead. Pervide enough ter eat fur yourself an' your stock, an' you could ride aroun' the balance o' the time."

"I'm sure ther's a-plenty of visitin' nowadays," says I, likin' always to hear my bob in conversation.

"'Tain't the same kind. Folks drop in, ter be sure; but then they went fur a stayin' spell. The doors wuz made of split boards two or three inches too short, an' when you left home, all you hed to do wuz ter throw a quilt over the top, an' then folks would know you wuz out, an' wouldn't holler."

"Mighty funny way ter make a door!" says Elick Farley.

"Ther' wuz no winders, don't you see. Not a pane o' glass on the Nine-mile. I remember the first man that hed any, made half his front door of glass; an' it wuz a sort o' guide: so many miles east or west o' the cabin with the glass door, folks would say."

"Wonder what they say about our house," says Elick, stuffin' a laugh inter his throat with a piece of bread. "Reckon they talk about t' other side o' wher' Janey Black-Eyes lives."

"Hold your jaw!" says Eben, fetchin' Elick a awful tweak o' the ear.

Elick squeals out: "Ho! you stuck-up Kansas grasshopper! Think the fellows come ter see you, do you? Ain't got sense enough to know they're after Janey! They didn't know you wuz looked fur. They comes every Sunday o' the world. Ho! ho! and you thought you wuz so pretty that you drawed the whole squad! Ef that ain't a joke I never!"

Them young men turned every color, from a pea-green to a grizzly gray. An' Eben looked red and furious from one ter another.

"Is this so?" says he, glarin' round. "Is it Janey you've come ter set up with?"

As luck would have it, he looked straight at Roland Selph, an' Roland sence he got religion had swore off from tellin' lies, though the boys wuz always tryin' to git him in a tight place where he couldn't speak the truth without a-hurtin' somebody's feelin's.

Howsomever, Roland laughed, good-humored, an' says he, "Wher' ther's honey, you must look for flies, Eben."

"Yes," says Eben, very significant, an' lookin' as if he would like to bite somethin', "and wher' ther's flies, you can look out fur fly-pizen. What have you to say fur yourself, Charley Winn?"

"I have ter say that I come a-courtin' Janey," says Mr. Winn, as bold as brass; "an' she can take me or leave me any day she says the word."

"Brother Eben," cries Janey, her face afire, "I wish you wuz back in Kansas, that I do."

"Very well," says Eben, quite majestic, "I relieve you of my company fur the present." An' out he stalks, puffin' like a mad gobbler.

"Boys, we'd better git our hats," says Albert Thing.

They got up, and every last one of 'em slips away like a whip-tailed hound.

Janey burst out a-cryin', without waitin' to wash up the supper things.

"Of all the mean sneaks that ever wuz born, Ebenezer Burridge, you are the worst," she said.

"Do you want your pa eat out of house an' home?"

"Well, on my word! to count company's eatin'!"

"I should say so! A supper spread out fit fur a preacher! Two dishes of fresh an' apple butter, an' a stack o' pies, an'

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dear knows what! I'll stand nothin' of the sort in my house."

"Easy, my boy, easy," says his pa. "This property belongs to old Jed Burridge yet awhile."

"Well, it's a-goin' to be mine by the law of primogenicy," says Eben, very grand; "an' all I have to say is, that if Jane wants ter marry, she's got to pick one outen the crowd, an' turn the rest off. My foot is down."

"La! Eben," says I, "it's so hard for Janey to choose. She's the most popperler girl on the perarer."

"Popperler!" yells Eben. "An' what business has a decent woman to be popperler? Let her be popperler with her husband, an' that's enough. I've saw your popperler women—I haven't travelled with my eyes shut—an' I tell you they've got no more character than stale eggs."

The words wuzn't well spoke afore up jumped Janey an' give him such a slap as might have been heard to the wheat field. Then she tore off like a cyclone to her room.

Eben wuz in a blazin' rage; but his pa he on'y laughed a little, and "Ain't she got sperrit?" says he. "Ain't she, though?" Then a sort of shade came over his face, and "She do put me so much in mind of her mother," he said, a-knockin' the ashes out of his pipe.

III.—JANEY MAKES A CHOICE.

It didn't surprise any of us, a few weeks later, when Janey told her par that she meant to marry Charley Winn; fur he had been comin' alone quite frequent, an' he an' Janey had set up in the parlor, not findin' much ter say.

"I ain't no objection to Charley," says Jed. "He's a good steady lad, an' he can't get a better wife than my girl. I will give her fifty geese an' ten sheep an' a cow."

"Charley's goin' ter build, pa," says Janey—"three rooms an' a ell. It will be real nice beginnin' all fresh."

Everybody seemed to think Janey had done well, and most had a warm word fur her. The aunts would try to fault Charley occasional, but they couldn't git the best o' Janey; an' neither could Eben when he fussed with her about wantin' to take so much o' the furniture out o' the house.

"It wuz my mother's furniture," says she, "an' I mean ter have it."

"Well, wuzn't she my mother too?" snarls Eben. "D'ye think you have got a patent on her? Ther' won't be a thing left in the house for me and my girl to set up with."

Neither one of 'em appeared to consider the old father as they wrangled over his things. I made up my mind if Janey did make a clean sweep, I should unpack some of my own goods that I had stored in Peppertown, an' bring 'em over; for though a boarder I wuz human, an' my feelin's went out to Jed settin' there so peaceful, with his pipe an' his white head.

Charley Winn lost no time in gettin' his house put up, an' a good job it wuz—neat an' nice as a palace, with a bay-window an' plenty o' closets. Every evenin' Janey would go over to see how it wuz gittin' along, an' Charley would walk home with her, both of 'em lookin' as proud an' as pleased as if the whole o' the comin' wheat crop belonged to 'em. The weddin' wuz to be just after harvestin', that bein' a time when everybody took a restin' spell. Janey's weddin' frock wuz bein' made in Peppertown, an' Jed had made her a present of a whole bolt of domestic that we wuz makin' up as fast as possible. He wuz a mighty liberal man, Jed wuz, an' Janey's aunts said that her outfittin' would be the ruin of every girl on the perarer.

The wheat crop this year wuz a very stavin' one, and the farmers had considerable difficulty in gittin' help.

"I reckon you'll have to ride the reaper to-morrow, Janey," says Eben, one night at supper, "if you can spare the time."

"All right," she said. "My work can wait, an' the wheat can't. It's already overripe."

"I don't see how you can be so venturesome as to ride on the reaper," says I.

"Janey is an old hand at helpin' in the crop," says her pa. "When she wuzn't more'n half the size o' Elick here, she rid the leadin' horse when we wuz a-thrashin' out the wheat."

"Why, uncle, didn't you have a thrashin'-machine?" cries Elick, stickin' his knife between his teeth, an' proddin' a piece o' pork with his fork, simultaneous with stretchin' out his other hand for a biscuit.

"Machines wuz locked up then in some man's brain," says Jed; "an' sometimes I wish they had never got out, fur it gives a poor man's pocket-book the swinney to buy one. The way we thrashed wuz to

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set the bundles in a ring about forty feet in diameter, I cal'late, an' ride around it, the horses' feet a-trampin' out the grain. An' when it wuz pretty well out, we would sweep it up in a cloth."

"I should think it would 'a been awful unclean."

"Well, our biscuits wuz gritty sometimes," says Jed, with a smile.

Long before sun-up the next mornin', Ebenezer gave us a call, for at harvest-time the sooner you could git things to goin', the better. In fact, durin' a very dry season, when the sun shone down hot an' fierce, an' the wheat wuz as brittle as broom straws, an' it wuz a sheer impossibility to bundle it without breakin', then the men would often have to work all night, so's ter take advantage o' the dew. 'Twan't no great hardship, however, with the big yellow harvest-moon a-shinin' in the sky, an' the air so cool an' pleasant. But it wuz powerful apt to bring on the chills.

When Janey jumped out o' bed at Eben's call, she said she had a pain in her left eye, and wuz afeared she wuz goin' ter have a sty, to which she wuz subject occasional. We had a piece o' broken lookin'-glass in our room, an' takin' it in her hand, Janey went to the winder to examine her eye where she could ketch the first beam o' light. While she stood there, as evil doom would have it, Elick Farley passed by on his way ter feed the turkeys.

"Hi, Janey!" he calls, "you'd better come down stairs an' git the breakfast, instid of a-primpin' an' a-fixin' an' a-lookin' in the glass as if you wuz goin' to a party."

"You go about your business an' let me alone," says Janey, firin' up a little.

Then what does he do but commence a-dancin' up an' down, an' a-singin':

> "Janey's mad, an' I am glad,
> An' I know what 'll please her—
> A bottle o' wine ter make her shine,
> An' Charley Winn to squeeze her."

At this Janey turned real ugly. "See if I can't make you change your tune," she cries. And without a moment's thought, I am sure, she flung the piece o' lookin'-glass square at Elick's head. It struck him on the forehead, an' he began to bleed and howl simultaneous. We ran down, considerably skeered; but the cut didn't turn out to be much, an' wuz soon salved and bound up. Elick's feelin's, however, wuz all agog. Many a black look he cast at Janey.

"I'll be even with you yet," says he, "an' you mark my words." But Janey on'y humped up her shoulders at him, an' went along to the wheat field.

Reapin' is hungry work, an' our harvesters could put away four meals a day quite comfortable. So along about eleven o'clock I fixed up a lunch of cold biscuit an' pork an' hoe-cake, an' a jug of cool buttermilk, an' went ter the field with it. Fur though I wuz a boarder, I wuz never above doin' any little chores to help the work along.

I got to the field just as the reaper wuz comin' up. Janey wuz sittin' up high under the awnin' drivin', an' Charley Winn stood beside her, a-tyin' up the bundles very swift. Eben wuz stackin' up in a distant part o' the field, an' his pa had stopped to rest under a big walnut-tree which wuz a sort o' landmark to people in those parts, it bein' the tallest tree on the Nine-mile, an' wuz ginerally known as "Burridge's walnut." Here they gethered ter eat their lunch.

"Phew! but it's a hot day!" says Jed, takin' a long pull at the buttermilk, an' passin' the jug to Charley Winn.

"The wheat field is a mighty purty sight," says I; for it wuz, with the yellow sun shinin' on the yellow waves o' grain, an' the path that the reaper had made lookin' as smooth an' clean an' bare as the dry line through the Red Sea.

"I don't know about purty," says Jed, "but it's as fine a stand of wheat as I ever had. Not a spear of cheat in it. An' this one good year the Hessian fly an' the chinch-bug has let us alone."

"Ther' ain't a farmer in the country as can compare with you, Mr. Burridge," says Charley Winn. "I only hope to have half as good luck when I am tryin' it single-hand."

"Sho! you'll have Janey ter help you. She's as good a farmer as I am. I allays said Janey ought ter 'a bin the boy an' Eben the girl in our family. Eben has a picayunish, meachin' sort o' way with him as is nateral to women. His mother hed it," went on the old man, quite thoughtful, an' chewin' a wheat straw. "But Janey is another sort, active an' strong, an' muscles like steel."

"Oh, I love ter work out-doors," cries Janey. "I can do a'most anything that a man can. I don't know what I should do if I had to stay shut up in the house."

"I believe you could throw me in a ras-

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sel," says Charley. "What a muscle, ter be sure!" an' he give her arm a squeeze.

Janey tossed her head, an' colored up, an' laughed—a big saucy laugh. Gracious! if any one had told me that I would never again hear that laugh, never see her standin', strong an' vigorous as a young oak, an' red as a poppy bloom, in the golden grain, with her sweetheart by her side! Well, well! a body may jest as well give up soon as late a-tryin' ter understand the ways of Providence!

They set off again, Janey still a-drivin', an' I started fur home. As I reached the bars, I turned an' looked back. The reaper wuz cuttin' against the wind. Janey's bonnet wuz off, an' her black hair wuz blowin' over her face. Suddenly I saw a little sunbeam dancin' about the head of old Pete, the right-hand horse. He shook his head, annoyed like; but the little patch of light went bobbin', bobbin', here an' there, glancin' in eyes, ears, an' nose, quick as a hummin'-bird, an' finally flashin' full in the eyes of Nelly Grey, the little mare, that wuz a-drivin' with old Pete. The skittish thing give an awful jump. The next minnit both frightened animals had started off on a run, *an' Janey, poor Janey, wuz thrown forward in front of the sickle bar!* Great Heaven! what a time it seemed before the horses could be overtook an' halted! How I got to the spot I never could tell. When I did, ther' wuz Ebenezer holdin' to the pantin', tremblin' horses, that wuz rollin' the'r eyes as if in a mortal fright. An' Charley an' Jed wuz tryin' to lift somethin' from the knives, red with blood, an' the pointed guards clogged with mangled flesh. They got her out, and laid her down on the ground. Charley went over to the house, an' came back with a door that he had wrenched off, an' we managed to git her on this, knowin' only by a faint moanin' that the breath wuz still in the poor torn body.

Eben an' Jed crept acrost the field with this burden, while Charley jumped on Nelly Grey an' rid like mad fur the doctor.

I walked a little behind, feelin' stunned an' dazed; an' as I passed under "Burridge's walnut," I heard a voice callin', "Aunt Fonie!"

I looked up. A pair of wild eyes peered at me through the branches.

"Aunt Fonie!" called Elick, "is she dead?"

"Come down outen that tree, Elick Farley!" says I, very solemn.

Down he slid, the most miserable, God-forsakened little wretch. He had cried white streaks down his cheeks, an' he wuz a-shakin' all over. *In his hand he held a bit of broken looking-glass.*

"What does this mean?" says I.

"I did it," he says, very pitiful. "I wanted to tease her because I wuz mad, an' wanted to pay her off a little. I knew she never could guess that I wuz hid up in the tree catchin' the sunbeam with the same piece of glass that she struck me with. But I didn't mean to hurt her. I never dreamed o' her bein' thrown on them—them knives."

"Elick Farley," says I, takin' him hard by the hand, "come here;" and I followed the men that wuz a-carryin' poor Janey. "Look!" says I—"look!" and along the path wuz a line o' drippin' blood.

"Pray," says I, burstin' inter tears—"pray to the good God that that stain shell not rest forever on your soul."

The child give a wild cry that seemed as if it had fairly burst from his heart; then tearin' away from me, he ran like a dart across the perarer, in the direction of Peppertown.

IV.—JANEY'S COMFORTERS.

Fur many a draggin' week poor Janey lay betwixt life an' death. The child wuz cut an' bruised over every part of her body. Two of her ribs wuz broke, an' one limb had been impaled on the guards of the sickle, an' wuz nearly sawed in two. That she should so much as survive the shock an' horrid wounds seemed a miracle; but the doctor brought her round at last, though he told her quite frank she would never be able ter walk again.

"Never ter walk again!" said Janey, flingin' her arms over her head, with a long, long groan—"never ter walk again! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!"

The aunts wuz all a-settin' round very solemn, an' they sithed, an' rocked themselves back an' forth like trees in a wind.

"It's the Lord's will," says sister Charity Hackleton; "an' mebbe it's sent es a punishment fur your sins."

"That's all nonsense," says Janey, very dogged like. "What sins have I committed, I want ter know? I've worked hard, an' done my best; an' beyond a sharp word now an' then, I've nothin' on my conscience. I don't deserve this."

"We all deserve damnation," says Charity, severe as a Hard-shell preacher. "Let

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this turn your soul to God, an' it will prove a blessin' in disguise."

"Sho!" says Mis' Amos Burridge; "ther' ain't no use tryin' ter bolster the poor child up with such talk es that. It's a terrible misfortin—terrible. It's jest es if she had jumped from twenty years to eighty—from bein' a strong young girl to a helpless old woman, needin' es much care es a baby, an' sufferin' perhaps fur a drink o' water even; because a family do git so wore out waitin' on a invaleed."

"In *my* family," says I, "ther' would 'a bin no thought o' trouble. We wuzn't the kind ter count our steps fur the afflicted. Consequently when my husband's mother wuz down with the rheumatism fur years an' years, her room wuz about the cheerfulest in the house—fur everybody wuz a-runnin' to her with some lovin' service—an' the Visitation o' the Sick read quite frequent to enliven us."

"Never mind all that," says Little Mary Jane, with a wave of her little fat hand. "Let us be practical. The thing is ter find somethin' fur Janey ter do. I cal'late she don't mean ter lie round all her days a burden on folks, so I've bin a-studyin' an' a-studyin' what she could do. Now I take it she couldn't do nothin' better than ter buy a knittin'-machine. She could pervide mittens an' socks fur the whole country, fur everybody would buy of her on account of her affliction; an' thusly she could have ockerapation an' a stiddy income."

"Knittin'-machines cost a sight o' money," says Amos Burridge's wife, very dry. "Who's goin' ter pay fur it?"

"She might sell her geese fur a start."

"An' her relations might all throw in an' help," says I.

At this there wuz a sort o' silence. Never a Burridge by name or by birth wuz ever willin' to put his hand in his pocket.

"Well," says Nancy Jones as wuz, "some has to *be* burdens, an' some to *bear* 'em. I'm one o' the last, an' I don't know but what I'm the worse off o' the two of us. Twins the first year o' my marriage, an' a baby ten months after! I am fairly dragged out with nursin', an' I suppose I shell have a baby in my arms es long es I am able to move."

"That's somethin' Janey will never be troubled with, anyhow," says Mis' Amos, with a laugh, as if she wuz sayin' somethin' of a soothin' an' agreeable natur'. So far from that bein' the case, however, it seemed as if that speech wuz the last straw. I had noticed fur some time a sort of convulsive movement under the bedclothes, as if Janey's breast wuz a-heavin' with silent sobs, an' now ther' came a storm o' tears an' cries, as if natur' had bore an' bore until a flood came fur relief.

I jest riz up then, an' says I: "Clear out from here, you onfeelin' set o' human critters! If I didn't have no more decency than you've got, I'd go an' hold my head under Big Muddy Creek."

They wuz skeered at the state they see they'd throwed Janey inter, so they filed out pretty meek. I took the poor child, an' worked with her, an' made her drink some hot tea an' take a good strengthenin' dose of quineen; an' after a while she grew quiet, an' the big moans stopped comin' from the poor breast where a child's head would never rest, an' she fell inter a sweet sleep.

Afore I thought her nap wuz over, Eben's head wuz poked in the door. Says he, "Charley Winn's here, an' would like ter see Janey."

"Well, he can't," says I, very short; "fur she is asleep."

"I am awake now, Aunt Fonie," says a voice from the bed. "An' Charley may come in as soon as you've tidied me up a bit."

Pretty soon we heard his step on the stair. Janey wuz tremblin', but she shook hands with him quite calm when he came in, an' she says, "You go out, Aunt Fonie; I want to talk to Charley by himself."

But, dear sakes! I had no notion of effacin' myself, so I stepped outside o' the door, leavin' it ajee, an' a-settin' myself where I could look an' listen quite comfortable.

Janey lay there, her big eyes fixed on Charley's face. He stood up, twirlin' his hat, first on one foot, then on the other, an' lookin' powerful meachin', fur a fact.

"Charley," begun poor Janey, "it's hard to come to this."

"I'd like to kill that little devil!" cried Charley.

"Oh no, don't say that. Poor child! you know he ran away to his pa: you remember Lex Farley? Lex wrote a letter ter my father, expressin' a great deal o' concern. He said it seemed as if Elick's heart wuz fairly broke. Maybe he'll make a good man yet."

"If he gits ter be the President, I don't see how that's ter make up ter me fur losin' you."

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"A-losin' me?" repeats Janey, very slow. "But I ain't dead, Charley, nor like ter die, the doctor says."

That hat went round in Charley's fingers as if it wuz possessed. "But you know, Janey," he stammered—"you know, a man hes to marry a woman ter do her shear o' the work. And you can't do anything."

"True," says Janey, speakin' very loud an' harsh, "I'm laid on the shelf. An' of course a man marries a woman ter have his meals cooked reg'lar, an' the harvestin' 'tended to, an' the lard tried out, an' the apple-butter made, an' the geese plucked, an' the house cleaned, an' the washin' done on Monday, an' the mendin' Saturday, an' the odd jobs on Sunday."

"Exactly," says he, noddin' his head, an' never mistrustin'—the gawk!—that any woman with feelin's above a dumb beast's would 'a liked fur her beau to add a little tenderness to that bill of pertikelers.

Janey swallered a few times, an' then said, quite nateral, "Of course, Charley, you will be marryin' some one else before a great while?"

"Oh yes," he says. "My house is built, you know, an' I've already got my seed in that fifty-acre lot. I shell have to git me a wife by next harvest-time, you know."

"An' have you made up your mind," says Janey, very polite, "where you'll go a-courtin' next time?"

Don't talk to me about a man havin' any gumption! Charley Winn seemed quite pleased that Janey wuz takin' intrust in his marryin', an' says he, in a sociable kind o' way, as if he had been talkin' to his grandmother, "I have been thinkin' of Mahaly Thing."

"She's powerful untidy," says Janey. "They say she washes her hands an' makes up her bread in the same bowl. An' I know her kitchen is the sloppiest on the Nine-mile."

"What do you think of Hatty Holman?"

"Oh, she would do," says Janey, speakin' quite dry, "if you could keep two hired girls—one to do the work, an' one to wait on her. She's as lazy as a snail."

"Well, ther's Evy Wait; she appears to be of a brisk, active natur'."

"So much so that they say she can drink more hard cider than any girl on the perarer."

Charley knit up his brows, an' looked as if the subject wuz gittin' very knotty.

"Suppose I wuz to ask one o' the Whiteside girls?" he suggested; "they are purty, and smart too."

"Oh yes; and they'll give a kiss for the askin' to you or the next one that comes along."

"I don't like that," says Charley, very stern. "None o' your fast flirts fur me! That's what I use' ter like about you, Janey. Every fellow hed to keep his distance. Now the Biscoe girls are of a very proper kind. Wonder how it would do fur me to apply there?"

"Jenny is engaged to Roland Selph; an' as fur Leila, she wouldn't wipe her shoes on a Western wheat farmer."

"An' es to Polly Ann Carpenter?"

"She is a waster. She can throw out with a tea-spoon faster than a man can bring in with a shovel."

"I declare, Janey," said Charley, seemin' quite injured, "it looks es if you don't want me ter git a wife. You try to set me agen every girl on the perarer. 'Pears like you can't bear to give me up to anybody else."

"You are quite mistaken, Mr. Winn," cries poor Janey, her voice risin' higher with every word—"*quite* mistaken, I do assure you. I've no objection to your havin' forty wives. You might go to Utah an' join the Mormons; then you could try all kinds, you know—ha! ha! ha! ha!"

When I heard this wild laughin', I knew it wuz time to walk in with the camphor bottle in hand.

"I think you hed better make yourself scarce," says I to Charley Winn, with a very viperish look. Pickin' up his hat, he sneaked out o' the room, an' out o' Janey Burridge's life. An' I may jest as well mention that it wuzn't six months afore he wuz married to Mahaly Thing.

V.—UNEXPECTED THINGS HAPPEN TO JANEY.

Janey didn't seem ter git any better as the days passed on. She took no intrust in anything in the heavens above nor in the earth beneath. The doctor said he couldn't do no more fur her, an' except to make her pretty deef, all the quineen she took didn't have a mite of effect. Seein' her so dwindlin' an' pinin', I set my wits ter work. The child ought ter have somethin' to engage her time an' her mind.

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An' Little Mary Jane's idea as to the knittin'-machine wuz fur from bein' a injudishus one. How to git the purchase-money wuz the trouble. The thought come to me that Lex Farley might jest as well as not help in the matter; so I wrote him a letter on my own hook, as the sayin' is, an' presented the case. By the next Saturday came an answer sayin' he would be proud ter git the machine out an' out for Janey, but fur me to say nothin' about it till it had arrove. In the same mail wuz a letter ter me from poor little Elick, a-sayin' thusly:

"DEAR AUNT FONIE,—Pa has swore off till he gits Janey's machine. I am a-helpin' him, an' learnin' the photographin' business very fast. Give my respex ter Janey. I am very sorry that she got hurt. Yours truely, E. FARLEY."

"Seems ter me you're gittin' a lot o' letters," says Eben when he handed 'em to me; but I only smiled mysterious, an' said not a word.

I never had seen Janey so low as she wuz the day before Thanksgivin'. I wuz bustlin' round preparin' fur nex' day's dinner, but she barely raised her eyelids from her cheeks. "What hev I ter be thankful fur?" she would say when I would try to hearten her up somewhat.

Before night, however, Janey took back them words o' hers; fur old Mr. Thing, passin' by on his way from town, stopped with a box outen the express office directed to "Miss Janey Burridge."

"Fur me!" cries Janey, very incredulous, but her eyes sparklin' as I hadn't seen 'em since her accident.

We all assembled while Jed knocked off the wooden slats, an' untied the strings; fur be the hurry what it may, the man wuz that careful that cut a string he would not.

An' lo an' behold! there wuz the prettiest knittin'-machine ever made, with a card:

Compliments and Respects
of
Alexander Farley
to
Miss Janey Burridge.

Janey wuz pleased enough ter cry, an' I don't believe she slept a wink that night fur longin' ter try her hand on the little beauty. The aunts didn't lose no time in comin' over to the house as soon as they got wind o' Janey's present. An' sister Charity, who understood how to work machines, offered to stay a week, if need be, to put Janey in the way o' runnin' hers; which showed she wuzn't a bad kind o' woman, in spite o' bein' so aggressive in the way o' religion.

From that time Janey's health an' spirits improved considerable. She turned out mittens an' socks very fast; an' the very first pair wuz sent as a present to Lex Farley. As fur me, seein' how well my idea had worked, an' though not as a rule approvin' of ridin' a willin' horse to death, still I thought, while his hand was in, Lex might as well as not lay up more treasures in heaven. So I up an' wrote another letter, sayin' that if Janey had a wheel-cheer, it would be the greatest thing in the world fur her to ease her pain, an' enable her ter git about. No answer came to this; but I waited patient, thinkin' somethin' might come of it. An' ther' did.

Christmas had come, an' we all had bundled up in the big wagon, an' gone over ter Amos Burridge's to dinner—except, of course, poor Janey, who wuz left in the charge of one o' the neighbors' children, little Sally Wysnicker, with a nice dinner ready cooked for 'em, and set out in the dresser.

The day wore along as them family spreads usually do, an' about four o'clock we started fur home. Now it's a very curious thing, but as we reached the corner o' Mr. Burridge's wheat field, I had the most flutterin' sensation erbout the heart, es if somethin' wuz a-goin' ter happen. It wouldn't hev surprised me a mite ter hev found the house burnt up, fur I felt the same way twice previous in my life—once precedin' to our Jersey cow bein' gored, an' agin before my partner wuz taken with the dropsy that carrid him off. Howsomever, ther' wuz the house safe an' sound; an' es we neared the gate, the wind bore the sound of laughin' to our ears. Very cur'ous, we hurried on; but afore we got to the door, out broke a boy, all dressed up, clean as clean, an' a-shoutin' at the top of his voice, "Howdy, Aunt Fonie! howdy, Uncle Jed! howdy, Eben! Christmas gift! Christmas gift!"

Of course it wuz Elick. An' of course the slim, long-bearded man we see through the winder a-talkin' so kindly ter Janey wuz Elick's pa, Lex Farley. But the wonder of all wuz ter see Janey. There she wuz, bright an' smilin', *an' a-sittin' up* in

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the finest kind o' wheeled cheer, es proud es if she wuz on a throne.

Well, we wuz all a-talkin' together fur quite a spell; an' Jed he welcomed Lex real hearty, an' told him he must make himself at home fur es long es he would like ter stay. An' you never see a boy so changed as Elick Farley. From bein' a wild, cantankerous limb that nobody hardly could abide, he wuz a quiet, nice little chap, modest an' obligin' in his ways, an' a-hangin' on every word that Janey spoke.

"It wuz all I could do ter git him ter come," said his pa, when he got a chance fur a word with me. "You see he thought Janey would be so set agen him that she would want ter hev him arrested or somethin'; but I told him ter be a man, an' face the music. When we got inside the hall door here, an' see Janey lookin' so white an' quiet, as if she might be dead, the child hung back as if he darsn't go a step further. But I pushed him inside the room, an' he begun ter cry. Janey turned her head quick, an' seen him a-standin' ther'. Somehow she didn't seem a bit surprised. 'Elick,' says she, very gentle—'Elick, come here;' an' when he wuz in reach, she put her arms around him an' kissed him."

"No!" I cried, "Janey Burridge didn't ever do that!"

"Yes," he said, strokin' his beard, kind o' meditative, "she kissed him. An' I suppose it's the first time anybody hes kissed him sence his mother died. An' that she should do it who lay there a wreck through his mischief! I tell you, Aunt Fonie, she is a angel."

It hed never occurred ter me ter look on Janey Burridge in that light, as you ain't apt to think of a angel bein' strong as a heifer, an' built for labor ruther than a-flyin' roun' an' singin'; but I wuz glad ter hev Lex Farley appreshiate her, even though he stretched the blanket a little in doin' so.

After supper Mr. Burridge examined the cheer, most admirin'. It wuz made of cherry-wood, an' stuffed with hair, an' set on springs, an' covered with rep, an' it wuz es fine es a coffin.

"It must 'a cost a sight o' money," says Jed.

"A matter o' fifty dollars," says Lex Farley; "but you know, Uncle Jed, I don't ever find it difficult to make money."

"True, Lex," says the old man, very kind; "you are smart enough ter do anything when you give the enemy the go-by."

I wuz a little skeert at this plain-speakin', fearin' Lex might take offense; but he spoke out quite manful: "Uncle Jed, I haven't teched a drop of anything stronger than tea sence my boy come in an' told me what hed happened to Janey. I made up my mind that instant that ef the poor girl wuz gone, I would pay all the funeral expenses, an' put her up a handsome monument; an' ef she lived, that I would come to see her, an' try to make such poor reperation es I could."

"I'm sure," says Jed, "that Janey will set more value on your lettin' the drink alone than on either the knittin'-machine or the wheel-cheer. You see, it runs in our blood ter be gret on temperance. Forty year ago, when the Burridges first settled here, one of our first performances wuz ter git up a temperance meetin' at Peppertown. The Yahoos came in an' tried ter put a stop to it."

"The Yahoos? An' who were they?"

"That wuz the name we give the early settlers. They wuz mostly riffraff o' the hardest sort, who hed drifted here from Tennessee an' Kentucky. They wuz dead-set agen temperance. They came a-whoopin' an' a-ridin' an' a-yellin' inter Peppertown on the occasion of our meetin', an' they hed caught a wild wolf, which they turned loose among the folks, an' nearly skeered the women ter death.

"In them days even the preachers hated ter give up the'r whiskey. Well, it wuz a heap purer article than you git now; you could buy it by the barrel at a bit a gallon. Everybody drunk it. It wuz handed around ter women an' children. At the races once old Mrs. Wysnicker had a barrel that she peddled out by the drink, an' they said she made enough ter buy a handsome family Bible."

"I wish they would give us a purer article of whiskey in these days," said Mr. Farley.

"Lex—Lex Farley, don't say that!" cried Janey, leanin' for'ard, an' speakin' with such entreaty as I never heerd from mortal lips.

"You have gone without it," she says, "from sorrow an' pity fur me, an' you can keep on in the good course fur love—fur love of God. Listen to me, Lex. You wuz pleased with my thanks when I told you how the knittin'-machine had comforted me an' give me a new start in life;

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an' you smiled an' almost cried too when I told you ter-day of the rest your beautiful cheer give to my poor tired body. Think, think what it will be when you can bring the gifts of a good an' manly life ter the Lord, an' receive His thanks, an' know His joy over the one sinner that repents! Oh, Lex, don't give me more than you give to your Maker!"

It came like a thunder-clap. I never would 'a believed Janey Burridge could have spoke so beautiful. We wuz all moved beyond speech. But, after a little, Lex Farley says: "I won't forgit your words, Janey. God bless you fur them!"

Jed rose up an' passed his hand acrost his eyes. "My friends," said he, "it is Christmas night. Let us unite in prayer."

An' kneelin' round Janey's cheer, we prayed in silence, an' somethin' seemed ter whisper that a good new year wuz a-dawnin' fur us all.

Well, well, Lex Farley wuz in no hurry to git away. An' one day he asked our Janey to marry him.

"He says, Aunt Fonie," said Janey to me, "that I can *help* him—I, a poor lame creature that never expected to be of use or pleasure ter any livin' soul."

"He loves you, dear," I said, pattin' her dark head.

"I can hardly believe it," she said, in a falterin' way. "He says so many strange things, Aunt Fonie: that to be with me helps an' heartens him; that he wants nothin' better than to work for me all his days; that he wants me only to give him my heart—not my labor an' service, but my heart."

"'Ther's nothin' half so sweet in life
As love's young dream,'"

says I, quotin' out of a poetry book.

"Don't you think," says she, very timid, "that folks will say he wanted me from pity, an' that I took him from pride?"

"Fools may," says I, very decisive.

The end of it all wuz that she put him off six months, durin' which time he wuz as sober as a horse, an' then she married him. They went ter St. Louis ter live, an' he got a run o' fashionable customers, an' soon we heard of 'em as surprising prosperous. A couple o' years later her pa an' me went ter visit 'em; fur I hed got ruther tired o' bein' a boarder, an' hed married Jed Burridge. That wuz a visit! They hed three rooms leadin' out o' the photograph gallery—an apartment, they called it—an' a servant to do the work, an' a little maid to 'tend the door. Lex Farley was the proudest, happiest man in the State. For Janey—bless her!—with a long trailed gown on, her face pale and pretty, her hair curlin' on her forehead, *walked* to meet us, with a snow-white baby cuddlin' in her arms.

MAY.

"....while the jolly hours bring on propitious May."

I HEAR the footsteps of the frolic May,
Tripping as on that holiday
When Love with berries of the bay
Was crowned to sing a roundelay.
Sing, all ye choruses and choirs
That lift unto the love-tuned lyres
The music of their magic wires,
To May, to May a roundelay!

I hear the gentle murmurs of the Naiad,
And the far whispers of the Dryad,
In Echo's answers never tired,
With love and mirthfulness inspired
To sing to May a roundelay.
Sing, spirits of the vasty air,
In dingles, dells, or rocky lair,
In haunted hollows everywhere,
Sing to the May a roundelay!

I hear the soft sea waves that ebb and flow
Where ancient Triton's horn doth blow,
In blasts now loud, and long, and low,
Unto the hills, re-echoing slow,
To May a merry roundelay.
Sing, O ye spirits of the waves,
That sleep in hidden curves and caves,
Where Doris with her Nereus laves,
And sings to May a roundelay!

I hear mezzonean zephyrs rise and fall,
Chanting to May their madrigal,
And fountains, rivers, brooks, and all
Repeat their carols to the call
Of May to sing a roundelay.
Sing, spirits of the balmy breeze,
That lift to life the budding trees,
That blow the blossoms o'er the leas,
To merry May a roundelay!

I hear in whispering woods and genial groves
The measures of their happy loves,
And in the coverts of the coves
The melodies of turtle-doves,
Making to May a roundelay.
Break forth and sing, spirits of mirth,
Hid in the bosom of the earth,
That wake to-day to happy birth,
And chant to May a roundelay!

Sing, sing, O heart, unto the breath of spring;
Sing, for all life is on the wing,
And Nature's notes incessant sing,
And Echo's answers backward fling,
To merry May a roundelay!
Sing, spirits of the sky and sea,
That hold the charmed Memnonian key
Of music's mighty mystery,
Make to the May a roundelay!

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SHANDON BELLS.

CHAPTER I.

"OVER RUNNING WATER."

SO still this night was. The white moonlight lay over the sleeping world; the Atlantic was calm; the little harbor town of Inisheen, with all its picturesque squalor of quays and creeks and stranded boats, had gone to rest; and here, high up in this inland glen (from which the sea was visible only as a sharp line of silver at the horizon), among the felled trees and the brush-wood, there was no sound save the continuous "hush—sh—sh" of the streamlet far below in the darkness. Nor was there any sign of life in this open glade—not even a rabbit out browsing on the dew-wet grass, or a curlew crossing the clear depths of the blue-gray sky in its flight from the moor to the shore. Only the moonlight shining calm and still on the wilderness of bramble and bracken and furze, and here and there on the white stump of a felled beech or ash; and always the murmur, down below, of the unseen rivulet on its way to the Blackwater and the sea.

But by-and-by, along the road over there, that was barred across by the shadows of some tall elms, two people came slowly walking, and the cheerful sound of their speaking was clear in the stillness.

"The more I think of it," said one of them, who was a very pretty, slightly formed young lady, with eyes as black as the sloe, a mouth that could assume a most piquant expression, and a voice that was soft and musical and laughing—"the more I think of it, this seems the most extraordinary escapade I ever entered upon. Altogether a most decorous proceeding! I suppose by this time every soul in Inisheen is fast asleep; and no doubt Miss Romayne is supposed to be asleep too, and dreaming of the Conservatoire and her début at Covent Garden; while as for Master Willie, if he were to be missed, of course they'd imagine he was away after the wild-duck again, so it would be all right for him. Sure I think," she added, altering her voice slightly, and speaking very shyly—"sure I think 'tis I am the wild-duck that Masther Willie is afther."

"Do you know, Kitty," said her companion, who was taller and fairer than she: a young fellow of two-and-twenty, perhaps, with light brown wavy hair, the shrewdest of clear blue eyes, and a well-set, slim figure—"do you know, Kitty, when you speak in our Irish way like that, my heart is just full of love for you."

"Oh, indeed!" she said, in a tone of surprise. "Oh, indeed! And at other times what is it full of, then?"

"Well, at other times," he said—"at other times, you see—well, at other times, Kitty, do you know, it is just full of love for you. Never mind. When I go to England I'll soon get rid of the Cork accent; and when I come back to you, Kitty—"

"Indeed you may save yourself the trouble," she interposed, promptly. "I am not going to have any stranger come back to me. I am going to have nobody but my wild Irish boy, with whatever accent he has, and with all the—the cheek he is not likely to get rid of anywhere. There's no other word for it, I declare. Such cheek as never was heard of! Do you know, sir, that I sang at the Crystal Palace with Titiens and Santley?"

"You've reminded me of it pretty often, Kitty," was the meek reply.

"Yes; and Miss Catherine Romayne, who has sent all Dublin wild with her singing of Irish songs, who could make engagements all over Ireland for the rest of her natural life, comes to Cork—to find herself patronized by the *Cork Chronicle!* The *Cork Chronicle*, indeed! And it isn't the editor, mind you, but only the sub-editor—does he sweep out the office too?—that has undertaken to sing the praises of Miss Romayne, and make the whole country understand what a wonder she is! Dear me, what beautiful language! *It has been reserved for an English singer to reveal to the Irish people the pathos of 'The Bells of Shandon.'* Truly! What did they think the song was, then? Did they think it was comic? Then came the usual thing—I foresaw it from the beautiful writing in the *Cork Chronicle*—bouquets; complimentary notes; finally an introduction; and, behold! the sub-editor of the *Chronicle* isn't in the least a pale youth with long hair and inky fingers, but rather half a young gamekeeper and half a young squireen, and the remainder a fair-haired Apollo Belvedere with a delightful accent and the most ingenuous blush. And oh, such innocence! and oh,

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such modesty! Modesty! 'May he be permitted to call?' And the very next day, as Miss Romayne and her faithful guardian are seated at their mid-day meal, there's a knock at the door, and enter Mr. Modesty! Bless the man, I said to myself, doesn't he know what's what, but he must pay an afternoon call at two o'clock in the day? Anybody in his senses would have backed out; but you weren't the least in your senses—confess it now, Willie—"

"Were you?—when you found your pretty black hair was all about your shoulders, and bottled stout on the table? And 'would Mr. Fitzgerald sit down and have some lunch?' and 'would Mr. Fitzgerald prefer a glass of sherry?' At all events, you were civil-mannered then, Kitty."

This was carrying the war into the enemy's country; but she paid no heed.

"I think you grew more happy, Willie, when I went to the piano, and so got my back turned on you, and when Miss Patience took her newspaper to the window; at least you grew more audacious in your flattery—there was something about Tara's harp being awakened again—and then—there was a moment—after that 'Bells of Shandon' that you would have—I think there was a moment when I chanced to turn, and I fancied young Mr. Gamekeeper's clear blue eyes weren't quite so clear as usual—can you tell me?"

"It seems a long time ago," he said, absently, "though it isn't. Can you tell me, Kitty, why it is that Miss Patience, who was so friendly with me at first, took it into her head to quarrel with me?"

"Why, you quarrelled with her!"

"Nonsense; I did nothing of the sort," he said, with a laugh. "But when her manner changed all of a sudden, and she practically forbade me the house, of course I took the hint."

"And a nice position both of you have put me into! But mind you, Master Willie, whether you had been going to England or not, this must have been the last of these hole-and-corner meetings. Moonlight walks are very pleasant; but—but it won't do, you know, especially for one placed as I am. There is such a thing as propriety, though you don't seem to think so. And now I suppose this one is to be the most fatal of all, with witcheries, and enchantments, and what not. By-the-way," she added, stopping short in the road, and looking him straight in the face, "how do I know what you mayn't be making me promise? When you repeated some of the gibberish the other night, of course I couldn't understand a word."

"Don't be alarmed, Kitty; I will put it all into English for you. And we are close by the place now. If you will step over this bit of the wall, I will take you down into the glen."

He helped her over the low moss-grown wall, and they emerged from under the shadow of the elms into the clear open glade described above. Her face, which was unusually expressive by reason of those soft, large, sloe-black eyes, was more serious now. She glanced up and down the wooded valley, lying all white in the moonlight, and then said to him, almost in a whisper:

"Is this where you said the saints shut up Don Fierna and the pixies?"

"No," he said; "that was away over there in the mountains. But they say the little people can get out into this valley, and you won't catch many of the Inisheen natives about here after dark. Further up the glen there is a very curious echo; of course that is Don Fierna answering you when you call to him. But they don't like to speak about such things about here: the priests are against it."

"And the well?"

"It is down there," he answered, pointing to the narrow ravine which seemed jet-black below them.

"Oh, I can't go down there, Willie," she said, almost shuddering.

"It is very easy," he answered, cheerfully, to re-assure her. "And you won't find it dark when once you are down. Give me your hand, Kitty; hold tight, and watch where you put your feet."

Slowly and cautiously they made their way down the side of the chasm, through the bracken and furze and tangled underwood, until at last they reached the bed of the streamlet at a point where the water tumbled into a natural basin that had been worn out of the rock. Nor was it quite so dark as it had appeared from above. The bushes around them were quite black, it is true, but the clear sky far overhead lent a reflected light that touched here and there the falling water and the troubled pool with a wan gleam. It was strange that the noise of the brook appeared to make no impression on the sound of their voices. This seemed to be an absolute silence in which they spoke.

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He stepped across the water—she remaining on this side; and then he reached his hand to her.

"Give me your hand, Kitty."

She did so in silence. Their outstretched hands were clasped together over the stream.

"You must repeat to me what I say to you—it is quite simple, Kitty. Don't be afraid." (For he thought she was trembling somewhat.) "*Over running water: My love I give to you; my life I pledge to you; my heart I take not back from you, while this water runs.*"

He listened for her voice; it was scarcely audible.

"Over running water: My love I give to you," she said; "my life I pledge to you; my heart I take not back from you, while this water runs. Willie, it is not hard to promise that. I will say it again if you wish me to."

"Listen, Kitty. *Over running water: Every seventh year, at this time of the year, at this time of the night, I will meet you at this well, to renew my troth to you: death alone to relieve me from this vow.*"

She repeated the words without faltering.

"And this is the last, Kitty. *Over running water: A curse on the one that fails; and a curse on any that shall try to come between us two; and grief to be a guest in their house, and sorrow to dwell in their house, forever.*"

"Oh no, not that, Willie!" she cried, almost piteously. "Let this be a love night. Don't let there be any hatred in it. I don't mind the rest—but not that!"

He did not answer; he held her hand in silence.

"Well, if you want me to, I will. Tell me the words again."

No sooner was the ceremony, or charm, or whatever it might be called, completed, than he leaped across the little stream, and caught her in his arms, and kissed her.

"Now you are mine, Kitty! Bell, book, and candle can't divide us now. But why are you trembling? You are not afraid?—you who are afraid of nothing! Come, we will clamber up again into the moonlight; you know if Don Fierna has let any of his little people out, you would never get a glimpse of them away down here. Wouldn't it be fine to see the procession come down through the bracken—

> 'trooping all together,
> Green Jacket, Red Cap,
> And White Owl's Feather'?

—Kitty, what is the matter with you?"

"Yes, let us get away," she said, in a low voice. "I want to be up in the light—give me your hand, Willie."

So he helped her to clamber up through the brush-wood again until they got into the moonlight; and as they made for the road, he noticed that she glanced back for a second—a hasty, frightened glance, it seemed—at the dark hollow from which they had emerged. But he would not have her frightened on such a night as this. He would have nothing but gladness, and hope, and love promises on such a night. And she was very impressionable. Soon she was laughing. Soon she was scolding him for not having ordered a review of the little people for her beforehand. Here she had come to the very head-quarters of the elves and the pixies, and not one to be seen.

"Oh yes, one," she admitted. "I have indeed made the acquaintance of one—on the beach this morning; and a more extraordinary one Mr. Doyle never drew. You know him, Willie—at least he says he knows you very well—a little man with wild red hair, and a tall hat, and a scarlet jacket with gray sleeves—"

"Why, it's Andy the Hopper. Had he his pole with him?"

"What pole?"

"The leaping-pole he has for taking short-cuts across the bogs," said he, greatly delighted to see her so cheerful again.

"I didn't see any pole. But I made out very soon that he was intimately acquainted with you; and so I thought I might as well get some independent testimony about the character of my husband that is to be. Oh, I assure you I was most discreet. Andy the Hopper, if that is his name, had very little notion why I wanted to know this or that about the Fitzgeralds, and especially about Mr. William Fitzgerald. Would you like to know how he described you, Willie?"

"If Andy the Hopper has been saying anything against me—I mean to you, Kitty—I'll beat the blackguard with his own pole till there's not an inch of whole skin on him," was her companion's decisive reply.

"'Is it Masther Willie ye mane?' he

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"THEIR OUTSTRETCHED HANDS WERE CLASPED TOGETHER OVER THE STREAM."

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said. I said it was. 'Sure, miss, 'tis the duck's back that Masther Willie has got, and trouble runs off it like water. At the very ind of the day if he was to lose the biggest salmon ever hooked in the Blackwater, d'ye think he'd be afther sittin' down and cryin'? Divil a bit—begging your pardon, miss. He'd be whistlin' the ould tunes as he put up the rod; and then away home wid his spaches and his singing and his poethry, and a laugh and a joke for all the gyurls that he'd meet. Glory be to God, miss, but 'tis Masther Willie has the light heart.' But wait a moment, Master Willie. I thought that phrase about the gyurls a little singular—or rather it isn't singular, for it's plural. How many gyurls is an Irish young gentleman supposed to be in love with at the same time? Don't I know the song—

'Here's a health to the girls that we loved long ago,
Where the Shannon, and Liffey, and Blackwater flow'?

—Why 'girls'?"

"Why not, Kitty? The song is about the Irish Brigade. You wouldn't have the whole brigade in love with one?"

"I don't know; it sounds suspicious; and I suppose we are not more than a stone's-throw from the Blackwater now. But you may re-assure yourself, Master Willie. I was very discreet. I put no questions about the gyurls to the gentleman in the red jacket; and so he went on to say you were a great sportsman, and to give me many stories of midnight adventures you and he had had together after the wild-fowl."

"That's all over now, Kitty," said he, looking away across to the shallows and the mud-flats of the wide bay of Inisheen, where many a time he had brought a mallard thumping down, or listened to the clang of a string of wild-geese far overhead in the dark. "London is a terrible place to be alone in. I remember the first time I went there, and saw the miles and miles of streets and houses, and the strange faces, and the crowds hurrying and hurrying and hurrying. I said to myself I should lose heart altogether if I were to find myself alone in such a tremendous ocean, fighting to keep my head above water. Better the *Cork Chronicle*, and an ambition limited to the publishing of one small volume of poems some day, and, for the rest of it, over the bog after snipe or up the mountain after hares with Andy the Hopper. And then you must needs come along, Kitty, and spoil all my content. Even now I fear I am going to London against my better judgment. Having you, Kitty, what do I want with fame or money?"

"Stuff! I know you are fearfully ambitious, Master Willie, though you won't own it. Would you like to go on forever as the sub-editor of the *Cork Chronicle*? Would you have me keep singing away at concerts until my little share of good looks was gone, and then the public would discover there was nothing in my singing at all? I am certain your philosophy is all pretense. I don't believe Andy the Hopper a bit when he says you'd only whistle an ould tune or spake poethry after losing a big fish; I believe you would be much nearer crying with vexation. You don't impose on me, Master Willie; and we will see some day whether London is too big for you to fight."

"If it was the old times, Kitty, and I could start with a shield and a spear and your ribbon round my arm: that would be something like the thing. But at any rate I can carry your name in my heart."

She stopped and took his head in her two hands, and pulled it down and kissed him lightly on the forehead.

"That is where the victor's crown is to be," she said.

"I am not thinking of any victor's crown," said he. "I am thinking of the trip that you and I will make, every seven years, to this old place of Inisheen, and our going over the old walks again, and thinking of old times. And the day may come, Kitty, when getting down that steep bank may be too much for frail old limbs, and perhaps Don Fierna will excuse us, if we make the pilgrimage, and show him that we have not separated, even if we don't try to go down to the well."

"Seven years," she said, musingly. "It is a long time, Willie—"

But he did not hear her. He had stepped down to unmoor a small boat that lay half hidden in the shadow of a creek. When he was ready he called to her; and then he assisted her, with the most affectionate care, into the stern of the boat, and pulled her shawl close at the neck, and generally had her made comfortable. Then he took the oars, and in a few mo-

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ments they had shot out into the broad and shallow and moon-lit waters of the inner bay of Inisheen. As yet they could talk together openly without fear of being overheard from the shore; for Inisheen itself—a tumbled mass of houses and quays and vessels—lay away along there between them and the Atlantic.

"Besides," continued Miss Romayne, as if she had been resuming some argument, "you say yourself this is such a chance as you might never get again."

"Well, it is a chance," he answered, slowly pulling away at the short (and muffled) oars. "Fancy Hilton Clarke being in Inisheen, and no one knowing it!"

"Perhaps they were all as wise as I was, Willie, and had never heard his name before."

"You must have heard his name, Kitty," he said, impatiently. "Why, he is one of the most distinguished men of letters in England."

"But what has he done, Willie?"

"Oh, everything," he said, rather confusedly. "Every one knows who he is. There is scarcely a better known name in contemporary literature."

"But what has he done, Willie? I might get it and read it, you know."

"Why, he is one of the greatest critics of the day—writes for all sorts of things: there is no one better known. He is said to have the finest judgment in literary matters of almost anybody living; and the reviews that he writes are always so scholarly, and—and full of happy ingenuities of expression—any one can recognize them—"

"Yes," said the pertinacious young lady with the pretty mouth and the soft dark eyes, "but hasn't he done anything himself? Hasn't he done any work of his own? Couldn't I buy a book of his to let me know something more of your wonderful hero?"

"Well, I believe he translated *Les Fleurs du Mal*—the original edition; but the book was privately printed."

"I am sure I never heard of it, in English or anything else," said she.

"Perhaps you never heard of Baudelaire either, Kitty," said he, gently. "You see it would be easy for you to puzzle me about the distinguished people in music, I know so little about what's going on in music."

"Oh, very well," said she, good-naturedly, "let him be as distinguished as you like; that can't make him an agreeable-looking man."

"I consider him very handsome," he said, in astonishment.

"What! that lanky, supercilious, white-faced creature, with his stony stare?"

He burst out laughing.

"I do believe you're jealous, Kitty. Why, you only saw him for a second at the door of the Imperial, and you have never spoken to him. I consider him an exceedingly fine fellow, and the trouble he took about me—a perfect stranger to him—was quite extraordinary. It was indeed a chance, my running against him at all. You know, Kitty," said he—though there was a slight blush on his face—"I am not ashamed of my father keeping an inn, or a public-house, or whatever you may call it—"

"An inn!" she exclaimed. "A public-house! The Impayrial Hotel—the only hotel in Inisheen—to be talked of like that!"

"—but all the same when I come here I don't go into the smoking-room. It is always filled with these Coursing Club people; and the Duke of Wellington 'wrenched, killed, and won like a hero'; and Sweetbrier was 'slow from the slips'; and Timothy 'scored first turn'; and Miss Maguire 'finished with the most lovely mill'; and all the rest of the jargon. Indeed I'd rather go to another inn, if there was one, when I come to Inisheen; but that might vex my father. Well, this stranger I didn't meet at the inn at all, but along the road, with his basket and rod and gaff all complete; and as we got talking about fishing, I looked over his fly-book for him—all sorts of fantastic nonsense got up in London to look pretty in a drawing-room. Then I offered to show him some flies. Then it turned out he was staying at the Imperial. And then we had a long evening together—all contrariwise; for I had found out who he was, and I wanted to talk about all the literary men in London—and he seemed to know every one of them; but he wanted to talk about nothing but river trout and sea trout and grilse and salmon, and the different rivers in the neighborhood. But it was a fine evening, all the same; and he showed himself most friendly—and has been so ever since, Miss Kitty, in his letters. And just fancy his asking me, a young newspaper fellow in Cork, to come and see him as soon as I got to London! If you only

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knew the position he holds— But I think we'd better be quiet now, Kitty, until we get past the town."

Picturesque indeed was the old town of Inisheen on this beautiful night—the moonlight shining on the windows of the few houses on the side of the hill and on the gray gables along the harbor, and causing the golden cock on the top of the old Town-hall to gleam as if it were a repetition of the beacon-light far away there on the cliff overlooking the sea, while heavy masses of shadow lay over the various creeks and quays, where broad-bottomed vessels had found a berth in the ooze. But there was another Inisheen—an Inisheen of new and trim villas—that formed a fashionable watering-place fronting the open sea; and there it was that Miss Romayne lodged, and thither it was that Master Willie was stealthily rowing. Indeed, they soon drew away from the picturesque old town, and found before them the gently murmuring Atlantic, that broke in a fringe of silver foam all along the level sands.

And Miss Romayne was singing, too—not with the fine contralto voice that she could send ringing through a vast hall, but humming to herself, as it were, in a low and gentle fashion, "Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour," and putting a good deal more pathos into the words than appears there if one reads them in cold blood. For she had a pathetic voice; and these two were alone under the shining heavens and on the beautiful calm sea; and they were young, and life and love were before them, and also the tragic misery of parting.

"I will bid you the real good-by to-night, Willie," she said, "and then I don't care for fifty Miss Patiences to-morrow. You must put me ashore at the jetty, and I will walk up alone. She is sure to be asleep. If not, then I was restless, and had to go out for a walk. And you will stop at the jetty, Willie, until you see me right up at the house, in case Don Fierna and his little people should snatch me up and carry me off to that dreadful glen."

"Why dreadful, Kitty? Are you sorry?"

"Oh no—not sorry. But there is something unholy about all that happened there. If that well were like the other wells about, that the saints have blessed, there would have been little bits of ribbon and such like offerings on the bushes. There was nothing of that kind *there*. I know I wouldn't go back alone to that valley for a million pounds."

He rested one hand on the oars, and with the other reached over and took hers.

"But I hope neither you nor I, Kitty, will ever find ourselves there alone."

He rowed in to the little jetty, and then stepped ashore, and assisted her to follow on to the gray stones. The leave-taking was a long one; there were many assurances and asseverations, and a little hysterical crying on her part. But at last the final good-by had to come, and he put a hand on each of her cheeks, and held her head, as though he would read to the bottom of those soft, beautiful, tear-bedimmed eyes.

"You will never forget—you can not forget—what you promised me to-night, when our hands were clasped over the stream?"

"Is it likely?" she said, sobbing violently. "Is it likely I shall forget, any single day as long as I live?"

Then she went away alone, and he waited, and watched the solitary slight little figure go along the moon-lit road, and up to the house. There was a flutter of a white handkerchief; he returned that signal. He waited again; there was no sign. So he got into the boat again, and rowed silently away to Inisheen harbor, like one in a dream.

Only a moonlight night, and the parting of two lovers. And yet sometimes such things remain visible across the years.

CHAPTER II.

A HIGH CONCLAVE.

THAT was an eventful evening in the life of young Fitzgerald when he made his way, not without some inward tremor, to the Albany, in order to dine with Mr. Hilton Clarke. For not only was that high honor in store for him, but moreover this new friend, who had been exceedingly kind to him in many ways, had promised he should also meet Mr. Gifford, the editor of the *Liberal Review*. Imagine a boy-lieutenant just joined asked to dine with the Commander-in-Chief and his staff! Away in that provincial newspaper office, Master Willie had been accustomed to regard the London *Liberal Review* as perhaps the wisest and most origi-

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nal and honest of modern journals; he had many a time clipped out its opinions and quoted them prominently in the *Cork Chronicle;* he had even from week to week studied the way of writing that characterized its columns. And here he was to meet the editor in actual flesh and blood! To listen to the great critic and the great journalist at once! Moreover, he could not help suspecting that Hilton Clarke had arranged this meeting lest peradventure it might be of some service, near or remote, to the young aspirant. He did not know what he had done to deserve such kindness, such good fortune. How had it all come about? So far as he could see, merely through his happening to know what were the best salmon flies for the Blackwater.

Of course he arrived too soon, and so had plenty of time to saunter up and down the echoing little thoroughfare, and master the lettering and numbering of the buildings. But when at last he made his way up the stone staircase to the door on the first landing, and was met by a tall middle-aged woman with a foreign-looking cap on her head, who, in broken English, showed him where to leave his hat and coat, and then ushered him into an apartment the like of which he had never seen in his life before, he began to ask himself if he had not made a mistake. Perhaps he would again have demanded of the black-eyed, soft-voiced, grave person if Mr. Hilton Clarke lived there, but she had gone. However, it was clear that some one was going to dine in this room, for in the middle of it was a small square table very daintily laid out, and lit by a lamp with a pink and white porcelain shade that threw a soft rosy glow around. So at hap-hazard he sat down, and proceeded to gaze with a sort of awe at the wonderful chamber, the treasures in which, if he had known anything about them, he would have perceived to have come from all parts of the world, but mostly from Venice. From Venice had come the row of lustrous copper water vessels that had been transformed into big flower-pots, and ranged along there on the little balcony outside the French windows; also the quaint and delicate white and gold chairs and couches that were now dim with age; and perhaps, too, the framed chalice-cloth over the chimney-piece, the beautiful rich embroidery of which appeared to be falling away by its own weight from the frail silken ground. But there was a large inlaid Spanish cabinet in scarlet and lacquered brass that was itself a blaze of color; and there were Kirwan rugs scattered about the floor; and on the walls were gorgeous masses of Turkish embroidery; likewise a series of candles in sconces, over each of which was hung a piece of Hispano-Moresque pottery, the red glow from these large dishes completing the barbaric splendor of the place. For the rest, there was a good deal of Moorish metal and ivory work about; but there was not a picture nor an engraving on the walls, nor a book nor a newspaper anywhere.

Presently a door opened, and Hilton Clarke appeared.

"How are you, Fitzgerald? Glad to see you."

There was a moment's pause.

"Oh, will you excuse me for a second?"

As he disappeared into the bedroom again, a mighty qualm shot to the heart of young Fitzgerald. His host was in evening dress. He glanced at the table, which was laid out for four: no doubt the other two guests would be in evening dress also! The mere thought of it was agony. It was not that they might consider him a country bumpkin; it was that they might think him failing in due respect to themselves. He had had no idea that London men of letters lived like this. Even if he had brought his rusty old suit of evening dress from Ireland, he would probably never have thought of putting it on to go to dinner at a bachelor's rooms. He wished himself a hundred miles away from the place. He ought never to have accepted an invitation to meet great people until he had himself done something. It served him right for his presumption. And would they think it was out of disrespect? Would it be better for him to explain and apologize? Or to make some excuse now, and get rapidly away?

In a very few minutes his host appeared again—in morning costume.

"I think you're right, Fitzgerald," he said, carelessly, as he flung himself into an easy-chair. "A shooting coat will be more comfortable; it's got quite chilly to-night."

Fitzgerald's heart leaped up with gratitude. Was not this, he asked himself, the action of a true gentleman—an action prompted by an instinctive courtesy quick to take into consideration the feelings of

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others? He was half inclined to be angry with Kitty—poor Kitty who was so far away! But he would write to her: he would challenge her to say whether this little bit of courtesy, trifling as it might appear, was not a safe indication of character.

And it must be confessed that Kitty was quite willfully wrong when she refused to perceive that her lover's new acquaintance was handsome, and even distinguished-looking. He was a man of about thirty, tall, sparely built; his head well set on square shoulders, his features refined and pensive somewhat, with eyes of a clear light blue, and calm and contemplative; blonde hair and beard (which he wore somewhat long), and hands of extreme whiteness and elegance. His beautifully shaped nails, indeed, occupied a good deal of his attention; and as he now lay back in the easy-chair, he was contemplating them rather than the young man he was addressing.

"There are some pretty things in the room, aren't there?" he said, in a tone of indifference, though he still regarded his nails with care. "They are a bit too violent in color for me. I like repose in a room. But the capitalist will be impressed."

"I beg your pardon?" said Fitzgerald (how glad he was about that business of the shooting coat!).

"Oh," he continued, in the same indifferent kind of way, "I forgot I hadn't told you. There's a man coming here to-night who has too much money. It isn't right for a man to have so much money. I think I can induce him to risk a little of it in a journalistic venture—I think so; I don't know: the thing looks to me promising enough. Only I thought my capitalist would be impressed with a little grandeur; and so I rented these rooms for a time. I don't want you to think that all that scarlet and red pottery kind of thing is what I should prefer. I like repose in a room, as I say; something to quiet the eyes when you are tired. Then the other man you will meet—oh, I told you—Gifford. What a comical old cock he is!"

Fitzgerald could scarce credit his ears. The editor of the *Liberal Review* to be spoken of in this familiar and patronizing way!

"The odd thing is," continued Hilton Clarke, as he slowly opened and shut a pencil-case with his beautiful long nails, "that he has been able to get round about him a lot of writers who are exactly like himself, or who pretend to be. They are all fearfully in earnest; and dogmatic about trifles; making the most profound discoveries in new poets, new actresses, new politicians; always professing to be exceedingly accurate, and never able to quote three figures without a blunder. The whole thing is comical; but the public believe them to be so sincere. To me they seem to be continually wandering in a fog; and one stumbles against a lamp-post, and shrieks out: 'My gracious goodness, if this isn't the greatest genius of a poet since the time of Byron!' and another tumbles on to the pavement where a beggar has been drawing chalk pictures, and there's a wild cry from him too: 'Heaven preserve my poor senses if this isn't Carpaccio come back again! How can I express my emotion but in tears!' I am told Gifford's last theory is that political disturbances have the same origin as terrestrial disturbances: the earth suffering from a surfeit of electricity, don't you know, or some such thing, and firing off one-half of it as an earthquake at Valparaiso, and the other half of it at the same moment as an insurrection among the Poles. Different forms of gas, I suppose. I wonder, when a number of the *Liberal Review* is published here, what portentous explosion takes place at the other side of the world. But there's one good point about old Gifford: he is always very frank in apologizing for his blunders. You generally find him saying, 'Last week we inadvertently mentioned Lord Russell as having been principally concerned in the abolition of the Corn Laws; of course every one must have seen that we meant the Duke of Wellington.' And then the following week, 'We last week, by a slip of the pen, attributed the establishment of Free Trade to the Duke of Wellington; every one must have seen that we meant Sir Robert Peel.' I only hope he'll take it into his head to discover a mare's-nest in this new weekly I am thinking of, and give us a flaming article about it; it's all a toss-up whether he does or not."

Fitzgerald heard all this with dismay, and even with a trifle of pain. He was a born hero-worshipper; and for this unknown editor, whose opinions he had reverenced for many a year, he had a very

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high regard indeed. It was almost shocking to hear him spoken of as a comical person. But the truth was that Fitzgerald did not understand that there was a spice of revenge in this tirade uttered so negligently. Only that morning it had happened that a good-natured friend had repeated to Mr. Hilton Clarke something that had been said of him by Mr. Gifford. The good-natured friend did not in the least mean to make mischief; it was only a little joke; and indeed there was nothing very terrible in what Mr. Gifford had said. "Clarke? Hilton Clarke, do you mean? Oh, he is the sort of man who writes triolets, parts his hair down the middle, and belongs to the Savile Club." Now there is no one of these things absolutely criminal; in fact, a man might commit them all and still be recognized as an honest British citizen. Only Mr. Hilton Clarke did not like to be ticketed and passed on in that way; and so he took his earliest opportunity of revenge.

He looked at his watch.

"Five minutes past eight," he said. "Twenty minutes late already. I never wait more than a quarter of an hour for anybody; so we will have dinner. Fiammetta! Hola!—Fiammetta!"

There was no answer, so he touched a little silver-handled bell near him; and the tall dark-eyed woman—she seemed to have been very beautiful at one time, Fitzgerald thought, as he now had a better look at her—made her appearance.

"L'on n'arrive pas; faîtes servir."

"Bien, m'sieur."

But at the same moment there was a noise outside in the passage, and very shortly afterward Fiammetta ushered in two gentlemen. The first, who was rubbing his hands, and looking very cheerful, was a portly, rubicund, blonde person, whose short yellow mustache and whiskers looked almost white as contrasted with his round, red, shining face; he wore one blazing diamond as a stud; and his boots shone almost as brilliantly as the diamond did. Him Fitzgerald instantly dismissed as of no account, and concentrated his eager interest on the next comer, who was certainly of more striking appearance. He was a man of middle height, of powerful build; his face sallow; his hair jet-black and unkempt; his features strong, and yet keen and intellectual; his eyes so very clear, in the midst of a dark face that they resembled the eyes of a lion. The general impression you would have gathered from his look was that he was an intellectually powerful man, but unduly aggressive; though this impression was modified by his voice, which was pleasant, and by his laugh, which was delightful.

After the usual apologies and introductions, and when Hilton Clarke had expressed his regret that these two guests should have taken the trouble to come in evening dress (if Kitty had only seen how nicely that was done!), they sat down to the little square table; and Fiammetta, having handed round a dish containing caviare, olives stuffed with sardines, and similar condiments, offered to each of the guests his choice of liqueurs. As Fitzgerald had never heard any of the names before—and as he was far more interested in his companions than in the ministrations of the soft-eyed and velvet-footed Fiammetta—he absently answered, "Yes, if you please," and did not even look at the reddish-colored fluid that was poured into his glass. A minute afterward he was brought to his senses. Having observed the results of certain Coursing Club dinners at Inisheen, he had long ago vowed to himself never to touch spirits of any kind; and he had faithfully kept his vow. But he never imagined that this reddish fluid could be anything else than wine; and not particularly liking the oily taste of the caviare, he thought he would remove it by drinking this glass. The next moment he was convinced that the roof of his head was off, and his throat on fire. He hastily gulped down some water; fortunately he did not choke; no one noticed; and by-and-by, somewhat panting, and very red in the face, he was enabled to resume his attitude of respectful and eager attention.

The conversation was entirely confined to Hilton Clarke and Mr. Gifford; Mr. Scobell, the capitalist, being a most valiant trencher-man, minded his own business. And indeed for some time the remarks on affairs of the day and on the doings of public men were somewhat obvious and commonplace, if one may dare to say so; although here and there occurred a suggestion that these two men had very different ways of looking at things. However, all the assertion was on the side of Mr. Gifford, whenever any disputable subject was approached. His host did not care to contradict. He would

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rather make some little facetious remark, or shrug his shoulders. Gifford's attitude was one of conviction and insistence; Clarke's might have been summed up in the word "*connu.*" When the leonine gentleman was vehemently declaring that the laureate's last volume, which had been published that very week, was a masterpiece; that never before had he written anything so consistently dramatic in its conception, so musical in its lyrics, so pathetic in its tragedy; and that in consequence life seemed to have had something added to it within these last few days, his host remarked—while carefully looking for bones in the red mullet—"Oh yes, it is a pleasant sort of poem."

But, by dire mishap, they blundered into the American civil war, which was then a topic of more recent interest than it is now. At first the remarks were only casual, and perhaps also not profoundly novel.

"At all events," said Hilton Clarke at last, "there is one point on which everybody is agreed—that the Southerners have the advantage of being gentlemen."

"The gentlemen of the Salisbury stockade—the gentlemen of Andersonville!" retorted his opponent, with a flash in the deep-set gray eyes.

"And they fought gallantly too, until they were beaten back by the undisciplined crowds that poured down on them—flung at them, indeed, by reckless generals who knew no more of the art of war than they did of common humanity. Of course, if you have every advantage of men and money and war material—"

But this was like the letting in of waters. Even Mr. Scobell looked up. For the *Liberal Review* had been a warm partisan of the North during the war; and Mr. Gifford had written nearly all of the war articles himself, so that his information, whether precisely accurate or not, was of mighty volume; and down it came on the head of his opponent like a cataract. All the campaigns had to be fought over again: now they were investing Vicksburg; now they were marching through Georgia; now they were at Five Forks. Hilton Clarke appeared to have gone away somewhere. He was scarcely heard amid all this thunder. At times, it is true, he would utter some scornful taunt, not levelled at the North only, but at North and South combined; for indeed he might well be confused by all the gunpowder smoke and noise. But even here he was not safe; for having incidentally remarked that it was not worth disputing about, "for, after all," he said, "there are only two kinds of Americans, plain and colored, and for my part I prefer the colored variety," he was immediately pursued by his relentless enemy, who upbraided him for making use of those idle little quips and taunts that made such mischief between countries. The flippant article was very easy to write; and the writer pocketed his three guineas; and then it went out and was quoted all over America as an expression of English jealousy. He undertook to say that Clarke had never been in America; he undertook to say that he had never known twenty Americans in the whole course of his life—

Now there is no saying how far this discussion might have gone, or how fierce it might have become; but Mr. Scobell made a remark. And when a capitalist speaks, literary persons are silent.

"I was once in America," he said.

There was a pause.

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Gifford, regarding him with interest.

"Yes?" said his host, with a pleasant and inquiring smile.

But it appeared that that was all. He had contributed his share to the conversation; and accordingly he returned to his plate. Moreover, what he had contributed was valuable; it was actual fact, which there was no gainsaying.

But whatever interest this dispute may have had for young Fitzgerald as indicative of the characters of the disputants (that is to say, supposing him to have had the audacity to attempt to take the measure of two such distinguished men), what followed turned out to have a far more immediate and personal importance for him. The champagne, which had been rather long in coming, had now been passed round twice by the soft-footed Fiammetta; a mellower atmosphere pervaded the room; Mr. Gifford was laughing pleasantly at a little joke of his host's; and the round, clear, staring eyes of the capitalist—whose face, by-the-way, had grown even a little redder, so that the short yellow-white whiskers and mustache and eyebrows looked as if they were afire—beamed in the most benign manner on all and sundry. This was the time chosen by Mr. Hilton Clarke to unfold the journalistic

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scheme which had been the *fons et origo* of this little dinner party.

"You see, I want your advice, Gifford," he said, "and Mr. Scobell won't mind my repeating some details that he and I have gone over together. What I propose is a shilling weekly—addressed to the wealthier classes, of course, but rather with a view to country houses. However, I should publish at three o'clock on Saturday, so that London people could have the magazine by post, while the country people would get it in their Sunday morning bag. There might be a summary of Reuter's telegrams up to the latest hour on Saturday; otherwise, no news; and above all, no politics. The prominence given to politics in English newspapers is founded on a delusion—wait a minute, Gifford; let me have my scheme out. I say that the space given to politics in the newspapers is out of all proportion to the interest taken in politics by any ordinary English household. Outside political circles—I mean apart from those who are actually concerned in politics or in writing about them—take any household you like, and for one who is deeply interested in politics, you will find four who don't care a brass farthing about them. Well, I propose to address the four. But even the fifth, mind you, though he may imagine himself responsible for the empire, might have anxious thoughts as to whether he should take such and such a deer forest in Scotland for the autumn, or whether he should hire a steam-yacht and take his family for a cruise about the Channel Islands, or whether, supposing he took such and such a country house from October till Christmas, there would be as many pheasants this year as figured in last year's bag, and so on; and he might be very glad, on the Sunday morning, to sit down with his after-breakfast cigar in the veranda, you know, and study this honest shilling counsellor—"

"Oh," said Gifford, "that kind of thing. But there is the *Field*. There is *Land and Water*—"

"Pardon me, this will be quite different," said Hilton Clarke, composedly. "I propose to have a series of agents—yachting men, sportsmen, anglers, and all the rest of it—who will at their leisure send in faithful and unadorned descriptions of anything they find that is worth having; so that Paterfamilias, instead of reading advertisements that he can't believe, will have a lot of things offered to him—a brace of perfectly disciplined setters, a thoroughbred hunter, half a mile of salmon-fishing in Ireland, a shooting-box in the Highlands, anything, in short, connected with those delightful dreams of holidays that fill up the idle time on Sundays with so many folk; and he will know that he can safely depend on these being as they are described. In fact, I don't know that we might not have a number of supernumerary agents, so that a man, writing to the office, could have one of these sent on commission, and so make sure, for example, that the fine bag he had heard of as having been made last year on a particular shooting did not mean that the outgoing tenant had cleared every head of game off the place. The difficulty will be to get perfectly trustworthy agents. *We* shall be above suspicion, for we shall take no fees, no commissions. The men must be well paid—"

"Right," said Scobell, and there was instant attention. But that was all. He looked from one to the other in silence; he had said all he had thought necessary to say.

"My dear Gifford, not an ortolan?" Hilton Clarke observed, with calm surprise. "Fitzgerald, pass the Burgundy—gently, man!" he added, in a tone of displeasure, for Fitzgerald had gripped the basket with his muscular fingers as if it were the stock of a breech-loader. "And for this section," he continued, "of course what is wanted is a good sub-editor, who will put the reports into decent English, and who won't let the printers make a fool of us. Besides, he must know something of out-of-door sports—he must know a good deal more than *I* do—or we shall be made ridiculous. I think it was rather lucky, then, that I ran against my friend Fitzgerald here, for if you can persuade him, Mr. Scobell, to take the place, he is the very man for it. He has burned powder in those desolate Irish bogs, and I know he can busk a fly. And then, you see, Fitzgerald, it needn't take up anything like the whole of your time. You might be going on with more purely literary work quite independently of it. What do you say?—or would you rather consider?"

"Oh, I should be very glad," stammered Fitzgerald, with his face about as red as Mr. Scobell's. "It is very kind of you. I—I don't know whether I could do the

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work, but I should try my best, anyway—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Hilton Clarke, coolly. "I dare say you know more about it than I do. As to terms, perhaps this isn't the place to discuss these details—"

But here Mr. Scobell broke in. Here he had a right to speak, and here he was on solid ground.

"I leave that in your hands, Clarke. I leave that to you entirely. I want the paper well done. I want it to be a gentlemanly paper. I don't want to go into my club and have a man come up to me and say, 'Scobell, what d——d Radical trash that is in your paper! I wonder you'd own a d——d Radical paper!' I want it to be a gentlemanly paper, and I am willing to pay for it. I want it to be well printed, on good paper; I want it to be a gentlemanly looking paper; I don't want, when I go into sassiety, to have people speaking of me as the owner of a d——d Radical print."

"Oh, of course not—of course not," said Hilton Clarke, somewhat hastily. "There will be no politics. But we must have a name. I have bothered my head for the last fortnight about it. You see, I must have it known that the paper is for Sunday morning or for Sunday; but everything I have tried suggests the *Sunday at Home* or the *Day of Rest*, or something like that. I thought of the *Sunday Morning Cigar;* but then everybody doesn't smoke. The *After-Breakfast Cigar, a Sunday Paper;* that has the same objection. The *Country Gentleman's Guide;* that is too long; besides, I want to appeal to the whole household, and to town households also. Well, we must consider that by-and-by."

"If I were you, I would call it *Jeshurun*," said Mr. Gifford. "It seems to me you are addressing those who have waxed fat, and taking account only of the most material and vulgar luxuries. There is not a word of any intellectual requirements—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," his host said. "I have only described one section to you. I mean to take the literary section under my own care. Of course we shall have essays; touching here and there on sport, perhaps, but also meant to have an interest for the ladies in the house. A short story now and again, if possible; but it is difficult to get them good; it might be better to have some French novel—such as *Monsieur De Camors*—translated, and use that as a serial. An occasional bit of verse, too, or a *ballade*, touching affairs of the day. Professor Jewel has offered me a series of translations from Horace partly adapted to modern affairs; but I am afraid that has been done too often."

"Don't touch them," said Gifford, with decision. "Horace is as fatal to translators as Heine. Both are quite unmanageable. Look how Milton made a fool of himself with the fifth Ode!"

"What?" said Mr. Scobell, in a loud voice; and even Fitzgerald stared.

"Come, you must not speak slightingly of the equator," Hilton Clarke said, with a laugh.

"Oh, but I do say it is the very worst translation ever made from Horace, or from anybody else," Mr. Gifford insisted. "It is not a question of degree. I say it is the very worst translation ever made from anything; for it starts with the primary defect of being absolutely unintelligible. Do you mean to tell me that anybody unacquainted with the original could make the slightest sense out of it—

> 'Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold;
> Who always vacant, always amiable,
> Hopes thee, of flattering gales
> Unmindful!'

Gracious heavens! And then the measure—

> 'Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold!'

I should like to see a school-boy try to make that scan, to say nothing of 'credulous, all gold,' certainly leaving in the mind the impression that if anybody is all gold, it is not Pyrrha at all, but the credulous youth. Now the gentleman who translated Gretchen's song thus,

> 'My peace is gone,
> My heart is sore,
> I find him never
> And nevermore,'

erred in the other direction, for he wanted to make it quite clear what poor Gretchen was sorrowing about, and only took a liberty with a little *sie*."

"But what do you think of this project now, Gifford?" said Hilton Clarke, as he handed round cigars, coffee being on the table.

Mr. Gifford took a cigar, lay back in his chair, and passed his hand through the thick masses of his raven-black hair.

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"Not much," said he, firmly. "You are combining opposed tastes. Sportsmen are not as a rule fond of intellectual pursuits. Where you find the library in a country house turned into a gun-room, there will be more newly made cartridges than newly published books about. A combination of Colonel Hawker and Joseph Addison—"

"But, my dear fellow, you don't seem to see that I am addressing different persons. I am addressing the whole household—the father, who wants to invite Lord Somebody or other to shoot with him over a thoroughly well preserved moor in Scotland; the eldest son, who hunts; the younger son, who wants to cut a dash at Cowes; the mamma, who has her eye on several parties she could make up if only she had a pleasant country house for the winter; the young ladies, who would be curious about a translated French novel, as they are forbidden to read such things in the original. You see I am appealing to the whole household—"

"Call it the *Household Magazine*, then," said Gifford, with a laugh.

"I will. Thanks," said Hilton Clarke, calmly, as he took out a beautifully bound little note-book. "At least that is better than anything I have thought of as yet."

And so Master Willie was installed as the sub-editor of a shilling weekly magazine. But that was not the only event of the evening, so far as concerned himself. After talking about many things, until the gorgeous colors of the chamber were pretty well subdued by a haze of pale blue tobacco smoke, they chanced to touch on a novel which had just then been published by a gentleman holding a subordinate place in her Majesty's government. Rather, it had been published some weeks before, anonymously, and no notice had been taken of it; now, however, a second edition was announced, with the name of the Right Honorable Spencer Tollemache, M.P., on the title-page. Then editors had to begin and overhaul the piles of books put aside as adjudged not worth a review, and so *Daphne's Shadow* came to the front again.

"Curious idea for Spencer Tollemache to write a novel," said Hilton Clarke. "His *History of the '32 Reform Bill* was very well spoken of."

"Ah; light literature—relaxation—relaxation," said Mr. Scobell, smiling blandly. "relaxation from the cares of state."

Gifford darted an almost angry glance at him.

"Light literature?" he said, somewhat too scornfully. "I suppose you mean light literature as distinguished from the heavy literature that sinks? My dear Mr. Scobell, where are the politicians of the time of Homer? Where are the learned treatises *they* wrote? It seems to me that light literature—imaginative literature—pure story-telling—absolute fiction—is the only really permanent thing of man's invention in the world. The *Siege of Troy*, the *Wanderings of Ulysses*, the *Arabian Nights*, Shakspeare's plays, *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Vicar of Wakefield*—more than that, the children's fairy tales that have an antiquity beyond anything that can be guessed at—all pure fiction—these are the things that remain; these are the things that the whole world treasures; while your heavy literature sinks into the bog."

He was quite as vehement about this chance topic as he had been about the American war.

"You may call them will-o'-the-wisps, if you like; they are not to be caught and cooked; but they remain to delight the curiosity and imagination of men, flickering and beautiful; while far more useful works—solid and substantial works—have gone down into the morass, and the centuries have closed over them. People see too much of the meaner side of what is around them; they wish to hear of nobler things; they like a touch of rose-color, of the wonderful, the supernatural, added to the common things of life. If a child had never been told about fairies, it would invent fairies. And you talk of Spencer Tollemache as turning to this kind of work for relaxation? Perhaps he may. I never read his *History of the Reform Bill;* but if he thinks it easier to create imaginary human beings, and give them definite and natural form, and make them the brothers and sisters and intimate friends of the people who are actually alive in the world—if he thinks it is easier to do that than to go to Parliamentary reports and Blue-books and get together a useful compilation of easily ascertained facts, then perhaps he may find himself mistaken. Perhaps he has already found himself mistaken. By Jove! it's eleven o'clock."

Good luck seemed to pursue Fitzgerald this evening. When Mr. Scobell drove

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away in his carriage, the remaining two guests left together on foot; and as they walked along Piccadilly, Mr. Gifford must needs continue talking about the Under-Secretary's novel and the capitalist's chance remark. You may imagine that young Fitzgerald was in no hurry to interrupt him. To be walking with Mr. Gifford was a sufficient honor; to listen to this vehement, combative, and occasionally brilliant and incisive talk was something that the provincial sub-editor had never dared to hope for in this world. They walked all the way to Sloane Street (Master Willie would have kept on to Jerusalem, had not his companion stopped), when Mr. Gifford said to him:

"You live in the Fulham Road, you said? My rooms are close by here. I have been thinking now that if you didn't mind trying your hand at a review of that novel I was speaking of, you might let me have it by Thursday night. Hilton Clarke showed me some things of yours. You are on the right road; don't fall in with that affected indifferentism; you'll find too much of it in London. Remember Bishop Blougram:

> 'What can I gain on the denying side?
> Ice makes no conflagration.'

Your writing isn't quite clean enough yet. You go roundabout. You don't hit the nail sharp and have done. No matter; if you like to try your hand, you may have the book."

"But," said Fitzgerald, almost deprived of breath—"but you don't mean for the *Liberal Review*?"

"Of course I do."

Now if at this moment the pavement at the corner of Sloane Street had opened, and if Master Willie had beheld there a subterranean procession of Don Fierna and all his array of elves—passing along in blue fire through grottoes of feldspar gemmed with rubies and diamonds—he could not have been more astounded. That he should be asked to write for the *Liberal Review;* and to write about a book, too, that was at the moment occupying so much of the attention of the public! He could scarcely find words to express his sense of his companion's great kindness, and of his own fears about his being unable to undertake such a task.

"But I don't say I will use the article, mind," said Mr. Gifford, good-naturedly. "I will give you the chance, if you will take the risk. It may be some training for you, in any case. If you call or send to the office to-morrow, you will find the book waiting for you. Good-night. Glad to have met you."

Was Kitty awake yet? Could she hear the news? Could she tell how high his heart was beating?—poor Kitty, who was so far away at Inisheen!

CHAPTER III.

A FIRST CAST.

FITZGERALD did not get to sleep soon that night. As he walked rapidly away down the Fulham Road, it seemed to him as if five-and-thirty different ways of beginning this fateful review were pressing in on his mind, and that he had lost all power to decide which was preferable. If he could have seen but the first page of the novel, it might have given him some clew, perhaps. But here he was eagerly and anxiously sketching out plans for reviewing a book of the contents of which he was wholly ignorant; and it appeared to him as if his brain had got the better of him altogether, and was running ahead in this aimless, distracted, and fruitless fashion quite independently of his control.

At length he reached a dimly lit little court-yard in the Fulham Road, on one side of which stood a plain two-storied building. The ground-floor consisted of a large studio; the upper floor served as a bedroom, and that Fitzgerald had secured as his lodging. He went carefully up the outside stair, unlocked the door, lit a match and then a lamp, and here he was in the middle of a fairly large low-roofed apartment, somewhat scantily furnished, but quite sufficiently so for all his wants. The floor was for the most part bare; and here and there was a bit of faded Turkey carpet or a withered old rug which had most likely been flung out from the studio below as being even too worn and decayed for painting purposes.

It was a fine place to think in, for there were few temptations in the way of luxury about; and he had plenty to think of: the projected magazine; Kitty's surprise on hearing the good news; the wonderful evening he had just spent, and the strange contrast between the two great men; nay, precise conversation of which he could

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remember every word: all these things were enough to occupy him; but nearer than any of them came this pressing matter of the review. What a chance it was! And they said that London was an unfriendly city! Now it could not be any interest in salmon flies that had led Mr. Gifford to place this opportunity before one who was quite unknown to him. True, Mr. Gifford had seen certain excerpts from the *Cork Chronicle* which Mr. Hilton Clarke had asked to be intrusted with. (N.B.—What would Kitty say to this? Was not that the act of a friend?) But Fitzgerald had a great distrust of himself; he had not regarded these things as of much value; and certainly he had never thought they would entitle him to have the chance given him of contributing to the *Liberal Review*.

At this moment all his thinking went clean out of his head; for there was a tremendous noise below—the noise of a powerful, raucous bass voice that bellowed, or rather that rattled with the rattle of small drums—

"*Should auld acquaintance be forrrrr-got—*"

"There's that brute begun again," said Fitzgerald to himself with a groan.

But the brute, whoever he was, seemed to have no intention of continuing the song. There was a dead silence, in the course of which Fitzgerald speedily recovered his thoughts again.

And first of all he was determined that, if the book gave him any fair excuse, the review should be a friendly and good-natured one. For he had carefully noted certain remarks (what had he not carefully noted during that momentous evening?) that Mr. Gifford had addressed to Hilton Clarke with regard to the projected magazine.

"For one thing, my friend," Mr. Gifford had said, bending his keen eyes on the tall blonde-bearded gentleman opposite him, "I would advise you, in going over to this new thing, to leave behind you the affected pessimism of the *Weekly Gazette*." (This was a weekly journal to which Mr. Hilton Clarke was understood to contribute.) "That continual belittling of things, that continual discontent with everything that turns up in politics, or literature, or art, does not pay. It is not wise. When the public find you always discontented, always looking at the hopeless side of things, always declaring that everything is going to the bad, they begin to suspect that you have reason for this discontent—in other words, that your circulation is decreasing. Now that is a fatal impression. Besides, people will not read a paper that fills them with gloom. Nor can you bully the public with impunity. It is no use attacking them, and scolding them, or treating them with scorn and contempt. You see, the public have simply to leave you unread, and that is a terrible business; for then, you perceive, you can not hurt them, but they do hurt you."

"I should have thought," said Hilton Clarke, with a gentle smile, "that the circulation of the *Weekly Gazette* was somewhat bigger, a little bit bigger, than that of the *Liberal Review*."

"Yes; no doubt, no doubt," said the other, cheerfully, "though I am in hopes of seeing their relative positions reversed some day. But that is my advice to you. That tone of disappointment with everything makes people begin to think that you are not getting on as well as you might be; and that is very bad. Then the advertisers. Mind you, the advertisers are also vertebrate animals, and they make up a considerable proportion of the public. And if you go on from week to week declaring that British tradesmen are universally swindlers, that railway directors should be indicted for willful murder, and so forth, mind you, your advertising agent may have a bad time of it. Say he goes into a big cutlery place in Oxford Street. The foreman goes up to the master: 'Here is the advertisement man from the *Weekly Gazette*, sir. He wants us to take the outside page next week.' Then very likely the cutler may turn round and say: 'The *Weekly Gazette* be hanged! Tell him that swindling isn't paying well just now, and we can't advertise. Swindlers, indeed! Swindlers themselves! The *Weekly Gazette* be hanged!'"

Now this advice, though it seemed to young Fitzgerald at the time to be not quite in accordance with the *ruat cœlum* principles professed by the *Liberal Review* (which was a very courageous and vehement and plain-spoken organ), nevertheless appeared to him to be sound and sensible. Accordingly, he now resolved that, if the merits of the book permitted it at all, he would treat it in the most friendly fashion. Instead of scourging him with rods from out the groves of Academe, the

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Liberal Review would take this new disciple by the hand, and encourage him, and bid him be of good cheer. Or what if the book were very good indeed, and altogether beyond need of patronage? Then let literature be congratulated on this new adhesion. Fitzgerald remembered that the *Liberal Review* was rather fond of making discoveries. No reviews of the book, at least of any importance, had appeared, though people were talking enough about it. Might not he be the first to announce the advent of a new power in literature? If he only had the book—here—at once—

"*And never brought to mind?*"

Again came the giant roar from below. And what a tenacious memory the musician must have! was Fitzgerald's first thought, ten minutes certainly having elapsed since he sung the first line. And surely there must be some shaft or opening in the floor; otherwise the sound could not come through in such volume. And what if perchance that shaft should be over the musician's head, on which a bucket of water might be made to descend suddenly at the next bellow!

But there was to be no more bellowing, except, indeed, a verse of the national anthem, which Fitzgerald had already learned to recognize as the token that the artist was about to retire for the night, pleased or not, as the case might be, with his work. "*Go-o-o-d sa-ave the Qu-e-e-n!*" roared the deep bass voice in dying cadence; then there was a curious clamping and shuffling, as if some one were doing a heel-and-toe step on a wooden floor; then silence. Either the artist was having a final pipe, or he had gone to bed.

Next morning eleven o'clock was the earliest hour at which Fitzgerald deemed it fitting he should go to the office of the *Liberal Review* for the book; and even then he did not think it probable that Mr. Gifford could have sent a message so soon. To his surprise, however, there the precious parcel was awaiting him; and so eager was he to see what sort of material this was on which he was to operate that the moment he got on the top of the first passing Fulham omnibus he hastily undid the parcel, put two volumes in his pocket, and proceeded to cut the leaves of the other. He glanced over the first page or two—very good: a sort of playful introduction, light, facetious, well written; in short, a clever little essay about a country house and its guests in the hunting season. But the reviewer was more anxious to get to the people; and these turned out to be, in the first instance, the three daughters of a duchess, who were at the same moment in their respective dressing-rooms, and each imparting confidences to her maid. It was ingeniously arranged that these confidences should be reported in turn; and there was a very comical similarity among them, seeing that they all referred to a youthful marquis of vast possessions who was to arrive at the house that evening, and to the probable effect on him of certain costumes and styles of dressing the hair.

Now Fitzgerald knew a great deal more about the habits of a "stand" of golden plover than about the ways and speech of duchesses' daughters; but he soon began to form the impression, and much to his disappointment, that all this artificial talk, clever as it might be, was entirely impossible in the circumstances. Nay, he began to feel just a touch of resentment that three young Englishwomen of good birth and breeding should have been represented as exhibiting themselves, to their own domestics, as so many flippant and giggling bar-maids. It is true that Fitzgerald's father kept a small country hotel (and even that he did unsuccessfully), but the Fitzgeralds of Inisheen were an old family, and had always been held of consequence in that part of Ireland; Master Willie had been accustomed all his life to be addressed as "yer honor" when out over bog and hill in search of game; and was himself possessed of not a little faith in the virtues of lineage and good blood. And was it possible, he almost indignantly asked himself, that any three young Englishwomen of decent parentage and education—putting the duchess out of the question altogether—should have so little self-respect as to make confidantes of their maids in this fashion, and reveal their mean little schemes with the pertness of a soubrette in a fifth-rate farce?

He passed on, however, in hope. The marquis arrives just in time to be sent off to dress for dinner. Then the people of the neighborhood who are coming to dine were introduced; and here there was some very fair humorous sketching of a light kind, Fitzgerald marking down one or two passages for approval. He read on and on, until he arrived at the court-yard. He read on and on (not so hopeful now), while

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his landlady brought him a chop, some bread, and a glass of ale—his mid-day meal. He scarcely paid heed to these things, so busy was he with this book—so anxious to make something out of it—so disappointed at finding, with all the occasional smartness, the characters not flesh-and-blood creatures at all, but mere ghosts. The dry bones would not live. By four o'clock he had finished the book; and he laid it down with a sigh.

Yet out of it he had to make an article somehow; more than that, he was determined to have it done that very night, so that the editor of the *Liberal Review* should see that he could do his work promptly. So he set to work forthwith; and labored and labored away to make something out of the dry husks. Fortunately the bellowing gentleman beneath was absent; and he could work on in silence. The hours passed; he had a cup of tea. Finally, after much correction and rewriting, he had a piece of work put together which, if it did not form a highly interesting article, was, he thought, as fair a judgment of the book as he could give.

Just then, it being nearly nine o'clock, the last post brought him a letter, which he eagerly seized, for, though he had heard from Kitty that morning, might she not have taken it into her head—at the suggestion of her tender heart—to send him another little note by some strange means? But this turned out to be from his father.

"My dear Willie,—That blackguard Maloney—the devil sweep him!—won't renew the bill I told you of, and he's going to put his low scoundrel of a brother on to have the law of me if I don't have the £40 ready by Tuesday next. I have tried to raise the money, but devil the penny can I get of it. Have you any money you could spare? 'Tis a mean trick of Maloney's: sure many's the time I've helped his old grandfather when he hadn't as much clothes on his back as would have lifted the kettle from the fire. Bad luck to him, 'tis all because my Marshal McMahon beat his old scarecrow of a Galloper at Drimoleague.

"Your affectionate father,

"Edward Fitzgerald."

Master Willie had arrived in London with £38 in his pocket; and that was the total of his worldly wealth. Had this letter come at any other moment, it is possible he might have thought it hard he should have to part with that sum, or rather the greater part of it, to pay his father's Coursing Club debts. But what did he care for a few sovereigns when a fine career had just been opened before him, with no other than Kitty as the final crown and blushing and beautiful reward? Here was his first contribution to the *Liberal Review* ready to be deposited in the letter-box. To-morrow he was to see Mr. Hilton Clarke about the sub-editorship of the new magazine. And this morning what was the message, written in that sprawling but most lovable hand!—"O Willie darling, make haste and get on, and come back to me! And if your fine friend introduces you to any of the beautiful London ladies, 'just tell them there's a poor girl in Ireland that is breaking her heart for your sake.'" No; it was not at such a moment he was going to consider the question of a few pounds.

So he wrote:

"My dear Father,—I have altogether now £38, of which I send you £30, for I must keep a small margin. Then you can bring* my gun to Lord Kinsale's new agent (I forget his name), who offered me £6 for it when he knew I was going away. The other £4 you will make up somehow; but don't sell old Bess; she and I may still live to have another turn at the snipe some day. I think I have a good prospect here; more particulars by-and-by.

"Your affectionate son,

"William Fitzgerald."

That letter, of course, he could not send off just then: the money had to be made transferable first. But here was this other one for Mr. Gifford—which from time to time he regarded with a qualm of anxiety, not quite certain that, after all, he had done his best. However, he resolved that it was now too late for doubt; he took it up, sallied forth into the night, sought out the nearest pillar letter-box, and there deposited the fateful packet. That decisive step once taken, his heart felt somewhat lighter. The night was fine, and he went on aimlessly wandering along the gas-lit pavements, thinking of many things, but mostly of Inisheen, and perhaps most of all of an inland glen not far

* He meant "take." But Master Willie had not quite got rid of all his Irishisms, despite his study of the style of the *Liberal Review*.

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from there, and of running water, and of a certain moonlight night. Was not this Kitty's soft, low, trembling voice he could hear again in the silence?—"*My love I give to you; my life I pledge to you; my heart I take not back from you, while this water runs.*" And perhaps she also—far away there beyond the sea, up in the little room overlooking the wide sands—was recalling these words at this moment; and perhaps also shivering a little as she thought of Don Fierna and his elves?

It was nearly twelve o'clock when he returned to the dim little court-yard; and he was very tired; and perhaps the loneliness of this great dark world of London was beginning to weigh on him; so that he was glad to think of his escape into the realms of sleep (where Kitty was sometimes found walking about, with her soft black eyes laughing, and her voice as glad as ever). But, as it turned out, his adventures for that night were not just yet over.

Editor's Easy Chair.

ONE of Macaulay's most characteristic passages is his description of the splendid spectacle at the opening of the High Court of Parliament to try the impeachment of Warren Hastings. No part of it can fairly be detached, for every part is essential to the full impression. The description is worthy of the pageant, and the truth doubtless lost nothing in the artist's treatment. The scene itself had all the advantage of historic association, and the description is enriched by the renown of those whom it depicts. The fair-haired young daughter of the house of Brunswick; the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths; Siddons in the prime of her majestic beauty; the historian of the Roman Empire, Reynolds, and Dr. Parr; the Prince Regent's proud and unacknowledged wife; the lovely St. Cecilia, beautiful mother of a beautiful race; and the brilliant and memorable constellation of sirens that shone around Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire—crowded the galleries. Amid the blaze of red drapery sat the great lawyers and the famous managers, Burke and Fox, Sheridan and Wyndham, the illustrious statesmen, the accomplished gentlemen, of England. No historic event of the kind was ever more picturesquely treated; and who could fail to recall it who witnessed the spectacle at the recent delivery of Mr. Blaine's oration upon Garfield?

It was one of the very few occasions in a generation when every branch of the government is brought together. The President and his cabinet, the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, the Senate and the House of Representatives, the General, Lieutenant-General, and distinguished major-generals of the army, the Admiral and other chief officers of the navy, the foreign ministers, and state dignitaries of every degree, were all solemnly marshalled to their places. They were the magistrates and representatives and soldiers of one of the foremost powers of the world, a nation of fifty millions of persons, a commonwealth in the very van of civilization. But the chief distinction of the scene was its sober simplicity. It was the solemn ceremonial of a republic. When Sir Philip Sidney, clad in the glittering splendor of an Elizabethan courtier, was received by William of Orange, the father of his country was dressed like a plain Dutch citizen. So, while its guests, the accredited representatives of every other great state in Christendom, blazed with gold and color, without pomp, and with the fitting circumstance of profound simplicity, the greatest of republics, by its highest and most conspicuous officers, listened to the story of one of its most characteristic and loyal sons.

The Hall of Representatives is a spacious and handsome room. But it was not draped, nor its usual appearance changed. The galleries that surround it entirely were crowded with ladies dressed in sombre hue. From an adjoining chamber came the melancholy strains of the Marine Band. The members of the House of Representatives gradually took their places, and the more prominent among them were curiously scanned from the galleries. As the hour approached which was appointed for the solemnity, the venerable historian Bancroft, who had spoken Lincoln's eulogy in that hall, and Mr. Corcoran, both octogenarians, entered, and were escorted to the front row of seats at the left of the President. The brilliant crowd of diplomatists entered from the door beside the Speaker's desk, led by the dean, the Minister from the Sandwich Islands, and including the flowing-skirted Mongolian envoys. The group paused and fluttered like a flight of brilliantly plumaged birds, and gradually settled into their places. Down the narrow aisle of the House, preceded by members of the committee, came the erect, slim General of the Army, the broad-shouldered, solid Lieutenant-General, the massive Major-General Hancock, and his brethren who had been thanked by Congress, in their bright uniforms and scarfs, and with them the flashing naval chiefs, and among them, eagerly pointed out in the galleries, Worden, of the *Monitor*.

The House was called to order, and presently the voice of the Sergeant-at-Arms was heard

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announcing, "The Senate of the United States." The House arose, and stood while the Senators, two by two, entered, and took places immediately in front of the seats of the Representatives, their President taking the Speaker's chair. Again the Sergeant was recognized by the Speaker, and announced, "The Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States." They were robed in black silk gowns, and were escorted to seats in front, at the left of the President's chair. District judges and others followed, and there was a pause. Then once more the Sergeant's voice was heard: "The President of the United States and his cabinet." A flurry of hand-clapping followed. The Houses arose, and the President, dressed in deep mourning, was led to his seat. It was just past noon when for the last time the voice announced, "The orator of the day, the Honorable James G. Blaine." There was louder clapping, and, arm in arm with Senator Sherman and Representative McKinley, chairmen of the committees of the two Houses, Mr. Blaine, in black, with his frock-coat buttoned around him, advanced to the Clerk's desk, just under that of the Speaker, from which he was to deliver the address.

During the assembling of the illustrious guests the strains of the familiar hymn, much liked by Garfield, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," floated softly through the murmuring hall. There had been no delay, no confusion of any kind. The hour had come, and the chaplain, upon the intimation of the President of the Senate, offered a brief, fitting, and touching prayer. In a few words, well chosen, the President of the Senate presented the orator. Mr. Blaine arose, and laid the loose sheets of his manuscript, broadly edged with black, upon the little flat desk before him. Resting his hands upon its side, he looked for a few moments at the vast and silent and expectant throng before him; then turning and addressing the President of the Senate, behind and above him, he began to speak. It was twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, and with a clear, measured, deliberate voice, without gesture, but throughout with the deepest gravity, and with the impressiveness of restrained emotion, he spoke until ten minutes before two. Throughout all that time the audience sat in the closest attention. There was little movement of any kind, and no demonstration whatever. At times the stillness was profound. Especially was this remarkable when the orator described Garfield's feeling and attitude during the fatal controversy which led to his death. It was a passage of masterly skill, because, while touching the very point of the contest, and with singular felicity doing full justice to Garfield's position, it left no opportunity for cavil even from those who differed. As the orator passed from this point, the tense attention was a little relaxed, but without losing its continuity; and when he sat down, after the touching last words, which were spoken with a cadence of strong but repressed feeling, there was an instinctive burst of hand-clapping. After a moment the chaplain of the Senate pronounced the benediction, and then, in seemly order, the various official bodies withdrew.

This was the whole scene. It was austerely simple, but it was very impressive and memorable. Scarlet and gold, and flashing coronets and ermined robes, Earl Marshal of the Realm and Garter King-at-Arms, a hall gray with age and rich with the remembered glories of thirty royal inaugurations, would have added color and romance and the fine charm of historic continuity to the spectacle. But they could not have enhanced the lofty impression produced by the conviction that a republican system does not require what Bagehot called "decorative parts" in its constitution. Even Jefferson, could he have seen the republic grown to fifty millions of people, and extending from the eastern to the western ocean, enduring, with no shock but that of feeling, the assassination of the Chief Magistrate, and officially honoring his memory without pomp, but with simple sincerity of feeling, would have felt that the spirit which led him with conscious ostentation of plainness to ride his horse to the ceremony of his own inauguration, fasten him to the palings, and ascend to the Capitol to take the oath, was a spirit not extinct in the great state ceremonies of a republican people.

WHOEVER has been in Rome, says Hans Christian Andersen, in beginning the *Improvisatore*, will remember the Piazza Barberini and its fountain. Whoever has been in Florence, says the Easy Chair, will remember the Church of Santa Maria Novella and its Madonna by Cimabue. It is a dark picture in one of the chapels, and if you step into the church on a summer day, its silence and coolness and the faint odor of incense seem to be diffused from the old picture which is the most famous possession of the church, and to come from the infinitely remote past to which it seems to belong. For the picture is six hundred years old, and was one of the first signs of the awakening of the genius which came to full strength and beauty in Raphael and Michael Angelo.

If by good chance you are in Florence on St. John's Day, in the month of June, you will see gay festivities in the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, brilliant draperies hanging from the balconies, and bright groups of citizens and country folk, and you will hear peals of music filling the air, and announcing some picturesque procession. As you stand at the door of the old church and look at the crowd, you will remember that with such festal procession and pealing music, six hundred years ago, the Florentines brought the picture of the Madonna from Cimabue's house to this very church. An Arcadian age, you muse, the childhood of the world, when art and artists, beauty and its

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devotees, were honored like princes. How far away that happy time and its idyllic life! How doubly, trebly far from us whose fathers followed the westward course of empire, and who are born under a setting sun!

But if you read of that Arcadia as Machiavelli and Guicciardini describe it, it was not so wholly artless and child-like, not all picturesque procession and festal carriage of pictures from placid studios to dim and silent and fragrant churches. Remote, indeed, it is, and romantic with the darkening distance that softens and conceals. But what scenes have not the mild eyes of this Cimabuan Madonna witnessed! what crimes, committed in the name of the Child upon her knee! Romance is lacking in our Western land, you think, as you gaze from the door of the church of crusted marbles out upon the piazza flashing in the summer morning with the gay garb of priest and peasant. Yet even if it were so, who would not gladly exchange that older time for this, that rich historic land for ours? Does the reverence for art, largely in this instance a superstitious reverence, as if God were propitiated in honoring the portrait of the mother of God —does this reverence for art make the general condition of the people happier?

It is undeniably pleasant to see the regard for art and the reverence for artists which are shown in the annals of the old Italian cities. They are the sign of a consciousness of the saving truth that man does not live by bread alone. But it is the same kind of regard, the same acknowledgment of the immense service rendered to the commonwealth by the cultivation of beauty in the largest sense, which appears in two recent and simultaneous incidents. The birthday of Longfellow was celebrated in his native city, and the latest poem of Tennyson was telegraphed from London to the *Independent* in New York, and was published in all the morning newspapers of the day that it appeared in London. In both of these instances there was the recognition of the commanding position of the poet, and of the public importance of his work. Reading the account of the Longfellow celebration at Portland, or the poem of Tennyson's which was simultaneously presented to millions of readers on both sides of the ocean, the beautiful Florentine incident of the Cimabue Madonna no longer reproaches our more material life. No speech of any living statesman would have been made more widely public as a matter of importance than the English poem; and the birthday of no living man could have been celebrated in his native city with a more unanimous and unqualified affection and respect than that of the American poet.

We need not deny the existence among ourselves of the same generous impulse to honor the genius of art, the impulse which lends such grace and refinement to the story of a civilization much less human than ours. Nor need the lover and student of literature and art in America feel constrained to admit that he is less "practical" in the better sense than the broker or the trader. The instinct with us may be less enlightened, the knowledge more imperfect; but as neither Buckminster nor Fisher Ames, who seventy years ago awaited the advent of an American literature, would deny that it had appeared, so no one who observes that literature would doubt that its masters are as affectionately honored as Cimabue was honored by Florence. The tribute paid to Longfellow by the presiding officer at the Portland commemoration of his birthday is that which the American heart offers to its great literary artists. Does it offer the same affectionate homage to any other class of its eminent citizens?

"For nearly thirty years" (said Judge Burrows) "I have occupied the house he lived in when in Brunswick—an old house whose first proprietors have long since passed away, and I sometimes wonder whether it is, in his thoughts, one of the Haunted Houses,

> "'through whose open doors
> The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
> With feet that make no sound upon the floors.'

"Since the wonderful legend of Sandalphin first made a lodgment in my memory, more than a score of years ago, I can not number the times I have been called upon to repeat it in the stillness of the evening hour, and in the weary night-watches, because its melodious numbers had in them a 'spell to quiet the fever and pain' of one who has now for years breathed the fragrance that is 'wafted through the streets of the city immortal.' And hence it is that 'the legend I feel is a part of the hunger and thirst of the heart,' and my warmest gratitude goes forth to him who ministered comfort to the invalid in the sweet strains that breathe unwavering faith and trust in the good All-Father. Hence I say that we meet here to express not simply our admiration of the poet, our sense of obligation to the teacher, the patriot, and the philanthropist, but also our reverent affection for the man who has done so much to brighten and cheer not only our own lives, but the lives of those we love, in sickness and in health."

THE large number of distinguished clergymen of Scotch or English birth who are settled in New York is a pleasant illustration of the community of feeling between the countries, the mother country and the child. There is a political and partisan fashion of attempting to gratify the eagle by plucking the mane of the lion, and to taunt the effete monarchies of the Old World as cumberers of the earth. "The emperor and king," exclaims an orator in Congress, "will soon remain as the tinsel nominal heads of the government, if they are not entirely dispensed with as unnecessary in governments which aim to secure individual happiness and prosperity." And the sentiment is received with "applause." But the orator and the applauders are aware that it is the kind of applause which thunders down from the gallery in the theatre when an explosion of virtuous sentiment occurs upon the stage. In both cases it is a conventional applause. It is the cue of the stump-orator to flatter the mob, and to bite his thumb at other countries. When Voltaire was insulted by the London

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rabble, he turned upon the steps and commended the nobility of the English character and its sturdy love of liberty. Even the stone statue of Voltaire might utter the same sardonic wit were it in the House of Representatives during an Irish debate.

The clergymen of whom we speak generally remain in this country, finding it even more truly than the early comers a new England beyond the sea. But one of the most conspicuous of them, Dr. Bevan, who has preached for some years to the society formerly known as that of the Brick Church, of which Dr. Spring was so long the minister, has accepted a call to a London church, and will return to his old home. In talking with a newspaper reporter, Dr. Bevan said, in a perfectly friendly way, some things of this country which are worth considering. The observations of an intelligent foreigner who has lived for some years among us as a citizen are as important as the stump rhetoric of a member of Congress. It is certainly surprising in a country where "the minister" has been so long a powerful personage, and in the city where Dr. John Mason was a kind of Pope, to hear Dr. Bevan say that in his judgment England offers to the clergyman a wider field of activity and usefulness than America. He is restricted in this country, the doctor thinks, to purely professional work in a manner which is unknown in England. The clergyman is well paid and kindly treated, but he is not expected to work for the public good except upon certain narrow and defined professional lines. In England clergymen are justices of the peace, members of school boards and boards of public works. There is greater liberty of action and a wider range for the English than for the American clergyman.

These views will surprise many readers. What names oftener appear during recent years in the lists of active promoters of various good works in this community than those of Dr. Bellows, now gone, Dr. Potter, and Dr. Storrs, all of different churches? Strictly in politics they have taken no other part than that of eloquently expressing their views in their pulpits and in the press, but Mr. Beecher has mounted the stump. These are not exceptional instances. It is true that American clergymen seldom hold political office, and that there is in many minds a feeling of impatience with what is called political preaching. But political preaching steadied the march to Concord Bridge and Bunker Hill, and political preaching fed the fire in which the chains of American slavery were melted. Yet while the clergy are not local magistrates, as they might well be, they are and have always been a powerful force in the general management of schools. In the rural districts of New England the ministers are, and almost *ex officio*, members of the school committee.

It is, however, possible that Dr. Bevan means, as no one but a member of the clerical class could feel, that the class, as such, is losing its real leadership of the community. It held this leadership at first both in New York and in New England. It had upon its side the tradition of the Roman Church which so long controlled the state, and it was the most highly educated class. The dominie in the Dutch town of New York and the minister in the Puritan town of Boston were the most important personages. It was the New England church member only who voted. Within the century Mr. Jefferson had no more resolute and efficient band of opponents than the Federal clergy of New England. If this position of mastery has been disturbed—and it will not be doubted that it has been—the result is due to many causes, one of which, at least, is touched by Dr. Bevan.

He says—and his words will be heard with incredulity—that Americans are far more conservative than Englishmen, and this conservatism, he thinks, interferes with individual independence. His explanation may or may not be adequate. The word conservatism may but imperfectly express his thought. But the point of his remark is that there is less individual independence in America than in England, and, like his fellow-citizens, the clergyman is less able and willing to stand alone. Is the doctor's supposition incorrect? Is the free and independent American citizen so very much more free and independent than the subjects of "the tinsel and nominal head of government" called Queen Victoria? Dr. Bevan's remark recalls a question which the Easy Chair has asked more than once—whether any American of similar standing has more boldly declared his faith in "Liberty" than John Stuart Mill, and without losing consideration? and whether a foremost American lawyer in the most active practice could publish such a work as Sir Fitz-James Stephens's *Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity* without affecting his professional standing?—not that there is any "impropriety" of any kind whatever in the work.

In a country where a minister can not fall back upon an establishment to maintain his professional position, where he depends wholly upon the favor of a congregation for his support, where vast religious bodies prefer an uneducated ministry, and where there is a tendency to invade individual independence, it is not easy to maintain the old clerical position. It is, however, maintained in a country with a state Church, and maintained not only for the clergymen of that Church, but for the clerical profession. Dr. Bevan is not of the Established Church in England. But he is of the class which the Establishment dignifies. We used to say in this country that slavery inevitably tended to degrade all labor. So an establishment tends inevitably to make the clerical profession respectable. In this country it must depend upon the individual character of its members, and circumstances strengthen the pressure against the independence of that character.

One of the circumstances that foster this

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disposition is shrewdly indicated by Dr. Bevan. It is the caucus system, the system which requires the surrender of individual conviction to mere numbers. For concerted political action this practice is valid, but it is a practice which readily lends itself to abuse. It confers a moral weight upon a majority which is ludicrous. Progress, reform, the advance of civilization, begin in a minority, and whatever teaches an undue respect for majorities is an offense against civilization. Dr. Bevan is unquestionably correct in holding that the habit of constant reference of every party and political question to the decision of a majority in a caucus of those who hold the same general opinion tends to weaken individual independence. It fosters and confirms a tyranny which is to be vigilantly resisted.

The moral of Dr. Bevan's pleasant chat with the reporter is that an intelligent, earnest, and devoted English clergyman, after absolute identification with American life under the most favorable circumstances and for several years, feels that his liberty of range is larger and that his independence of action is more respected in the old country than in the new. His brethren in the profession would perhaps think his feeling to be mistaken. But they would hardly question that the freedom and independence of which the eagle so loudly boasts, the eagle does sometimes certainly put to the sorest trial.

THE seat of war in the Revolution moved from the New England sea-board to New York, and from New York through the Middle States to the South. But the contest for the control of the Hudson River was the culmination of the struggle. Burgoyne's expedition was the most complete which the British government organized, and was the enterprise of most promise and expectation; and when it ended in Burgoyne's surrender upon the shores of the great river, Edmund Burke acknowledged that the colonial farmers had become soldiers, and France allied herself with America.

The Hudson is rich in Revolutionary reminiscence, and the beauty of its scenery is touched with the glamour of romantic and historic association. The surrender of Burgoyne, the treason of Arnold, and the dangerous dissatisfaction of the army at Newburgh are three of the chief incidents of the war, and the scene of all of them was the Hudson. There are plenty of minor incidents which fill the story of the river with patriotic interest, but these are the great events. For the State of New York itself, also, there are the adoption of the first Constitution of the State at Kingston, and of the Constitution of the United States at Poughkeepsie—events forever memorable. Indeed, as Mr. Lossing shows, the history of the Hudson River is one of the most important chapters in the history of the country.

One of the great centennial celebrations of the last six years has been that of the surrender of Burgoyne. But there is one more, which will complete the series of centenaries of a truly national character, and that is the hundredth anniversary of Washington's refusal of the crown, his pacification of the army at Newburgh, and its peaceful disbanding. These events mark the moment in which he stayed the American Revolution from taking the course of the English Revolution of 1645, and the French Revolution of 1789. It was the hour in which the greatness of Washington was contrasted with that of Cromwell and of Napoleon, and no event in American history merits more perpetual and particular commemoration. "Washington's Head-quarters" at Newburgh are forever associated with the essential grandeur of Washington and the sure foundation of the republic. It was there that the commander-in-chief, alone, prevented the great victory, after the long and terrible conflict, from ending in an incalculable catastrophe, and alone secured the well-ordered and lawful peace for which the war had been waged.

It is an event of the Revolution which is much less known than others of less importance. But the citizens of Newburgh, familiar with the facts, and justly proud of the great events which give to their neighborhood an imperishable historic significance, have already begun the preparations for a due observance of the centennial anniversary. Like the celebration at Yorktown, it is a national concern, and while the town itself proposes to assume a proper share of the expense, it will confidently ask Congress to aid on behalf of the whole country. The centennial committee of the city and neighborhood is composed of the leading citizens, and they propose a simple and suitable celebration, and the erection of a plain monument, costing not more than four or five thousand dollars, with proper commemorative inscriptions.

With such a national celebration the great cycle of centenaries will fitly end. The war that began at Lexington and Concord Bridge in 1775 finally ended at Newburgh in 1783, and ended happily only because of the transcendent greatness of the leader in recalling the army to itself. It should be among the most highly honored, as it is among the most profoundly interesting, events of the war. Burgoyne had been crushed, Cornwallis had surrendered, Carleton alone remained; and awaiting British movements, Washington suddenly confronted a greater danger than any British army. But before his steady soul both dangers vanished. Truly it is a national event, and should be nationally commemorated.

A PLEASANT paper in the Magazine for February described in the most friendly spirit, as was indeed only becoming, "A Clever Town Built by Quakers." No one who has ever proved the kindly hospitality of that town, or who recalls its historic importance and association, or who has venerated William Penn—

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acknowledging with the best traditions that Benjamin West wronged him in depicting him in a broad hat, Quaker though he was—or who has heard the far-away soughing of "the forest primeval" as he sought the grave of Evangeline, will hear with patience any uncourteous word of the comfortable city, still less would he be guilty of speaking it.

But the most careful and best disposed travellers may be sometimes deceived even when relying upon the most friendly local information. When Arcadians tell the wanderer of Arcadia, and the tale they tell harmonizes with his own observation, the most truthful wanderer may report with confidence what Arcadia may with equal truth deny. Happy wanderer and happy Arcadia if the tale need inflict no wound where no wound could have been designed, and if the story can be untold in the same friendly spirit with which it was told!

Modern Philadelphia is fond of emphasizing the fact that William Penn "wore his sword like a true cavalier," and that George Fox exhorted him to "wear it as long as thou canst." The disposition to insist upon this fact shows that the distinctive, sectarian, "broad-brim and shad-belly" influence is declining, although its declination must be by no means construed as a decline of reverence for the founder of the State, or a denial of the benign Quaker influence in its history. This peculiar decline was remarked by the traveller who contributed to the Magazine the paper which we have mentioned. In some odd and scattered ways, however, he remarked its survival, as in the advertisement of lectures for "third day, second month," and another illustration was furnished him in the alleged old prejudice against "clubs," which had lingered so long that a fire-engine company, when displaced by the paid system, "wishing to continue in a social form, felt constrained to incorporate itself as the Moyamensing *Literary* Institute, although it has nothing to do with books, and devotes its energies to giving every winter a big ball."

Now although our traveller is not of the school of Munchausen or Fernam-Mendez di Pinto, he was misinformed. With an eye single for truth, with a hand willing to record only what is, the traveller, honestly seeking the fact, was innocently furnished with a fiction. It was innocence everywhere. He was innocent. His informant was innocent. Above all, the Moyamensing Literary Institute is innocent. A quiet, dignified, worthy institution, pursuing the even tenor of its beneficent way, without speaking-trumpets, or gongs, or bells, or shoutings, or red shirt, or any kind of Mose or Sall whatsoever, suddenly finds itself proclaimed as a transfigured fire-engine company—a fire-company, as it were, in a broad brim and shad-belly, devoting all its energies to giving a big annual ball.

The Moyamensing Literary Institute is certainly justified in protesting that it never had such a tremendous advertisement before, and that the advertisement is all wrong. It is not a transformed fire-engine company. It was founded in 1851, and was properly chartered in 1852, its object being distinctly "to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of the youth of the district by establishment of schools, by delivery of popular and scientific lectures, by the formation and maintenance of library and free reading-rooms, and by use of all possible means promotive of said objects." The Honorable John Welsh, and Judge Kelley, and Judge Peirce, and Henry B. Tatham, and William Welsh, Esquires, and other eminent citizens, were active in its organization. It was never attached to the Fire Department. It never gave a ball. But it has faithfully maintained night schools for the poor, and courses of lectures, and a large, valuable, and well-chosen library and reading-room.

"In the year 1881, 5130 volumes were loaned, and the rooms were visited by 7000 young persons of both sexes. And this work is almost absolutely *free*, only fifty-nine dollars having been received during 1881 for fines and dues. The library and reading-room are contained in a handsome brick edifice at the southeast corner of Catherine and Eleventh streets, built by the members and friends of the Institute, and is owned by the corporation, *free* from incumbrance. The library is the depository of the Department of the Interior, U.S.A., for reception of all books printed by the government printing-office, which are open to the public examination of all citizens of the Congressional district."

Our traveller was misinformed. But see how naturally the error arose. When the old fire-companies were disbanded, some benevolent persons thought it an excellent plan to provide reading-rooms for the members, that upon losing their old places of resort, the engine-houses, they should not be driven to the taverns. The scheme was not fully carried out, but some good persons supposed that it had been, and hearing of the tranquil Moyamensing Institute, they inferred, in a tranquil and uninquisitive manner, that it was the successor of the Moyamensing Hose Company, which after disbanding as a fire-company did give an annual ball. Our traveller was misinformed, and his nature is so generous that we are sure that he hopes no unflattering generalizations may be adventured upon a community one of whose citizens, although cherishing the good name of his city, could represent this excellent and veracious literary institution as a fire-engine company under another name expending its energies upon "a big ball." That big ball is hereby removed from the path of the Moyamensing Literary Institute, to which *Harper's Monthly* wishes continued and increasing prosperity.

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Editor's Literary Record.

UNTIL the present century the materials available for the history of the conquest and settlement of Britain by the Anglo-Saxons were exceedingly scanty. The principal recourse of the historian was to the works of Gildas, Nennius, Bede, Henry of Huntingdon, William of Malmesbury, and other ancient chroniclers, with whose writings even he was imperfectly acquainted, and to the body of legend and tradition which had stamped itself upon early English literature. What was gleaned from these sources, inconsiderably supplemented by the revelations of a few old muniments, formed the staple of the bare abstracts with which English historians prefaced their works. How inadequate these gleanings were to the production of genuine history is attested by the brief space allotted to this interesting era by a writer so eminent and so little addicted to compression as Hume, who disposes of the 380 years from the invasion by the Jutes, Engles, and Saxons to the union of all the Saxon kingdoms under Ecgberht in less than forty pages. It was reserved to the historical explorers of this century, in the prosecution of their special investigations, to exhume from the dust in which they had lain buried for centuries, in the collections of the great English libraries and museums, and in the archives of government, a large mass of original treasure, existing in the form of ancient documents and manuscripts—laws, charters, rolls, and records of counties, towns, families, churches, monasteries, cathedrals, ecclesiastical councils, etc.—which throw a flood of light upon the Anglo-Saxon period. One of the earliest pioneers in these researches was Sharon Turner, who published the result of his investigations in 1805, and whose interesting but defective *History of the Anglo-Saxons* was followed in 1831 by Sir Francis Palgrave's *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth;* in 1842–59, by a succession of excellent volumes on the Anglo-Saxon times and literary celebrities, by Mr. Thomas Wright; in 1848, by Kemble's *Saxons in England;* and in the more recent years, from 1867 to 1879, by a series of invaluable works, severally on the *Origin and Development of the Constitutional History of England*, and on *The Select Charters and other Illustrations of English Constitutional History*, by Professor Stubbs; on *The Growth of the English Constitution*, by Mr. E. A. Freeman; and on *The Early English Settlements in South Britain*, by Dr. E. Guest. From the materials supplied by these capable and trustworthy specialists, and from other original materials which have been the fruit of his own researches, Mr. John Richard Green, whose *History of the English People* was so favorably received, has prepared a work of great importance on a portion of the Anglo-Saxon period, which he entitles *The Making of England*,[1] and which is an elaborate history of the years during which the Anglo-Saxons conquered and settled over the soil of Britain, and in which their political and social life took the forms that still exist in England. The period covered by Mr. Green in this volume extends from the conquest of the Saxon Shore, A.D. 449, to the union of all Englishmen in Britain under one ruler (Ecgberht), A.D. 829; and he intimates that in a future volume he will describe the later period—of the centuries of administrative organization that stretch from Ecgberht to Edward the First. The age that he now depicts was an age of *national formation*, when the seeds were sown which afterward developed in the vigorous *national organization* that has made England what it is to-day. After an interesting chapter in which he briefly notes those special features of the Roman rule that left their impression on the after-history of England, Mr. Green gives a minute account, derived from the evidence supplied by his archæological researches on the sites of villas and towns, and along the line of roads and dikes, and by the physical geography and nomenclature of the country, of the piecemeal conquest of Britain on the north, the east, and the south by separate and independent bands of Engles, Saxons, and Jutes; of the period of transition that ensued between the conquest and the final settlement; of the bloody strifes that took place between the conquerors themselves in their struggles for territory and for supremacy or superiority; and of the influence exerted by the early Church upon the jarring kingdoms in preparing the people for the idea of national unity. Mr. Green confutes the statements, which have been made on insufficient evidence, that the ancient Britons were cowards, and that their resistance to the barbarian and heathen invaders was weak and unworthy, and shows, on the contrary, that nowhere in the Roman world was so long and desperate a resistance made to the assailants of the empire. After doing substantial justice to this brave and unfortunate people, the historian describes the work of the Engles and the other invaders in displacing and driving them off to fastnesses in mountain and forest and fen; in extinguishing the Roman and British languages, customs, religions, names of places, and their social and political divisions and institutions; in transplanting upon the conquered country the civil, social, political, and military subdivisions and institutions of the country from which they came; and in the

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[1] *The Making of England.* By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A., LL.D. With Maps. 8vo, pp. 434. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 64. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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fusion of the separate "folk," first, into three kingdoms having the germs of a national unity, and at length into a nation of Englishmen. Every step in advance of the invaders is traced with singular clearness, and is identified by the names of places, landmarks, settlements, and families that supplanted those of the vanishing Britons, and which, while illustrating stages in the progress of the conquerors, have made an indelible impression upon the nomenclature and physical history of England. Mr. Green has succeeded in setting the struggles of these people with the ancient Britons, their more important struggles with one another—more important because they were in reality the birth-throes of English national life—and their work in the making of England, in a truer and more interesting light than they have been before presented, and he has given a living portraiture of times which previous historians had left dead, or animated only by occasional glimpses of real men and events. The value of the work is greatly enhanced, and the labor of the reader greatly alleviated, by maps and diagrams, frequently repeated, in the text, illustrating the various stages in the conquest and settlement, the fluctuations of territorial, military, and political supremacy, and the origin of numerous existing towns, cities, counties, and other divisions.

MR. IGNATIUS DONNELLY has re-opened a curious chapter in the romance of history in an effort to rescue Plato's story of the lost island of Atlantis from the realm of fable, and to prove that, so far from being a mere coinage of the imagination, it had a foundation in solid fact. Briefly stated, Plato's story, in his Dialogues the *Timæus* and the *Critias*, was that, two centuries before his time, his ancestor Solon, the celebrated Greek sage and lawgiver, in the course of his travels, visited Egypt, where he was told by a priest of great age that, according to ancient writings preserved in the temples, more than 9000 years before their time there lay in the Atlantic Ocean, in front of the Pillars of Hercules (the Straits of Gibraltar), an island larger than Libya and Asia put together, called the island of Atlantis, and that in its vicinity lay other islands from which there was a passage to a great continent lying to the west. Compared with the ocean in which Atlantis and these other islands lay, the Mediterranean, he said, was only a harbor having a narrow entrance; and further, that when the gods made their distribution of the earth among themselves, Poseidon (Neptune) received for his lot this island of Atlantis. Here the god fell in love with and took to wife a mortal woman, named Cleito, by whom he had five pairs of male children, and dividing the island into ten portions, he made them kings and rulers over them, and also over the divers islands in the open sea. One of these sons was Atlas, from whom the island and also the Atlantic Ocean derived their names. The descendants of these ten kings, and in particular the descendants of Atlas, became a mighty power, which waged war against the whole of Europe and Asia, extending its conquests over Africa as far as Egypt, and over Europe to the Tyrrhenian Sea. Its conquests were arrested, however, by the Athenians of that remote age, who were the leaders of the Hellenes, and the first among them in courage and military skill. These defeated and triumphed over the invaders, preserved from slavery those who were not yet subjected by them, and liberated all the others who dwelt within the Columns of Hercules. After this there were violent earthquakes, accompanied by floods, and in a single day and night all the people of Atlantis sunk into the earth, and the island also sunk and disappeared beneath the sea. For a long period thereafter the sea in those parts was impassable because of the slime and shallow mud in the way, caused by the subsidence of this and the other islands. According to Plato's story, before its destruction Atlantis was the fairest and most productive, as well as the most populous and powerful, country in the universe. Twice in the year its inhabitants gathered the fruits of the earth. It produced wine, grain, the most fragrant roots, herbs, and flowers, and the most delicious fruits in abundance. It was rich in wide-spread forests, extensive pasture grounds, inexhaustible mines of various metals, hot and mineral springs, wild and tame animals of every kind (including among these horses and elephants), and, in fine, abounded in whatever could contribute to the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life. Its system of government was excellent. The island was divided into ten kingdoms, ruled over by as many kings, who lived in perfect harmony, though severally independent. It had numerous splendid cities, and an infinite number of rich and populous villages. Its commerce extended to every part of the world, its harbors were enriched by the products of every clime, and its artisans were skilled workers in stone, ivory, metal, wood, and useful industries of every kind. Its cities and coasts were supplied with arsenals containing everything needful for the equipment of mighty fleets and armies. The whole island—mountain and plain, city and village—was adorned with magnificent gardens, palaces, temples, statues, and works of art, and it was intersected by vast canals for purposes of irrigation and transportation. Taking Plato's story for his text, Mr. Donnelly undertakes, in a work which he styles *Atlantis: The Antediluvian World*,[2] to demonstrate these propositions: That there once existed in the Atlantic, opposite the Straits of Gibraltar, a large island, the remnant of an Atlantic continent, known to the ancient world

[2] *Atlantis: The Antediluvian World.* By IGNATIUS DONNELLY. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 480. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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as Atlantis; that Plato's account of this island is not, as has been long supposed, fable, but veritable history; that Atlantis was the region where man first rose from a state of barbarism to civilization; that it became a mighty nation, from whose overflowings the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, the valleys of the Mississippi and the Amazon, the Pacific coast of Central and South America, the Mediterranean, the west coasts of Europe and Africa, and the shores of the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Caspian, were populated by civilized nations; that it was the true antediluvian world, the Garden of Eden, and the original of the various paradisiacal spots celebrated in the traditions of ancient nations, representing a universal memory of a great land, where early mankind dwelt for ages in peace and happiness; that the divinities of the ancient Greeks, Phœnicians, Hindoos, and Scandinavians were simply the kings, queens, and heroes of Atlantis, and the acts attributed to them in mythology are a confused recollection of real historical events; that the mythology of Egypt and Peru represented the religion of Atlantis, which was sun-worship; that the oldest colony of Atlantis was Egypt, whose civilization was a reproduction of that of Atlantis; that the Atlanteans were the first workers in bronze and iron; that the Atlantean alphabet was the parent of the Phœnician alphabet, which was also conveyed to the Mayas of Central America; that Atlantis was the original seat of the Aryan family of nations, and also of the Semitic and Turanian races; that by a terrible convulsion of nature it was sunk into the ocean, with nearly all its inhabitants; and finally, that a few persons escaped in ships or on rafts, and carried to other nations the tidings of the catastrophe, which has survived to our own time in the flood and deluge legends of different peoples. Mr. Donnelly fortifies these propositions by corroborative evidence derived from various sources, as follows: From the geological remains found at the Azores, whose peaks he assumes to be a part of submerged Atlantis; from the traditions of various peoples in distant lands; from the effects produced by similar well-authenticated catastrophes on a smaller scale in different parts of the world; from the testimony of the sea as revealed by the deep-sea soundings of the *Dolphin*, the *Challenger*, the *Gettysburg*, and other national vessels, showing that in the Atlantic there is a great elevation, evidently the remains of a submerged continent, rising 9000 feet above the surrounding ocean depths, and reaching from Great Britain southwardly, past the Azores, to the coast of South America, thence southeasterly to Africa, and thence southwardly to Tristan d'Acunha; from the testimony of the flora and fauna of Europe and America, leading to the conclusion that there must at one time have been uninterrupted communication between the two continents, and that plants, grains, and animals were carried thither by settlers or visitants from Atlantis; from the concord that subsists between the various accounts of the deluge; from a comparison of the civilization of the Old World and the New, and the existence in the latter, at the time of its discovery, of identical or approximate physiological and linguistal forms, sciences, arts, religious beliefs, social habits, household and military implements, coins, monuments, structures, and agricultural products, and in innumerable fossil and other remains indicating the common origin of the people of the two continents and a prolonged intercourse between them; and from a comparison of the mythologies, symbols, and temples of the two worlds. The concluding division of the volume is appropriated to a consideration of the various colonies which Mr. Donnelly assumes to have been established by people from Atlantis in various parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. It in no wise detracts from the interest of Mr. Donnelly's book that in its main lines it is less novel than he claims. Other eminent scholars, both ancient and modern, have believed that Plato's story was not a fable, and have accepted it as a historical tradition worthy of belief. All have placed Atlantis in or on the borders of the Atlantic, though some have assigned it to Palestine and India. Some, again, have identified it with Sweden, some with America, some with the Hyperboreans, others with Spain, with the Canaries, the Azores, the Madeira Isles, and the Cape de Verd Islands. At least one philosopher, Bailly, maintained with Mr. Donnelly that Atlantis was the cradle of the human race, and several have held the opinion that the islands of the Atlantic from the coast of Africa to the Gulf of Mexico are remnants of a sunken continent, or of larger and more numerous islands that served as stepping-stones by which the people of Europe and the lost Atlantis were enabled to reach America, and to carry with them the civilization and arts of the Old World. After all these deductions, however, there remains enough that is novel in Mr. Donnelly's book to rouse curiosity to a high pitch; and if occasionally we are staggered by the insufficiency of the premises and proofs on which some of his cherished conclusions are based, and are amused at the facility and extravagance of some of his deductions, his reasoning is ingenious, and his separate but always converging theories are supported by a plausible array of more or less relevant citations from eminent scientific and historical authorities. The book is no less attractive in its style than in its subject. Although a scientific inquiry, with the exception of the chapter on the origin of the alphabet, it is entirely free from the technical shibboleths which render scientific works sealed books to average readers. The author is full of his subject, and he must be an abnormally dull and unsympathetic reader who does not catch the contagion of his enthusiasm.

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ALTHOUGH *The Constitutional History of England*,[3] for which we are indebted to Professor Yonge, of Queen's College, Belfast, covers the same period—from the accession of George the Third to 1860—that was treated of in Sir Thomas Erskine May's admirable work on the same subject, and, like it, is professedly a continuation of Hallam's *Constitutional History*, it is by no means a supererogatory performance. May's treatment of the subject is more philosophical, more severely judicial in its tone, and, from a literary point of view, more artistic, than that of Professor Yonge, but it is less popular in its style and in its sympathies. Professor Yonge's distinct recognition of the democratic tinge that was imparted to the British Constitution by the Reform Bill of 1832, and that has become more and more pronounced with the other municipal and ecclesiastical reforms that logically followed in its train, will strongly prepossess the interest of Americans, as well as of that large and influential body of Englishmen who are striving for the increase of the political power and privileges of the middle classes. Professor Yonge gives a calm and dignified account of the great transactions, in the order of their historical and chronological sequence, that have marked the century ending with 1860, clearly tracing the connection that has often existed between them, and showing how the one led to or necessitated the other. Especially praiseworthy for their lucidity and candor, and for their judicious summary of the arguments advanced by the opposing parties, are his narratives of the events that led to and necessitated the Irish Union; of the growth of the idea of ministerial responsibility concurrently with the increase of Parliamentary power, and the resultant diminution of the royal prerogative; of the establishment of the principle of universal toleration; of the abolition of slavery; of the general grant of constitutions to the colonies; and of the Parliamentary reform of 1832, and the repeated modifications of the franchise that followed it. Read in connection with May's work, the student of constitutional history should have no difficulty in deriving from Professor Yonge's compilation a just idea of the great constitutional changes that were effected, gradually and without revolutionary violence, in England during the century from 1760 to 1860.

WE can not speak more warmly than it deserves in commendation of a *Historical Outline of the English Constitution*,[4] which has been prepared for beginners by Mr. David Watson Rannie. Its style and execution are alike suited to the object of the author, which is to furnish an elementary introduction to the more elaborate text-books and other works on the subject. Its consecutive arrangement is so systematic, and the interdependence and correlation of its parts are so perfect, that each step forward prepares the way for and suggests the next. Under Mr. Rannie's judicious guidance, any reader of ordinary intelligence can easily trace the evolution, during the more than fourteen centuries that have elapsed since the Anglo-Saxon invasion, of the group of arrangements, and of each member of the group, that are now known as the English Constitution, so as to clearly understand their origin and primary intention, the causes that led to them, and the principles they preserve and embody.

WITHOUT being an exhaustive bibliography of historical literature, Professor Adams's *Manual of Historical Literature*[5] is something far more practical and generally useful than a work of that kind could possibly be. In preparing it, his aim has not been to make a work valuable only as a reference-book to historical virtuosi, but one that might assist the general reader, especially the young and inquiring, in the selection of such books as would be most serviceable and most economical of time in carrying on his historical studies. He justly assumes that what such students and readers most need is guidance in the choice of books, careful and lucid brief descriptions and characterizations of them, sound and accurate judgments as to their relative or standard worth as authorities, full information as to those that are most desirable or indispensable, and judicious advice as to the order and proper methods of using them. It is no stretch of candor to say that his manual fully satisfies all these requirements, and further, that there is no other English work adapted to popular use as ample as it in lists of easily accessible historical works in every branch by authoritative writers, more just and accurate in its descriptions of their scope and purport, or sounder in its estimates of their literary and historical value. Aside from its special value to the classes for which it has been prepared, the work is a serviceable adjunct to any library, and is invaluable as a handy reference-book for economizing time and labor.

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[3] *The Constitutional History of England from 1760 to 1860.* By CHARLES DUKE YONGE, M.A. 12mo, pp. 452. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 116. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Historical Outline of the English Constitution.* For Beginners. By DAVID WATSON RANNIE. 18mo, pp. 180. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[5] *A Manual of Historical Literature.* Comprising Brief Descriptions of the Most Important Histories in English, French, and German. Together with Practical Suggestions as to Methods and Courses of Study. For the Use of Students, General Readers, and Collectors of Books. By CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS, LL.D., Professor of History in the University of Michigan, etc. 8vo, pp. 665. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of March. —The following is a summary of the most important business done by Congress during the month: New Apportionment Bill passed by Senate February 21 (approved by the President February 28); Senator Ingalls's resolution against the repeal of the Pension Arrears Bill was tabled February 21; bill to place General Grant on the retired list of the army passed the Senate February 23; bills for the relief of the Mississippi Valley sufferers by the flood were passed by both Houses, the Senate voting to appropriate $100,000, and the House $150,000; the Post-office Appropriation Bill passed the House February 25, and the Senate March 17, the latter adding an amendment restoring the franking privilege to members of Congress; the Military Academy Appropriation Bill, amounting to $318,857, passed the House February 28; the Post Route Bill passed the Senate February 28; the Indian Appropriation Bill, amounting to $4,920,203, passed the House March 1; the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, $1,198,539, passed the House March 6; the Agricultural Appropriation Bill, $396,880, passed the House March 9; the Senate, March 9, passed a bill to suspend Chinese immigration to the United States for twenty years; on March 10 the Senate passed a bill to establish a commission to investigate the alcoholic liquor traffic; Senator Edmunds's anti-polygamy bill passed the House March 14.

The President, February 24, nominated ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Senate confirmed him on March 2. Mr. Conkling declined, and Judge Samuel Blatchford was nominated March 13. Ex-Senator Sargent was nominated as Minister to Germany, Cornelius A. Logan as Minister to Chili, and John Russell Young as Minister to China.

The Iowa Legislature passed a resolution, March 7, to amend the State Constitution so as to give the suffrage to women.

The dead-lock in the Virginia Legislature was broken February 21, the Readjusters being successful.

The Rhode Island Republican State Convention met at Providence March 16, and renominated for Governor Alfred H. Littlefield.

Queen Victoria was shot at by a man named Roderick MacLean, while crossing the Windsor Railway station, on the afternoon of March 2. The bullet missed, and the would-be assassin was arrested.

Mr. Bradlaugh took the oath of office as member of the House of Commons February 21, but was not permitted to take his seat. On the following day he was expelled. A new election, March 2, resulted in his return. On March 6 the House re-affirmed its resolution denying Mr. Bradlaugh the privilege of taking the oath. A bill to exclude atheists from both Houses of Parliament was introduced in the House of Lords March 7, and read for the first time.—The British army estimate for the year 1882 is £15,500,000 for 132,905 men.—In the British House of Commons, March 3, Baron Henry De Worms, in moving that the government find a means of using its good offices with the Czar to prevent a recurrence of the outrages upon Jews in Russia, said that 201 women had been assaulted, fifty-six Jews killed, and seventy wounded, 20,000 persons rendered homeless, and property to the value of £16,000,000 wrecked.

At a council of the Austrian and Hungarian Ministers, March 12, Count Bylandt-Rheydt, Minister of War of the Empire, announced the complete Austrian occupation of Crivoscie, and said he anticipated the speedy pacification of Herzegovina. The fort at Dragali was mined and blown up by the insurgents.

The French Senate, March 11, discussing compulsory primary education, rejected, by a vote of 167 to 123, an amendment by M. Jules Simon requiring school-masters to teach their pupils "their duty toward God and the country."

DISASTERS.

February 25.—Russian steamer *Vesta* sunk in a collision in the Black Sea. All on board reported lost.

February 27.—Coal-mine explosion at Leoben, in Styria. One hundred and fifty persons killed.

March 2.—Collier wrecked off Yarmouth. Twenty-three men drowned.—News that a ferry-boat, while crossing the lagoon of Lagos, Western Africa, January 21, capsized. Forty-seven persons drowned.

March 6.—Forty persons killed by the falling in of the shaft of a mine near Töplitz, Bohemia.

The great overflow of the Mississippi River and its tributaries caused many deaths and the destruction of a vast amount of property. According to a report made, March 17, to the Secretary of War, 85,000 persons had been rendered destitute by the floods.

OBITUARY.

February 26.—In New Rochelle, New York. Mrs. Daniel Webster, in her eighty-fourth year,

March 2.—In Boston, Massachusetts, Hon. Charles Hale, in his fifty-first year.

March 3.—In Madison, New Jersey, Judge Francis S. Lathrop, aged seventy-five years.

March 4.—In New York city, Hon. Milton S. Lapham, ex-Governor of California and ex-United States Senator, aged fifty-five years.

March 7.—In London, Thomas Egerton, Earl of Winton, in his eighty-third year.

March 10.—News of the death at Monrovia, February 13, of Rev. Dr. Henry Highland Garnett, United States Minister to Liberia, aged sixty-seven years.—In London, England, Sir Charles Wyville Thomson, aged fifty-two years.

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Editor's Drawer.

AN intimate friend of the late Rev. Dr. J. B. Wakeley tells an amusing anecdote of him, as follows:

The doctor was a most inimitable delineator, and fond of a good story. He related to me, with great glee, how he extricated himself once from a most awkward dilemma. Preaching in a Hudson River town on a warm summer afternoon to a congregation of farmers mainly, from the text, "If any man draw back, my soul hath no pleasure in him," he inadvertently observed, "My brethren, sheep never fight." Those who were awake looked up at him, and showed, by their interest, that the minister had never seen two old rams trying to butt each other's brains out. The doctor discovered his mistake as soon as they did, but not seeing his way out of it, he repeated the statement with greater emphasis. Those of his audience who were awake nudged their sleeping brethren, who, on opening their eyes, looked about to see what had happened. This greatly embarrassed the doctor, and he was now sadly puzzled. He ventured, with still greater emphasis, to repeat the statement, "My brethren, sheep *never* fight," when luckily he saw his way out, and doubling his fist, struck it into the palm of the other hand, adding, with genuine unction, "*except they first draw back.*"

SENATOR VANCE, of North Carolina, is one of the pleasantest raconteurs in Congress, and Congress is full of good story-tellers. Somebody having recently suggested to him that he should emulate in North Carolina the part undertaken by General Mahone in Virginia, Senator Vance replied that in such a position he would be like a Texas chap who killed a man and was advised by his lawyer to fly.

"Fly where?" responded the desperado; "ain't I in Texas already?"

A CLERICAL friend, whose parochial labors are discharged in a rural village not a thousand miles from New York, contributes the following:

The Drawer helps its readers, especially the clerical portion, to laugh and grow fat by reason of its many sayings about and hits upon "the cloth." Here is a clipping to be enjoyed by all, and to serve as a warning to the aforesaid portion. Among the deaths the announcement is made in usual form:

"At ——, after a short but severe illness, —— ——, the wife of the Rev. —— ——."

Among the local items the cause of the illness is made public: "The wife of the Rev. —— —— listened to her husband's preaching Sabbath before last, and died in convulsions the following Tuesday afternoon."

THE following version of a lamentable tragedy at Cyprus is obviously of Milesian origin, but the Drawer can not identify the author:

O'THELLO.

O'Thello was a sojer bould,
Though black he was be nature;
To Disdemony he was wed—
An innocint young crayture.

Wid her he lived in payce an' quiet,
For she was no vyrago,
Till on a cursed night he met
A villin called Iago.

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Sez he, "Yer wife's a perjured jade;
Och! she's a faithless lassie—oh!
She doesn't care two pins for you,
But she'd give her two eyes out for
Casshio!

"Wid him she galivants about
All in her hours of laysure;
To him she gave her pocket-hankerchief,
All for to wipe his rayzhure!"

Wid that he fell into a rage,
An' riz a wondhrous riot,
An' swore he'd murdther her that night,
Whin everything was quiet.

But not wid dagger, nor wid dirk,
For that would raise a foul sthir,
But he'd take an' blow the candle out,
An' smother her wid the boulsther.

THE Southern Historical Society of Louisville, Kentucky, in December last, gave a banquet at the Galt House to General Frank Cheathem, of Tennessee, and the Federal Historical Society were invited, and attended in a body. At the banquet were many distinguished soldiers of each army, and from this number had been selected seven gentlemen—three ex-Federals and three ex-Confederates, and General Blackburn, of Kentucky, to respond. The toast-master, General Basil W. Duke, announced that there would be no volunteer toasts. After the toasts were responded to, the Rev. Dr. Burrows, of Louisville, asked and obtained permission to relate an incident of his early ministry, which he gave as follows: Some forty years ago he lived in the family of ex-Governer Lazarus W. Powell, and one of the servants was a spoiled, mischievous lad of twelve, who was quite obtuse as to the title to small articles. In those days it was not only legal but eminently pious to flagellate a colored lad. One day the Governor caught the boy in the act of appropriation, and the speedy consequential lie, and immediately proceeded to strap him. At the first tap the lad screamed "Murder!" at the second, "Mercy, mars'!" and at the third, "Oh, pray for me, mars'!" To this last appeal the Governor responded, "You young rascal, pray for yourself." No sooner said than done. Down dropped he on his knees, and putting up his clasped hands, and rolling up his eyes until nothing but the whites could be seen, he said: "*Let's look to de Lord for a blessing, and be dismissed!*"

SOME years ago, when the late Judge M—— was holding court in one of the interior counties of Maine, a case was called which had long been in litigation. The costs considerably exceeded the amount at issue, and the judge,

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thinking it impracticable to keep the suit longer in court, advised the parties to refer the matter, whereupon they assented, and agreed to refer the case to three honest men. The judge said the case involved some legal points which would require one of the referees, at least, to have a knowledge of law; therefore he would suggest the propriety of their selecting one lawyer and two honest men.

MODERN FABLES.

THE ENTERPRISING BAT.

A Bat afflicted with Blindness for some Time despaired of earning a Livelihood, when the happy Thought occurred to him to go into Business as an Oculist. Having advertised freely, and References being kindly permitted to the Beetle, the Mole, and the Owl, it was not long ere he was enabled to retire with an Ample Fortune.

MORAL.—Physician, Heal Others.

MARSYAS, JUN., AND APOLLO.

The Shepherd Marsyas, Jun., having been invited by Apollo to attend his Grand Classical Concert, so soon as the God had performed his Solo on the Flute, fastened him to a Tree, and proceeded to flay him alive, remarking, "Scorn not the Critic, Sonny."

MORAL.—Critics are Men who make out that Others have failed in Literature and Art. (NOTE.—The foregoing Fable also Teaches us how to treat Young Men who Play on the Flute.) G. T. L.

A PARTY of Texan wagoners, after a hard day's pull, were chatting around the camp fire over their pipes.

"Sambo, me b'y," exclaimed Pat, a rollicking Irishman, to a jolly darky, "tell us what makes yer nose so flat."

"Dun'no, Mars' Pat," answered Sam; "but I 'spec' it's to keep me from pokin' into udder people's business."

Pat gave a long whistle, amidst the roar of his companions, and went to look after the mules, a sadder and a wiser man.

AT a late term of the Supreme Court held at Alfred, Maine, an old gentleman who was somewhat deaf was on the witness stand. The judge had occasion to question him.

"Hey?" said the old man, his hand at the back of his ear.

The judge repeated his words, when the old gentleman innocently said, "I guess you'll have to step this way, jedge; I'm a leetle hard o' hearin'."

A YOUNGSTER on passing the old homestead from which the family had been removed for some time, and which the lad had often had pointed out to him as the house in which he and his little brothers had been born, on seeing the old house removed preparatory to the erection of a new one, surveyed in silence for a few moments the changed scene, and then said, pathetically, "Oh, papa, we wa'n't born nowhere now, was we?"

THE judges will on occasion have their little joke. Recently at the General Term, in this city, held by Judges Davis, Brady, and Daniels, a lawyer remarked, by way of illustrating his case:

"Suppose, for example, I borrowed from one of your honors a thousand dollars, and gave this paper as security, could there be any doubt of your right to recover?"

JUDGE DAVIS. "But where could we get the money?"

LAWYER. "That's a conundrum: I give it up."

JUDGE BRADY. "There should be no trouble about the money, as we are *sitting in bank*."

CONCERNING deaf men, was there ever a neater bit than this, related at the dinner table of the late James T. Fields:

A deaf man, lately married, was asked at the club about his bride: "Is she pretty?"

"No," replied the deaf gentleman. "No, she is not; but she will be when her father dies!"

RECENT scene in Boston street car:

Passengers—a loving couple in one corner, gentleman in another; male half of loving couple tenderly hugs and kisses charming partner. Conductor puts his head in doorway and calls name of street—"Sawyer!"

"Don't care if you did; we're engaged, and going to be married in two weeks; so you needn't tell everybody."

A CLERGYMAN of the Northwest sends to the Drawer this little anecdote on himself:

"I was invited to attend a ladies' society meeting in connection with my church. At supper the acoustic defects of the audience-room were discussed, when I spoke very freely against them, saying, as a climax,

"'I believe it would have killed the animal that spake to Balaam to have brayed in it more than once.'

"'So bad as that?' soliloquized a dear friend of mine. 'Why, we hear *you* very well in it twice every Sunday.'"

TWO of our clerical friends in a Western city, not long ago, met one Monday morning, when Dr. Summerfield exclaimed:

"Why, Brother Roberts, you look bluer than blue Monday! What is the matter?"

"Yes, brother," answered Roberts: "I am in great perplexity about my Sunday-school. I wonder if you can help me! Could you recommend to me an intelligent Christian deaf-mute? I want him as a superintendent."

"No, I can't," replied the doctor. "If I could find such a one, I should want him for my own school."

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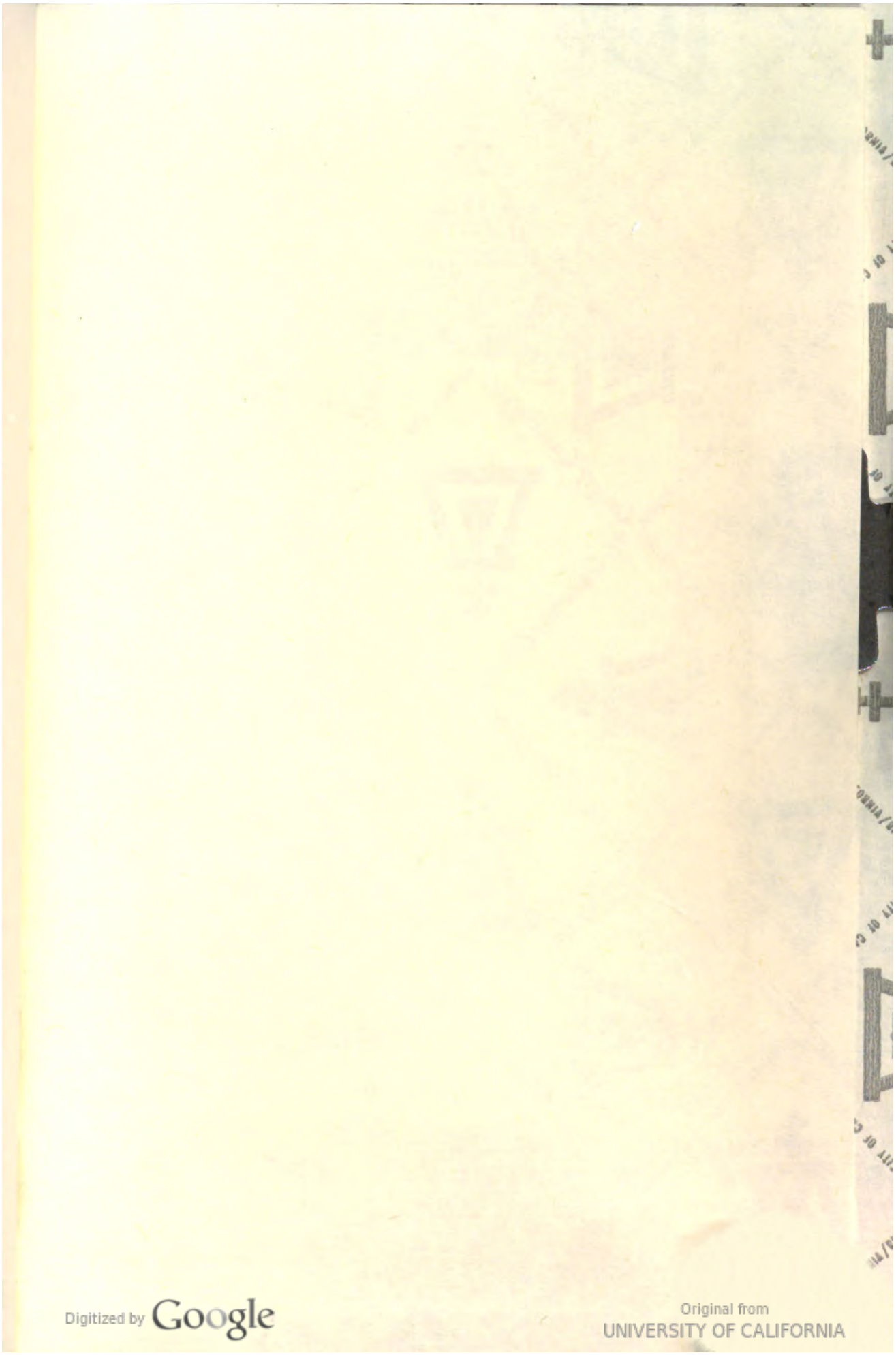

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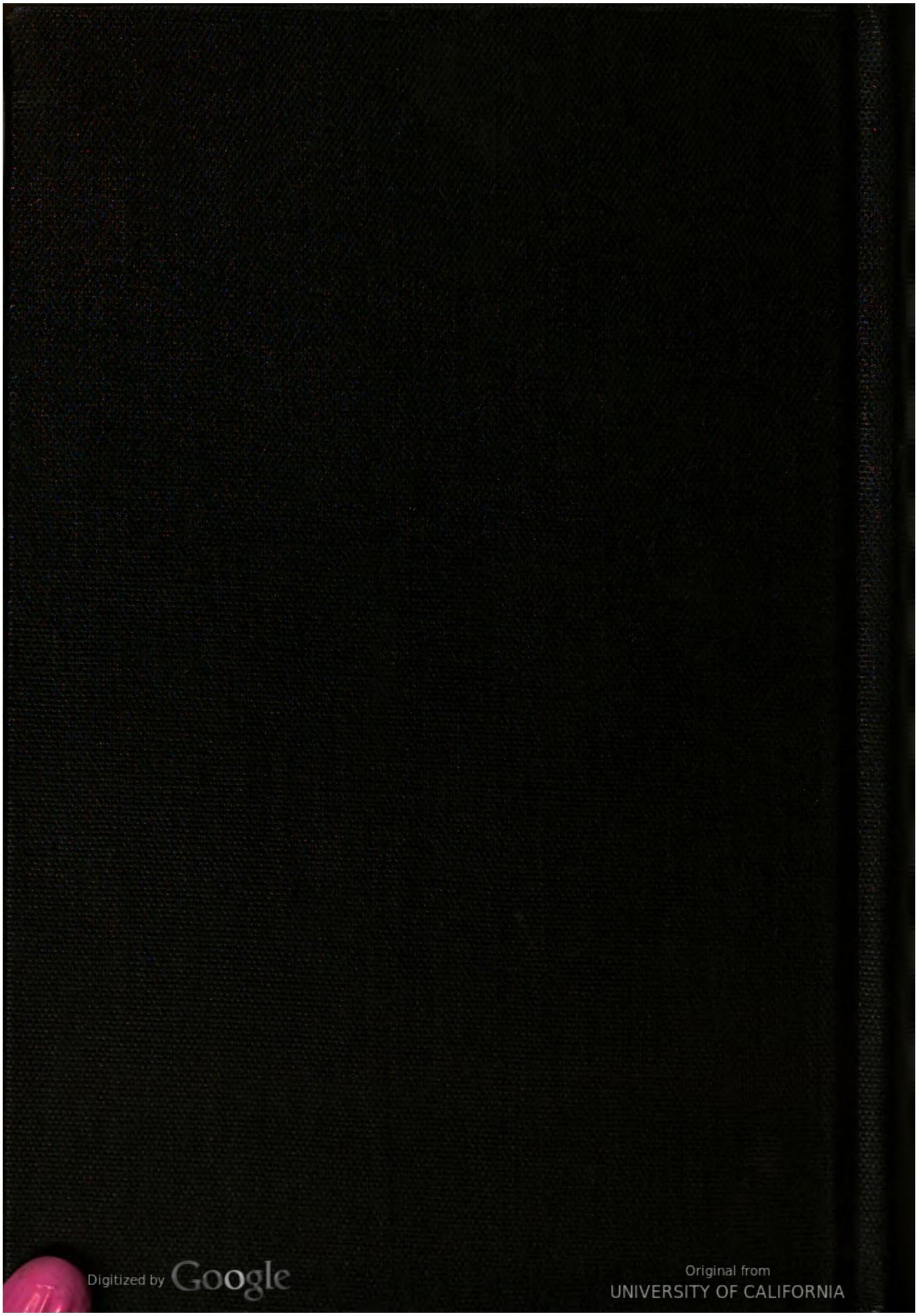
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